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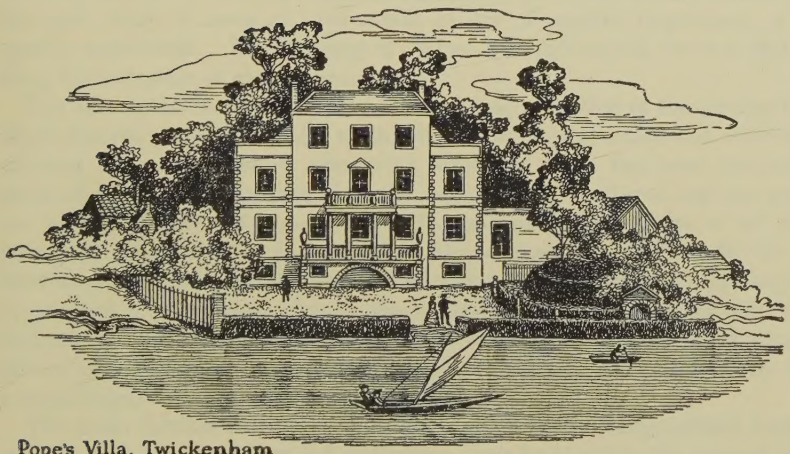

Pope's Villa, Twickenham

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY BOSTON

Cambridge Edition

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EDITOR'S NOTE

An attempt has been here made for the first time to include all of Pope's poetical work within the limits of a single volume; and to print the poems in an approximately chronological order. It has been often difficult, and sometimes impossible, to determine the exact date of a given poem; and the known order of composition has been modified so far as to permit a method of grouping the shorter poems which has been followed in other volumes of this series. Only the twelve books of the *Odyssey* which were Pope's own work are here included, and all of the notes to Homer are omitted. Most of Pope's own notes to the poems have been retained, except in the case of certain notes on *The Dunciad*, which are so voluminous or so trivial as to find no proper place within the necessary limits of this edition.

The allusions to Pope's contemporaries are so numerous, particularly in the *Satires*, the *Moral Essays*, and *The Dunciad*, that it has seemed advisable to rid the main body of notes of such names as are of especial importance, or are frequently mentioned. The Glossary of Names will, it is hoped, prove useful in obviating the necessity of cross-reference.

The text is the result of collation, but is based upon that of the standard Croker-Elwin-Courthope edition. As to the details of capitalization and abbreviation, a uniform though necessarily somewhat arbitrary usage has been adopted. The study of facsimiles has shown that the poet himself employed capitals quite without method. They are here used only in cases of personification or of especially important substantives. As a result of his religious preservation of the decasyllabic form of pentameter, Pope employed marks of abbreviation so profusely as often to produce a page distressing to the modern eye, and not really helpful to the modern ear. Many editors have therefore abandoned these marks altogether; in this edition they have been retained wherever they did not appear likely to prove a stumbling-block to the present generation.

The usual indexes have been furnished, and a brief bibliographical note, which, while it does not pretend to exhaustiveness, may be of aid to the general reader.

H. W. B.

Andover, *March*, 1903.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

Alexander Pope was born in London, May 21, 1688. We cannot be sure of anything better than respectability in his ancestry, though late in life he himself claimed kinship with the Earls of Downe. His paternal grandfather is supposed to have been a clergyman of the Church of England. His mother, Edith Turner, came of a family of small gentry and landowners in Yorkshire. Alexander Pope, senior, was a successful linen merchant in London; so successful that he found it possible to retire early from business, and to buy a small estate at Binfield, on the edge of Windsor forest. To this estate, in Pope's twelfth year, the family removed from Kensington, and here they lived for sixteen years. In 1716 they removed to Chiswick, where a year later the father died. Soon afterwards Pope, then a man of note, leased the estate at Twickenham, on which he was to live till his death, in 1744.

The circumstances of Pope's early life were in many ways peculiar. One of the main reasons for the choice of Binfield was that a number of Roman Catholic families lived in that neighborhood. They formed a little set sufficiently agreeable for social purposes, though not offering much intellectual stimulus to such a mind as Pope's very early showed itself to be. But if to be a Roman Catholic in England then meant to move in a narrow social circle, it carried with it also more serious limitations. It debarred from public school and university; so that beyond the inferior instruction afforded by the small Catholic schools which he attended till his twelfth year, Pope had no formal education. Two or three facts recorded of this school experience are worthy of mention: that he was taught the rudiments of Latin and Greek together, according to the Jesuit method; that he left one school in consequence of a flogging which he had earned by satirizing the head master; and that at about the age of ten he built a tragedy on the basis of Ogilvy's translation of Homer. At twelve he had at least learned the rudiments of Greek, and could read Latin fluently, if not correctly. So far as his failings in scholarship are concerned, Pope's lack of formal education has probably been made too much of. He had no bent for accurate scholarship, nor was breadth and accuracy of scholarship an accomplishment of that age. Addison, whose literary career was preceded by a long period of university residence, knew very little of Greek literature, and had a by no means wide acquaintance with the literature of Rome. Yet scholarship in those days meant classical learning.

Pope might no doubt have profited by the discipline of a regular academic career. He needed, as Mr. Courthope says, 'training in thought rather than in taste, which he had by nature.' But such a mind as his is not likely to submit itself readily to rigid processes of thought. It is impossible not to see, at least, that the boy Pope knew how to read, if not how to study; and that what Latin and Greek he read was approached as literature, — a method more common then than now, it is probable. 'When I had done with my priests,' he wrote to Spence, 'I took to reading by myself, for which I had a very great eagerness and enthusiasm, especially for poetry; and in a very few years I had dipped into a great number of English, French, Italian, Latin, and Greek poets. This I did without any design but that of pleasing myself, and got the language by hunting

after the stories in the several authors I read: rather than read the books to get the language.' Virgil and Statius were his favorite Latin poets at this time, as is attested not only by the *Pastorals* and the early translations of the *Thebais*, but by the innumerable reminiscences, or 'imitations,' as Pope called them, which may be traced in his later work. In the meantime, as a more important result of his having to rely so much upon his own resources, his creative power was beginning to manifest itself with singular maturity. At twelve he wrote couplets which were long afterwards inserted without change in the *Essay on Criticism*, and even in *The Dunciad*. The *Pastorals*, composed at sixteen, though conventional in conception and not seldom mechanical in execution, contain passages in the poet's ripest manner. With the *Essay on Criticism*, published five years later, Pope reached his full power. Such development as is to be found in his later work is the result of an increase in mental breadth and satirical force. His style was already formed.

Whatever may have been the importance, for good and ill, of Pope's early method of education, a far more potent factor in determining the conduct of his life and the nature of his work lay in his bodily limitations. The tradition that in his childhood he was physically normal is made dubious by the reported fact that his father was also small and crooked, though organically sound. At all events, the Pope whom the world knew was anything but normal, — stunted to dwarfishness, thin to emaciation, crooked and feeble, so that he had to wear stays and padding, and all his life subject to severe bodily pain. Pope's relations with other men were seriously affected by this condition. Masculine society in eighteenth-century England had little place for weaklings. The late hours and heavy drinking of London were as little possible for the delicate constitution of Pope as the hard riding and heavy drinking of the country gentlemen with whom he was thrown at Binfield. In a letter from Binfield in 1710 Pope writes: 'I assure you I am looked upon in the neighborhood for a very sober and well-disposed person, no great hunter, indeed, but a great esteemer of the noble sport, and only unhappy in my want of constitution for that and drinking.' It is a misconception of Pope's character to suppose him lacking in a natural robustness of temper to which only his physical limitations denied outlet. Before reaching manhood he had been given more than one rude lesson in discretion. At one time over-confinement to his books had so much reduced his vitality as to convince him that he had not long to live. A fortunate chance put his case into the hands of a famous London physician, who prescribed a strict diet, little study, and much horseback riding. Pope followed the advice, recovered, and thereafter, for the most part, took excellent care of himself; it was the price which he had to pay for living. One unfortunate result was that he was thrown back upon the companionship of women, always petted, always deferred to, always nursed. Such conditions naturally developed the acid cleverness, the nervous brilliancy of the poet Pope; and it is matter of great wonder that from such conditions anything stronger should survive; that there is, when all is said, so much virility and restraint in the best of his work.

The *Pastorals*, Pope's first considerable poetical achievement, were according to the poet written in 1704, at the age of sixteen. They were, like all modern pastorals, conventional; but they contain some genuine poetry, and are wonderful exercises in versification. Their diction is often artificial to the point of absurdity, but now and then possesses a stately grace, as in the famous lines: —

> 'Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade;
> Trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a shade;
> Where'er you tread, the blushing flowers shall rise,
> And all things flourish where you turn your eyes.'

Pope had probably been encouraged to write the *Pastorals* by Sir William Trumbull, to whom the first of them is inscribed. Trumbull was a man of Oxford training, who after a distinguished diplomatic career had come to end his life upon his estate near Binfield, and who had been drawn to the deformed boy by the discovery of their common taste for the classics. For some time before the publication of the *Pastorals* the manuscript was being circulated privately among such men of established literary reputation as Garth, Walsh, Congreve, and Wycherley, and such patrons of letters as George Granville, Halifax, and Somers. To Walsh in particular Pope afterward expressed his obligation. 'He used to encourage me much,' we read in a letter to Spence, written long after, 'and used to tell me there was one way left of excelling: for though we had several great poets, we never had any one great poet that was *correct;* and he desired me to make that my study and aim.' The dictum has become famous, but though Walsh probably meant, by 'correctness,' justice of taste as well as measured accuracy of poetic style, his over-praise of the *Pastorals* leads us to think that form was the main thing in his mind. If Pope's statement of the date at which the *Pastorals* were written is reliable, however (and we must keep in mind from the outset the fact that, as Mr. Courthope says, Pope in mature life 'systematically antedated his compositions in order to obtain credit for precocity'), he did not become acquainted with Walsh until some time after they were written. The critic's advice, therefore, amounted simply to an encouragement in pursuing the method which Pope had already adopted: in employing a more rigid metrical scheme than any previous poet, even Sandys or Dryden, had attempted. The bookseller Jacob Tonson was shown the manuscript, and offered to publish it; and in 1709 it appeared in Tonson's *Sixth Miscellany.*

Through Walsh Pope became acquainted with Wycherley, who introduced the young poet to literary society in London; that is, to the society of the London coffee-houses. The character of the older resorts had already begun to change. Even Will's had ceased to be the purely literary club of Dryden's day. It was natural that the age of Anne, in which increasing public honors were paid to literary men, should have been also an age in which literary men took an increasing interest in politics. At about the time when Pope first came up to London, Whig and Tory were beginning to edge away from each other; and though Will's for a time remained a sort of neutral ground, the old hearty interchange of thought and companionship was no longer possible. Part-political, part-literary clubs, like the Kitcat, the October Club, and the Scriblerus Club, sapped the strength of the older and freer institution; and its doom was sealed when in 1712 Addison established at Button's a resort for literary Whigs.

During his first years of London experience, Pope probably knew Richard Steele more intimately than any one else. They had met at Will's, and through Steele Pope had been presented to Addison, and had later become a frequenter of Button's. It was Steele who urged Pope to write the *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day,* who got his *Messiah* published in *The Spectator* and printed various short papers of his in *The Guardian.* Another Whig friend was Jervas the painter, a pupil of Kneller, but an artist of no very considerable achievement. The poet at one time had some lessons in painting from him, and always held him in esteem. So far Pope allowed himself to associate with the Whigs; but he had no intention of taking rank as a Whig partisan. If he wrote prose for Whig journals, it was in honor of the Tory government that the conclusion was added to *Windsor Forest* in 1713. To Swift's admiration for this poem, Pope owed the beginning of his life-long friendship with the Dean; but it was a friendship which committed him no more to Toryism than Addison's had to Whiggery. 'As old Dryden said before me,' he wrote in 1713, 'it is not

the violent I desire to please; and in very truth, I believe they will all find me, at long run, a mere Papist.' One amusing fact about Pope's early experience at Button's is that he is known to have commended the verses of Addison's satellites, Budgell and Tickell and Philips, whom later he was to attack so bitterly. The first cause of offence was not long in coming; and an offence sown in the mind of Pope was certain to grow very fast and to live very long. The story of Pope's falling out with Addison and his friends is the story of the first of a long series of personal enmities which embittered Pope's life, and, it is too clear, impoverished his work.

The *Pastorals* were published by Tonson at the end of a volume which opened with some exercises in the same kind of verse by Ambrose Philips. Pope was disposed to commend the work of Philips, even going so far as to say that 'there were no better eclogues in the language.' His ardor was somewhat cooled when *The Spectator*, in a paper which was unmistakably Addison's, printed an extended comparison of his work and Philips's, considerably to the advantage of the latter; and was converted into a cold rage by the fact that presently the position taken by *The Spectator* was expanded in five papers in *The Guardian*. The subtlety and ingenuity of Pope's method of retort was an interesting indication of the disingenuousness which became a settled quality of his prose writing. Whatever his poetry may not have been, it was certainly downright; but his method of getting it before the public, of annotating it, and of reinforcing its thought, was habitually circuitous and not seldom dishonest. Pope promptly wrote a sixth paper to *The Guardian*, ostensibly keeping to Tickell's argument, but really speaking in irony from beginning to end, picking out the weakest points in Philips's style and matter, and damning them by fulsome praise. Steele, it is said, was so far deceived as to print the paper in good faith. Pope's revenge among the wits was complete; but he never forgot a score by paying it. In the *Satires* and *The Dunciad*, poor namby-pamby Philips comes up again and again for a punishment to which, in recompense, he now owes his fame.

Pope's attitude toward Addison is a more serious matter to the critic. Up to the year 1714 Pope, whatever irritation he may have felt toward Addison, had chosen to 'take it out of' the followers of the great man rather than out of the great man himself. The insertion of the Tory passage in *Windsor Forest* might have been taken as a direct challenge to the Whig champion, whose famous celebration of the Whig victory at Blenheim had been so popular. That his relations with Addison were not affected by it is shown by his supplying a prologue for *Cato*, which was produced within a month of the publication of *Windsor Forest*. *Cato* itself was to supply the real bone of contention. It was attacked by the veteran critic John Dennis, against whose strictures Pope undertook to take up the cudgels, in an anonymous *Narrative of Dr. Robert Norris on the Frenzy of J. D.* It is uncertain whether Addison suspected that Pope was its author, and that his championship was inspired by the desire for personal revenge for Dennis's treatment of the *Essay on Criticism;* but he disclaimed responsibility for the rejoinder in a letter written for him to the publisher by Steele. The result was a resentment which bore its final fruit in the lines on Atticus in the *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot.* Addison, it must be noticed, had warmly praised the *Essay on Criticism* (1711), and the simpler version of *The Rape of the Lock*, published a year later ; but the publication of Tickell's version of the first book of the *Iliad* simultaneously with Pope's first volume, and Addison's preference of the weaker version, does not leave the latter quite free from suspicion of *parti pris.*

Whatever may have been the rights of the difficulty between Addison and Pope, there

is no doubt that in one point, evidently a mere point of judgment, Addison was wrong. After pronouncing the first version of *The Rape of the Lock*, published in 1712, 'a delicious little thing, and *merum sal*,' he advised against Pope's plan for expanding it. Without the additions which the author made, in spite of this advice, it would hardly stand, as it now does, an acknowledged masterpiece in its kind. Despite the apparently local and temporary nature of its theme, the poem attracted much greater attention when, in 1714, it appeared in the new form. The poem affords the purest expression of Pope's genius: his imagination applied without strain to a theme with which it was exactly fitted to cope, his satirical power exercised without the goad of personal rancor, and his light and elegant versification unhampered by the fancied necessity for weightiness. Nothing more just has been said about the poem than this by Hazlitt (*On Dryden and Pope*): 'It is the most exquisite specimen of *filigree* work ever invented. It is as admirable in proportion as it is made of nothing: —

> "More subtle web Arachne cannot spin,
> Nor the fine nets, which oft we woven see
> Of scorched dew, do not in th' air more lightly flee."

It is made of gauze and silver spangles. The most glittering appearance is given to everything, — to paste, pomatum, billet-doux, and patches. Airs, languid airs, breathe around; the atmosphere is perfumed with affectation. A toilette is described with the solemnity of an altar raised to the Goddess of Vanity, and the history of a silver bodkin is given with all the pomp of heraldry. No pains are spared, no profusion of ornaments, no splendor of poetic diction, to set off the meanest things. The balance between the concealed irony and the assumed gravity is as nicely trimmed as the balance of power in Europe. The little is made great, and the great little. You hardly know whether to laugh or weep. It is the triumph of insignificance, the apotheosis of foppery and folly. It is the perfection of the mock-heroic.'

If *The Rape of the Lock* was Pope's masterpiece in the field of impersonal satire, the *Essay on Criticism*, which belongs to the same period of the poet's life, was his masterpiece in the realm of poetic generalization. It was, according to the account of the poet, composed in 1709 and published in 1711. The present editor is inclined to think that justice has never been done to this extraordinary work, either as a product of precocity, or in its own right. It is, in his opinion, not only a manual of criticism, to which the practitioner may apply for sound guidance upon almost any given point, but an exhaustive satire upon false methods of criticism. It is a compendious rule of criticism which works both ways; hardly less rigorous than Aristotle, hardly less catholic than Sainte-Beuve. It does not, as has been alleged, constitute a mere helter-skelter summary of critical platitudes: there is hardly a predicament in modern criticism from which it does not suggest an adequate means of extrication. At all events, it represented, as Mr. Courthope says, the 'first attempt to trace for English readers the just boundaries of taste.'

The *Essay on Criticism* was not, like *The Rape of the Lock*, devoid of the note of personal enmity which was to mark so much of the poet's later work. John Dennis had probably employed his slashing method in reviewing the *Pastorals*, and in the *Essay* Pope took occasion for revenge in the lines on Appius, which unmistakably applied to the author of *Appius and Virginia;* and which after Dennis's rejoinder were to be followed up by the attacks in the *Satires* and *The Dunciad*.

With the accession of the house of Hanover in 1714 the literary situation in London was considerably modified. The common ground upon which Whigs and Tories had,

with diminishing success, continued to associate, was taken from under their feet. Politics became the first issue, and literature was relegated to a subordinate position. Fortunately the list of subscribers to Pope's translation of the *Iliad* had been made up before the death of Anne. During the few years in which the process of public readjustment absorbed the attention of London, Pope was hard at work upon the most exacting task he had yet undertaken.

The removal of the family from Binfield to Chiswick was made by Pope's desire. He was now not only a famous author, but a man of fashion ; and on both accounts he wished to be nearer London. In leaving the coffee-house society — of which, in truth, he had never been a full member — he had found entrance into 'aristocratic circles;' and we hear much in his letters from this time on of the noblemen whose hospitality he accepted, while standing clear of their direct patronage. At Chiswick he found more society and less leisure. Many times during the next few years he accuses himself of laziness, but it does not appear that his mild junketings with the nobilities gave him more relaxation from the toil of his Homer translation than he needed. The first books of the *Iliad* were published in 1715, and the last books of the *Odyssey* in 1723. The cripple and man of the world who could do that in the intervals of his house parties and his sieges of physical pain was certainly producing his full share of work.

The *Iliad* was hailed with applause on all sides, and handsomely paid for. It was in one way a task for which the translator would appear to have been quite unfitted. *The Rape of the Lock* had proved him the mouthpiece of a conventional and sophisticated age; and conventionality and sophistication are not qualities to go naturally with Homer. The elegance of Pope's verse becomes at times a mincing neatness, and his fashionable poetic diction in the mouths of Hector and Achilles rings thin and metallic. But though Pope inevitably missed the simplicity and the hearty surge and swing of Homer, he did manage to retain something of his vigor; and his *Iliad* is still the classic English version. Only half of the *Odyssey* translation which followed was really the work of Pope, and even his own part was deficient in the spirit which had marked the first translation. It had indeed been undertaken from a very different motive: he could not hope to add greatly to the credit which his *Iliad* had gained for him, but the cash might readily be increased. The translator actually received nearly £9000 for both translations — a small fortune in those days. Pope's relations with his collaborators in the affair of the *Odyssey* are to be noticed, though they have perhaps been too much dwelt upon by the commentators. The facts are briefly these: Fenton translated four books and Broome eight. Both were Cambridge men of parts, Fenton the more brilliant and Broome the more thorough. The latter furnished also all the notes. Pope paid them a very small price for their labor, though not less than they had bargained for, and gave them very little credit for it. Moreover, when he found that there was some stir against him for advertising an *Odyssey* which was to be his only in part, he induced Broome to write a postscript note claiming only three books for his own share and two for Fenton's, and insisting that whatever merit they might have was due to Pope's minute revision.

Before attempting the *Odyssey*, Pope was unfortunately led to prepare an edition of Shakespeare, which showed some ingenuity in textual emendation. Phrases were, however, too frequently altered as 'vulgar,' and metres as 'incorrect.' The work was on the whole so mediocre as fairly to lay itself open to the strictures of Theobald, who was consequently made the original hero of *The Dunciad*. In 1718 the poet leased the estate at Twickenham, and set to work upon the improvements which became a hobby. He had planned to build a town house, but was fortunately dissuaded. The laying out of

the tiny five acres of grounds is now a matter of history: the paths, the wilderness, the quincunx, the obelisk to his mother's memory, above all the grotto, — they are more like actors than stage properties in the quiet drama of Pope's later years.

His work after the completion of the Homer translation was almost entirely restricted to satire. Even the *Moral Essays* are largely satirical, for Pope's didacticism was always tinged with laughter. It was too seldom a kindly laughter. His capacity for personal hatred was suffered not only to remain, but to grow upon him; until it became at length one of the ruling motives of his literary life. His first conception of *The Dunciad* was formed as early as 1720. Sometime within the five years following he seems to have broached his project for wholesale revenge to Swift, who, oddly enough, dissuaded him: 'Take care the bad poets do not outwit you,' he wrote, 'as they have the good ones in every age, whom they have provoked to transmit their names to posterity. Mævius is as well known as Virgil, and Gildon will be as well known as you if his name gets into your verses.' Thereto Pope dutifully assents: 'I am much happier for finding our judgments jump in the notion that all scribblers should be passed by in silence. . . . So let Gildon and Philips rest in peace.' It is not many years later that we find Swift encouraging Pope to go on with *The Dunciad*, and Pope accepting the advice with an even better grace than in the former instance. The first judgment of both authors was of course the right one. *The Dunciad*, with all its cleverness, remains the record of a strife between persons whom we do not now care about. It has no determinable significance beyond that; it lacks the didactic soundness of his *Essay on Criticism*, and the graceful lightness of *The Rape of the Lock*. Only in a few detached passages in the *Moral Essays* and *Satires*, indeed, did he ever succeed in approaching either of these qualities.

'Pope's writings,' says Mr. Courthope, 'fall naturally into two classes: those which were inspired by fancy or reflection, and those which grew from personal feeling or circumstance.' The *Moral Essays* belonged to the former of these classes, the *Satires* to the latter. The *Moral Essays*, and more particularly the *Essay on Man*, are the product of a materialism which marked the age, and which was set before Pope in something like systematic form by Bolingbroke. As Bolingbroke was primarily a politician, and dabbled in philosophy only because the favorite game was for a great part of his life denied him, it could not be expected that much more than shallow generalization would come out of him. At all events, his system of sophistry was all that Pope needed for a thread upon which to string his couplets. Whatever we may think of the *Essay on Man* now, we need not forget that so keen a critic as Voltaire once called it 'the most beautiful, the most awful, the most sublime didactic poem that has ever been written in any language.' Even in our day a conservative critic can say of it: 'Form and art triumph even in the midst of error; a framework of fallacious generalization gives coherence to the epigrammatic statement of a multitude of individual truths.'

Some of the difficulty that we have found in *The Dunciad* is present in the *Satires*. They are full of personalities. As a rule, however, the persons hit off are of some account, both in themselves and as types, rather than as mere objects of private rancor. Altogether these poems contain, besides the famous portraits of contemporaries, many passages of universal application to the virtues and the shortcomings of any practical age.

With the completion of the *Satires* in 1738, Pope's work was practically done. His remaining years were to be spent mainly in revising his works and correspondence; the final additions and alterations to *The Dunciad* being the only task of special importance which in his weakening health, and decreasing creative impulse, he was able to undertake. The range of the poet's possible achievement was never very great; and he had

now lost most of the living motives of his work. He had numbered among his acquaintances all the prominent men of the time; and not a few of them had been friends upon whom he depended for encouragement and companionship. Gay had died in 1732, Pope's mother a year later, and Arbuthnot in 1735. Swift was meantime rapidly breaking up in mind and body, and by 1740 Pope was separated from him by a chasm as impassable as that of death. Bolingbroke remained to him, and he was to have one other friend, Warburton, upon whom he relied for advice and aid during his last years, and who became his literary executor. These, however, were friendships of the mind rather than of the heart; and there is something a little pathetic in the spectacle of the still brilliant poet's dependence upon the chill and disappointed politician Bolingbroke and the worthy and adoring Bishop Warburton, who can hardly have been a lively companion.

Critics are now fairly well agreed as to Pope's service to English poetry. Intellectually he was clever rather than profound, and, in consequence, though so much of his work was of the didactic type, he made few original contributions to poetic thought. A poem of Pope's is a collection of brilliant fragments. He kept a note-book full of clever distiches set down at random; presently so many couplets are taken and classified, others are added, a title is found, and the world applauds. If we except *The Rape of the Lock*, and possibly the *Epistle to Arbuthnot*, none of his poems can be called organic in structure. The patching is neatly done, but the result is patchwork. The *Essay on Man*, therefore, which most of his contemporaries considered his greatest work, appears to us a mosaic of cleverly phrased platitudes and epigrams. Many of the couplets have become proverbial; the work as a whole cannot be taken seriously. 'But the supposition is,' says Lowell, 'that in the *Essay on Man* Pope did not himself know what he was writing. He was only the condenser and epigrammatizer of Bolingbroke — a very fitting St. John for such a gospel.' It is to another and less pretentious sort of work that we must turn to find the great versifier at his best.

The Rape of the Lock affords exactly the field in which Pope was fitted to excel. The very qualities of artificiality and sophistication which mar the Homer translations make the story of Belinda and her Baron a perfect thing of its kind. Here is the conventional society which Pope knew, and with which — however he might sneer at it — he really sympathized. The polished trivialities, the shallow gallantry, the hardly veiled coarseness of the London which Pope understood, are here to the life. Depth of emotion, of imagination, of thought, are absent, and properly so; but here are present in their purest forms the flashing wit, the ingenious fancy, the malicious innuendo, of which Pope was undoubtedly master.

In versification his merit is to have done one thing incomparably well. Not only is his latest work marked by the same wit, conciseness, and brilliancy of finish which gained the attention of his earliest critics, but it employs the same metrical form which in boyhood he had brought to a singular perfection. The heroic couplet is now pretty much out of fashion: 'correctness' is no longer the first quality which we demand of poetry. No doubt we are fortunate to have escaped the trammels of the rigid mode which so long restrained the flight of English verse. But however tedious and wooden Pope's instrument may have become in later hands, however mistaken he himself may have been in emphasizing its limitations, there is no doubt that it was the instrument best suited to his hand, and that he secured by means of it a surprising variety of effect.

We have chronicled thus far a few of the facts of Pope's life and work. Something — it cannot be very much — remains to be said of his private character. It was a character of marked contradictions, the nether side of which — the weaknesses and positive faults — has, as is common in such cases, been laid bare with sufficient pitilessness. He was, we are told, malicious, penurious, secretive, unchivalrous, underhanded, implacable. He could address Lady Mary Wortley one day with fulsome adulation, and the next — and ever after — with foul abuse. He could deliberately goad his dunces to self-betrayal by his *Treatise on the Bathos*, and presently flay them in *The Dunciad* by way of revenge. He could by circuitous means cause his letters — letters carefully edited by him — to be published, and prosecute the publisher for outraging his sensibilities. He could stoop to compassing the most minute ends of private malice by the most elaborate and leisurely methods. He played life as a game composed of a series of petty moves, and, as one of his friends said, 'could hardly drink a cup of tea without a stratagem.'

But let us see what we might be fairly saying on the other side. If he was capable of malice, he was incapable of flattery; if he was dishonest in the little matters, he was honest in the great ones; if he held mediocrity in contempt, he had an ungrudging welcome for excellence. In later life he had encouragement for the younger generation of writers, — Johnson, Young, Thomson, and poor Savage. If he allowed a fancied injury to separate him from Addison, he had still to boast of the friendship of men like Gay, Arbuthnot, and Swift; and they had to boast of his. He nursed his mother in extreme old age with anxious devotion, and mourned her death with unaffected grief. In his best satirical mood, the best in English verse, he did not hesitate to arraign the highest as well as the lowest; not even Swift could be so fearless. Such things are to be remembered of this correct versifier and merciless satirist Pope: that with only half the body, and hardly more than half the bodily experience, of a man, he had his full share of a man's failings and a man's virtues; and that the failings were on the whole upon a less significant plane than the virtues.

Much has been written of Pope's attitude toward women, and much has been written of his acrid habit of mind. The relation between these facts has been, perhaps, insufficiently grasped. Pope was not by nature a celibate or a hater of women. He was, on the contrary, fond of their society, and anxious to make himself agreeable to them. His failure with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was deserved; the relation was a mere affair of gallantry, which she took good care to snuff out when the adorer's protestations began to weary her. She was not a womanly person, and forestalled much public indignation at Pope's subsequent abuse by adopting an equally brutal system of retort.

His failure with Martha Blount was of a very different sort, and of far greater significance. She was the younger of two daughters belonging to one of the Roman Catholic families in Pope's Windsor Forest circle of acquaintance. With her and with her sister Teresa, Pope was for many years upon terms of the closest intimacy. They were not much alike; and though Pope made a habit of addressing them with guarded impartiality in his correspondence, it is to be seen almost from the first that his feeling for the more practical and worldly older sister was less warm than his feeling for the amiable and feminine "Patty." Eventually, after years of friendship, the poet made a few indirect overtures to Martha in the direction of marriage; and at last ventured to express himself plainly to Teresa. To his unspeakable humiliation and grief, she treated his honest declaration as an affront to her sister, and upon precisely the painful ground of his deformity, which had for so many years kept him from speaking. Pope could not help feeling that however Martha might, if left to herself, have received his advances, it

was now out of the question to pursue them. His behavior under the circumstances was full of dignity. It was impossible for the friendship to be renewed upon the old footing, but his only revenge beyond that of the necessary withdrawal from familiar intercourse was to settle a pension upon Teresa at the time, and to leave most of his property by will to Martha. We can hardly imagine Pope madly in love, but that he had a calm and steadfast affection for Martha Blount we cannot doubt. He was disposed to marry, and he would have liked to marry her. She represented the ideal of womanhood in his mind; and to her, in the heat of his most savage bouts of idol-breaking, he pauses to raise a white shaft of love and faith.

If the present editor, after a careful and well-rewarded study of the poet and the man, has any mite of interpretation to offer, it is not that Pope was a greater poet, but that he was a better man, than he is commonly painted; an unamiable man, yet not for that reason altogether unworthy of regard; a man with little meannesses carried upon his sleeve for all the world to mock at, and with the large magnanimity which could face the world alone, without advantages of birth or wealth or education or even health, and win a great victory. Such a man cannot conceivably be supposed to have stumbled upon success. Not only inspired cleverness of hand, but force of character and sanity of mind must be responsible for his work. After the lapse of nearly two centuries it should perhaps be right to indulge ourselves somewhat more sparingly in condemnation of his foibles, and to recall more willingly the sound kernel of character which is the basis of his personality. Whatever slander he may have retailed about the camp-fire, whatever foolish vanity he may have had in his uniform, Pope fought the good fight. 'After all,' he wrote to Bishop Atterbury, who was trying to make a Protestant of him, 'I verily believe your Lordship and I are both of the same religion, if we were thoroughly understood by one another, and that all honest and reasonable Christians would be so, if they did but talk together every day; and had nothing to do together but to serve God and live in peace with their neighbors.'

H. W. B.

Andover, *March*, 1903.

The Cambridge Edition of the Poets

POPE

EDITED BY

HENRY W. BOYNTON

EARLY POEMS

ODE ON SOLITUDE

'This was a very early production of our Author, written at about twelve years old,' says Pope in one of his unsigned and unreliable notes. If the statement is true, it was probably written during the year 1700. It is apparently the earliest poem of Pope's which remains to us, though according to Roscoe, 'Dodsley, who was honoured with his intimacy, had seen several pieces of an earlier date.'

HAPPY the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Bless'd who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day;

Sound sleep by night: study and ease
Together mix'd; sweet recreation;
And innocence, which most does please,
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

A PARAPHRASE (ON THOMAS À KEMPIS, L. III. C. 2)

Supposed to have been written in 1700; first published from the Caryll Papers in the *Athenæum*, July 15, 1854.

SPEAK, Gracious Lord, oh, speak; thy servant hears:
For I 'm thy servant and I 'll still be so:
Speak words of comfort in my willing ears;
And since my tongue is in thy praises slow,
And since that thine all Rhetoric exceeds:
Speak thou in words, but let me speak in deeds!

Nor speak alone, but give me grace to hear
What thy celestial Sweetness does impart;
Let it not stop when enter'd at the ear,
But sink, and take deep rooting in my heart.
As the parch'd Earth drinks rain (but grace afford)
With such a gust will I receive thy word.

Nor with the Israelites shall I desire
Thy heav'nly word by Moses to receive,
Lest I should die: but Thou who didst inspire
Moses himself, speak Thou, that I may live.
Rather with Samuel I beseech with tears,
Speak, gracious Lord, oh, speak, thy servant hears.

Moses, indeed, may say the words, but Thou
Must give the Spirit, and the Life inspire;
Our Love to thee his fervent breath may blow,
But 't is thyself alone can give the fire:
Thou without them may'st speak and profit too;
But without thee what could the Prophets do?

They preach the Doctrine, but thou mak'st
us do't;
They teach the myst'ries thou dost open
lay;
The trees they water, but thou giv'st the
fruit;
They to Salvation show the arduous way,
But none but you can give us strength to
walk;
You give the Practice, they but give the
Talk.

Let them be silent then; and thou alone,
My God! speak comfort to my ravish'd
ears;
Light of my eyes, my Consolation,
Speak when thou wilt, for still thy ser-
vant hears.
Whate'er thou speak'st, let this be under-
stood:
Thy greater Glory, and my greater Good!

TO THE AUTHOR OF A POEM ENTITLED SUCCESSIO

Elkanah Settle, celebrated as Doeg in Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel*, wrote *Successio* in honor of the incoming Brunswick dynasty. Warburton (or possibly Pope) in a note on *Dunciad*, I. 181, says that the poem was 'written at fourteen years old, and soon after printed.' A good instance of Pope's economy of material will be found in the passage upon which that note bears: an adaptation of lines 4, 17 and 18 of this early poem. It was first published in Lintot's *Miscellanies*, 1712.

Begone, ye Critics, and restrain your spite,
Codrus writes on, and will forever write.
The heaviest Muse the swiftest course has
gone,
As clocks run fastest when most lead is on;
What tho' no bees around your cradle flew,
Nor on your lips distill'd their golden dew;
Yet have we oft discover'd in their stead
A swarm of drones that buzz'd about your
head.
When you, like Orpheus, strike the war-
bling lyre,
Attentive blocks stand round you and ad-
mire.
Wit pass'd thro' thee no longer is the
same,
As meat digested takes a diff'rent name;
But sense must sure thy safest plunder be,
Since no reprisals can be made on thee.
Thus thou may'st rise, and in thy daring
flight
(Tho' ne'er so weighty) reach a wondrous
height.
So, forc'd from engines, lead itself can
fly,
And pond'rous slugs move nimbly thro' the
sky.
Sure *Bavius* copied *Mœvius* to the full,
And *Chœrilus* taught *Codrus* to be dull;
Therefore, dear friend, at my advice give
o'er
This needless labour; and contend no more
To prove a *dull succession* to be true,
Since 't is enough we find it so in you.

THE FIRST BOOK OF STATIUS'S THEBAIS

TRANSLATED IN THE YEAR 1703

Though Pope ascribes this translation to 1703, there is evidence that part of it was done as early as 1699. It was finally revised and published in 1712, but Courthope asserts that 'it is fair to assume that the body of the composition is preserved in its original form.'

ARGUMENT

Œdipus, King of Thebes, having, by mistake, slain his father Laius, and married his mother Jocasta, put out his own eyes, and resign'd the realm to his sons Eteocles and Polynices. Being neglected by them, he makes his prayer to the Fury Tisiphone, to sow debate betwixt the brothers. They agree at last to reign singly, each a year by turns, and the first lot is obtain'd by Eteocles. Jupiter, in a council of the gods, declares his resolution of punishing the Thebans, and Argives also, by means of a marriage betwixt Polynices and one of the daughters of Adrastus King of Argos. Juno opposes, but to no effect; and Mercury is sent on a message to the shades, to the ghost of Laius, who is to appear to Eteocles, and provoke him to break the agreement. Polynices, in the mean time, departs from Thebes by night, is overtaken by a storm, and arrives at Argos; where he meets with Tideus, who had fled from Calidon, having kill'd his brother. Adrastus entertains them, having receiv'd an oracle from Apollo that his daughters should be married to a boar and a lion, which he understands to be meant of these strangers, by whom the hides of those beasts were worn, and who arrived at the time when

he kept an annual feast in honour of that god. The rise of this solemnity. He relates to his guests the loves of Phœbus and Psamathe, and the story of Chorœbus: he inquires, and is made acquainted, with their descent and quality. The sacrifice is renew'd, and the book concludes with a hymn to Apollo.

FRATERNAL rage, the guilty Thebes' alarms,
Th' alternate reign destroy'd by impious arms
Demand our song ; a sacred fury fires
My ravish'd breast, and all the Muse inspires.
O Goddess ! say, shall I deduce my rhymes
From the dire nation in its early times,
Europa's rape, Agenor's stern decree,
And Cadmus searching round the spacious sea ?
How with the serpent's teeth he sow'd the soil,
And reap'd an iron harvest of his toil ;
Or how from joining stones the city sprung,
While to his harp divine Amphion sung ?
Or shall I Juno's hate to Thebes resound,
Whose fatal rage th' unhappy monarch found ?
The sire against the son his arrows drew,
O'er the wide fields the furious mother flew,
And while her arms a second hope contain,
Sprung from the rocks, and plunged into the main.
But waive whate'er to Cadmus may belong,
And fix, O Muse ! the barrier of thy song
At Œdipus — from his disasters trace
The long confusions of his guilty race :
Nor yet attempt to stretch thy bolder wing,
And mighty Cæsar's conquering eagles sing ;
How twice he tamed proud Ister's rapid flood,
While Dacian mountains stream'd with barb'rous blood :
Twice taught the Rhine beneath his laws to roll,
And stretch'd his empire to the frozen pole ;
Or, long before, with early valour strove
In youthful arms t' assert the cause of Jove.
And thou, great heir of all thy father's fame,
Increase of glory to the Latian name,
O ! bless thy Rome with an eternal reign,
Nor let desiring worlds entreat in vain !
What tho' the stars contract their heav'nly space,
And crowd their shining ranks to yield thee place ;
Tho' all the skies, ambitious of thy sway,
Conspire to court thee from our world away ;
Tho' Phœbus longs to mix his rays with thine,
And in thy glories more serenely shine ;
Tho' Jove himself no less content would be
To part his throne, and share his Heav'n with thee ?
Yet stay, great Cæsar ! and vouchsafe to reign
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the wat'ry main ;
Resign to Jove his empire of the skies,
And people Heav'n with Roman deities.
The time will come when a diviner flame
Shall warm my breast to sing of Cæsar's fame ;
Meanwhile permit that my preluding Muse
In Theban wars an humbler theme may choose.
Of furious hate surviving death she sings,
A fatal throne to two contending kings,
And funeral flames that, parting wide in air,
Express the discord of the souls they bear:
Of towns dispeopled, and the wand'ring ghosts
Of kings unburied in the wasted coasts ;
When Dirce's fountain blush'd with Grecian blood,
And Thetis, near Ismenos' swelling flood,
With dread beheld the rolling surges sweep
In heaps his slaughter'd sons into the deep.
What hero, Clio! wilt thou first relate ?
The rage of Tydeus, or the prophet's fate ?
Or how, with hills of slain on every side,
Hippomedon repell'd the hostile tide ?
Or how the youth, with ev'ry grace adorn'd,
Untimely fell, to be forever mourn'd ?
Then to fierce Capaneus thy verse extend,
And sing with horror his prodigious end.

Now wretched Œdipus, deprived of sight,
Led a long death in everlasting night;
But while he dwells where not a cheerful ray
Can pierce the darkness, and abhors the day,
The clear reflecting mind presents his sin
In frightful views, and makes it day within;
Returning thoughts in endless circles roll,
And thousand furies haunt his guilty soul:
The wretch then lifted to th' unpitying skies
Those empty orbs from whence he tore his eyes,
Whose wounds, yet fresh, with bloody hands he strook,
While from his breast these dreadful accents broke:—
'Ye Gods! that o'er the gloomy regions reign,
Where guilty spirits feel eternal pain;
Thou, sable Styx! whose livid streams are roll'd
Through dreary coasts, which I tho' blind behold;
Tisiphone! that oft has heard my prayer,
Assist, if Œdipus deserve thy care.
If you receiv'd me from Jocasta's womb,
And nurs'd the hope of mischiefs yet to come;
If, leaving Polybus, I took my way
To Cyrrha's temple, on that fatal day
When by the son the trembling father died,
Where the three roads the Phocian fields divide;
If I the Sphynx's riddles durst explain,
Taught by thyself to win the promis'd reign;
If wretched I, by baleful furies led,
With monstrous mixture stain'd my mother's bed,
For Hell and thee begot an impious brood,
And with full lust those horrid joys renew'd,
Then, self condemn'd, to shades of endless night,
Forc'd from these orbs the bleeding balls of sight,
Oh hear! and aid the vengeance I require,
If worthy thee, and what thou might'st inspire.
My sons their old unhappy sire despise,
Spoil'd of his kingdom, and deprived of eyes;
Guideless I wander, unregarded mourn,
Whilst these exalt their sceptres o'er my urn;
These sons, ye Gods! who with flagitious pride
Insult my darkness and my groans deride.
Art thou a father, unregarding Jove!
And sleeps thy thunder in the realms above?
Thou Fury! then some lasting curse entail,
Which o'er their children's children shall prevail;
Place on their heads that crown distain'd with gore,
Which these dire hands from my slain father tore;
Go! and a parent's heavy curses bear;
Break all the bonds of Nature, and prepare
Their kindred souls to mutual hate and war.
Give them to dare, what I might wish to see,
Blind as I am, some glorious villany!
Soon shalt thou find, if thou but arm their hands,
Their ready guilt preventing thy commands:
Couldst thou some great proportion'd mischief frame,
They 'd prove the father from whose loins they came.'
The Fury heard, while on Cocytus' brink
Her snakes, untied, sulphureous waters drink;
But at the summons roll'd her eyes around,
And snatch'd the starting serpents from the ground.
Not half so swiftly shoots along in air
The gliding lightning or descending star.
Thro' crowds of airy shades she wing'd her flight,
And dark dominions of the silent night;
Swift as she pass'd the flitting ghosts withdrew,
And the pale spectres trembled at her view:
To th' iron gates of Tenarus she flies,
There spreads her dusky pinions to the skies.
The Day beheld, and, sick'ning at the sight,
Veil'd her fair glories in the shades of night.
Affrighted Atlas on the distant shore
Trembled, and shook the heav'ns and Gods he bore.

Now from beneath Malea's airy height
Aloft she sprung, and steer'd to Thebes her flight;
With eager speed the well known journey took,
Nor here regrets the Hell she late forsook.
A hundred snakes her gloomy visage shade,
A hundred serpents guard her horrid head;
In her sunk eyeballs dreadful meteors glow:
Such rays from Phœbe's bloody circle flow,
When, lab'ring with strong charms, she shoots from high
A fiery gleam, and reddens all the sky.
Blood stain'd her cheeks, and from her mouth there came
Blue steaming poisons, and a length of flame.
From every blast of her contagious breath
Famine and Drought proceed, and Plagues and Death.
A robe obscene was o'er her shoulders thrown,
A dress by Fates and Furies worn alone.
She toss'd her meagre arms; her better hand
In waving circles whirl'd a funeral brand;
A serpent from her left was seen to rear
His flaming crest, and lash the yielding air.
But when the Fury took her stand on high,
Where vast Cithæron's top salutes the sky,
A hiss from all the snaky tire went round:
The dreadful signal all the rocks rebound,
And thro' th' Achaian cities send the sound.
Œte, with high Parnassus, heard the voice;
Eurotas' banks remurmur'd to the noise;
Again Leucothea shook at these alarms,
And press'd Palæmon closer in her arms.
Headlong from thence the glowing Fury springs,
And o'er the Theban palace spreads her wings,
Once more invades the guilty dome, and shrouds
Its bright pavilions in a veil of clouds.
Straight with the rage of all their race possest,
Stung to the soul, the brothers start from rest,
And all their furies wake within their breast:
Their tortured minds repining Envy tears,
And Hate, engender'd by suspicious Fears;
And sacred thirst of Sway, and all the ties
Of Nature broke, and royal Perjuries;
And impotent desire to reign alone,
That scorns the dull reversion of a throne:
Each would the sweets of sov'reign Rule devour,
While Discord waits upon divided power.
As stubborn steers, by brawny ploughmen broke,
And join'd reluctant to the galling yoke,
Alike disdain with servile necks to bear
Th' unwonted weight, or drag the crooked share,
But rend the reins, and bound a diff'rent way,
And all the furrows in confusion lay:
Such was the discord of the royal pair
Whom fury drove precipitate to war.
In vain the chiefs contrived a specious way
To govern Thebes by their alternate sway:
Unjust decree! while this enjoys the state,
That mourns in exile his unequal fate,
And the short monarch of a hasty year
Foresees with anguish his returning heir.
Thus did the league their impious arms restrain,
But scarce subsisted to the second reign.
Yet then no proud aspiring piles were rais'd,
No fretted roofs with polish'd metals blazed;
No labour'd columns in long order placed,
No Grecian stone the pompous arches graced;
No nightly bands in glitt'ring armour wait
Before the sleepless tyrant's guarded gate;
No charges then were wrought in burnish'd gold,
Nor silver vases took the forming mould;
Nor gems on bowls emboss'd were seen to shine,
Blaze on the brims, and sparkle in the wine.
Say, wretched rivals! what provokes your rage?
Say to what end your impious arms engage?
Not all bright Phœbus views in early morn,
Or when his ev'ning beams the west adorn,
When the South glows with his meridian ray,
And the cold North receives a fainter day—
For crimes like these not all those realms suffice.

Were all those realms the guilty victor's prize!
But Fortune now (the lots of empire thrown)
Decrees to proud Eteocles the crown.
What joys, O Tyrant! swell'd thy soul that day,
When all were slaves thou could'st around survey,
Pleas'd to behold unbounded power thy own,
And singly fill a fear'd and envied throne!
But the vile vulgar, ever discontent,
Their growing fears in secret murmurs vent;
Still prone to change, tho' still the slaves of state,
And sure the monarch whom they have to hate;
New lords they madly make, then tamely bear,
And softly curse the tyrants whom they fear.
And one of those who groan beneath the sway
Of kings imposed, and grudgingly obey,
(Whom Envy to the great, and vulgar Spite,
With Scandal arm'd, th' ignoble mind's delight)
Exclaim'd — "O Thebes! for thee what fates remain,
What woes attend this unauspicious reign?
Must we, alas! our doubtful necks prepare
Each haughty master's yoke by turns to bear,
And still to change whom changed we still must fear?
These now control a wretched people's fate,
These can divide, and these reverse the state:
Ev'n Fortune rules no more — O servile land,
Where exiled tyrants still by turns command!
Thou Sire of Gods and men, imperial Jove!
Is this th' eternal doom decreed above?
On thy own offspring hast thou fix'd this fate
From the first birth of our unhappy state,
When banish'd Cadmus, wand'ring o'er the main,
For lost Europa search'd the world in vain,
And fated in Bœotian fields to found
A rising empire on a foreign ground,
First rais'd our walls on that ill-omen'd plain
Where earth-born brothers were by brothers slain?
What lofty looks th' unrivall'd monarch bears!
How all the Tyrant in his face appears!
What sullen fury clouds his scornful brow!
Gods! how his eyes with threat'ning ardour glow!
Can this imperious lord forget to reign,
Quit all his state, descend, and serve again?
Yet who before more popularly bow'd?
Who more propitious to the suppliant crowd?
Patient of right, familiar in the throne,
What wonder then? he was not then alone.
Oh wretched we! a vile submissive train,
Fortune's tame fools, and slaves in every reign!
'As when two winds with rival force contend,
This way and that the wavering sails they bend,
While freezing Boreas and black Eurus blow,
Now here, now there the reeling vessel throw;
Thus on each side, alas! our tott'ring state
Feels all the fury of resistless Fate,
And doubtful still, and still distracted stands,
While that prince threatens, and while this commands.'
And now th' almighty Father of the Gods
Convenes a council in the bless'd abodes.
Far in the bright recesses of the skies,
High o'er the rolling heav'ns, a mansion lies,
Whence, far below, the Gods at once survey
The realms of rising and declining day,
And all th' extended space of earth, and air, and sea.
Full in the midst, and on a starry throne,
The Majesty of Heav'n superior shone:
Serene he look'd, and gave an awful nod,
And all the trembling spheres confess'd the God.
At Jove's assent the deities around
In solemn state the consistory crown'd.
Next a long order of inferior powers
Ascend from hills, and plains, and shady bowers;
Those from whose urns the rolling rivers flow,

And those that give the wand'ring winds to blow :
Here all their rage and ev'n their murmurs cease,
And sacred Silence reigns, and universal Peace.
A shining synod of majestic Gods
Gilds with new lustre the divine abodes :
Heav'n seems improv'd with a superior ray,
And the bright arch reflects a double day.
The Monarch then his solemn silence broke,
The still creation listen'd while he spoke ;
Each sacred accent bears eternal weight,
And each irrevocable word is Fate.
'How long shall man the wrath of Heav'n defy,
And force unwilling vengeance from the sky ?
O race confed'rate into crimes, that prove
Triumphant o'er th' eluded rage of Jove !
This wearied arm can scarce the bolt sustain,
And unregarded thunder rolls in vain :
Th' o'erlabour'd Cyclop from his task retires,
Th' Æolian forge exhausted of its fires.
For this I suffer'd Phœbus' steeds to stray,
And the mad ruler to misguide the day,
When the wide earth to heaps of ashes turn'd,
And Heav'n itself the wand'ring chariot burn'd ;
For this my brother of the wat'ry reign
Releas'd th' impetuous sluices of the main;
But flames consumed, and billows raged in vain.
Two races now, allied to Jove, offend ;
To punish these, see Jove himself descend.
The Theban kings their line from Cadmus trace,
From godlike Perseus those of Argive race.
Unhappy Cadmus' fate who does not know,
And the long series of succeeding woe ?
How oft the Furies from the deeps of night
Arose, and mix'd with men in mortal fight;
Th' exulting mother stain'd with filial blood,
The savage hunter and the haunted wood ?
The direful banquet why should I proclaim,
And crimes that grieve the trembling Gods to name ?
Ere I recount the sins of these profane,
The sun would sink into the western main,
And, rising, gild the radiant east again.
Have we not seen (the blood of Laius shed)
The murd'ring son ascend his parent's bed,
Thro' violated Nature force his way,
And stain the sacred womb where once he lay ?
Yet now in darkness and despair he groans,
And for the crimes of guilty Fate atones;
His sons with scorn their eyeless father view,
Insult his wounds, and make them bleed anew.
Thy curse, O Œdipus ! just Heav'n alarms,
And sets th' avenging Thunderer in arms.
I from the root thy guilty race will tear,
And give the nations to the waste of war.
Adrastus soon, with Gods averse, shall join
In dire alliance with the Theban line ;
Hence strife shall rise, and mortal war succeed ;
The guilty realms of Tantalus shall bleed :
Fix'd is their doom. This all-rememb'ring breast
Yet harbours vengeance for the tyrant's feast.'
He said ; and thus the Queen of Heav'n return'd
(With sudden grief her lab'ring bosom burn'd) :
'Must I, whose cares Phoroneus' towers defend,
Must I, O Jove ! in bloody wars contend ?
Thou know'st those regions my protection claim,
Glorious in Arms, in Riches, and in Fame :
Tho' there the fair Egyptian heifer fed,
And there deluded Argus slept and bled ;
Tho' there the brazen tower was storm'd of old,
When Jove descended in almighty gold !
Yet I can pardon those obscurer rapes,
Those bashful crimes disguis'd in borrow'd shapes ;
But Thebes, where, shining in celestial charms,
Thou camest triumphant to a mortal's arms,
When all my glories o'er her limbs were spread,
And blazing lightnings danced around her bed ;
Curs'd Thebes the vengeance it deserves may prove —
Ah ! why should Argos feel the rage of Jove ?

Yet since thou wilt thy sister-queen control,
Since still the lust of Discord fires thy soul,
Go, raze my Samos, let Mycene fall,
And level with the dust the Spartan wall;
No more let mortals Juno's power invoke,
Her fanes no more with eastern incense smoke,
Nor victims sink beneath the sacred stroke;
But to your Isis all my rights transfer,
Let altars blaze and temples smoke for her!
For her, thro' Egypt's fruitful clime renown'd,
Let weeping Nilus hear the timbrel sound.
But if thou must reform the stubborn times,
Avenging on the sons the fathers' crimes,
And from the long records of distant age
Derive incitements to renew thy rage;
Say, from what period then has Jove design'd
To date his vengeance? to what bounds confin'd?
Begin from thence, where first Alpheus hides
His wand'ring stream, and thro' the briny tides
Unmix'd to his Sicilian river glides.
Thy own Arcadians there the thunder claim,
Whose impious rites disgrace thy mighty name;
Who raise thy temples where the chariot stood
Of fierce Œnomaüs, defil'd with blood;
Where once his steeds their savage banquet found,
And human bones yet whiten all the ground.
Say, can those honours please? and canst thou love
Presumptuous Crete, that boasts the tomb of Jove?
And shall not Tantalus's kingdoms share
Thy wife and sister's tutelary care?
Reverse, O Jove! thy too severe decree,
Nor doom to war a race derived from thee;
On impious realms and barb'rous kings impose
Thy plagues, and curse them with such sons as those.'
Thus in reproach and prayer the Queen exprest
The rage and grief contending in her breast;
Unmov'd remain'd the Ruler of the Sky,
And from his throne return'd this stern reply:
'T was thus I deem'd thy haughty soul would bear
The dire tho' just revenge which I prepare
Against a nation thy peculiar care:
No less Dione might for Thebes contend,
Nor Bacchus less his native town defend;
Yet these in silence see the Fates fulfil
Their work, and rev'rence our superior will:
For by the black infernal Styx I swear
(That dreadful oath which binds the Thunderer)
'T is fix'd, th' irrevocable doom of Jove;
No Force can bend me, no Persuasion move.
Haste then, Cyllenius, thro' the liquid air;
Go, mount the winds, and to the shades repair;
Bid Hell's black monarch my commands obey,
And give up Laius to the realms of day,
Whose ghost yet shiv'ring on Cocytus' sand
Expects its passage to the further strand:
Let the pale sire revisit Thebes, and bear
These pleasing orders to the tyrant's ear;
That from his exiled brother, swell'd with pride
Of foreign forces and his Argive bride,
Almighty Jove commands him to detain
The promis'd empire, and alternate reign:
Be this the cause of more than mortal hate;
The rest succeeding times shall ripen into Fate.'
The God obeys, and to his feet applies
Those golden wings that cut the yielding skies;
His ample hat his beamy locks o'erspread,
And veil'd the starry glories of his head.
He seiz'd the wand that causes sleep to fly,
Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye;
That drives the dead to dark Tartarean coasts,
Or back to life compels the wand'ring ghosts.
Thus thro' the parting clouds the son of May
Wings on the whistling winds his rapid way;
Now smoothly steers thro' air his equal flight,
Now springs aloft, and towers th' ethereal height;

Then wheeling down the steep of heav'n he flies,
And draws a radiant circle o'er the skies.
Meantime the banish'd Polynices roves
(His Thebes abandon'd) thro' th' Aonian groves,
While future realms his wand'ring thoughts delight,
His daily vision, and his dream by night.
Forbidden Thebes appears before his eye,
From whence he sees his absent brother fly,
With transport views the airy rule his own,
And swells on an imaginary throne.
Fain would he cast a tedious age away,
And live out all in one triumphant day:
He chides the lazy progress of the sun,
And bids the year with swifter motion run:
With anxious hopes his craving mind is tost,
And all his joys in length of wishes lost.
The hero then resolves his course to bend
Where ancient Danaus' fruitful fields extend,
And famed Mycene's lofty towers ascend
(Where late the sun did Atreus' crimes detest,
And disappear'd in horror of the feast);
And now by Chance, by Fate, or Furies led,
From Bacchus' consecrated caves he fled,
Where the shrill cries of frantic matrons sound,
And Pentheus' blood enrich'd the rising ground;
Then sees Cithæron towering o'er the plain,
And thence declining gently to the main;
Next to the bounds of Nisus' realm repairs,
Where treach'rous Scylla cut the purple hairs;
The hanging cliffs of Scyron's rock explores,
And hears the murmurs of the diff'rent shores;
Passes the strait that parts the foaming seas,
And stately Corinth's pleasing site surveys.
'T was now the time when Phœbus yields to night,
And rising Cynthia sheds her silver light;
Wide o'er the world in solemn pomp she drew
Her airy chariot, hung with pearly dew:
All birds and beasts lie hush'd: sleep steals away
The wild desires of men, and toils of day,
And brings, descending thro' the silent air,
A sweet forgetfulness of human care.
Yet no red clouds, with golden borders gay,
Promise the skies the bright return of day;
No faint reflections of the distant light
Streak with long gleams the scatt'ring shades of night;
From the damp earth impervious vapours rise,
Increase the darkness, and involve the skies.
At once the rushing winds with roaring sound
Burst from th' Æolian caves, and rend the ground;
With equal rage their airy quarrel try,
And win by turns the kingdom of the sky.
But with a thicker night black Auster shrouds
The heav'ns, and drives on heaps the rolling clouds
From whose dark womb a rattling tempest pours,
Which the cold north congeals to haily showers:
From pole to pole the thunder roars aloud,
And broken lightnings flash from every cloud.
Now smokes with showers the misty mountain-ground,
And floated fields lie undistinguish'd round;
Th' Inachian streams with headlong fury run,
And Erasinus rolls a deluge on;
The foaming Lerna swells above its bounds,
And spreads its ancient poisons o'er the grounds;
Where late was dust, now rapid torrents play,
Rush thro' the mounds, and bear the dams away;
Old limbs of trees, from crackling forests torn,
Are whirl'd in air, and on the winds are borne;
The storm the dark Lycæan groves display'd,
And first to light exposed the sacred shade.
Th' intrepid Theban hears the bursting sky,
Sees yawning rocks in massy fragments fly,
And views astonish'd, from the hills afar,
The floods descending, and the wat'ry war,

That, driv'n by storms and pouring o'er the plain,
Swept herds, and hinds, and houses to the main.
Thro' the brown horrors of the night he fled,
Nor knows, amaz'd, what doubtful path to tread;
His brother's image to his mind appears,
Inflames his heart with rage, and wings his feet with fears.
So fares the sailor on the stormy main,
When clouds conceal Boötes' golden wain,
When not a star its friendly lustre keeps,
Nor trembling Cynthia glimmers on the deeps;
He dreads the rocks, and shoals, and seas, and skies,
While thunder roars, and lightning round him flies.
Thus strove the chief, on ev'ry side distress'd;
Thus still his courage with his toils increas'd.
With his broad shield opposed, he forced his way
Thro' thickest woods, and rous'd the beasts of prey,
Till he beheld where from Larissa's height
The shelving walls reflect a glancing light.
Thither with haste the Theban hero flies;
On this side Lerna's pois'nous water lies,
On that Prosymna's grove and temple rise.
He pass'd the gates which then unguarded lay,
And to the regal palace bent his way;
On the cold marble, spent with toil, he lies,
And waits till pleasing slumbers seal his eyes.
Adrastus here his happy people sways,
Bless'd with calm peace in his declining days;
By both his parents of descent divine,
Great Jove and Phœbus graced his noble line:
Heav'n had not crown'd his wishes with a son,
But two fair daughters heir'd his state and throne.
To him Apollo (wondrous to relate!
But who can pierce into the depths of fate?)
Had sung — 'Expect thy sons on Argos' shore,
A yellow lion and a bristly boar.'
This long revolv'd in his paternal breast,
Sat heavy on his heart, and broke his rest;
This, great Amphiaraus! lay hid from thee,
Tho' skill'd in fate and dark futurity.
The father's care and prophet's art were vain,
For thus did the predicting God ordain.
Lo, hapless Tydeus! whose ill-fated hand
Had slain his brother, leaves his native land,
And, seiz'd with horror in the shades of night,
Thro' the thick deserts headlong urged his flight:
Now by the fury of the tempest driv'n,
He seeks a shelter from th' inclement heav'n,
Till, led by fate, the Theban's steps he treads,
And to fair Argos' open courts succeeds.
When thus the chiefs from diff'rent lands resort
T' Adrastus' realms and hospitable court,
The King surveys his guests with curious eyes,
And views their arms and habit with surprise.
A lion's yellow skin the Theban wears,
Horrid his mane, and rough with curling hairs;
Such once employ'd Alcides' youthful toils,
Ere yet adorn'd with Nemea's dreadful spoils.
A boar's stiff hide, of Calydonian breed,
Oenides' manly shoulders overspread;
Oblique his tusks, erect his bristles stood,
Alive the pride and terror of the wood.
Struck with the sight, and fix'd in deep amaze,
The King th' accomplish'd oracle surveys,
Reveres Apollo's vocal caves, and owns
The guiding godhead and his future sons.
O'er all his bosom secret transports reign,
And a glad horror shoots thro' ev'ry vein:
To Heav'n he lifts his hands, erects his sight,
And thus invokes the silent Queen of Night: —
'Goddess of shades! beneath whose gloomy reign
Yon spangled arch glows with the starry train;
You who the cares of Heav'n and Earth allay,
Till Nature, quicken'd by th' inspiring ray,
Wakes to new vigour with the rising day;

O thou who freest me from my doubtful state,
Long lost and wilder'd in the maze of Fate,
Be present still, O Goddess! in our aid;
Proceed, and 'firm those omens thou hast made.
We to thy name our annual rites will pay,
And on thy altars sacrifices lay;
The sable flock shall fall beneath the stroke,
And fill thy temples with a grateful smoke.
Hail, faithful Tripos! hail, ye dark abodes
Of awful Phœbus; I confess the Gods!'
Thus, seiz'd with sacred fear, the Monarch pray'd;
Then to his inner court the guests convey'd,
Where yet thin fumes from dying sparks arise,
And dust yet white upon each altar lies,
The relics of a former sacrifice.
The King once more the solemn rites requires,
And bids renew the feasts and wake the fires.
His train obey; while all the courts around
With noisy care and various tumult sound.
Embroider'd purple clothes the golden beds;
This slave the floor, and that the table spreads;
A third dispels the darkness of the night,
And fills depending lamps with beams of light;
Here loaves in canisters are piled on high,
And there in flames the slaughter'd victims fly.
Sublime in regal state Adrastus shone,
Stretch'd on rich carpets on his ivory throne;
A lofty couch receives each princely guest;
Around, at awful distance, wait the rest.
And now the King, his royal feast to grace,
Acestis calls, the guardian of his race,
Who first their youth in arts of Virtue train'd,
And their ripe years in modest Grace maintain'd;
Then softly whisper'd in her faithful ear,
And bade his daughters at the rites appear.
When from the close apartments of the night
The royal nymphs approach divinely bright,
Such was Diana's, such Minerva's face,
Nor shine their beauties with superior grace,
But that in these a milder charm endears,
And less of terror in their looks appears.
As on the heroes first they cast their eyes,
O'er their fair cheeks the glowing blushes rise;
Their downcast looks a decent shame confest,
Then on their father's rev'rend features rest.
The banquet done, the Monarch gives the sign
To fill the goblet high with sparkling wine,
Which Danaus used in sacred rites of old,
With sculpture graced, and rough with rising gold.
Here to the clouds victorious Perseus flies,
Medusa seems to move her languid eyes,
And ev'n in gold, turns paler as she dies:
There from the chase Jove's towering eagle bears,
On golden wings, the Phrygian to the stars;
Still as he rises in th' ethereal height,
His native mountains lessen to his sight,
While all his sad companions upward gaze,
Fix'd on the glorious scene in wild amaze,
And the swift hounds, affrighted as he flies,
Run to the shade, and bark against the skies.
This golden bowl with gen'rous juice was crown'd,
The first libation sprinkled on the ground;
By turns on each celestial Power they call;
With Phœbus' name resounds the vaulted hall.
The courtly train, the strangers, and the rest,
Crown'd with chaste laurel, and with garlands drest,
While with rich gums the fuming altars blaze,
Salute the God in numerous hymns of praise.
Then thus the King: 'Perhaps, my noble guests,
These honour'd altars, and these annual feasts
To bright Apollo's awful name design'd,
Unknown, with wonder may perplex your mind.
Great was the cause: our old solemnities
From no blind zeal or fond tradition rise;

But saved from death, our Argives yearly pay
These grateful honours to the God of Day.
'When by a thousand darts the Python slain
With orbs unroll'd lay cov'ring all the plain,
(Transfix'd as o'er Castalia's streams he hung,
And suck'd new poisons with his triple tongue)
To Argos' realms the victor God resorts,
And enters old Crotopus' humble courts.
This rural prince one only daughter bless'd,
That all the charms of blooming youth possess'd;
Fair was her face, and spotless was her mind,
Where filial love with virgin sweetness join'd.
Happy! and happy still she might have prov'd,
Were she less beautiful, or less belov'd!
But Phœbus lov'd, and on the flowery side
Of Nemea's stream the yielding Fair enjoy'd.
Now ere ten moons their orb with light adorn,
Th' illustrious offspring of the God was born;
The nymph, her father's anger to evade,
Retires from Argos to the sylvan shade;
To woods and wilds the pleasing burden bears,
And trusts her infant to a shepherd's cares.
'How mean a fate, unhappy child, is thine!
Ah! how unworthy those of race divine!
On flow'ry herbs in some green covert laid,
His bed the ground, his canopy the shade,
He mixes with the bleating lambs his cries,
While the rude swain his rural music tries,
To call soft slumbers on his infant eyes.
Yet ev'n in those obscure abodes to live
Was more, alas! than cruel Fate would give;
For on the grassy verdure as he lay,
And breathed the freshness of the early day,
Devouring dogs the helpless infant tore,
Fed on his trembling limbs, and lapp'd the gore.

Th' astonish'd mother, when the rumour came,
Forgets her father, and neglects her fame;
With loud complaints she fills the yielding air,
And beats her breast, and rends her flowing hair;
Then wild with anguish to her sire she flies,
Demands the sentence, and contented dies.
'But touch'd with sorrow for the dead too late,
The raging God prepares t' avenge her fate.
He sends a monster horrible and fell,
Begot by furies in the depths of Hell.
The pest a virgin's face and bosom bears;
High on her crown a rising snake appears,
Guards her black front, and hisses in her hairs.
About the realm she walks her dreadful round,
When night with sable wings o'erspreads the ground,
Devours young babes before their parents' eyes,
And feeds and thrives on public miseries.
'But gen'rous rage the bold Chorœbus warms,
Chorœbus! famed for virtue as for arms;
Some few like him, inspired with martial flame,
Thought a short life well lost for endless fame.
These, where two ways in equal parts divide,
The direful monster from afar descried,
Two bleeding babes depending at her side;
Whose panting vitals, warm with life, she draws,
And in their hearts imbrues her cruel claws.
The youths surround her with extended spears;
But brave Chorœbus in the front appears;
Deep in her breast he plunged his shining sword,
And Hell's dire monster back to Hell restor'd.
Th' Inachians view the slain with vast surprise,
Her twisting volumes and her rolling eyes,
Her spotted breast and gaping womb imbrued
With livid poison and our children's blood.

The crowd in stupid wonder fix'd appear,
Pale ev'n in joy, nor yet forget to fear.
Some with vast beams the squalid corse engage,
And weary all the wild efforts of rage.
The birds obscene, that nightly flock'd to taste,
With hollow screeches fled the dire repast;
And rav'nous dogs, allured by scented blood,
And starving wolves, ran howling to the wood.
'But fired with rage, from cleft Parnassus' brow
Avenging Phœbus bent his deadly bow,
And hissing flew the feather'd fates below.
A night of sultry clouds involv'd around
The towers, the fields, and the devoted ground:
And now a thousand lives together fled,
Death with his scythe cut off the fatal thread,
And a whole province in his triumph led.
'But Phœbus, ask'd why noxious fires appear
And raging Sirius blasts the sickly year,
Demands their lives by whom his monster fell,
And dooms a dreadful sacrifice to Hell.
'Bless'd be thy dust, and let eternal fame
Attend thy Manes, and preserve thy Name,
Undaunted Hero! who, divinely brave,
In such a cause disdain'd thy life to save,
But view'd the shrine with a superior look,
And its upbraided godhead thus bespoke:
"With Piety, the soul's securest guard,
And conscious Virtue, still its own reward,
Willing I come, unknowing how to fear,
Nor shalt thou, Phœbus, find a suppliant here:
Thy monster's death to me was owed alone,
And 't is a deed too glorious to disown.
Behold him here, for whom, so many days,
Impervious clouds conceal'd thy sullen rays;
For whom, as man no longer claim'd thy care,
Such numbers fell by pestilential air!
But if th' abandon'd race of human kind
From Gods above no more compassion find;
If such inclemency in Heav'n can dwell,
Yet why must unoffending Argos feel
The vengeance due to this unlucky steel?
On me, on me, let all thy fury fall,
Nor err from me, since I deserve it all:
Unless our desert cities please thy sight,
Or funeral flames reflect a grateful light.
Discharge thy shafts, this ready bosom rend,
And to the shades a ghost triumphant send:
But for my country let my fate atone;
Be mine the vengeance, as the crime my own."
'Merit distress'd impartial Heav'n relieves:
Unwelcome life relenting Phœbus gives;
For not the vengeful Power, that glow'd with rage,
With such amazing virtue durst engage.
The clouds dispers'd, Apollo's wrath expired,
And from the wond'ring God th' unwilling youth retired.
Thence we these altars in his temple raise,
And offer annual honours, feasts, and praise;
These solemn feasts propitious Phœbus please;
These honours, still renew'd, his ancient wrath appease.
'But say, illustrious guest! (adjoin'd the King)
What name you bear, from what high race you spring?
The noble Tydeus stands confess'd, and known
Our neighbour prince, and heir of Calydon:
Relate your fortunes, while the friendly night
And silent hours to various talk invite.'
The Theban bends on earth his gloomy eyes,
Confused, and sadly thus at length replies:—
'Before these altars how shall I proclaim,
O gen'rous Prince! my nation or my name,
Or thro' what veins our ancient blood has roll'd?
Let the sad tale for ever rest untold!
Yet if, propitious to a wretch unknown,
You seek to share in sorrows not your own,
Know then from Cadmus I derive my race,

Jocasta's son, and Thebes my native place.'
To whom the King (who felt his gen'rous breast
Touch'd with concern for his unhappy guest)
Replies — 'Ah! why forbears the son to name
His wretched father, known too well by Fame?
Fame, that delights around the world to stray,
Scorns not to take our Argos in her way.
Ev'n those who dwell where suns at distance roll,
In northern wilds, and freeze beneath the pole,
And those who tread the burning Libyan lands,
The faithless Syrtes, and the moving sands;
Who view the western sea's extremest bounds,
Or drink of Ganges in their eastern grounds;
All these the woes of Œdipus have known,
Your fates, your furies, and your haunted town.
If on the sons the parents' crimes descend,
What prince from those his lineage can defend?
Be this thy comfort, that 't is thine t' efface,
With virtuous acts, thy ancestors' disgrace,
And be thyself the honour of thy race.
But see! the stars begin to steal away,
And shine more faintly at approaching day;
Now pour the wine; and in your tuneful lays
Once more resound the great Apollo's praise.'
'O father Phœbus! whether Lycia's coast
And snowy mountains thy bright presence boast;
Whether to sweet Castalia thou repair,
And bathe in silver dews thy yellow hair;
Or pleas'd to find fair Delos float no more,
Delight in Cynthus and the shady shore;
Or choose thy seat in Ilion's proud abodes,
The shining structures rais'd by lab'ring Gods:
By thee the bow and mortal shafts are borne;
Eternal charms thy blooming youth adorn;
Skill'd in the laws of secret Fate above,
And the dark counsels of almighty Jove.
'T is thine the seeds of future war to know,
The change of sceptres and impending woe,
When direful meteors spread thro' glowing air
Long trails of light, and shake their blazing hair.
Thy rage the Phrygian felt, who durst aspire
T' excel the music of thy heav'nly lyre;
Thy shafts avenged lewd Tityus' guilty flame,
Th' immortal victim of thy mother's fame;
Thy hand slew Python, and the dame who lost
Her numerous offspring for a fatal boast.
In Phlegyas' doom thy just revenge appears,
Condemn'd to furies and eternal fears;
He views his food, but dreads, with lifted eye,
The mould'ring rock that trembles from on high.
Propitious hear our prayer, O Power divine!
And on thy hospitable Argos shine;
Whether the style of Titan please thee more,
Whose purple rays th' Achæmenes adore;
Or great Osiris, who first taught the swain
In Pharian fields to sow the golden grain;
Or Mitra, to whose beams the Persian bows,
And pays, in hollow rocks, his awful vows;
Mitra! whose head the blaze of light adorns,
Who grasps the struggling heifer's lunar horns.'

IMITATIONS OF ENGLISH POETS

These imitations, with the exception of *Silence* (Lintot, 1712), were not published till 1727. Pope says, however, that they were 'done as early as the translations, some of them at fourteen and fifteen years old.' *The Happy Life of a Country Parson* must have been written later than the rest, as Pope did not know Swift till 1713.

CHAUCER

Women ben full of ragerie,
Yet swinken not sans secresie.
Thilke Moral shall ye understond,
From schoole-boy's Tale of fayre Irelond;
Which to the Fennes hath him betake,
To filche the grey Ducke fro the Lake.
Right then there passen by the way
His Aunt, and eke her Daughters tway.
Ducke in his trowses hath he hent,
Not to be spied of ladies gent.
'But ho! our Nephew,' crieth one;
'Ho!' quoth another, 'Cozen John;'
And stoppen, and lough, and callen out—
This sely Clerke full low doth lout:
They asken that, and talken this,
'Lo, here is Coz, and here is Miss.'
But, as he glozeth with speeches soote,
The Ducke sore tickleth his Erse-roote:
Fore-piece and buttons all-to-brest,
Forth thrust a white neck and red crest.
'Te-hee,' cried ladies; clerke nought spake;
Miss stared, and grey Ducke crieth 'quaake.'
'O Moder, Moder!' quoth the Daughter,
'Be thilke same thing Maids longen a'ter?
Bette is to pine on coals and chalke,
Then trust on Mon whose yerde can talke.'

SPENSER

THE ALLEY

In ev'ry Town where Thamis rolls his tyde,
A narrow pass there is, with houses low,
Where ever and anon the stream is eyed,
And many a boat soft sliding to and fro:
There oft are heard the notes of Infant Woe,
The short thick Sob, loud Scream, and shriller Squall:
How can ye, Mothers, vex your children so?
Some play, some eat, some cack against the wall,
And as they crouchen low, for bread and butter call.

And on the broken pavement, here and there,
Doth many a stinking sprat and herring lie;
A brandy and tobacco shop is neare,
And hens, and dogs, and hogs, are feeding by;
And here a sailor's jacket hangs to dry.
At ev'ry door are sunburnt matrons seen,
Mending old nets to catch the scaly fry;
Now singing shrill, and scolding eft between;
Scolds answer foul-mouth'd Scolds; bad neighbourhood I ween.

The snappish cur (the passengers' annoy)
Close at my heel with yelping treble flies;
The whimp'ring Girl, and hoarser screaming Boy,
Join to the yelping treble shrilling cries;
The scolding Queen to louder notes doth rise,
And her full pipes those shrilling cries confound;
To her full pipes the grunting hog replies;
The grunting hogs alarm the neighbours round,
And Curs, Girls, Boys, and Scolds, in the deep bass are drown'd.

Hard by a sty, beneath a roof of thatch,
Dwelt Obloquy, who in her early days
Baskets of fish at Billingsgate did watch,
Cod, whiting, oyster, mackrel, sprat, or plaice:
There learn'd she speech from tongues that never cease.
Slander beside her like a magpie chatters,
With Envy (spitting cat), dread foe to peace;
Like a curs'd cur, Malice before her clatters,
And vexing ev'ry wight, tears clothes and all to tatters.

Her dugs were mark'd by ev'ry Collier's hand,
Her mouth was black as bull-dogs at the stall:
She scratchëd, bit, and spared ne lace ne band,
And bitch and rogue her answer was to all.
Nay, ev'n the parts of shame by name would call:
Yea, when she passëd by or lane or nook,
Would greet the man who turn'd him to the wall,
And by his hand obscene the porter took,
Nor ever did askance like modest virgin look.

Such place hath Deptford, navy-building town,
Woolwich and Wapping, smelling strong of pitch;
Such Lambeth, envy of each band and gown,
And Twick'nam such, which fairer scenes enrich,
Grots, statues, urns, and Jo—n's dog and bitch.
Ne village is without, on either side,
All up the silver Thames, or all adown;
Ne Richmond's self, from whose tall front are eyed
Vales, spires, meand'ring streams, and Windsor's tow'ry pride.

WALLER

ON A LADY SINGING TO HER LUTE

Fair Charmer, cease! nor make your Voice's prize
A heart resign'd the conquest of your Eyes:
Well might, alas! that threaten'd vessel fail,
Which winds and lightning both at once assail.
We were too bless'd with these enchanting lays,
Which must be heav'nly when an Angel plays:
But killing charms your lover's death contrive,
Lest heav'nly music should be heard alive.
Orpheus could charm the trees; but thus a tree,
Taught by your hand, can charm no less than he;
A poet made the silent wood pursue;
This vocal wood had drawn the poet too.

ON A FAN OF THE AUTHOR'S DESIGN

IN WHICH WAS PAINTED THE STORY OF CEPHALUS AND PROCRIS, WITH THE MOTTO 'AURA VENI'

Come, gentle air! th' Æolian shepherd said,
While Procris panted in the secret shade;
Come, gentle air! the fairer Delia cries,
While at her feet her swain expiring lies.
Lo, the glad gales o'er all her beauties stray,
Breathe on her lips, and in her bosom play;
In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found,
Nor could that fabled dart more surely wound:
Both gifts destructive to the givers prove;
Alike both lovers fall by those they love.
Yet guiltless too this bright destroyer lives,
At random wounds, nor knows the wounds she gives;
She views the story with attentive eyes,
And pities Procris while her lover dies.

COWLEY

THE GARDEN

Fain would my Muse the flow'ry treasures sing,
And humble glories of the youthful Spring;
Where op'ning roses breathing sweets diffuse,
And soft carnations shower their balmy dews;
Where lilies smile in virgin robes of white,
The thin undress of superficial light;
And varied tulips show so dazzling gay,
Blushing in bright diversities of day.
Each painted flow'ret in the lake below
Surveys its beauties, whence its beauties grow;
And pale Narcissus, on the bank in vain
Transformëd, gazes on himself again.
Here aged trees cathedral walks compose,
And mount the hill in venerable rows;
There the green infants in their beds are laid,
The garden's hope, and its expected shade.
Here orange trees with blooms and pendants shine,
And Vernal honours to their Autumn join;
Exceed their promise in the ripen'd store,
Yet in the rising blossom promise more.
There in bright drops the crystal fountains play,
By laurels shielded from the piercing day;
Where Daphne, now a tree as once a maid,
Still from Apollo vindicates her shade;
Still turns her beauties from th' invading beam,
Nor seeks in vain for succour to the stream.

The stream at once preserves her virgin leaves,
At once a shelter from her boughs receives,
Where summer's beauty midst of winter stays,
And winter's coolness spite of summer's rays.

WEEPING

While Celia's tears make sorrow bright,
Proud grief sits swelling in her eyes;
The sun, next those the fairest light,
Thus from the ocean first did rise:
And thus thro' mists we see the sun,
Which else we durst not gaze upon.

These silver drops, like morning dew,
Foretell the fervor of the day:
So from one cloud soft showers we view,
And blasting lightnings burst away.
The stars that fall from Celia's eye
Declare our doom is drawing nigh.

The baby in that sunny sphere
So like a Phaëton appears,
That Heav'n, the threaten'd world to spare,
Thought fit to drown him in her tears;
Else might th' ambitious nymph aspire
To set, like him, Heav'n too on fire.

EARL OF ROCHESTER

ON SILENCE

Silence! coeval with Eternity,
Thou wert ere Nature's self began to be,
'T was one vast nothing all, and all slept fast in thee.

Thine was the sway ere Heav'n was form'd, or earth,
Ere fruitful thought conceiv'd Creation's birth,
Or midwife word gave aid, and spoke the infant forth.

Then various elements against thee join'd,
In one more various animal combin'd,
And framed the clam'rous race of busy humankind.

The tongue mov'd gently first, and speech was low,
Till wrangling Science taught its noise and show,
And wicked Wit arose, thy most abusive foe.

But rebel Wit deserts thee oft in vain;
Lost in the maze of words he turns again,
And seeks a surer state, and courts thy gentle reign.

Afflicted Sense thou kindly dost set free,
Oppress'd with argumental tyranny,
And routed Reason finds a safe retreat in thee.

With thee in private modest Dulness lies,
And in thy bosom lurks in thought's disguise;
Thou varnisher of fools, and cheat of all the wise!

Yet thy indulgence is by both confest;
Folly by thee lies sleeping in the breast,
And 't is in thee at last that Wisdom seeks for rest.

Silence, the knave's repute, the whore's good name,
The only honour of the wishing dame;
The very want of tongue makes thee a kind of Fame.

But couldst thou seize some tongues that now are free,
How Church and State should be obliged to thee!
At Senate and at Bar how welcome wouldst thou be!

Yet speech, ev'n there, submissively withdraws
From rights of subjects, and the poor man's cause;
Then pompous Silence reigns, and stills the noisy Laws.

Past services of friends, good deeds of foes,
What fav'rites gain, and what the nation owes,
Fly the forgetful world, and in thy arms repose.

The country wit, religion of the town,
The courtier's learning, policy o' th' gown,
Are best by thee express'd, and shine in
thee alone.

The parson's cant, the lawyer's sophistry,
Lord's quibble, critic's jest, all end in thee;
All rest in peace at last, and sleep eternally.

EARL OF DORSET

ARTEMISIA

THO' Artemisia talks by fits
Of councils, classics, fathers, wits,
Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke,
Yet in some things methinks she fails:
'T were well if she would pare her nails,
And wear a cleaner smock.

Haughty and huge as High Dutch bride,
Such nastiness and so much pride
Are oddly join'd by fate:
On her large squab you find her spread,
Like a fat corpse upon a bed,
That lies and stinks in state.

She wears no colours (sign of grace)
On any part except her face;
All white and black beside:
Dauntless her look, her gesture proud,
Her voice theatrically loud,
And masculine her stride.

So have I seen, in black and white,
A prating thing, a magpie hight,
Majestically stalk;
A stately worthless animal,
That plies the tongue, and wags the tail,
All flutter, pride, and talk.

PHRYNE

PHRYNE had talents for mankind;
Open she was and unconfin'd,
Like some free port of trade:
Merchants unloaded here their freight,
And agents from each foreign state
Here first their entry made.

Her learning and good breeding such,
Whether th' Italian or the Dutch,
Spaniards or French, came to her,
To all obliging she 'd appear;
'T was *Si Signior*, 't was *Yaw Mynheer*,
'T was *S'il vous plait, Monsieur.*

Obscure by birth, renown'd by crimes,
Still changing names, religions, climes,
At length she turns a bride:
In diamonds, pearls, and rich brocades,
She shines the first of batter'd jades,
And flutters in her pride.

So have I known those insects fair
(Which curious Germans hold so rare)
Still vary shapes and dyes;
Still gain new titles with new forms;
First grubs obscene, then wriggling worms
Then painted butterflies.

DR. SWIFT

THE HAPPY LIFE OF A COUNTRY PARSON

PARSON, these things in thy possessing
Are better than the bishop's blessing:
A wife that makes conserves; a steed
That carries double when there 's need;
October store, and best Virginia,
Tythe pig, and mortuary guinea;
Gazettes sent gratis down and frank'd,
For which thy patron 's weekly thank'd;
A large Concordance, bound long since;
Sermons to Charles the First, when prince;
A Chronicle of ancient standing;
A Chrysostom to smooth thy band in;
The Polyglott — three parts — my text,
Howbeit — likewise — now to my next;
Lo here the Septuagint — and Paul,
To sum the whole — the close of all.
He that has these may pass his life,
Drink with the 'Squire, and kiss his wife;
On Sundays preach, and eat his fill,
And fast on Fridays — if he will;
Toast Church and Queen, explain the news,
Talk with Churchwardens about pews,
Pray heartily for some new gift,
And shake his head at Doctor S—t.

PASTORALS

Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem, sylvasque, inglorius!
VIRG.

The Pastorals, by Pope's account, were written at sixteen, in 1704. 'Beyond the fact that he systematically antedated his compositions in order to obtain credit for precocity,' says Courthope, 'there is nothing improbable in the statement.' They were first published in 1709, in Tonson's Sixth *Miscellany*. The *Discourse on Pastoral Poetry* did not appear till the edition of 1717, but is here given the place which he desired for it at the head of the *Pastorals:* and the original footnotes, referring to critical authorities, are retained.

DISCOURSE ON PASTORAL POETRY

There are not, I believe, a greater number of any sort of verses than of those which are called Pastorals; nor a smaller than of those which are truly so. It therefore seems necessary to give some account of this kind of poem; and it is my design to comprise in this short paper the substance of those numerous dissertations that critics have made on the subject, without omitting any of their rules in my own favour. You will also find some points reconciled, about which they seem to differ, and a few remarks which, I think, have escaped their observation.

The origin of Poetry is ascribed to that age which succeeded the creation of the world: and as the keeping of flocks seems to have been the first employment of mankind, the most ancient sort of poetry was probably pastoral.[1] It is natural to imagine, that the leisure of those ancient shepherds admitting and inviting some diversion, none was so proper to that solitary and sedentary life as singing; and that in their songs they took occasion to celebrate their own felicity. From hence a poem was invented, and afterwards improved to a perfect image of that happy time; which, by giving us an esteem for the virtues of a former age, might recommend them to the present. And since the life of shepherds was attended with more tranquillity than any other rural employment, the poets chose to introduce their persons, from whom it received the name of Pastoral.

A Pastoral is an imitation of the action of a shepherd, or one considered under that character. The form of this imitation is dramatic, or narrative, or mixed of both:[2] the fable simple, the manners not too polite nor too rustic: the thoughts are plain, yet admit a little quickness and passion, but that short and flowing: the expression humble, yet as pure as the language will afford; neat, but not florid; easy, and yet lively. In short, the fable, manners, thoughts, and expressions are full of the greatest simplicity in nature.

The complete character of this poem consists in simplicity,[3] brevity, and delicacy; the two first of which render an eclogue natural, and the last delightful.

If we would copy nature, it may be useful to take this idea along with us, that Pastoral is an image of what they call the golden age: so that we are not to describe our shepherds as shepherds at this day really are, but as they may be conceived then to have been, when the best of men followed the employment. To carry this resemblance yet further, it would not be amiss to give these shepherds some skill in astronomy, as far as it may be useful to that sort of life; and an air of piety to the gods should shine through the poem, which so visibly appears in all the works of antiquity; and it ought to preserve some relish of the old way of writing: the connection should be loose, the narrations and descriptions short,[4] and the periods concise. Yet it is not sufficient that the sentences only be brief; the whole eclogue should be so too: for we cannot suppose poetry in those days to have been the business of men, but their recreation at vacant hours.

But, with respect to the present age, nothing more conduces to make these composures natural, than when some knowledge in rural affairs is discovered.[5] This may be made to appear rather done by chance than on design, and sometimes is best shown by inference; lest, by too much study to seem natural, we destroy that easy simplicity from whence arises the delight. For what is inviting in this sort of poetry proceeds not so much from the idea of that business, as of the tranquillity of a country life.

[1] Fontenelle's *Discourse on Pastorals.*
[2] Heinsius *in Theocr.*
[3] Rapin *de Carm. Past.* p. 2.
[4] Rapin, *Réflex. sur l'Art Poét. d'Arist.* part ii. réfl. xxvii.
[5] Pref. to Virg. *Past.* in Dryd. Virg.

We must therefore use some illusion to render a pastoral delightful; and this consists in exposing the best side only of a shepherd's life, and in concealing its miseries.[1] Nor is it enough to introduce shepherds discoursing together in a natural way; but a regard must be had to the subject; that it contain some particular beauty in itself, and that it be different in every eclogue. Besides, in each of them a designed scene or prospect is to be presented to our view, which should likewise have its variety. This variety is obtained, in a great degree, by frequent comparisons, drawn from the most agreeable objects of the country; by interrogations to things inanimate; by beautiful digressions, but those short; sometimes by insisting a little on circumstances; and, lastly, by elegant turns on the words, which render the numbers extremely sweet and pleasing. As for the numbers themselves, though they are properly of the heroic measure, they should be the smoothest, the most easy and flowing imaginable.

It is by rules like these that we ought to judge of Pastoral. And since the instructions given for any art are to be delivered as that art is in perfection, they must of necessity be derived from those in whom it is acknowledged so to be. It is therefore from the practice of Theocritus and Virgil (the only undisputed authors of Pastoral) that the critics have drawn the foregoing notions concerning it.

Theocritus excels all others in nature and simplicity. The subjects of his Idyllia are purely pastoral; but he is not so exact in his persons, having introduced reapers[2] and fishermen as well as shepherds. He is apt to be too long in his descriptions, of which that of the cup in the first pastoral is a remarkable instance. In the manners he seems a little defective, for his swains are sometimes abusive and immodest, and perhaps too much inclining to rusticity; for instance, in his fourth and fifth Idyllia. But it is enough that all others learned their excellences from him, and that his dialect alone has a secret charm in it, which no other could ever attain.

Virgil, who copies Theocritus, refines upon his original; and, in all points where judgment is principally concerned, he is much superior to his master. Though some of his subjects are not pastoral in themselves, but only seem to be such, they have a wonderful variety in them, which the Greek was a stranger to.[3] He exceeds him in regularity and brevity, and falls short of him in nothing but simplicity and propriety of style; the first of which, perhaps, was the fault of his age, and the last of his language.

Among the moderns their success has been greatest who have most endeavoured to make these ancients their pattern. The most considerable genius appears in the famous Tasso, and our Spenser. Tasso, in his Aminta, has as far excelled all the pastoral writers, as in his Gierusalemme he has outdone the epic poets of his country. But as this piece seems to have been the original of a new sort of poem, the pastoral comedy, in Italy, it cannot so well be considered as a copy of the ancients. Spenser's Calendar, in Mr. Dryden's opinion, is the most complete work of this kind which any nation has produced ever since the time of Virgil.[4] Not but that he may be thought imperfect in some few points: his eclogues are somewhat too long, if we compare them with the ancients; he is sometimes too allegorical, and treats of matters of religion in a pastoral style, as the Mantuan had done before him; he has employed the lyric measure, which is contrary to the practice of the old poets; his stanza is not still the same, nor always well chosen. This last may be the reason his expression is sometimes not concise enough; for the tetrastic has obliged him to extend his sense to the length of four lines, which would have been more closely confined in the couplet.

In the manners, thoughts, and characters, he comes near to Theocritus himself; though, notwithstanding all the care he has taken, he is certainly inferior in his dialect: for the Doric had its beauty and propriety in the time of Theocritus; it was used in part of Greece, and frequent in the mouths of many of the greatest persons: whereas the old English and country phrases of Spenser were either entirely obsolete, or spoken only by people of the lowest condition. As there is a difference betwixt simplicity and rusticity, so the expression of simple thoughts should be plain, but not clownish. The addition he has made of a calendar to his eclogues is very beautiful; since by this, besides the general moral of innocence and simplicity, which is common to other authors of Pastoral, he has one peculiar to himself; he compares human life to the several seasons, and at once exposes to his readers a view of the great and little worlds, in their various changes and aspects. Yet the scrupulous division of his pastorals into months has obliged him either to repeat the same description, in other words, for three months together, or, when it was exhausted before, entirely to omit it; whence it comes to pass that some of

[1] Fontenelle's *Discourse on Pastorals.*
[2] Θερίσται, Idyl. x. and Ἁλιεῖς, Idyl. xxi.
[3] Rapin, *Refl. on Arist.* part ii. refl. xxvii. — Pref. to the *Ecl.* in Dryden's Virg.
[4] Dedication to Virg. *Ecl.*

his eclogues (as the sixth, eighth, and tenth for example) have nothing but their titles to distinguish them. The reason is evident, because the year has not that variety in it to furnish every month with a particular description, as it may every season.

Of the following eclogues I shall only say, that these four comprehend all the subjects which the critics upon Theocritus and Virgil will allow to be fit for Pastoral; that they have as much variety of description, in respect of the several seasons, as Spenser's; that, in order to add to this variety, the several times of the day are observed, the rural employments in each season or time of day, and the rural scenes or places proper to such employments, not without some regard to the several ages of man, and the different passions proper to each age.

But after all, if they have any merit, it is to be attributed to some good old authors; whose works, as I had leisure to study, so, I hope, I have not wanted care to imitate.

I

SPRING; OR, DAMON

TO SIR WILLIAM TRUMBULL

FIRST in these fields I try the sylvan strains,
Nor blush to sport on Windsor's blissful plains:
Fair Thames, flow gently from thy sacred spring,
While on thy banks Sicilian Muses sing;
Let vernal airs thro' trembling osiers play,
And Albion's cliffs resound the rural lay.
You, that too wise for pride, too good for power,
Enjoy the glory to be great no more,
And carrying with you all the world can boast,
To all the world illustriously are lost!
O let my Muse her slender reed inspire,
Till in your native shades you tune the lyre:
So when the nightingale to rest removes,
The thrush may chant to the forsaken groves;
But charm'd to silence, listens while she sings,
And all th' aërial audience clap their wings.
Soon as the flocks shook off the nightly dews,
Two swains, whom love kept wakeful, and the Muse,
Pour'd o'er the whitening vale their fleecy care,
Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair:
The dawn now blushing on the mountain's side,
Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus replied:

DAPHNIS.

Hear how the birds on ev'ry blooming spray
With joyous music wake the dawning day!
Why sit we mute, when early linnets sing,
When warbling Philomel salutes the spring?
Why sit we sad, when Phosphor shines so clear,
And lavish Nature paints the purple year?

STREPHON.

Sing, then, and Damon shall attend the strain,
While yon slow oxen turn the furrow'd plain.
Here the bright crocus and blue violet glow;
Here western winds on breathing roses blow.
I 'll stake yon lamb, that near the fountain plays,
And from the brink his dancing shade surveys.

DAPHNIS.

And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines,
And swelling clusters bend the curling vines:
Four figures rising from the work appear,
The various seasons of the rolling year;
And what is that, which binds the radiant sky,
Where twelve fair signs in beauteous order lie?

DAMON.

Then sing by turns, by turns the Muses sing;
Now hawthorns blossom, now the daisies spring;
Now leaves the trees, and flowers adorn the ground:
Begin, the vales shall every note rebound.

STREPHON.

Inspire me, Phœbus, in my Delia's praise,
With Waller's strains, or Granville's moving lays!
A milk-white bull shall at your altars stand,
That threats a fight, and spurns the rising sand.

DAPHNIS.

O Love! for Sylvia let me gain the prize,
And make my tongue victorious as her eyes:
No lambs or sheep for victims I 'll impart,
Thy victim, Love, shall be the shepherd's heart.

STREPHON.

Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
Then, hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;
But feigns a laugh to see me search around,
And by that laugh the willing Fair is found.

DAPHNIS.

The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green;
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen.
While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes!

STREPHON.

O'er golden sands let rich Pactolus flow,
And trees weep amber on the banks of Po;
Blest Thames's shores the brightest beauties yield:
Feed here, my lambs, I 'll seek no distant field.

DAPHNIS.

Celestial Venus haunts Idalia's groves;
Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves:
If Windsor shades delight the matchless maid,
Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windsor shade.

STREPHON.

All nature mourns, the skies relent in showers,
Hush'd are the birds, and closed the drooping flowers;
If Delia smile, the flowers begin to spring,
The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing.

DAPHNIS.

All Nature laughs, the groves are fresh and fair,
The sun's mild lustre warms the vital air;
If Sylvia smiles, new glories gild the shore,
And vanquish'd Nature seems to charm no more.

STREPHON.

In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,
But Delia always; absent from her sight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

DAPHNIS.

Sylvia 's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day:
Ev'n spring displeases, when she shines not here,
But bless'd with her, 't is spring throughout the year.

STREPHON.

Say, Daphnis, say, in what glad soil appears
A wondrous tree, that sacred monarchs bears?
Tell me but this, and I 'll disclaim the prize,
And give the conquest to thy Sylvia's eyes.

DAPHNIS.

Nay, tell me first, in what more happy fields
The thistle springs, to which the lily yields:
And then a nobler prize I will resign;
For Sylvia, charming Sylvia, shall be thine.

DAMON.

Cease to contend; for, Daphnis, I decree
The bowl to Strephon, and the lamb to thee.
Blest swains, whose nymphs in ev'ry grace excel;
Blest nymphs, whose swains those graces sing so well!
Now rise, and haste to yonder woodbine bowers,
A soft retreat from sudden vernal showers;

The turf with rural dainties shall be crown'd,
While opening blooms diffuse their sweets around.
For see! the gath'ring flocks to shelter tend,
And from the Pleiads fruitful showers descend.

II

SUMMER; OR, ALEXIS

TO DR. GARTH

A SHEPHERD'S boy (he seeks no better name)
Led forth his flocks along the silver Thame,
Where dancing sunbeams on the waters play'd
And verdant alders form'd a quiv'ring shade.
Soft as he mourn'd, the streams forgot to flow,
The flocks around a dumb compassion show,
The Naïads wept in ev'ry wat'ry bower,
And Jove consented in a silent shower.
Accept, O *Garth!* the Muse's early lays,
That adds this wreath of ivy to thy bays;
Hear what from love unpractis'd hearts endure,
From love, the sole disease thou canst not cure.
Ye shady beeches, and ye cooling streams,
Defence from Phœbus', not from Cupid's beams,
To you I mourn; nor to the deaf I sing:
The woods shall answer, and their echo ring.
The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay,
Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?
The bleating sheep with my complaints agree,
They parch'd with heat, and I inflamed by thee.
The sultry Sirius burns the thirsty plains,
While in thy heart eternal Winter reigns.
Where stray ye, Muses! in what lawn or grove,
While your Alexis pines in hopeless love?
In those fair fields where sacred Isis glides,
Or else where Cam his winding vales divides?
As in the crystal spring I view my face,
Fresh rising blushes paint the wat'ry glass;
But since those graces please thy eyes no more,
I shun the fountains which I sought before.
Once I was skill'd in ev'ry herb that grew,
And ev'ry plant that drinks the morning dew;
Ah, wretched shepherd, what avails thy art,
To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!
Let other swains attend the rural care,
Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces shear:
But nigh yon mountain let me tune my lays,
Embrace my love, and bind my brows with bays.
That flute is mine which Colin's tuneful breath
Inspired when living, and bequeath'd in death:
He said, 'Alexis, take this pipe, the same
That taught the groves my Rosalinda's name.'
But now the reeds shall hang on yonder tree,
Forever silent, since despised by thee.
Oh! were I made by some transforming power
The captive bird that sings within thy bower!
Then might my voice thy list'ning ears employ,
And I those kisses he receives enjoy.
And yet my numbers please the rural throng,
Rough satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the song;
The nymphs, forsaking ev'ry cave and spring,
Their early fruit and milk-white turtles bring;
Each am'rous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,
On you their gifts are all bestow'd again.
For you the swains the fairest flowers design,
And in one garland all their beauties join;
Accept the wreath which you deserve alone,
In whom all beauties are comprised in one.

See what delights in sylvan scenes appear!
Descending Gods have found Elysium here.
In woods bright Venus with Adonis stray'd,
And chaste Diana haunts the forest-shade.
Come, lovely nymph, and bless the silent hours,
When swains from shearing seek their nightly bowers;
When weary reapers quit the sultry field,
And, crown'd with corn, their thanks to Ceres yield.
This harmless grove no lurking viper hides,
But in my breast the serpent Love abides.
Here bees from blossoms sip the rosy dew,
But your Alexis knows no sweets but you.
O deign to visit our forsaken seats,
The mossy fountains, and the green retreats!
Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade;
Trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a shade;
Where'er you tread, the blushing flowers shall rise,
And all things flourish where you turn your eyes.
O! how I long with you to pass my days,
Invoke the Muses, and resound your praise!
Your praise the birds shall chant in ev'ry grove,
And winds shall waft it to the powers above.
But would you sing, and rival Orpheus' strain,
The wond'ring forests soon should dance again;
The moving mountains hear the powerful call,
And headlong streams hang list'ning in their fall!
But see, the shepherds shun the noonday heat,
The lowing herds to murmuring brooks retreat,
To closer shades the panting flocks remove:
Ye Gods! and is there no relief for love?
But soon the sun with milder rays descends
To the cool ocean, where his journey ends.
On me Love's fiercer flames forever prey,
By night he scorches, as he burns by day.

III

AUTUMN; OR, HYLAS AND ÆGON

TO MR. WYCHERLEY

Beneath the shade a spreading beech displays,
Hylas and Ægon sung their rural lays;
This mourn'd a faithless, that an absent love,
And Delia's name and Doris' fill'd the grove.
Ye Mantuan Nymphs, your sacred succour bring,
Hylas and Ægon's rural lays I sing.
Thou, whom the Nine with Plautus' wit inspire,
The art of Terence, and Menander's fire;
Whose sense instructs us, and whose humour charms,
Whose judgment sways us, and whose spirit warms!
O, skill'd in Nature! see the hearts of swains,
Their artless passions, and their tender pains.
Now setting Phœbus shone serenely bright,
And fleecy clouds were streak'd with purple light;
When tuneful Hylas, with melodious moan,
Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains groan.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
To Delia's ear the tender notes convey.
As some sad turtle his lost love deplores,
And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores;
Thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn,
Alike unheard, unpitied, and forlorn.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
For her, the feather'd quires neglect their song;
For her, the limes their pleasing shades deny;
For her, the lilies hang their heads and die.
Ye flowers that droop, forsaken by the spring,
Ye birds that, left by Summer, cease to sing,

Ye trees, that fade when Autumn-heats remove,
Say, is not absence death to those who love?
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
Curs'd be the fields that cause my Delia's stay!
Fade ev'ry blossom, wither ev'ry tree,
Die ev'ry flower, and perish all but she!
What have I said? Where'er my Delia flies,
Let Spring attend, and sudden flowers arise!
Let op'ning roses knotted oaks adorn,
And liquid amber drop from ev'ry thorn!
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
The birds shall cease to tune their ev'ning song,
The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
And streams to murmur, ere I cease to love.
Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
Not balmy sleep to lab'rers faint with pain,
Not showers to larks, nor sunshine to the bee,
Are half so charming as thy sight to me.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
Come, Delia, come; ah, why this long delay?
Thro' rocks and caves the name of Delia sounds,
Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds.
Ye Powers, what pleasing frenzy soothes my mind!
Do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind?
She comes, my Delia comes! — Now cease, my lay,
And cease, ye gales, to bear my sighs away!
Next Ægon sung, while Windsor groves admired:
Rehearse, ye Muses, what yourselves inspired.
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
Of perjur'd Doris dying I complain:
Here where the mountains, less'ning as they rise,
Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies:
While lab'ring oxen, spent with toil and heat,
In their loose traces from the field retreat:
While curling smokes from village-tops are seen,
And the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green.
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
Beneath yon poplar oft we pass'd the day:
Oft on the rind I carv'd her am'rous vows,
While she with garlands hung the bending boughs:
The garlands fade, the vows are worn away;
So dies her love, and so my hopes decay.
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain,
Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine,
And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine;
Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove:
Just Gods! shall all things yield returns but love?
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
The shepherds cry, 'Thy flocks are left a prey' —
Ah! what avails it me the flocks to keep,
Who lost my heart while I preserv'd my sheep!
Pan came, and ask'd, 'What magic caus'd my smart,
Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart?'
What eyes but hers, alas, have power to move!
And is there magic but what dwells in love?
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strains!
I'll fly from shepherds, flocks, and flow'ry plains;
From shepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,
Forsake mankind, and all the world — but Love!
I know thee, Love! on foreign mountains bred,
Wolves gave thee suck, and savage tigers fed.

COLORADO MOUNTAIN COLLEGE
LRC---WEST CAMPUS

Thou wert from Ætna's burning entrails torn,
Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born!
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
Farewell, ye woods; adieu the light of day!
One leap from yonder cliff shall end my pains,
No more, ye hills, no more resound my strains!
Thus sung the shepherds till th' approach of night,
The skies yet blushing with departing light,
When fallen dews with spangles deck'd the glade,
And the low sun had lengthen'd ev'ry shade.

IV

WINTER; OR, DAPHNE

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. TEMPEST

LYCIDAS.

THYRSIS! the music of that murm'ring spring
Is not so mournful as the strains you sing;
Nor rivers winding thro' the vales below
So sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow.
Now sleeping flocks on their soft fleeces lie,
The moon, serene in glory, mounts the sky;
While silent birds forget their tuneful lays,
O sing of Daphne's fate, and Daphne's praise!

THYRSIS.

Behold the groves that shine with silver frost,
Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure lost.
Here shall I try the sweet Alexis' strain,
That call'd the list'ning Dryads to the plain?
Thames heard the numbers as he flow'd along,
And bade his willows learn the moving song.

LYCIDAS.

So may kind rains their vital moisture yield,
And swell the future harvest of the field.
Begin: this charge the dying Daphne gave,
And said, 'Ye shepherds, sing around my grave!'
Sing, while beside the shaded tomb I mourn,
And with fresh bays her rural shrine adorn.

THYRSIS.

Ye gentle Muses, leave your crystal spring,
Let Nymphs and Sylvans cypress garlands bring:
Ye weeping Loves, the stream with myrtles hide,
And break your bows, as when Adonis died!
And with your golden darts, now useless grown,
Inscribe a verse on this relenting stone:
'Let Nature change, let Heav'n and Earth deplore,
Fair Daphne's dead, and Love is now no more!'
'T is done; and Nature's various charms decay,
See gloomy clouds obscure the cheerful day!
Now hung with pearls the dropping trees appear,
Their faded honours scatter'd on her bier.
See, where on earth the flow'ry glories lie,
With her they flourish'd, and with her they die.
Ah, what avail the beauties Nature wore?
Fair Daphne's dead, and Beauty is no more!
For her the flocks refuse their verdant food,
The thirsty heifers shun the gliding flood;
The silver swans her hapless fate bemoan,
In notes more sad than when they sing their own;
In hollow caves sweet Echo silent lies,
Silent, or only to her name replies;
Her name with pleasure once she taught the shore;
Now Daphne's dead, and Pleasure is no more!
No grateful dews descend from ev'ning skies,
Nor morning odours from the flowers arise.

No rich perfumes refresh the fruitful field,
Nor fragrant herbs their native incense yield.
The balmy zephyrs, silent since her death,
Lament the ceasing of a sweeter breath ;
Th' industrious bees neglect their golden store :
Fair Daphne 's dead, and sweetness is no more !
No more the mountain larks, while Daphne sings,
Shall, list'ning in mid-air, suspend their wings ;
No more the birds shall imitate her lays,
Or, hush'd with wonder, hearken from the sprays ;
No more the streams their murmurs shall forbear,
A sweeter music than their own to hear ;
But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal shore,
Fair Daphne 's dead, and music is no more !
Her fate is whisper'd by the gentle breeze,
And told in sighs to all the trembling trees ;
The trembling trees, in every plain and wood,
Her fate remurmur to the silver flood ;
The silver flood, so lately calm, appears
Swell'd with new passion, and o'erflows with tears ;
The winds and trees and floods her death deplore,
Daphne, our Grief, our Glory now no more !
But see ! where Daphne wond'ring mounts on high
Above the clouds, above the starry sky !
Eternal beauties grace the shining scene,
Fields ever fresh, and groves for ever green !
There while you rest in amaranthine bowers,
Or from those meads select unfading flowers,
Behold us kindly, who your name implore,
Daphne, our Goddess, and our Grief no more !

LYCIDAS.

How all things listen, while thy Muse complains !
Such silence waits on Philomela's strains,
In some still ev'ning, when the whisp'ring breeze
Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees.
To thee, bright Goddess, oft a lamb shall bleed,
If teeming ewes increase my fleecy breed.
While plants their shade, or flowers their odours give,
Thy name, thy honour, and thy praise shall live !

THYRSIS.

But see, Orion sheds unwholesome dews ;
Arise, the pines a noxious shade diffuse ;
Sharp Boreas blows, and Nature feels decay,
Time conquers all, and we must Time obey.
Adieu, ye vales, ye mountains, streams, and groves ;
Adieu, ye shepherds' rural lays and loves ;
Adieu, my flocks ; farewell, ye sylvan crew ;
Daphne, farewell ; and all the world adieu !

WINDSOR FOREST

TO THE

RIGHT HON. GEORGE LORD LANSDOWN

Non injussa cano: —— te nostræ, *Vare*, myricæ,
Te Nemus omne canet: nec Phœbo gratior ulla est,
Quam sibi quæ *Vari* præscripsit pagina nomen.
VIRG. *Ecl.* vi. 10-12.

'This poem,' says Pope, 'was written at two different times: the first part of it, which relates to the country, in 1704, at the same time with the *Pastorals;* the latter part was not added till the year 1713, in which it was published.' The first 289 lines belong to the earlier date. The rest of the poem, with its celebration of the Peace of Utrecht, was added at the instance of Lord Lansdown, the Granville of the opening lines. The aim was obviously that Pope should do for the peaceful triumph of Utrecht what Addison had done for Marlborough's victory at Blenheim in 1704. It is printed here because the conclusion was an afterthought, and in spite of it the poem as a whole 'substantially belongs,' as Courthope remarks, 'to the Pastoral period.' Pope ranked it among his 'juvenile poems.'

THY forest, Windsor! and thy green retreats,
At once the Monarch's and the Muse's seats,
Invite my lays. Be present, Sylvan Maids!
Unlock your springs, and open all your shades.
Granville commands: your aid, O Muses, bring!
What muse for *Granville* can refuse to sing?
The groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,
Live in description, and look green in song:
These, were my breast inspired with equal flame,
Like them in Beauty, should be like in Fame.
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to strive again;
Not chaos-like together crush'd and bruis'd,
But, as the world, harmoniously confused:
Where order in variety we see,
And where, tho' all things differ, all agree.
Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,
And part admit, and part exclude the day;
As some coy nymph her lover's warm address
Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress.
There, interspers'd in lawns and opening glades,
Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades.
Here in full light the russet plains extend:
There wrapt in clouds the bluish hills ascend.
Ev'n the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
And 'midst the desert fruitful fields arise,
That crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn,
Like verdant isles, the sable waste adorn.
Let India boast her plants, nor envy we
The weeping amber or the balmy tree,
While by our oaks the precious loads are borne,
And realms commanded which those trees adorn.
Not proud Olympus yields a nobler sight,
Tho' Gods assembled grace his tow'ring height,
Than what more humble mountains offer here,
Where, in their blessings, all those Gods appear.
See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd,
Here blushing Flora paints th' enamell'd ground,
Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand;
Rich Industry sits smiling on the plains,
And peace and plenty tell, a Stuart reigns.
Not thus the land appear'd in ages past,
A dreary desert, and a gloomy waste,
To savage beasts and savage laws a prey,
And Kings more furious and severe than they;

Who claim'd the skies, dispeopled air and floods,
The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods:
Cities laid waste, they storm'd the dens and caves
(For wiser brutes were backward to be slaves);
What could be free, when lawless beasts obey'd,
And ev'n the elements a Tyrant sway'd?
In vain kind seasons swell'd the teeming grain,
Soft showers distill'd, and suns grew warm in vain:
The swain with tears his frustrate labour yields,
And famish'd dies amidst his ripen'd fields.
What wonder then, a beast or subject slain
Were equal crimes in a despotic reign?
Both doom'd alike, for sportive tyrants bled,
But while the subject starv'd, the beast was fed.
Proud Nimrod first the bloody chase began,
A mighty hunter, and his prey was man:
Our haughty Norman boasts that barb'rous name,
And makes his trembling slaves the royal game.
The fields are ravish'd from th' industrious swains,
From men their cities, and from Gods their fanes;
The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er;
The hollow winds thro' naked temples roar;
Round broken columns clasping ivy twin'd;
O'er heaps of ruin stalk'd the stately hind;
The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,
And savage howlings fill the sacred quires.
Aw'd by his nobles, by his commons curst,
Th' Oppressor ruled tyrannic where he durst,
Stretch'd o'er the poor and church his iron rod,
And serv'd alike his vassals and his God.
Whom ev'n the Saxon spar'd, and bloody Dane,
The wanton victims of his sport remain.
But see, the man who spacious regions gave
A waste for beasts, himself denied a grave!
Stretch'd on the lawn his second hope survey,
At once the chaser, and at once the prey!
Lo Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
Bleeds in the forest like a wounded hart!
Succeeding monarchs heard the subjects' cries,
Nor saw displeas'd the peaceful cottage rise:
Then gath'ring flocks on unknown mountains fed,
O'er sandy wilds were yellow harvests spread,
The forest wonder'd at th' unusual grain,
And secret transports touch'd the conscious swain.
Fair Liberty, Britannia's Goddess, rears
Her cheerful head, and leads the golden years.
Ye vig'rous Swains! while youth ferments your blood,
And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood,
Now range the hills, the gameful woods beset,
Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.
When milder Autumn Summer's heat succeeds,
And in the new-shorn field the partridge feeds,
Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds,
Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds;
But when the tainted gales the game betray,
Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey;
Secure they trust th' unfaithful field beset,
Till hov'ring o'er them sweeps the swelling net.
Thus (if small things we may with great compare)
When Albion sends her eager sons to war,
Some thoughtless town, with ease and plenty blest,
Near, and more near, the closing lines invest;
Sudden they seize th' amaz'd, defenceless prize,
And high in air Britannia's standard flies.
See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
Ah! what avail his glossy, varying dyes,
His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes,

The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold ?
Nor yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,
The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny.
To plains with well-breathed beagles we repair,
And trace the mazes of the circling hare
(Beasts, urged by us, their fellow beasts pursue,
And learn of man each other to undo).
With slaught'ring guns th' unwearied fowler roves,
When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves,
Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'ershade,
And lonely woodcocks haunt the wat'ry glade.
He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye ;
Straight a short thunder breaks the frozen sky :
Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,
The clam'rous lapwings feel the leaden death ;
Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
They fall, and leave their little lives in air.
In genial Spring, beneath the quiv'ring shade,
Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand:
With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed.
Our plenteous streams a various race supply,
The bright-eyed perch with fins of Tyrian dye,
The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd,
The yellow carp, in scales bedropp'd with gold,
Swift trouts, diversified with crimson stains,
And pikes, the tyrants of the wat'ry plains.
Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car :
The youth rush eager to the sylvan war,
Swarm o'er the lawns, the forest walks surround,
Rouse the fleet hart, and cheer the opening hound.
Th' impatient courser pants in every vein,
And, pawing, seems to beat the distant plain :
Hills, vales, and floods appear already cross'd,
And ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost.
See the bold youth strain up the threat'ning steep,
Rush thro' the thickets, down the valleys sweep,
Hang o'er their coursers' heads with eager speed,
And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed.
Let old Arcadia boast her ample plain,
Th' immortal huntress, and her virgin train ;
Nor envy, Windsor ! since thy shades have seen
As bright a Goddess, and as chaste a Queen ;
Whose care, like hers, protects the sylvan reign,
The earth's fair light, and Empress of the Main.
Here too, 't is sung, of old Diana stray'd,
And Cynthus' top forsook for Windsor shade ;
Here was she seen o'er airy wastes to rove,
Seek the clear spring, or haunt the pathless grove ;
Here arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,
Her buskin'd virgins traced the dewy lawn.
Above the rest a rural nymph was famed,
Thy offspring, Thames ! the fair Lodona named
(Lodona's fate, in long oblivion cast,
The Muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last).
Scarce could the Goddess from her nymph be known
But by the crescent and the golden zone.
She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the care ;
A belt her waist, a fillet binds her hair ;
A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds,
And with her dart the flying deer she wounds.

It chanced as, eager of the chase, the maid
Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd,
Pan saw and lov'd, and, burning with desire,
Pursued her flight; her flight increas'd his fire.
Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly,
When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky;
Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves,
When thro' the clouds he drives the trembling doves:
As from the God she flew with furious pace,
Or as the God, more furious, urged the chase.
Now fainting, sinking, pale, the Nymph appears;
Now close behind, his sounding steps she hears;
And now his shadow reach'd her as she run,
His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun;
And now his shorter breath, with sultry air,
Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
In vain on Father Thames she calls for aid,
Nor could Diana help her injur'd maid.
Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in vain:
'Ah, Cynthia! ah — tho' banish'd from thy train,
Let me, O let me, to the shades repair,
My native shades — there weep, and murmur there!'
She said, and melting as in tears she lay,
In a soft silver stream dissolv'd away.
The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps,
For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;
Still bears the name the hapless virgin bore,
And bathes the forest where she ranged before.
In her chaste current oft the Goddess laves,
And with celestial tears augments the waves.
Oft in her glass the musing shepherd spies
The headlong mountains and the downward skies;
The wat'ry landscape of the pendent woods,
And absent trees that tremble in the floods:
In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen,
And floating forests paint the waves with green;
Thro' the fair scene roll slow the ling'ring streams,
Then foaming pour along, and rush into the Thames.
Thou, too, great Father of the British Floods!
With joyful pride survey'st our lofty woods;
Where tow'ring oaks their growing honours rear,
And future navies on thy shores appear.
Not Neptune's self from all his streams receives
A wealthier tribute than to thine he gives.
No seas so rich, so gay no banks appear,
No lake so gentle, and no spring so clear.
Nor Po so swells the fabling poet's lays,
While led along the skies his current strays,
As thine, which visits Windsor's famed abodes,
To grace the mansion of our earthly Gods:
Nor all his stars above a lustre show,
Like the bright beauties on thy banks below;
Where Jove, subdued by mortal passion still,
Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.
Happy the man whom this bright court approves,
His Sov'reign favours, and his Country loves:
Happy next him, who to these shades retires,
Whom Nature charms, and whom the Muse inspires:
Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,
Successive study, exercise, and ease.
He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,
And of their fragrant physic spoils the fields:
With chemic art exalts the mineral powers,
And draws the aromatic souls of flowers:
Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high;
O'er figured worlds now travels with his eye;
Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store,
Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er:

Or wand'ring thoughtful in the silent wood,
Attends the duties of the wise and good,
T' observe a mean, be to himself a friend,
To follow Nature, and regard his end;
Or looks on Heav'n with more than mortal eyes,
Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,
Amid her kindred stars familiar roam,
Survey the region, and confess her home!
Such was the life great Scipio once admired:—
Thus Atticus, and *Trumbull* thus retired.
Ye sacred Nine! that all my soul possess,
Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bless,
Bear me, O bear me to sequester'd scenes,
The bowery mazes, and surrounding greens;
To Thames's banks, which fragrant breezes fill,
Or where ye Muses sport on Cooper's hill.
(On Cooper's hill eternal wreaths shall grow,
While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow.)
I seem thro' consecrated walks to rove;
I hear soft music die along the grove:
Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,
By godlike Poets venerable made:
Here his first lays majestic Denham sung;
There the last numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue.
Oh early lost! what tears the river shed,
When the sad pomp along his banks was led!
His drooping swans on every note expire,
And on his willows hung each Muse's lyre.
Since Fate relentless stopp'd their heav'nly voice,
No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice;
Who now shall charm the shades where Cowley strung
His living harp, and lofty Denham sung?
But hark! the groves rejoice, the forest rings!
Are these revived, or is it *Granville* sings?
'T is yours, my Lord, to bless our soft retreats,
And call the Muses to their ancient seats;
To paint anew the flowery sylvan scenes,
To crown the forests with immortal greens,
Make Windsor-hills in lofty numbers rise,
And lift her turrets nearer to the skies;
To sing those honours you deserve to wear,
And add new lustre to her silver star!

Here noble Surrey felt the sacred rage,
Surrey, the Granville of a former age:
Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance:
In the same shades the Cupids tuned his lyre,
To the same notes of love and soft desire;
Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,
Then fill'd the groves, as heav'nly *Mira* now.
Oh wouldst thou sing what heroes Windsor bore,
What Kings first breathed upon her winding shore,
Or raise old warriors, whose ador'd remains
In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains!
With Edward's acts adorn the shining page,
Stretch his long triumphs down thro' every age,
Draw Monarchs chain'd, and Cressi's glorious field,
The lilies blazing on the regal shield:
Then, from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall,
And leave inanimate the naked wall,
Still in thy song should vanquish'd France appear,
And bleed for ever under Britain's spear.
Let softer strains ill-fated Henry mourn,
And palms eternal flourish round his urn.
Here o'er the martyr-king the marble weeps,
And, fast beside him, once-fear'd Edward sleeps,
Whom not th' extended Albion could contain,
From old Bellerium to the northern main;
The grave unites; where ev'n the great find rest,
And blended lie th' oppressor and th' oppress!
Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known
(Obscure the place, and uninscribed the stone);
Oh fact accurs'd! what tears has Albion shed,
Heav'ns! what new wounds! and how her old have bled!
She saw her sons with purple death expire,
Her sacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,
A dreadful series of intestine wars,
Inglorious triumphs, and dishonest scars.

At length great ANNA said, 'Let discord cease!'
She said! the world obey'd, and all was peace!
In that blest moment from his oozy bed
Old father Thames advanced his rev'rend head;
His tresses dropp'd with dews, and o'er the stream
His shining horns diffused a golden gleam:
Graved on his urn appear'd the moon, that guides
His swelling waters and alternate tides;
The figured streams in waves of silver roll'd,
And on her banks Augusta rose in gold.
Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood,
Who swell with tributary urns his flood:
First the famed authors of his ancient name;
The winding Isis, and the fruitful Thame;
The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd;
The Lodden slow, with verdant alders crown'd;
Cole, whose dark streams his flowery islands lave;
And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave:
The blue, transparent Vandalis appears;
The gulfy Lee his sedgy tresses rears;
And sullen Mole, that hides his diving flood;
And silent Darent, stain'd with Danish blood.
High in the midst, upon his urn reclin'd
(His sea-green mantle waving with the wind),
The God appear'd: he turn'd his azure eyes
Where Windsor-domes and pompous turrets rise;
Then bow'd and spoke; the winds forget to roar,
And the hush'd waves glide softly to the shore.
'Hail, sacred Peace! hail, long-expected days,
That Thames's glory to the stars shall raise!
Tho' Tiber's streams immortal Rome behold,
Tho' foaming Hermus swells with tides of gold,
From Heav'n itself tho' sev'nfold Nilus flows,
And harvests on a hundred realms bestows;
These now no more shall be the Muse's themes,
Lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams.
Let Volga's banks with iron squadrons shine,
And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine;
Let barb'rous Ganges arm a servile train,
Be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign.
No more my sons shall dye with British blood
Red Iber's sands, or Ister's foaming flood:
Safe on my shore each unmolested swain
Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain;
The shady empire shall retain no trace
Of war or blood, but in the sylvan chase;
The trumpet sleep, while cheerful horns are blown,
And arms employ'd on birds and beasts alone.
Behold! th' ascending villas on my side
Project long shadows o'er the crystal tide;
Behold! Augusta's glitt'ring spires increase,
And temples rise, the beauteous works of Peace.
I see, I see, where two fair cities bend
Their ample bow, a new Whitehall ascend!
There mighty nations shall inquire their doom,
The world's great oracle in times to come;
There Kings shall sue, and suppliant states be seen
Once more to bend before a British Queen.
'Thy trees, fair Windsor! now shall leave their woods,
And half thy forests rush into my floods,
Bear Britain's thunder, and her cross display
To the bright regions of the rising day;
Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
Where clearer flames glow round the frozen pole;
Or under southern skies exalt their sails,
Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales!
For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,
The coral redden, and the ruby glow,
The pearly shell its lucid globe infold,

And Phœbus warm the ripening ore to gold.
The time shall come, when, free as seas or wind,
Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind,
Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
And seas but join the regions they divide;
Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
And the new world launch forth to seek the old.
Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tide,
And feather'd people crowd my wealthy side;
And naked youths and painted chiefs admire
Our speech, our colour, and our strange attire!
O stretch thy reign, fair Peace! from shore to shore,
Till conquest cease, and slavery be no more;
Till the freed Indians in their native groves
Reap their own fruits, and woo their sable loves;
Peru once more a race of kings behold,
And other Mexicos be roof'd with gold.
Exiled by thee from earth to deepest Hell,
In brazen bonds shall barb'rous Discord dwell:
Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care,
And mad Ambition shall attend her there:
There purple Vengeance, bathed in gore, retires,
Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires:
There hated Envy her own snakes shall feel,
And Persecution mourn her broken wheel:
There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,
And gasping Furies thirst for blood in vain.'

Here cease thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays
Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days:
The thoughts of Gods let *Granville's* verse recite,
And bring the scenes of opening fate to light.
My humble Muse, in unambitious strains,
Paints the green forests and the flowery plains,
Where Peace descending bids her olives spring,
And scatters blessings from her dovelike wing.
Ev'n I more sweetly pass my careless days,
Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise;
Enough for me that to the list'ning swains
First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains.

PARAPHRASES FROM CHAUCER

JANUARY AND MAY: OR, THE MERCHANT'S TALE

Pope says that this 'translation' was done at sixteen or seventeen years of age. It was first published, with the *Pastorals*, in 1709, in Tonson's sixth *Miscellany*. Eventually Pope grouped the Chaucer imitations with *Eloisa to Abelard*, the translations from Ovid and Statius and the brief *Imitations* of *English Poets*. To this collection be prefixed this Advertisement: —

'The following Translations were selected from many others done by the Author in his youth; for the most part indeed but a sort of Exercises, while he was improving himself in the Languages, and carried by his early bent to Poetry to perform them rather in Verse than Prose. Mr. Dryden's *Fables* came out about that time, which occasioned the Translations from *Chaucer*. They were first separately printed in Miscellanies by J. Tonson and B. Lintot, and afterwards collected in the Quarto Edition of 1717. The *Imitations of English Authors*, which are added at the end, were done as early, some of them at fourteen or fifteen years old; but having also got into Miscellanies, we have put them here together to complete this Juvenile Volume.'

Warburton asserts that Pope did not intend to include this group of poems in the final edition of his works.

THERE liv'd in Lombardy, as authors write,
In days of old, a wise and worthy Knight;
Of gentle manners, as of gen'rous race,
Blest with much sense, more riches, and some grace:
Yet, led astray by Venus' soft delights,
He scarce could rule some idle appetites:
For long ago, let priests say what they could,
Weak sinful laymen were but flesh and blood.
But in due time, when sixty years were o'er,
He vow'd to lead this vicious life no more;
Whether pure holiness inspired his mind,
Or dotage turn'd his brain, is hard to find;
But his high courage prick'd him forth to wed,
And try the pleasures of a lawful bed.
This was his nightly dream, his daily care
And to the heav'nly Powers his constant prayer,
Once, ere he died, to taste the blissful life
Of a kind husband and a loving wife.
These thoughts he fortified with reasons still
(For none want reasons to confirm their will).
Grave authors say, and witty poets sing,
That honest wedlock is a glorious thing:
But depth of judgment most in him appears
Who wisely weds in his maturer years.
Then let him choose a damsel young and fair,
To bless his age, and bring a worthy heir;
To soothe his cares, and, free from noise and strife,
Conduct him gently to the verge of life.
Let sinful bachelors their woes deplore,
Full well they merit all they feel, and more:
Unaw'd by precepts, human or divine,
Like birds and beasts, promiscuously they join;
Nor know to make the present blessing last,
To hope the future, or esteem the past;
But vainly boast the joys they never tried,
And find divulged the secrets they would hide.
The married man may bear his yoke with ease,
Secure at once himself and Heav'n to please;
And pass his inoffensive hours away,
In bliss all night, and innocence all day:
Tho' fortune change, his constant spouse remains,
Augments his joys, or mitigates his pains.
But what so pure which envious tongues will spare?
Some wicked Wits have libell'd all the Fair.
With matchless impudence they style a wife
The dear-bought curse and lawful plague of life,
A bosom serpent, a domestic evil,
A night-invasion, and a midday-devil.

Let not the wise these sland'rous words regard,
But curse the bones of ev'ry lying bard.
All other goods by Fortune's hand are giv'n,
A wife is the peculiar gift of Heav'n.
Vain Fortune's favours, never at a stay,
Like empty shadows pass and glide away;
One solid comfort, our eternal wife,
Abundantly supplies us all our life:
This blessing lasts (if those who try say true)
As long as heart can wish — and longer too.
Our grandsire Adam, ere of Eve possess'd,
Alone, and ev'n in Paradise unbless'd,
With mournful looks the blissful scene survey'd,
And wander'd in the solitary shade.
The Maker saw, took pity, and bestow'd
Woman, the last, the best reserv'd of God.
A Wife! ah gentle Deities! can he
That has a wife e'er feel adversity?
Would men but follow what the sex advise,
All things would prosper, all the world grow wise.
'T was by Rebecca's aid that Jacob won
His father's blessing from an elder son:
Abusive Nabal ow'd his forfeit life
To the wise conduct of a prudent wife:
Heroic Judith, as old Hebrews show,
Preserv'd the Jews, and slew th' Assyrian foe:
At Hester's suit the persecuting sword
Was sheath'd, and Israel liv'd to bless the Lord.
These weighty motives January the sage
Maturely ponder'd in his riper age;
And charm'd with virtuous joys, and sober life,
Would try that Christian comfort call'd a wife.
His friends were summon'd on a point so nice
To pass their judgment, and to give advice;
But fix'd before, and well resolv'd was he
(As men that ask advice are wont to be).
'My friends,' he cried (and cast a mournful look
Around the room, and sigh'd before he spoke),
'Beneath the weight of threescore years I bend,
And, worn with cares, am hastening to my end.
How I have liv'd, alas! you know too well —
In worldly follies which I blush to tell;
But gracious Heav'n has oped my eyes at last,
With due regret I view my vices past,
And, as the precept of the church decrees,
Will take a wife, and live in holy ease.
But since by counsel all things should be done,
And many heads are wiser still than one;
Choose you for me, who best shall be content
When my desire 's approv'd by your consent.
'One caution yet is needful to be told,
To guide your choice; this wife must not be old:
There goes a saying, and 't was shrewdly said,
Old fish at table, but young flesh in bed.
My soul abhors the tasteless dry embrace
Of a stale virgin with a winter face:
In that cold season Love but treats his guest
With bean-straw, and tough forage at the best.
No crafty widows shall approach my bed;
Those are too wise for bachelors to wed.
As subtle clerks by many schools are made,
Twice married dames are mistresses o' th' trade:
But young and tender virgins, ruled with ease,
We form like wax, and mould them as we please.
'Conceive me, Sirs, nor take my sense amiss;
'T is what concerns my soul's eternal bliss;
Since if I found no pleasure in my spouse,
As flesh is frail, and who (God help me) knows?
Then should I live in lewd adultery,
And sink downright to Satan when I die:
Or were I curs'd with an unfruitful bed,
The righteous end were lost for which I wed;
To raise up seed to bless the Powers above,
And not for pleasure only, or for love.
Think not I dote; 't is time to take a wife,
When vig'rous blood forbids a chaster life:

Those that are blest with store of grace divine,
May live like saints by Heav'n's consent and mine.
'And since I speak of wedlock, let me say,
(As, thank my stars, in modest truth I may)
My limbs are active, still I 'm sound at heart,
And a new vigour springs in ev'ry part.
Think not my virtue lost, tho' time has shed
These rev'rend honours on my hoary head:
Thus trees are crown'd with blossoms white as snow,
The vital sap then rising from below.
Old as I am, my lusty limbs appear
Like winter-greens, that flourish all the year.
Now, Sirs, you know to what I stand inclin'd,
Let ev'ry friend with freedom speak his mind.'
He said; the rest in diff'rent parts divide;
The knotty point was urged on either side:
Marriage, the theme on which they all declaim'd,
Some prais'd with wit, and some with reason blamed.
Till, what with proofs, objections, and replies,
Each wondrous positive and wondrous wise,
There fell between his brothers a debate:
Placebo this was call'd, and Justin that.
First to the knight Placebo thus begun,
(Mild were his looks, and pleasing was his tone)
'Such prudence, Sir, in all your words appears,
As plainly proves Experience dwells with years!
Yet you pursue sage Solomon's advice,
To work by counsel when affairs are nice:
But, with the wise man's leave, I must protest,
So may my soul arrive at ease and rest,
As still I hold your own advice the best.
'Sir, I have liv'd a courtier all my days,
And studied men, their manners, and their ways;
And have observ'd this useful maxim still,
To let my betters always have their will.
'Nay, if my lord affirm'd that black was white,
My word was this, "Your Honour's in the right."
Th' assuming Wit, who deems himself so wise
As his mistaken patron to advise,
Let him not dare to vent his dangerous thought;
A noble fool was never in a fault.
This, Sir, affects not you, whose ev'ry word
Is weigh'd with judgment, and befits a Lord:
Your will is mine; and is (I will maintain)
Pleasing to God, and should be so to Man;
At least your courage all the world must praise,
Who dare to wed in your declining days.
Indulge the vigour of your mounting blood,
And let gray fools be indolently good,
Who, past all pleasure, damn the joys of sense,
With rev'rend Dulness and grave Impotence.'
Justin, who silent sate, and heard the man,
Thus with a philosophic frown began:
'A heathen author, of the first degree,
(Who, tho' not Faith, had Sense as well as we)
Bids us be certain our concerns to trust
To those of gen'rous principles and just.
The venture 's greater, I 'll presume to say,
To give your person, than your goods away:
And therefore, Sir, as you regard your rest,
First learn your lady's qualities at least:
Whether she 's chaste or rampant, proud or civil,
Meek as a saint, or haughty as the devil;
Whether an easy, fond, familiar Fool,
Or such a Wit as no man e'er can rule.
'T is true, perfection none must hope to find
In all this world, much less in womankind;
But if her virtue prove the larger share,
Bless the kind Fates and think your fortune rare.
Ah, gentle Sir, take warning of a friend,
Who knows too well the state you thus commend:

And spite of all his praises must declare,
All he can find is bondage, cost, and care.
Heav'n knows I shed full many a private tear,
And sigh in silence lest the world should hear;
While all my friends applaud my blissful life,
And swear no mortal's happier in a wife:
Demure and chaste as any vestal nun,
The meekest creature that beholds the sun!
But by th' immortal Powers I feel the pain,
And he that smarts has reason to complain.
Do what you list, for me; you must be sage,
And cautious sure; for wisdom is in age:
But at these years to venture on the Fair!
By him who made the ocean, earth, and air,
To please a wife, when her occasions call,
Would busy the most vig'rous of us all.
And trust me, sir, the chastest you can choose,
Will ask observance, and exact her dues.
If what I speak my noble lord offend,
My tedious sermon here is at an end.'
'T is well, 't is wondrous well,' the Knight replies,
'Most worthy kinsman, faith, you 're mighty wise!
We, Sirs, are fools; and must resign the cause
To heath'nish authors, proverbs, and old saws.'
He spoke with scorn, and turn'd another way:
'What does my friend, my dear Placebo, say?'
'I say,' quoth he, 'by Heav'n the man's to blame,
To slander wives, and wedlock's holy name.'
At this the council rose without delay;
Each, in his own opinion, went his way;
With full consent, that, all disputes appeas'd,
The Knight should marry when and where he pleas'd.
Who now but January exults with joy?
The charms of wedlock all his soul employ:
Each nymph by turns his wavering mind possess'd,
And reign'd the short-lived tyrant of his breast:
Whilst fancy pictured ev'ry lively part,
And each bright image wander'd o'er his heart.
Thus, in some public forum fix'd on high,
A mirror shows the figures moving by;
Still one by one, in swift succession, pass
The gliding shadows o'er the polish'd glass.
This lady's charms the nicest could not blame,
But vile suspicions had aspers'd her fame;
That was with Sense, but not with Virtue blest;
And one had Grace that wanted all the rest.
Thus doubting long what nymph he should obey,
He fix'd at last upon the youthful May.
Her faults he knew not (Love is always blind),
But every charm revolv'd within his mind:
Her tender age, her form divinely fair,
Her easy motion, her attractive air,
Her sweet behaviour, her enchanting face,
Her moving softness, and majestic grace.
Much in his prudence did our Knight rejoice,
And thought no mortal could dispute his choice:
Once more in haste he summon'd ev'ry friend,
And told them all their pains were at an end.
'Heav'n, that (said he) inspired me first to wed,
Provides a consort worthy of my bed:
Let none oppose th' election, since on this
Depends my quiet and my future bliss.
'A dame there is, the darling of my eyes,
Young, beauteous, artless, innocent, and wise;
Chaste, tho' not rich; and, tho' not nobly born,
Of honest parents, and may serve my turn.
Her will I wed, if gracious Heav'n so please,
To pass my age in sanctity and ease;
And thank the Powers, I may possess alone
The lovely prize, and share my bliss with none!
If you, my friends, this virgin can procure,
My joys are full, my happiness is sure.

'One only doubt remains: full oft, I've heard,
By casuists grave and deep divines averr'd,
That 't is too much for human race to know
The bliss of Heav'n above and earth below:
Now should the nuptial pleasures prove so great,
To match the blessings of the future state,
Those endless joys were ill exchanged for these:
Then clear this doubt, and set my mind at ease.'
This Justin heard, nor could his spleen control,
Touch'd to the quick, and tickled at the soul.
'Sir Knight,' he cried, 'if this be all you dread,
Heav'n put it past a doubt whene'er you wed;
And to my fervent prayers so far consent,
That, ere the rites are o'er, you may repent!
Good Heav'n, no doubt, the nuptial state approves,
Since it chastises still what best it loves.
'Then be not, Sir, abandon'd to despair;
Seek, and perhaps you 'll find among the Fair
One that may do your business to a hair;
Not ev'n in wish your happiness delay,
But prove the scourge to lash you on your way:
Then to the skies your mounting soul shall go,
Swift as an arrow soaring from the bow!
Provided still, you moderate your joy,
Nor in your pleasures all your might employ:
Let Reason's rule your strong desires abate,
Nor please too lavishly your gentle mate.
Old wives there are, of judgment most acute,
Who solve these questions beyond all dispute;
Consult with those, and be of better cheer;
Marry, do penance, and dismiss your fear.'
So said, they rose, nor more the work delay'd:
The match was offer'd, the proposals made.
The parents, you may think, would soon comply;
The old have int'rest ever in their eye.
Nor was it hard to move the lady's mind;
When Fortune favours, still the Fair are kind.
I pass each previous settlement and deed,
Too long for me to write, or you to read;
Nor will with quaint impertinence display
The pomp, the pageantry, the proud array.
The time approach'd; to church the parties went,
At once with carnal and devout intent:
Forth came the priest, and bade th' obedient wife
Like Sarah or Rebecca lead her life;
Then pray'd the Powers the fruitful bed to bless,
And make all sure enough with holiness.
And now the palace gates are open'd wide,
The guests appear in order, side by side,
And, placed in state, the bridegroom and the bride.
The breathing flute's soft notes are heard around,
And the shrill trumpets mix their silver sound;
The vaulted roofs with echoing music ring,
These touch the vocal stops, and those the trembling string.
Not thus Amphion tuned the warbling lyre,
Nor Joab the sounding clarion could inspire,
Nor fierce Theodamas, whose sprightly strain
Could swell the soul to rage, and fire the martial train.
Bacchus himself, the nuptial feast to grace,
(So poets sing) was present on the place:
And lovely Venus, Goddess of Delight,
Shook high her flaming torch in open sight,
And danced around, and smiled on ev'ry Knight:
Pleas'd her best servant would his courage try,
No less in wedlock than in liberty.
Full many an age old Hymen had not spied
So kind a bridegroom, or so bright a bride.
Ye Bards! renown'd among the tuneful throng
For gentle lays, and joyous nuptial song,
Think not your softest numbers can display
The matchless glories of this blissful day;

The joys are such as far transcend your rage,
When tender youth has wedded stooping age.
The beauteous dame sat smiling at the board,
And darted am'rous glances at her lord.
Not Hester's self, whose charms the Hebrews sing,
E'er look'd so lovely on her Persian King:
Bright as the rising sun in summer's day,
And fresh and blooming as the month of May!
The joyful knight survey'd her by his side,
Nor envied Paris with his Spartan bride:
Still as his mind revolv'd with vast delight
Th' entrancing raptures of th' approaching night,
Restless he sat, invoking every Power
To speed his bliss, and haste the happy hour.
Meantime the vig'rous dancers beat the ground,
And songs were sung, and flowing bowls went round.
With od'rous spices they perfumed the place,
And mirth and pleasure shone in ev'ry face.
Damian alone, of all the menial train,
Sad in the midst of triumphs, sigh'd for pain,
Damian alone, the Knight's obsequious Squire,
Consumed at heart, and fed a secret fire.
His lovely mistress all his soul possess'd;
He look'd, he languish'd, and could take no rest:
His task perform'd, he sadly went his way,
Fell on his bed, and loath'd the light of day:
There let him lie; till his relenting dame
Weep in her turn, and waste in equal flame.
The weary sun, as learned poets write,
Forsook th' horizon, and roll'd down the light;
While glitt'ring stars his absent beams supply,
And night's dark mantle overspread the sky.
Then rose the guests, and as the time required,
Each paid his thanks, and decently retired.
The foe once gone, our Knight prepared t'undress,
So keen he was, and eager to possess:
But first thought fit th' assistance to receive,
Which grave physicians scruple not to give:
Satyrion near, with hot eringoes stood,
Cantharides, to fire the lazy blood,
Whose use old Bards describe in luscious rhymes,
And Critics learn'd explain to modern times.
By this the sheets were spread, the bride undress'd,
The room was sprinkled, and the bed was bless'd.
What next ensued beseems not me to say;
'T is sung, he labour'd till the dawning day;
Then briskly sprung from bed, with heart so light,
As all were nothing he had done by night,
And sipp'd his cordial as he sat upright.
He kiss'd his balmy spouse with wanton play,
And feebly sung a lusty roundelay:
Then on the couch his weary limbs he cast;
For ev'ry labour must have rest at last.
But anxious cares the pensive Squire oppprest,
Sleep fled his eyes, and Peace forsook his breast;
The raging flames that in his bosom dwell,
He wanted art to hide, and means to tell:
Yet hoping time th' occasion might betray,
Composed a sonnet to the lovely May;
Which, writ and folded with the nicest art,
He wrapt in silk, and laid upon his heart.
When now the fourth revolving day was run,
('T was June, and Cancer had receiv'd the sun)
Forth from her chamber came the beauteous bride;
The good old Knight mov'd slowly by her side.
High mass was sung; they feasted in the hall;
The servants round stood ready at their call.
The Squire alone was absent from the board,
And much his sickness griev'd his worthy lord,
Who pray'd his spouse, attended with her train,
To visit Damian, and divert his pain.
Th' obliging dames obey'd with one consent:
They left the hall, and to his lodging went.

The female tribe surround him as he lay,
And close beside him sat the gentle May:
Where, as she tried his pulse, he softly drew
A heaving sigh, and cast a mournful view!
Then gave his bill, and bribed the Powers divine,
With secret vows to favour his design.
Who studies now but discontented May?
On her soft couch uneasily she lay:
The lumpish husband snored away the night,
Till coughs awaked him near the morning light.
What then he did, I 'll not presume to tell,
Nor if she thought herself in Heav'n or Hell:
Honest and dull in nuptial bed they lay,
Till the bell toll'd, and all arose to pray.
Were it by forceful Destiny decreed,
Or did from Chance, or Nature's power proceed;
Or that some star, with aspect kind to love,
Shed its selectest influence from above;
Whatever was the cause, the tender dame
Felt the first motions of an infant flame;
Receiv'd th' impressions of the lovesick Squire,
And wasted in the soft infectious fire.
Ye Fair, draw near, let May's example move
Your gentle minds to pity those who love!
Had some fierce tyrant in her stead been found,
The poor adorer sure had hang'd or drown'd:
But she, your sex's mirror, free from pride,
Was much too meek to prove a homicide.
But to my tale: — Some sages have defin'd
Pleasure the sov'reign bliss of humankind:
Our Knight (who studied much, we may suppose)
Derived his high philosophy from those;
For, like a prince, he bore the vast expense
Of lavish pomp, and proud magnificence:
His house was stately, his retinue gay.
Large was his train, and gorgeous his array.
His spacious garden, made to yield to none,
Was compass'd round with walls of solid stone;
Priapus could not half describe the grace
(Tho' God of gardens) of this charming place:
A place to tire the rambling wits of France
In long descriptions, and exceed Romance:
Enough to shame the gentlest bard that sings
Of painted meadows, and of purling springs.
Full in the centre of the flowery ground
A crystal fountain spread its streams around,
The fruitful banks with verdant laurels crown'd:
About this spring (if ancient Fame say true)
The dapper Elves their moonlight sports pursue:
Their pygmy King, and little fairy Queen,
In circling dances gambol'd on the green,
While tuneful sprites a merry concert made,
And airy music warbled thro' the shade.
Hither the noble Knight would oft repair
(His scene of pleasure, and peculiar care);
For this he held it dear, and always bore
The silver key that lock'd the garden door.
To this sweet place in summer's sultry heat
He used from noise and bus'ness to retreat;
And here in dalliance spend the livelong day,
Solus cum sola, with his sprightly May:
For whate'er work was undischarg'd abed,
The duteous Knight in this fair garden sped.
But ah! what mortal lives of bliss secure?
How short a space our worldly joys endure!
O Fortune, fair, like all thy treach'rous kind,
But faithless still, and wav'ring as the wind!
O painted monster, form'd mankind to cheat,
With pleasing poison, and with soft deceit!
This rich, this am'rous, venerable Knight,
Amidst his ease, his solace, and delight,
Struck blind by thee, resigns his days to grief,
And calls on death, the wretch's last relief.
The rage of jealousy then seiz'd his mind,
For much he fear'd the faith of womankind.
His wife, not suffer'd from his side to stray,
Was captive kept; he watch'd her night and day,
Abridg'd her pleasures, and confin'd her sway.

Full oft in tears did hapless May complain,
And sigh'd full oft; but sigh'd and wept in vain;
She look'd on Damian with a lover's eye;
For oh, 't was fix'd; she must possess or die!
Nor less impatience vex'd her am'rous Squire,
Wild with delay, and burning with desire.
Watch'd as she was, yet could he not refrain
By secret writing to disclose his pain:
The dame by signs reveal'd her kind intent,
Till both were conscious what each other meant,
Ah! gentle Knight, what would thy eyes avail,
Tho' they could see as far as ships can sail?
'T is better, sure, when blind, deceiv'd to be,
Than be deluded when a man can see!
Argus himself, so cautious and so wise,
Was overwatch'd, for all his hundred eyes:
So many an honest husband may, 't is known,
Who, wisely, never thinks the case his own.
The dame at last, by diligence and care,
Procured the key her Knight was wont to bear;
She took the wards in wax before the fire,
And gave th' impression to the trusty Squire.
By means of this some wonder shall appear,
Which, in due place and season, you may hear.
Well sung sweet Ovid, in the days of yore,
What sleight is that which love will not explore!
And Pyramus and Thisbe plainly show
The feats true lovers, when they list, can do:
Tho' watch'd and captive, yet in spite of all,
They found the art of kissing thro' a wall.
But now no longer from our tale to stray,
It happ'd, that once upon a summer's day
Our rev'rend Knight was urged to am'rous play:
He rais'd his spouse ere matin-bell was rung,
And thus his morning canticle he sung:

'Awake, my love, disclose thy radiant eyes;
Arise, my wife, my beauteous lady, rise!
Hear how the doves with pensive notes complain,
And in soft murmurs tell the trees their pain:
The winter's past; the clouds and tempests fly;
The sun adorns the fields, and brightens all the sky.
Fair without spot, whose ev'ry charming part
My bosom wounds, and captivates my heart!
Come, and in mutual pleasures let's engage,
Joy of my life, and comfort of my age.'
This heard, to Damian straight a sign she made
To haste before; the gentle Squire obey'd:
Secret and undescried he took his way,
And ambush'd close behind an arbour lay.
It was not long ere January came,
And hand in hand with him his lovely dame;
Blind as he was, not doubting all was sure,
He turn'd the key, and made the gate secure.
'Here let us walk,' he said, 'observ'd by none,
Conscious of pleasures to the world unknown:
So may my soul have joy, as thou, my wife,
Art far the dearest solace of my life;
And rather would I choose, by Heav'n above,
To die this instant, than to lose thy love.
Reflect what truth was in my passion shown,
When, unendow'd, I took thee for my own,
And sought no treasure but thy heart alone.
Old as I am, and now deprived of sight,
Whilst thou art faithful to thy own true Knight,
Nor age, nor blindness, robs me of delight.
Each other loss with patience I can bear,
The loss of thee is what I only fear.
'Consider then, my lady and my wife,
The solid comforts of a virtuous life.

As first, the love of Christ himself you gain;
Next, your own honour undefiled maintain;
And, lastly, that which sure your mind must move,
My whole estate shall gratify your love:
Make your own terms, and ere to-morrow's sun
Displays his light, by Heav'n it shall be done
I seal the contract with a holy kiss,
And will perform — by this, my dear, and this.
Have comfort, Spouse, nor think thy lord unkind;
'T is love, not jealousy, that fires my mind:
For when thy charms my sober thoughts engage,
And join'd to them my own unequal age,
From thy dear side I have no power to part,
Such secret transports warm my melting heart.
For who that once possess'd those heav'nly charms,
Could live one moment absent from thy arms?'
He ceas'd, and May with modest grace replied
(Weak was her voice, as while she spoke she cried):
'Heav'n knows (with that a tender sigh she drew)
I have a soul to save as well as you;
And, what no less you to my charge commend,
My dearest honour, will to death defend.
To you in holy church I gave my hand,
And join'd my heart in wedlock's sacred band:
Yet after this, if you distrust my care,
Then hear, my lord, and witness what I swear:
First may the yawning earth her bosom rend,
And let me hence to Hell alive descend;
Or die the death I dread no less than Hell,
Sew'd in a sack, and plunged into a well;
Ere I my fame by one lewd act disgrace,
Or once renounce the honour of my race.
For know, Sir Knight, of gentle blood I came;
I loathe a whore, and startle at the name.
But jealous men on their own crimes reflect,
And learn from thence their ladies to suspect:
Else why these needless cautions, Sir, to me?
These doubts and fears of female constancy?
This chime still rings in every lady's ear,
The only strain a wife must hope to hear.'
Thus while she spoke a sidelong glance she cast,
Where Damain kneeling worship'd as she past.
She saw him watch the motions of her eye,
And singled out a pear tree planted nigh:
'T was charged with fruit that made a goodly show,
And hung with dangling pears was every bough.
Thither th' obsequious Squire address'd his pace,
And climbing, in the summit took his place;
The Knight and Lady walk'd beneath in view,
Where let us leave them, and our tale pursue.
'T was now the season when the glorious sun
His heav'nly progress through the Twins had run;
And Jove, exalted, his mild influence yields,
To glad the glebe, and paint the flowery fields:
Clear was the day, and Phœbus, rising bright,
Had streak'd the azure firmament with light;
He pierc'd the glitt'ring clouds with golden streams,
And warm'd the womb of earth with genial beams.
It so befell, in that fair morning tide
The fairies sported on the garden side,
And in the midst their monarch and his bride.
So featly tripp'd the light-foot Ladies round,
The Knights so nimbly o'er the green-sward bound,
That scarce they bent the flowers, or touch'd the ground.
The dances ended, all the fairy train
For pinks and daisies search'd the flowery plain,
While on a bank reclin'd of rising green,
Thus, with a frown, the King bespoke his Queen.

'T is too apparent, argue what you can,
The treachery you women use to man:
A thousand authors have this truth made out,
And sad experience leaves no room for doubt.
'Heav'n rest thy spirit, noble Solomon,
A wiser Monarch never saw the sun:
All wealth, all honours, the supreme degree
Of earthly bliss, was well bestow'd on thee!
For sagely hast thou said, "Of all mankind,
One only just, and righteous, hope to find:
But shouldst thou search the spacious world around,
Yet one good woman is not to be found."
'Thus says the King who knew your wickedness;
The son of Sirach testifies no less.
So may some wildfire on your bodies fall,
Or some devouring plague consume you all;
As well you view the lecher in the tree,
And well this honourable Knight you see:
But since he 's blind and old (a helpless case),
His Squire shall cuckold him before your face.
'Now by my own dread Majesty I swear,
And by this awful sceptre which I bear,
No impious wretch shall 'scape unpunish'd long,
That in my presence offers such a wrong.
I will this instant undeceive the Knight,
And in the very act restore his sight:
And set the strumpet here in open view,
A warning to the ladies, and to you,
And all the faithless sex, for ever to be true."
'And will you so,' replied the Queen, 'indeed?
Now, by my mother's soul, it is decreed,
She shall not want an answer at her need.
For her, and for her daughters, I 'll engage,
And all the sex in each succeeding age;
Art shall be theirs to varnish an offence,
And fortify their crimes with confidence.
Nay, were they taken in a strict embrace,
Seen with both eyes, and pinion'd on the place;
All they shall need is to protest and swear,
Breathe a soft sigh, and drop a tender tear;
Till their wise husbands, gull'd by arts like these,
Grow gentle, tractable, and tame as geese.
'What tho' this sland'rous Jew, this Solomon,
Call'd women fools, and knew full many a one?
The wiser Wits of later times declare
How constant, chaste, and virtuous women are:
Witness the Martyrs, who resign'd their breath,
Serene in torments, unconcern'd in death;
And witness next what Roman authors tell,
How Arria, Portia, and Lucretia fell.
'But since the sacred leaves to all are free,
And men interpret texts, why should not we?
By this no more was meant than to have shown
That sov'reign goodness dwells in him alone,
Who only Is, and is but only One.
But grant the worst; shall women then be weigh'd
By every word that Solomon hath said?
What tho' this king (as ancient story boasts)
Built a fair temple to the Lord of Hosts;
He ceas'd at last his Maker to adore,
And did as much for idol Gods, or more.
Beware what lavish praises you confer
On a rank lecher and idolater;
Whose reign indulgent God, says Holy Writ,
Did but for David's righteous sake permit;
David, the monarch after Heav'n's own mind,
Who lov'd our sex, and honour'd all our kind.
'Well, I 'm a woman, and as such must speak;
Silence would swell me, and my heart would break.
Know, then, I scorn your dull authorities,
Your idle Wits, and all their learned lies:
By Heav'n, those authors are our sex's foes,
Whom, in our right, I must and will oppose.'
'Nay (quoth the King) dear madam, be not wroth:
I yield it up; but since I gave my oath,
That this much injur'd Knight again should see,
It must be done — I am a King,' said he,

'And one whose faith has ever sacred been —'
'And so has mine (she said) — I am a Queen:
Her answer she shall have, I undertake;
And thus an end of all dispute I make.
Try when you list; and you shall find, my lord,
It is not in our sex to break our word.'
We leave them here in this heroic strain,
And to the Knight our story turns again;
Who in the garden, with his lovely May,
Sung merrier than the cuckoo or the jay:
This was his song, 'O kind and constant be,
Constant and kind I'll ever prove to thee.'
Thus singing as he went, at last he drew
By easy steps to where the pear-tree grew:
The longing dame look'd up, and spied her love
Full fairly perch'd among the boughs above.
She stopp'd, and sighing, 'O good Gods!' she cried,
'What pangs, what sudden shoots distend my side?
O for that tempting fruit, so fresh, so green!
Help, for the love of Heav'n's immortal Queen!
Help, dearest lord, and save at once the life
Of thy poor infant, and thy longing wife!'
Sore sigh'd the Knight to hear his lady's cry,
But could not climb, and had no servant nigh:
Old as he was, and void of eyesight too,
What could, alas! a helpless husband do?
'And must I languish then (she said), and die,
Yet view the lovely fruit before my eye?
At least, kind Sir, for charity's sweet sake,
Vouchsafe the trunk between your arms to take,
Then from your back I might ascend the tree;
Do you but stoop, and leave the rest to me.'
'With all my soul,' he thus replied again,
'I'd spend my dearest blood to ease thy pain.'
With that his back against the trunk he bent;
She seiz'd a twig, and up the tree she went.
Now prove your patience, gentle ladies all!
Nor let on me your heavy anger fall:
'T is truth I tell, tho' not in phrase refin'd;
Tho' blunt my tale, yet honest is my mind.
What feats the lady in the tree might do,
I pass, as gambols never known to you;
But sure it was a merrier fit, she swore,
Than in her life she ever felt before.
In that nice moment, lo! the wond'ring Knight
Look'd out, and stood restor'd to sudden sight.
Straight on the tree his eager eyes he bent,
As one whose thoughts were on his spouse intent:
But when he saw his bosom-wife so dress'd,
His rage was such as cannot be express'd.
Not frantic mothers when their infants die
With louder clamours rend the vaulted sky:
He cried, he roar'd, he storm'd, he tore his hair;
'Death! Hell! and Furies! what dost thou do there?'
'What ails my lord?' the trembling dame replied,
'I thought your patience had been better tried:
Is this your love, ungrateful and unkind,
This my reward for having cured the blind?
Why was I taught to make my husband see,
By struggling with a man upon a tree?
Did I for this the power of magic prove?
Unhappy wife, whose crime was too much love!'
'If this be struggling, by this holy light,
'T is struggling with a vengeance (quoth the Knight):
So Heav'n preserve the sight it has restored,
As with these eyes I plainly saw thee whored;
Whored by my slave — perfidious wretch! may Hell
As surely seize thee, as I saw too well.'
'Guard me, good Angels!' cried the gentle May,
'Pray Heav'n this magic work the proper way!
Alas, my love! 't is certain, could you see,
You ne'er had used these killing words to me:

So help me, Fates! as 't is no perfect sight,
But some faint glimm'ring of a doubtful light.'
'What I have said (quoth he) I must maintain,
For by th' immortal Powers it *seem'd* too plain — '
'By all those Powers, some frenzy seiz'd your mind
(Replied the dame): are these the thanks I find?
Wretch that I am, that e'er I was so kind!'
She said; a rising sigh express'd her woe,
The ready tears apace began to flow,
And as they fell she wiped from either eye
The drops (for women, when they list, can cry).
The Knight was touch'd; and in his looks appear'd
Signs of remorse, while thus his spouse he cheer'd;
'Madam, 't is past, and my short anger o'er!
Come down, and vex your tender heart no more.
Excuse me, dear, if aught amiss was said,
For, on my soul, amends shall soon be made:
Let my repentance your forgiveness draw;
By Heav'n, I swore but what I *thought* I saw.'
'Ah, my lov'd lord! 't was much unkind (she cried)
On bare suspicion thus to treat your bride.
But till your sight 's establish'd, for a while
Imperfect objects may your sense beguile.
Thus, when from sleep we first our eyes display,
The balls are wounded with the piercing ray,
And dusky vapours rise, and intercept the day;
So just recov'ring from the shades of night
Your swimming eyes are drunk with sudden light,
Strange phantoms dance around, and skim before your sight.
Then, Sir, be cautious, nor too rashly deem;
Heav'n knows how seldom things are what they seem!
Consult your reason, and you soon shall find
'T was you were jealous, not your wife unkind:
Jove ne'er spoke oracle more true than this,
None judge so wrong as those who think amiss.'
With that she leap'd into her lord's embrace,
With well dissembled virtue in her face.
He hugg'd her close, and kiss'd her o'er and o'er,
Disturb'd with doubts and jealousies no more:
Both pleas'd and bless'd, renew'd their mutual vows:
A fruitful wife, and a believing spouse.
Thus ends our tale; whose moral next to make,
Let all wise husbands hence example take;
And pray, to crown the pleasure of their lives,
To be so well deluded by their wives.

THE WIFE OF BATH

HER PROLOGUE

Not published until 1714, but naturally classified with January and May, and not improbably the product of the same period.

BEHOLD the woes of matrimonial life,
And hear with rev'rence an experienced wife;
To dear-bought wisdom give the credit due,
And think for once a woman tells you true.
In all these trials I have borne a part:
I was myself the scourge that caus'd the smart;
For since fifteen in triumph have I led
Five captive husbands from the church to bed.
Christ saw a wedding once, the Scripture says,
And saw but one, 't was thought, in all his days;
Whence some infer, whose conscience is too nice,
No pious Christian ought to marry twice.
But let them read, and solve me if they can,
The words address'd to the Samaritan:
Five times in lawful wedlock she was join'd,
And sure the certain stint was ne'er defin'd.

'Increase and multiply' was Heav'n's command,
And that 's a text I clearly understand:
This too, 'Let men their sires and mothers leave,
And to their dearer wives for ever cleave.'
More wives than one by Solomon were tried,
Or else the wisest of mankind 's belied.
I 've had myself full many a merry fit,
And trust in Heav'n I may have many yet;
For when my transitory spouse, unkind,
Shall die and leave his woful wife behind,
I 'll take the next good Christian I can find.
Paul, knowing one could never serve our turn,
Declared 't was better far to wed than burn.
There 's danger in assembling fire and tow;
I grant 'em that; and what it means you know.
The same apostle, too, has elsewhere own'd
No precept for virginity he found:
'T is but a counsel — and we women still
Take which we like, the counsel or our will.
I envy not their bliss, if he or she
Think fit to live in perfect chastity:
Pure let them be, and free from taint or vice;
I for a few slight spots am not so nice.
Heav'n calls us diff'rent ways; on these bestows
One proper gift, another grants to those;
Not every man 's obliged to sell his store,
And give up all his substance to the poor:
Such as are perfect may, I can't deny;
But by your leaves, Divines! so am not I.
Full many a saint, since first the world began,
Liv'd an unspotted maid in spite of man:
Let such (a God's name) with fine wheat be fed,
And let us honest wives eat barley bread.
For me, I 'll keep the post assign'd by Heav'n,
And use the copious talent it has giv'n:
Let my good spouse pay tribute, do me right,
And keep an equal reck'ning every night;
His proper body is not his, but mine;
For so said Paul, and Paul 's a sound divine.
Know then, of those five husbands I have had,
Three were just tolerable, two were bad.
The three were old, but rich and fond beside,
And toil'd most piteously to please their bride;
But since their wealth (the best they had) was mine,
The rest without much loss I could resign:
Sure to be lov'd, I took no pains to please,
Yet had more pleasure far than they had ease.
Presents flow'd in apace: with showers of gold
They made their court, like Jupiter of old:
If I but smiled, a sudden youth they found,
And a new palsy seiz'd them when I frown'd.
Ye sov'reign Wives! give ear, and understand:
Thus shall ye speak, and exercise command;
For never was it giv'n to mortal man
To lie so boldly as we women can:
Forswear the fact, tho' seen with both his eyes,
And call your maids to witness how he lies.
Hark, old Sir Paul! ('t was thus I used to say)
Whence is our neighbour's wife so rich and gay?
Treated, caress'd, where'er she 's pleas'd to roam —
I sit in tatters, and immured at home.
Why to her house dost thou so oft repair?
Art thou so am'rous? and is she so fair?
If I but see a cousin or a friend,
Lord! how you swell and rage like any fiend!
But you reel home, a drunken beastly bear,
Then preach till midnight in your easy chair;
Cry, wives are false, and every woman evil,
And give up all that 's female to the devil.
If poor (you say), she drains her husband's purse;
If rich, she keeps her priest, or something worse;
If highly born, intolerably vain,
Vapours and pride by turns possess her brain;
Now gaily mad, now sourly splenetic,
Freakish when well, and fretful when she 's sick.
If fair, then chaste she cannot long abide,
By pressing youth attack'd on every side;
If foul, her wealth the lusty lover lures,
Or else her wit some fool-gallant procures,

Or else she dances with becoming grace,
Or shape excuses the defects of face.
There swims no goose so gray, but soon or late
She finds some honest gander for her mate.
Horses (thou say'st) and asses men may try,
And ring suspected vessels ere they buy;
But wives, a random choice, untried they take,
They dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake;
Then, not till then, the veil 's remov'd away,
And all the woman glares in open day.
You tell me, to preserve your wife's good grace,
Your eyes must always languish on my face,
Your tongue with constant flatt'ries feed my ear,
And tag each sentence with 'My life! my dear!'
If by strange chance a modest blush be rais'd,
Be sure my fine complexion must be prais'd.
My garments always must be new and gay,
And feasts still kept upon my wedding day.
Then must my nurse be pleas'd, and fav'rite maid;
And endless treats and endless visits paid
To a long train of kindred, friends, allies:
All this thou say'st, and all thou say'st are lies.
On Jenkin, too, you cast a squinting eye:
What! can your 'prentice raise your jealousy?
Fresh are his ruddy cheeks, his forehead fair,
And like the burnish'd gold his curling hair.
But clear thy wrinkled brow, and quit thy sorrow;
I'd scorn your 'prentice should you die tomorrow.
Why are thy chests all lock'd? on what design?
Are not thy worldly goods and treasure mine?
Sir, I 'm no fool; nor shall you, by St. John,
Have goods and body to yourself alone.
One you shall quit, in spite of both your eyes —
I heed not, I, the bolts, the locks, the spies.
If you had wit, you 'd say, 'Go where you will,
Dear spouse! I credit not the tales they tell:
Take all the freedoms of a married life;
I know thee for a virtuous, faithful wife.'
Lord! when you have enough, what need you care
How merrily soever others fare?
Tho' all the day I give and take delight,
Doubt not sufficient will be left at night.
'T is but a just and rational desire
To light a taper at a neighbour's fire.
There 's danger too, you think, in rich array,
And none can long be modest that are gay.
The cat, if you but singe her tabby skin,
The chimney keeps, and sits content within:
But once grown sleek, will from her corner run,
Sport with her tail, and wanton in the sun:
She licks her fair round face, and frisks abroad
To show her fur, and to be catterwaw'd.
Lo thus, my friends, I wrought to my desires
These three right ancient venerable sires.
I told them, Thus you say, and thus you do;
And told them false, but Jenkin swore 't was true.
I, like a dog, could bite as well as whine,
And first complain'd whene'er the guilt was mine.
I tax'd them oft with wenching and amours,
When their weak legs scarce dragg'd them out of doors;
And swore the rambles that I took by night
Were all to spy what damsels they bedight:
That colour brought me many hours of mirth;
For all this wit is giv'n us from our birth.
Heav'n gave to woman the peculiar grace
To spin, to weep, and cully human race.
By this nice conduct and this prudent course,
By murm'ring, wheedling, stratagem, and force,
I still prevail'd, and would be in the right;
Or curtain lectures made a restless night.
If once my husband's arm was o'er my side,
'What! so familiar with your spouse?' I cried:
I levied first a tax upon his need;
Then let him — 't was a nicety indeed!
Let all mankind this certain maxim hold;
Marry who will, our sex is to be sold.
With empty hands no tassels you can lure,
But fulsome love for gain we can endure;

For gold we love the impotent and old,
And heave, and pant, and kiss, and cling, for gold.
Yet with embraces curses oft I mixt,
Then kiss'd again, and chid, and rail'd betwixt.
Well, I may make my will in peace, and die,
For not one word in man's arrears am I.
To drop a dear dispute I was unable,
Ev'n though the Pope himself had sat at table;
But when my point was gain'd, then thus I spoke:
'Billy, my dear, how sheepishly you look!
Approach, my spouse, and let me kiss thy cheek;
Thou shouldst be always thus resign'd and meek!
Of Job's great patience since so oft you preach,
Well should you practise who so well can teach.
'T is difficult to do, I must allow,
But I, my dearest! will instruct you how.
Great is the blessing of a prudent wife,
Who puts a period to domestic strife.
One of us two must rule, and one obey;
And since in man right Reason bears the sway,
Let that frail thing, weak woman, have her way.
The wives of all my family have ruled
Their tender husbands, and their passions cool'd.
Fie! 't is unmanly thus to sigh and groan:
What! would you have me to yourself alone?
Why, take me, love! take all and every part!
Here 's your revenge! you love it at your heart.
Would I vouchsafe to sell what Nature gave,
You little think what custom I could have.
But see! I 'm all your own — nay hold — for shame!
What means my dear? — indeed — you are to blame.'
Thus with my first three lords I pass'd my life,
A very woman and a very wife.
What sums from these old spouses I could raise
Procur'd young husbands in my riper days.
Tho' past my bloom, not yet decay'd was I,
Wanton and wild, and chatter'd like a pie.
In country dances still I bore the bell,
And sung as sweet as ev'ning Philomel.
To clear my quail-pipe, and refresh my soul,
Full oft I drain'd the spicy nut-brown bowl;
Rich luscious wines, that youthful blood improve,
And warm the swelling veins to feats of love:
For 't is as sure as cold engenders hail,
A liquorish mouth must have a lech'rous tail:
Wine lets no lover unrewarded go,
As all true gamesters by experience know.
But oh, good Gods! whene'er a thought I cast
On all the joys of youth and beauty past,
To find in pleasures I have had my part
Still warms me to the bottom of my heart.
This wicked world was once my dear delight;
Now all my conquests, all my charms, good night!
The flour consumed, the best that now I can
Is ev'n to make my market of the bran.
My fourth dear spouse was not exceeding true;
He kept, 't was thought, a private miss or two;
But all that score I paid — As how? you 'll say:
Not with my body, in a filthy way;
But I so dress'd, and danc'd, and drank, and din'd
And view'd a friend with eyes so very kind,
As stung his heart, and made his marrow fry,
With burning rage and frantic jealousy.
His soul, I hope, enjoys eternal glory,
For here on earth I was his purgatory.
Oft, when his shoe the most severely wrung,
He put on careless airs, and sat and sung.
How sore I gall'd him only Heav'n could know,
And he that felt, and I that caus'd the woe.
He died when last from pilgrimage I came,
With other gossips, from Jerusalem;
And now lies buried underneath a rood,
Fair to be seen, and rear'd of honest wood:

A tomb, indeed, with fewer sculptures graced
Than that Mausolus' pious widow placed,
Or where enshrin'd the great Darius lay;
But cost on graves is merely thrown away.
The pit fill'd up, with turf we cover'd o'er;
So bless the good man's soul! I say no more.
Now for my fifth lov'd lord, the last and best;
(Kind Heav'n afford him everlasting rest!)
Full hearty was his love, and I can show
The tokens on my ribs in black and blue;
Yet with a knack my heart he could have won,
While yet the smart was shooting in the bone.
How quaint an appetite in women reigns!
Free gifts we scorn, and love what costs us pains.
Let men avoid us, and on them we leap;
A glutted market makes provision cheap.
In pure good will I took this jovial spark,
Of Oxford he, a most egregious clerk.
He boarded with a widow in the town,
A trusty gossip, one dame Alison;
Full well the secrets of my soul she knew,
Better than e'er our parish priest could do.
To her I told whatever could befall:
Had but my husband piss'd against a wall,
Or done a thing that might have cost his life,
She — and my niece — and one more worthy wife,
Had known it all: what most he would conceal,
To these I made no scruple to reveal.
Oft has he blush'd from ear to ear for shame
That e'er he told a secret to his dame.
It so befell, in holy time of Lent,
That oft a day I to this gossip went;
(My husband, thank my stars, was out of town)
From house to house we rambled up and down,
This clerk, myself, and my good neighbour Alse,
To see, be seen, to tell, and gather tales.
Visits to every church we daily paid,
And march'd in every holy masquerade;
The stations duly and the vigils kept;
Not much we fasted, but scarce ever slept.
At sermons, too, I shone in scarlet gay:
The wasting moth ne'er spoil'd my best array;
The cause was this, I wore it every day.
'Twas when fresh May her early blossoms yields,
This clerk and I were walking in the fields.
We grew so intimate, I can't tell how,
I pawn'd my honour, and engaged my vow,
If e'er I laid my husband in his urn,
That he, and only he, should serve my turn.
We straight struck hands, the bargain was agreed;
I still have shifts against a time of need.
The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole
Can never be a mouse of any soul.
I vow'd I scarce could sleep since first I knew him,
And durst be sworn he had bewitch'd me to him;
If e'er I slept I dream'd of him alone,
And dreams foretell, as learned men have shown.
All this I said; but dreams, Sirs, I had none:
I follow'd but my crafty crony's lore,
Who bid me tell this lie — and twenty more.
Thus day by day, and month by month we past;
It pleas'd the Lord to take my spouse at last.
I tore my gown, I soil'd my locks with dust,
And beat my breasts, as wretched widows — must.
Before my face my handkerchief I spread,
To hide the flood of tears I — did not shed.
The good man's coffin to the church was borne;
Around the neighbours and my clerk too mourn.
But as he march'd, good Gods! he show'd a pair
Of legs and feet so clean, so strong, so fair!
Of twenty winters' age he seem'd to be;
I (to say truth) was twenty more than he;
But vig'rous still, a lively buxom dame,
And had a wondrous gift to quench a flame.
A conjurer once, that deeply could divine,
Assur'd me Mars in Taurus was my sign.
As the stars order'd, such my life has been:
Alas, alas! that ever love was sin!
Fair Venus gave me fire and sprightly grace,
And Mars assurance and a dauntless face.

By virtue of this powerful constellation,
I follow'd always my own inclination.
But to my tale: — A month scarce pass'd away,
With dance and song we kept the nuptial day.
All I possess'd I gave to his command,
My goods and chattels, money, house, and land;
But oft repented, and repent it still;
He prov'd a rebel to my sov'reign will;
Nay, once, by Heav'n! he struck me on the face:
Hear but the fact, and judge yourselves the case.
Stubborn as any lioness was I,
And knew full well to raise my voice on high;
As true a rambler as I was before,
And would be so in spite of all he swore.
He against this right sagely would advise,
And old examples set before my eyes;
Tell how the Roman matrons led their life,
Of Gracchus' mother, and Duilius' wife;
And close the sermon, as beseem'd his wit,
With some grave sentence out of Holy Writ.
Oft would he say, 'Who builds his house on sands,
Pricks his blind horse across the fallow lands,
Or lets his wife abroad with pilgrims roam,
Deserves a fool's-cap and long ears at home.'
All this avail'd not, for whoe'er he be
That tells my faults, I hate him mortally!
And so do numbers more, I'll boldly say,
Men, women, clergy, regular and lay.
My spouse (who was, you know, to learning bred)
A certain treatise oft at evening read,
Where divers authors (whom the devil confound
For all their lies) were in one volume bound:
Valerius whole, and of St. Jerome part;
Chrysippus and Tertullian, Ovid's Art,
Solomon's Proverbs, Eloisa's loves,
And many more than sure the church approves.
More legends were there here of wicked wives
Than good in all the Bible and saints' lives.
Who drew the lion vanquish'd? 'T was a man:
But could we women write as scholars can.
Men should stand mark'd with far more wickedness
Than all the sons of Adam could redress.
Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies,
And Venus sets ere Mercury can rise.
Those play the scholars who can't play the men,
And use that weapon which they have, their pen;
When old, and past the relish of delight,
Then down they sit, and in their dotage write
That not one woman keeps her marriage-vow.
(This by the way, but to my purpose now.)
It chanc'd my husband, on a winter's night,
Read in this book aloud with strange delight,
How the first female (as the Scriptures show)
Brought her own spouse and all his race to woe;
How Samson fell; and he whom Dejanire
Wrapp'd in th' envenom'd shirt, and set on fire;
How curs'd Eriphyle her lord betray'd,
And the dire ambush Clytemnestra laid;
But what most pleas'd him was the Cretan dame
And husband-bull — Oh, monstrous! fie, for shame!
He had by heart the whole detail of woe
Xantippe made her good man undergo;
How oft she scolded in a day he knew,
How many pisspots on the sage she threw —
Who took it patiently, and wiped his head:
'Rain follows thunder,' that was all he said.
He read how Arius to his friend complain'd
A fatal tree was growing in his land,
On which three wives successively had twin'd
A sliding noose, and waver'd in the wind.
'Where grows this plant,' replied the friend, 'oh where?
For better fruit did never orchard bear:
Give me some slip of this most blissful tree,
And in my garden planted it shall be.'
Then how two wives their lords' destruction prove,
Thro' hatred one, and one thro' too much love:

That for her husband mix'd a pois'nous draught,
And this for lust an am'rous philtre bought;
The nimble juice soon seiz'd his giddy head,
Frantic at night, and in the morning dead.
How some with swords their sleeping lords have slain,
And some have hammer'd nails into their brain,
And some have drench'd them with a deadly potion:
All this he read, and read with great devotion.
Long time I heard, and swell'd, and blush'd, and frown'd;
But when no end of these vile tales I found,
When still he read, and laugh'd, and read again,
And half the night was thus consumed in vain,
Provoked to vengeance, three large leaves I tore,
And with one buffet fell'd him on the floor.
With that my husband in a fury rose,
And down he settled me with hearty blows.
I groan'd, and lay extended on my side;
'Oh! thou hast slain me for my wealth,' I cried!
'Yet I forgive thee — take my last embrace' —
He wept, kind soul! and stoop'd to kiss my face:
I took him such a box as turn'd him blue,
Then sigh'd and cried, 'Adieu, my dear, adieu!'
But after many a hearty struggle past,
I condescended to be pleas'd at last.
Soon as he said, 'My mistress and my wife!
Do what you list the term of all your life;'
I took to heart the merits of the cause,
And stood content to rule by wholesome laws;
Receiv'd the reins of absolute command,
With all the government of house and land,
And empire o'er his tongue and o'er his hand.
As for the volume that revil'd the dames,
'T was torn to fragments, and condemn'd to flames.
Now Heav'n on all my husbands gone bestow
Pleasures above for tortures felt below:
That rest they wish'd for grant them in the grave,
And bless those souls my conduct help'd to save!

THE TEMPLE OF FAME

Pope asserted that this poem was composed in 1711. Its date of publication is indicated by a letter from Pope to Martha Blount, written in 1714, in which he speaks of it as 'just out.' Eventually it was classed by the poet as a 'juvenile poem' among the earlier translations and imitations. This *Advertisement* was prefixed: —

The hint of the following piece was taken from Chaucer's House of Fame. The design is in a manner entirely altered; the descriptions and most of the particular thoughts my own: yet I could not suffer it to be printed without this acknowledgment. The reader who would compare this with Chaucer, may begin with his third Book of Fame, there being nothing in the two first books that answers to their title.

In that soft season, when descending showers
Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flowers,
When opening buds salute the welcome day,
And earth relenting feels the genial ray;
As balmy sleep had charm'd my cares to rest,
And love itself was banish'd from my breast,
(What time the morn mysterious visions brings,
While purer slumbers spread their golden wings)
A train of phantoms in wild order rose,
And join'd, this intellectual scene compose.
I stood, methought, betwixt earth, seas, and skies,
The whole Creation open to my eyes;
In air self-balanced hung the globe below,
Where mountains rise and circling oceans flow;
Here naked rocks and empty wastes were seen,
There towery cities, and the forests green;

Here sailing ships delight the wand'ring eyes,
There trees and intermingled temples rise:
Now a clear sun the shining scene displays,
The transient landscape now in clouds decays.
O'er the wide prospect as I gazed around,
Sudden I heard a wild promiscuous sound,
Like broken thunders that at distance roar,
Or billows murm'ring on the hollow shore:
Then gazing up, a glorious Pile beheld,
Whose tow'ring summit ambient clouds conceal'd;
High on a rock of ice the structure lay,
Steep its ascent, and slipp'ry was the way;
The wondrous rock like Parian marble shone,
And seem'd, to distant sight, of solid stone.
Inscriptions here of various names I view'd,
The greater part by hostile time subdued;
Yet wide was spread their fame in ages past,
And poets once had promis'd they should last.
Some fresh engraved appear'd of wits renown'd;
I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.
Critics I saw, that other names deface,
And fix their own with labour, in their place:
Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,
Or disappear'd and left the first behind.
Nor was the work impair'd by storms alone,
But felt th' approaches of too warm a sun;
For Fame, impatient of extremes, decays
Not more by envy than excess of praise.
Yet part no injuries of Heav'n could feel,
Like crystal faithful to the graving steel:
The rock's high summit, in the temple's shade,
Nor heat could melt, nor beating storm invade.
Their names inscribed unnumber'd ages past
From Time's first birth, with Time itself shall last:
These ever new, nor subject to decays,
Spread, and grow brighter with the length of days.
So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of frost)
Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast;
Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away,
And on th' impassive ice the lightnings play;
Eternal snows the growing mass supply,
Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent sky:
As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
The gather'd winter of a thousand years.
On this foundation Fame's high temple stands;
Stupendous pile! not rear'd by mortal hands.
Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,
Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd.
Four faces had the dome, and ev'ry face
Of various structure, but of equal grace:
Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
Salute the diff'rent quarters of the sky.
Here fabled Chiefs in darker ages born,
Or Worthies old whom Arms or Arts adorn,
Who cities raised or tamed a monstrous race,
The walls in venerable order grace:
Heroes in animated marble frown,
And Legislators seem to think in stone.
Westward, a sumptuous frontispiece appear'd,
On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
Crown'd with an architrave of antique mould,
And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold.
In shaggy spoils here Theseus was beheld,
And Perseus dreadful with Minerva's shield:
There great Alcides, stooping with his toil,
Rests on his club, and holds th' Hesperian spoil:
Here Orpheus sings; trees moving to the sound
Start from their roots, and form a shade around:
Amphion there the loud creating lyre
Strikes, and beholds a sudden Thebes aspire;
Cithæron's echoes answer to his call,
And half the mountain rolls into a wall:
There might you see the length'ning spires ascend,
The domes swell up, and widening arches bend,
The growing towers, like exhalations, rise,
And the huge columns heave into the skies.
The eastern front was glorious to behold,
With diamond flaming, and barbaric gold.
There Ninus shone, who spread th' Assyrian fame,
And the great founder of the Persian name.

There in long robes the royal Magi stand,
Grave Zoroaster waves the circling wand;
The sage Chaldeans robed in white appear'd,
And Brahmans, deep in desert woods revered.
These stopp'd the moon, and call' th' unbodied shades
To midnight banquets in the glimm'ring glades;
Made visionary fabrics round them rise,
And airy spectres skim before their eyes;
Of talismans and sigils knew the power,
And careful watch'd the planetary hour.
Superior, and alone, Confucius stood,
Who taught that useful science, — to be good.
But on the south, a long majestic race
Of Egypt's priests the gilded niches grace,
Who measured earth, described the starry spheres,
And traced the long records of Lunar Years.
High on his car Sesostris struck my view,
Whom sceptred slaves in golden harness drew:
His hands a bow and pointed jav'lin hold;
His giant limbs are arm'd in scales of gold.
Between the statues obelisks were placed,
And the learn'd walls with hieroglyphics graced.
Of Gothic structure was the northern side,
O'erwrought with ornaments of barb'rous pride.
There huge Colosses rose, with trophies crown'd,
And Runic characters were graved around;
There sat Zamolxis with erected eyes,
And Odin here in mimic trances dies.
There on rude iron columns, smear'd with blood,
The horrid forms of Scythian Heroes stood,
Druids and Bards (their once loud harps unstrung)
And youths that died to be by poets sung.
These and a thousand more of doubtful fame,
To whom old fables gave a lasting name,
In ranks adorn'd the temple's outward face;
The wall in lustre and effect like glass,
Which o'er each object casting various dyes,
Enlarges some, and others multiplies;
Nor void of emblem was the mystic wall,
For thus romantic Fame increases all.

The temple shakes, the sounding gates unfold,
Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold,
Rais'd on a thousand pillars, wreath'd around
With laurel foliage, and with eagles crown'd.
Of bright transparent beryl were the walls,
The friezes gold, and gold the capitals;
As Heav'n with stars, the roof with jewels glows,
And ever-living lamps depend in rows.
Full in the passage of each spacious gate
The sage Historians in white garments wait;
Graved o'er their seats the form of Time was found,
His scythe revers'd, and both his pinions bound.
Within stood Heroes, who thro' loud alarms
In bloody fields pursued renown in arms.
High on a throne, with trophies charged, I view'd
The youth that all things but himself subdued;
His feet on sceptres and tiaras trod,
And his horn'd head belied the Libyan God,
There Cæsar, graced with both Minervas, shone;
Cæsar, the world's great master, and his own;
Unmov'd, superior still in ev'ry state,
And scarce detested in his country's fate.
But chief were those who not for empire fought,
But with their toils their people's safety bought:
High o'er the rest Epaminondas stood;
Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood;
Bold Scipio, saviour of the Roman state,
Great in his triumphs, in retirement great;
And wise Aurelius, in whose well-taught mind
With boundless power unbounded virtue join'd,
His own strict judge, and patron of mankind.
Much-suff'ring heroes next their honours claim.
Those of less noisy, and less guilty fame,
Fair Virtue's silent train: supreme of these
Here ever shines the godlike Socrates:

He whom ungrateful Athens could expel,
At all times just, but when he sign'd the shell:
Here his abode the martyr'd Phocion claims,
With Agis, not the last of Spartan names:
Unconquer'd Cato shows the wound he tore,
And Brutus his ill genius meets no more.
But in the centre of the hallow'd choir
Six pompous columns o'er the rest aspire:
Around the shrine itself of Fame they stand,
Hold the chief honours and the fame command.
High on the first the mighty Homer shone;
Eternal adamant composed his throne;
Father of verse! in holy fillets drest,
His silver beard waved gently o'er his breast;
Tho' blind, a boldness in his looks appears;
In years he seem'd, but not impair'd by years.
The wars of Troy were round the pillar seen;
Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian Queen;
Here Hector, glorious from Patroclus' fall,
Here, dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall.
Motion and life did ev'ry part inspire,
Bold was the work, and prov'd the master's fire:
A strong expression most he seem'd t' affect,
And here and there disclosed a brave neglect.
A golden column next in rank appear'd,
On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd;
Finish'd the whole, and labour'd ev'ry part,
With patient touches of unwearied art.
The Mantuan there in sober triumph sate,
Composed his posture, and his look sedate;
On Homer still he fix'd a rev'rend eye,
Great without pride, in modest majesty.
In living sculpture on the sides were spread
The Latian wars, and haughty Turnus dead;
Eliza stretch'd upon the funeral pyre;
Æneas bending with his aged sire:
Troy flamed in burning gold, and o'er the throne
'Arms and the man' in golden ciphers shone.
Four swans sustain a car of silver bright,
With heads advanced, and pinions stretch'd for flight:
Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,
And seem'd to labour with th' inspiring God.
Across the harp a careless hand he flings,
And boldly sinks into the sounding strings.
The figured games of Greece the column grace:
Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race;
The youths hang o'er the chariots as they run;
The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone;
The champions in distorted postures threat;
And all appear'd irregularly great.
Here happy Horace tuned th' Ausonian lyre
To sweeter sounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire:
Pleas'd with Alcæus' manly rage t' infuse
The softer spirit of the Sapphic Muse.
The polish'd pillar diff'rent sculptures grace;
A work outlasting monumental brass.
Here smiling loves and bacchanals appear,
The Julian star, and great Augustus here;
The doves, that round the infant poet spread
Myrtles and bays, hung hov'ring o'er his head.
Here, in a shrine that cast a dazzling light,
Sate fix'd in thought the mighty Stagyrite;
His sacred head a radiant Zodiac crown'd,
And various animals his sides surround:
His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
Superior worlds, and look all Nature thro'.
With equal rays immortal Tully shone;
The Roman rostra deck'd the consul's throne;
Gath'ring his flowing robe, he seem'd to stand
In act to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand:

Behind, Rome's Genius waits with civic crowns,
And the great father of his country owns.
These massy columns in a circle rise,
O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies;
Scarce to the top I stretch'd my aching sight,
So large it spread, and swell'd to such a height.
Full in the midst proud Fame's imperial seat
With jewels blazed, magnificently great;
The vivid em'ralds there revive the eye,
The flaming rubies show their sanguine dye,
Bright azure rays from lively sapphires stream,
And lucid amber casts a golden gleam.
With various-colour'd light the pavement shone,
And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne;
The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.
When on the Goddess first I cast my sight,
Scarce seem'd her stature of a cubit's height;
But swell'd to larger size, the more I gazed,
Till to the roof her tow'ring front she rais'd.
With her, the temple ev'ry moment grew,
And ampler vistas open'd to my view:
Upward the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,
And arches widen, and long aisles extend.
Such was her form, as ancient bards have told;
Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet infold;
A thousand busy tongues the Goddess bears,
A thousand open eyes, and thousand list'ning ears.
Beneath, in order ranged, the tuneful Nine
(Her virgin handmaids) still attend the shrine;
With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they sing;
For Fame they raise the voice, and tune the string;
With Time's first birth began the heav'nly lays,
And last, eternal, thro' the length of days.
Around these wonders as I cast a look,
The trumpet sounded, and the temple shook,
And all the nations summon'd at the call,
From diff'rent quarters fill the crowded hall.
Of various tongues the mingled sounds were heard;
In various garbs promiscuous throngs appear'd:
Thick as the bees, that with the spring renew
Their flowery toils, and sip the fragrant dew,
When the wing'd colonies first tempt the sky,
O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly,
Or, settling, seize the sweets the blossoms yield,
And a low murmur runs along the field.
Millions of suppliant crowds the shrine attend,
And all degrees before the Goddess bend;
The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the sage,
And boasting youth, and narrative old age.
Their pleas were diff'rent, their request the same;
For good and bad alike are fond of Fame.
Some she disgraced and some with honours crown'd;
Unlike successes equal merits found.
Thus her blind sister, fickle Fortune, reigns,
And, undiscerning, scatters crowns and chains.
First at the shrine the learned world appear,
And to the Goddess thus prefer their prayer:
'Long have we sought t' instruct and please mankind,
With studies pale, with midnight-vigils blind;
But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
We here appeal to thy superior throne:
On Wit and Learning the just prize bestow,
For Fame is all we must expect below.'
The Goddess heard, and bade the Muses raise
The golden trumpet of eternal praise:
From pole to pole the winds diffuse the sound,
That fills the circuit of the world around;
Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud,
The notes at first were rather sweet than loud;
By just degrees they every moment rise,
Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the skies.

At every breath were balmy odours shed,
Which still grew sweeter as they wider spread;
Less fragrant scents th' unfolding rose exhales,
Or spices breathing in Arabian gales.
Next these the good and just, an awful train,
Thus on their knees address the sacred fane:
'Since living virtue is with envy curs'd,
And the best men are treated like the worst,
Do thou, just Goddess, call our merits forth,
And give each deed th' exact intrinsic worth.'
'Not with bare justice shall your act be crown'd
(Said Fame), but high above desert renown'd:
Let fuller notes th' applauding world amaze,
And the loud clarion labour in your praise.'
This band dismiss'd, behold another crowd
Preferr'd the same request, and lowly bow'd;
The constant tenor of whose well-spent days
No less deserv'd a just return of praise.
But straight the direful trump of Slander sounds;
Thro' the big dome the doubling thunder bounds;
Loud as the burst of cannon rends the skies,
The dire report thro' every region flies,
In every ear incessant rumours rung,
And gath'ring scandals grew on every tongue.
From the black trumpet's rusty concave broke
Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling smoke:
The pois'nous vapour blots the purple skies,
And withers all before it as it flies.
A troop came next, who crowns and armour wore,
And proud defiance in their looks they bore:
'For thee (they cried) amidst alarms and strife,
We sail'd in tempests down the stream of life;
For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,
And swam to Empire thro' the purple flood:
Those ills we dared, thy inspiration own;
What virtue seem'd, was done for thee alone.'
'Ambitious fools!' (the Queen replied, and frown'd)
'Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd;
There sleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,
Your statues moulder'd, and your names unknown!'
A sudden cloud straight snatch'd them from my sight,
And each majestic phantom sunk in night.
Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen;
Plain was their dress, and modest was their mien:
'Great Idol of mankind! we neither claim
The praise of Merit, nor aspire to Fame!
But safe in deserts from th' applause of men,
Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unseen;
'T is all we beg thee, to conceal from sight
Those acts of goodness which themselves requite.
O let us still the secret joy partake,
To follow Virtue ev'n for Virtue's sake.'
'And live there men who slight immortal fame?
Who then with incense shall adore our name?
But, mortals! know, 't is still our greatest pride
To blaze those virtues which the good would hide.
Rise! Muses, rise! add all your tuneful breath;
These must not sleep in darkness and in death.'
She said: in air the trembling music floats,
And on the winds triumphant swell the notes;
So soft, tho' high, so loud, and yet so clear,
Ev'n list'ning angels lean'd from Heav'n to hear:
To farthest shores th' ambrosial spirit flies,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.
Next these a youthful train their vows express'd,
With feathers crown'd, with gay embroid'ry dress'd:

'Hither' they cried 'direct your eyes, and see
The men of pleasure, dress, and gallantry.
Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays,
Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days;
Courts we frequent, where 't is our pleasing care
To pay due visits, and address the Fair;
In fact, 't is true, no nymph we could persuade,
But still in fancy vanquish'd ev'ry maid;
Of unknown Duchesses lewd tales we tell,
Yet, would the world believe us, all were well;
The joy let others have, and we the name,
And what we want in pleasure, grant in fame.'
The Queen assents: the trumpet rends the skies,
And at each blast a lady's honour dies.
Pleas'd with the strange success, vast numbers prest
Around the shrine, and made the same request:
'What you' she cried, 'unlearn'd in arts to please,
Slaves to yourselves, and ev'n fatigued with ease,
Who lose a length of undeserving days,
Would you usurp the lover's dear-bought praise?
To just contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall,
The people's fable, and the scorn of all.'
Straight the black clarion sends a horrid sound,
Loud laughs burst out, and bitter scoffs fly round;
Whispers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,
And scornful hisses run thro' all the crowd.
Last, those who boast of mighty mischiefs done,
Enslave their country, or usurp a throne;
Or who their glory's dire foundation laid
On sov'reigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd;
Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith could fix,
Of crooked counsels and dark politics;
Of these a gloomy tribe surround the throne,
And beg to make th' immortal treasons known.

The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,
With sparks that seem'd to set the world on fire.
At the dread sound pale mortals stood aghast,
And startled Nature trembled with the blast.
This having heard and seen, some Power unknown
Straight changed the scene, and snatch'd me from the throne.
Before my view appear'd a structure fair,
Its site uncertain, if in earth or air;
With rapid motion turn'd the mansion round;
With ceaseless noise the ringing walls resound:
Not less in number were the spacious doors
Than leaves on trees, or sands upon the shores;
Which still unfolded stand, by night, by day,
Pervious to winds, and open every way.
As flames by nature to the skies ascend,
As weighty bodies to the centre tend,
As to the sea returning rivers roll,
And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole,
Hither, as to their proper place, arise
All various sounds from earth, and seas, and skies,
Or spoke aloud, or whisper'd in the ear;
Nor ever silence, rest, or peace is here.
As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes
The sinking stone at first a circle makes;
The trembling surface by the motion stirr'd,
Spreads in a second circle, then a third;
Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance,
Fill all the wat'ry plain, and to the margin dance:
Thus every voice and sound, when first they break,
On neighb'ring air a soft impression make;
Another ambient circle then they move;
That in its turn, impels the next above;
Thro' undulating air the sounds are sent,
And spread o'er all the fluid element.
There various news I heard of love and strife,
Of peace and war, health, sickness, death, and life,

Of loss and gain, of famine, and of store,
Of storms at sea, and travels on the shore,
Of prodigies, and portents seen in air,
Of fires and plagues, and stars with blazing hair,
Of turns of fortune, changes in the state,
The fall of fav'rites, projects of the great,
Of old mismanagements, taxations new;
All neither wholly false, nor wholly true.
Above, below, without, within, around,
Confused, unnumber'd multitudes are found,
Who pass, repass, advance, and glide away,
Hosts rais'd by fear, and phantoms of a day:
Astrologers, that future fates foreshew,
Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few;
And priests, and party zealots, numerous bands,
With home-born lies or tales from foreign lands;
Each talk'd aloud, or in some secret place,
And wild impatience stared in ev'ry face.
The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told;
And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it made enlargements too;
In ev'ry ear it spread, on ev'ry tongue it grew.
Thus flying east and west, and north and south,
News travel'd with increase from mouth to mouth.
So from a spark that, kindled first by chance,
With gath'ring force the quick'ning flames advance;
Till to the clouds their curling heads aspire,
And towers and temples sink in floods of fire.
When thus ripe lies are to perfection sprung,
Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue,
Thro' thousand vents, impatient, forth they flow,
And rush in millions on the world below.
Fame sits aloft, and points them out their course,
Their date determines, and prescribes their force;
Some to remain, and some to perish soon,
Or wane and wax alternate like the moon.
Around, a thousand winged wonders fly,
Borne by the trumpet's blast, and scatter'd thro' the sky.
There, at one passage, oft you might survey
A lie and truth contending for the way;
And long 't was doubtful, both so closely pent,
Which first should issue thro' the narrow vent:
At last agreed, together out they fly,
Inseparable now the truth and lie;
The strict companions are for ever join'd,
And this or that unmix'd, no mortal e'er shall find,
While thus I stood, intent to see and hear,
One came, methought, and whisper'd in my ear:
'What could thus high thy rash ambition raise?
Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praise?'
'T is true,' said I, 'not void of hopes I came,
For who so fond as youthful bards of Fame?
But few, alas! the casual blessing boast,
So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.
How vain that second life in others' breath,
Th' estate which wits inherit after death!
Ease, health, and life for this they must resign,
(Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine!)
The great man's curse, without the gains, endure,
Be envied, wretched; and be flatter'd, poor;
All luckless wits their enemies profest,
And all successful, jealous friends at best.
Nor Fame I slight, nor for her favours call,
She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.
But if the purchase costs so dear a price
As soothing Folly, or exalting Vice;
Oh! if the Muse must flatter lawless sway,
And follow still where Fortune leads the way;
Or if no basis bear my rising name,
But the fall'n ruins of another's fame;
Then teach me, Heav'n! to scorn the guilty bays;
Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise;
Unblemish'd let me live or die unknown;
Oh, grant an honest fame, or grant me none!'

TRANSLATIONS FROM OVID

SAPPHO TO PHAON

FROM THE FIFTEENTH OF OVID'S EPISTLES

Written, according to Pope, in 1707. First published in Tonson's *Ovid*, 1712.

SAY, lovely Youth, that dost my heart command,
Can Phaon's eyes forget his Sappho's hand?
Must then her name the wretched writer prove,
To thy remembrance lost, as to thy love?
Ask not the cause that I new numbers choose,
The lute neglected and the lyric Muse;
Love taught my tears in sadder notes to flow,
And tuned my heart to elegies of woe.
I burn, I burn, as when thro' ripen'd corn
By driving winds the spreading flames are borne!
Phaon to Ætna's scorching fields retires,
While I consume with more than Ætna's fires!
No more my soul a charm in music finds;
Music has charms alone for peaceful minds.
Soft scenes of solitude no more can please;
Love enters there, and I'm my own disease.
No more the Lesbian dames my passion move,
Once the dear objects of my guilty love;
All other loves are lost in only thine,
O youth, ungrateful to a flame like mine!
Whom would not all those blooming charms surprise,
Those heav'nly looks, and dear deluding eyes?
The harp and bow would you like Phœbus bear,
A brighter Phœbus Phaon might appear;
Would you with ivy wreathe your flowing hair,
Not Bacchus' self with Phaon could compare:
Yet Phœbus lov'd, and Bacchus felt the flame,
One Daphne warm'd, and one the Cretan dame;
Nymphs that in verse no more could rival me,
Than ev'n those Gods contend in charms with thee.
The Muses teach me all their softest lays,
And the wide world resounds with Sappho's praise.
Tho' great Alcæus more sublimely sings,
And strikes with bolder rage the sounding strings,
No less renown attends the moving lyre,
Which Venus tunes, and all her loves inspire;
To me what Nature has in charms denied,
Is well by Wit's more lasting flames supplied.
Tho' short my stature, yet my name extends
To Heav'n itself, and earth's remotest ends.
Brown as I am, an Ethiopian dame
Inspired young Perseus with a gen'rous flame;
Turtles and doves of diff'rent hues unite,
And glossy jet is pair'd with shining white.
If to no charms thou wilt thy heart resign,
But such as merit, such as equal thine,
By none, alas! by none thou canst be mov'd,
Phaon alone by Phaon must be lov'd!
Yet once thy Sappho could thy cares employ,
Once in her arms you centred all your joy:
No time the dear remembrance can remove,
For oh! how vast a memory has Love!
My music, then, you could for ever hear,
And all my words were music to your ear.
You stopp'd with kisses my enchanting tongue,
And found my kisses sweeter than my song.
In all I pleas'd, but most in what was best;
And the last joy was dearer than the rest.
Then with each word, each glance, each motion fired,
You still enjoy'd, and yet you still desired,
Till, all dissolving, in the trance we lay,
And in tumultuous raptures died away.

The fair Sicilians now thy soul inflame;
Why was I born, ye Gods, a Lesbian dame?
But ah, beware, Sicilian nymphs! nor boast
That wand'ring heart which I so lately lost;
Nor be with all those tempting words abused,
Those tempting words were all to Sappho used.
And you that rule Sicilia's happy plains,
Have pity, Venus, on your poet's pains!
Shall fortune still in one sad tenor run,
And still increase the woes so soon begun?
Inured to sorrow from my tender years,
My parents' ashes drank my early tears:
My brother next, neglecting wealth and fame,
Ignobly burn'd in a destructive flame:
An infant daughter late my griefs increas'd,
And all a mother's cares distract my breast.
Alas! what more could Fate itself impose,
But thee, the last, and greatest of my woes?
No more my robes in waving purple flow,
Nor on my hand the sparkling diamonds glow;
No more my locks in ringlets curl'd diffuse
The costly sweetness of Arabian dews,
Nor braids of gold the varied tresses bind,
That fly disorder'd with the wanton wind:
For whom should Sappho use such arts as these?
He 's gone, whom only she desired to please!
Cupid's light darts my tender bosom move;
Still is there cause for Sappho still to love:
So from my birth the sisters fix'd my doom,
And gave to Venus all my life to come;
Or, while my Muse in melting notes complains,
My yielding heart keeps measure to my strains.
By charms like thine which all my soul have won,
Who might not — ah! who would not be undone?
For those Aurora Cephalus might scorn,
And with fresh blushes paint the conscious morn.
For those might Cynthia lengthen Phaon's sleep,
And bid Endymion nightly tend his sheep.
Venus for those had rapt thee to the skies;
But Mars on thee might look with Venus' eyes.
O scarce a youth, yet scarce a tender boy!
O useful time for lovers to employ!
Pride of thy age, and glory of thy race,
Come to these arms, and melt in this embrace!
The vows you never will return, receive;
And take, at least, the love you will not give.
See, while I write, my words are lost in tears!
The less my sense, the more my love appears.
Sure 't was not much to bid one kind adieu
(At least to feign was never hard to you):
'Farewell, my Lesbian love,' you might have said;
Or coldly thus, 'Farewell, O Lesbian maid!'
No tear did you, no parting kiss receive,
Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve.
No lover's gift your Sappho could confer,
And wrongs and woes were all you left with her.
No charge I gave you, and no charge could give,
But this, 'Be mindful of our loves, and live.'
Now by the Nine, those powers ador'd by me,
And Love, the God that ever waits on thee,
When first I heard (from whom I hardly knew)
That you were fled, and all my joys with you,
Like some sad statue, speechless, pale, I stood,
Grief chill'd my breast, and stopt my freezing blood;
No sigh to rise, no tear had power to flow,
Fix'd in a stupid lethargy of woe:
But when its way th' impetuous passion found,
I rend my tresses, and my breast I wound;
I rave, then weep; I curse, and then complain;
Now swell to rage, now melt in tears again.

Not fiercer pangs distract the mournful dame,
Whose first-born infant feeds the funeral flame.
My scornful brother with a smile appears,
Insults my woes, and triumphs in my tears;
His hated image ever haunts my eyes;
'And why this grief? thy daughter lives,' he cries,
Stung with my love, and furious with despair,
All torn my garments, and my bosom bare,
My woes, thy crimes, I to the world proclaim,
Such inconsistent things are Love and Shame!
'T is thou art all my care and my delight,
My daily longing, and my dream by night:
O night more pleasing than the brightest day,
When fancy gives what absence takes away,
And. dress'd in all its visionary charms,
Restores my fair deserter to my arms!
Then round your neck in wanton wreaths I twine;
Then you, methinks, as fondly circle mine:
A thousand tender words I hear and speak;
A thousand melting kisses give and take:
Then fiercer joys — I blush to mention these,
Yet, while I blush, confess how much they please.
But when, with day, the sweet delusions fly,
And all things wake to life and joy but I,
As if once more forsaken, I complain,
And close my eyes to dream of you again:
Then frantic rise, and like some fury rove
Thro' lonely plains, and thro' the silent grove;
As if the silent grove, and lonely plains,
That knew my pleasures, could relieve my pains.
I view the grotto, once the scene of love,
The rocks around, the hanging roofs above,
That charm'd me more, with native moss o'ergrown,
Than Phrygian marble, or the Parian stone:
I find the shades that veil'd our joys before;
But, Phaon gone, those shades delight no more.
Here the press'd herbs with bending tops betray
Where oft entwin'd in am'rous folds we lay;
I kiss that earth which once was press'd by you,
And all with tears the with'ring herbs bedew.
For thee the fading trees appear to mourn,
And birds defer their songs till thy return:
Night shades the groves, and all in silence lie,
All but the mournful Philomel and I:
With mournful Philomel I join my strain,
Of Tereus she, of Phaon I complain.
A spring there is, whose silver waters show,
Clear as a glass, the shining sands below:
A flowery lotos spreads its arms above,
Shades all the banks, and seems itself a grove;
Eternal greens the mossy margin grace,
Watch'd by the sylvan genius of the place.
Here as I lay, and swell'd with tears the flood,
Before my sight a wat'ry virgin stood:
She stood and cried, 'O you that love in vain!
Fly hence, and seek the fair Leucadian main.
There stands a rock, from whose impending steep
Apollo's fane surveys the rolling deep;
There injur'd lovers, leaping from above,
Their flames extinguish, and forget to love.
Deucalion once with hopeless fury burn'd;
In vain he lov'd, relentless Pyrrha scorn'd;
But when from hence he plunged into the main,
Deucalion scorn'd, and Pyrrha lov'd in vain.
Haste, Sappho, haste, from high Leucadia throw
Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps below!'
She spoke, and vanish'd with the voice — I rise,
And silent tears fall trickling from my eyes.
I go, ye Nymphs! those rocks and seas to prove;
How much I fear, but ah, how much I love!
I go, ye Nymphs! where furious love inspires,
Let female fears submit to female fires.

To rocks and seas I fly from Phaon's hate,
And hope from seas and rocks a milder fate.
Ye gentle gales, beneath my body blow,
And softly lay me on the waves below!
And thou, kind Love, my sinking limbs sustain,
Spread thy soft wings, and waft me o'er the main,
Nor let a lover's death the guiltless flood profane;
On Phœbus' shrine my harp I'll then bestow,
And this inscription shall be placed below:
'Here she who sung, to him that did inspire,
Sappho to Phœbus consecrates her lyre;
What suits with Sappho, Phœbus, suits with thee;
The Gift, the Giver, and the God agree.'
But why, alas! relentless youth, ah why
To distant seas must tender Sappho fly?
Thy charms than those may far more powerful be,
And Phœbus' self is less a God to me.
Ah! canst thou doom me to the rocks and sea,
Oh! far more faithless and more hard than they?
Ah! canst thou rather see this tender breast
Dash'd on these rocks than to thy bosom press'd?
This breast which once, in vain! you liked so well
Where the Loves play'd, and where the Muses dwell.
Alas! the Muses now no more inspire;
Untuned my lute, and silent is my lyre.
My languid numbers have forgot to flow,
And fancy sinks beneath a weight of woe.
Ye Lesbian virgins, and ye Lesbian dames,
Themes of my verse, and objects of my flames,
No more your groves with my glad songs shall ring,
No more these hands shall touch the trembling string:
My Phaon 's fled, and I those arts resign;
(Wretch that I am, to call that Phaon mine!)
Return, fair youth, return, and bring along
Joy to my soul, and vigour to my song:
Absent from thee, the poet's flame expires;
But ah! how fiercely burn the lover's fires!
Gods! can no prayers, no sighs, no numbers move
One savage heart, or teach it how to love?
The winds my prayers, my sighs, my numbers bear,
The flying winds have lost them all in air!
Oh when, alas! shall more auspicious gales
To these fond eyes restore thy welcome sails!
If you return — ah, why these long delays?
Poor Sappho dies while careless Phaon stays.
O launch thy bark, nor fear the wat'ry plain;
Venus for thee shall smooth her native main.
O launch thy bark, secure of prosp'rous gales;
Cupid for thee shall spread the swelling sails.
If you will fly — (yet ah! what cause can be,
Too cruel youth, that you should fly from me?)
If not from Phaon I must hope for ease,
Ah let me seek it from the raging seas:
To raging seas unpitied I'll remove,
And either cease to live or cease to love!

THE FABLE OF DRYOPE

FROM THE NINTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES

She said, and for her lost Galanthis sighs;
When the fair consort of her son replies:
'Since you a servant's ravish'd form bemoan,
And kindly sigh for sorrows not your own,
Let me (if tears and grief permit) relate
A nearer woe, a sister's stranger fate.
No nymph of all Œchalia could compare
For beauteous form with Dryope the fair,
Her tender mother's only hope and pride
(Myself the offspring of a second bride).
This nymph compress'd by him who rules the day,
Whom Delphi and the Delian isle obey,
Andræmon lov'd; and bless'd in all those charms
That pleas'd a God, succeeded to her arms.
'A lake there was with shelving banks around,
Whose verdant summit fragrant myrtles crown'd.

These shades, unknowing of the fates, she sought,
And to the Naiads flowery garlands brought:
Her smiling babe (a pleasing charge) she prest
Within her arms, and nourish'd at her breast.
Not distant far a wat'ry lotos grows;
The spring was new, and all the verdant boughs
Adorn'd with blossoms, promis'd fruits that vie
In glowing colours with the Tyrian dye.
Of these she cropp'd, to please her infant son,
And I myself the same rash act had done:
But, lo! I saw (as near her side I stood)
The violated blossoms drop with blood;
Upon the tree I cast a frightful look;
The trembling tree with sudden horror shook.
Lotis the nymph (if rural tales be true)
As from Priapus' lawless lust she flew,
Forsook her form, and, fixing here, became
A flowery plant, which still preserves her name.
'This change unknown, astonish'd at the sight,
My trembling sister strove to urge her flight;
And first the pardon of the Nymphs implor'd,
And those offended sylvan Powers ador'd:
But when she backward would have fled, she found
Her stiff'ning feet were rooted in the ground:
In vain to free her fasten'd feet she strove,
And as she struggles only moves above;
She feels th' encroaching bark around her grow
By quick degrees, and cover all below:
Surprised at this, her trembling hand she heaves
To rend her hair; her hand is fill'd with leaves:
Where late was hair the shooting leaves are seen
To rise, and shade her with a sudden green.
The child Amphissus, to her bosom prest,
Perceiv'd a colder and a harder breast,
And found the springs, that ne'er till then denied
Their milky moisture, on a sudden dried
I saw, unhappy! what I now relate,
And stood the helpless witness of thy fate;
Embraced thy boughs, thy rising bark delay'd,
There wish'd to grow, and mingle shade with shade.
'Behold Andræmon and th' unhappy sire
Appear, and for their Dryope inquire:
A springing tree for Dryope they find,
And print warm kisses on the panting rind;
Prostrate, with tears, their kindred plant bedew,
And close embrace as to the roots they grew.
The face was all that now remain'd of thee,
No more a woman, nor yet quite a tree;
Thy branches hung with humid pearls appear,
From ev'ry leaf distils a trickling tear;
And straight a voice, while yet a voice remains,
Thus thro' the trembling boughs in sighs complains.
'If to the wretched any faith be giv'n,
I swear by all th' unpitying powers of Heav'n,
No wilful crime this heavy vengeance bred;
In mutual innocence our lives we led:
If this be false, let these new greens decay,
Let sounding axes lop my limbs away,
And crackling flames on all my honours prey.
But from my branching arms this infant bear;
Let some kind nurse supply a mother's care;
And to his mother let him oft be led,
Sport in her shades, and in her shades be fed.
Teach him, when first his infant voice shall frame
Imperfect words, and lisp his mother's name,
To hail this tree, and say with weeping eyes,
"Within this plant my hapless parent lies:"
And when in youth he seeks the shady woods,
Oh! let him fly the crystal lakes and floods,
Nor touch the fatal flowers; but, warn'd by me,
Believe a Goddess shrined in every tree.

My sire, my sister, and my spouse, farewell!
If in your breasts or love or pity dwell,
Protect your plant, nor let my branches feel
The browsing cattle or the piercing steel.
Farewell! and since I cannot bend to join
My lips to yours, advance at least to mine.
My son, thy mother's parting kiss receive,
While yet thy mother has a kiss to give.
I can no more; the creeping rind invades
My closing lips, and hides my head in shades:
Remove your hands; the bark shall soon suffice
Without their aid to seal these dying eyes.'
'She ceas'd at once to speak and ceas'd to be,
And all the Nymph was lost within the tree;
Yet latent life thro' her new branches reign'd
And long the plant a human heat retain'd.'

VERTUMNUS AND POMONA

FROM THE FOURTEENTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES

The fair Pomona flourish'd in his reign;
Of all the virgins of the sylvan train
None taught the trees a nobler race to bear,
Or more improv'd the vegetable care.
To her the shady grove, the flowery field,
The streams and fountains no delights could yield;
'T was all her joy the ripening fruits to tend,
And see the boughs with happy burdens bend.
The hook she bore instead of Cynthia's spear.
To lop the growth of the luxuriant year,
To decent form the lawless shoots to bring,
And teach th' obedient branches where to spring.
Now the cleft rind inserted grafts receives,
And yields an offspring more than Nature gives;
Now sliding streams the thirsty plants renew,
And feed their fibres with reviving dew.
These cares alone her virgin breast employ,
Averse from Venus and the nuptial joy.
Her private orchards, wall'd on every side,
To lawless sylvans all access denied.
How oft the Satyrs and the wanton Fauns,
Who haunt the forests or frequent the lawns,
The God whose ensign scares the birds of prey,
And old Silenus, youthful in decay,
Employ'd their wiles and unavailing care
To pass the fences, and surprise the Fair?
Like these Vertumnus own'd his faithful flame,
Like these rejected by the scornful dame.
To gain her sight a thousand forms he wears;
And first a reaper from the field appears:
Sweating he walks, while loads of golden grain
O'ercharge the shoulders of the seeming swain:
Oft o'er his back a crooked scythe is laid,
And wreaths of hay his sunburnt temples shade:
Oft in his harden'd hand a goad he bears,
Like one who late unyoked the sweating steers:
Sometimes his pruning-hook corrects the vines,
And the loose stragglers to their ranks confines:
Now gath'ring what the bounteous year allows,
He pulls ripe apples from the bending boughs:
A soldier now, he with his sword appears;
A fisher next, his trembling angle bears:
Each shape he varies, and each art he tries,
On her bright charms to feast his longing eyes.
A female form at last Vertumnus wears,
With all the marks of rev'rend age appears,
His temples thinly spread with silver hairs:
Propp'd on his staff, and stooping as he goes,
A painted mitre shades his furrow'd brows.
The God in this decrepit form array'd,
The gardens enter'd, and the fruit survey'd;
And, 'Happy you!' he thus address'd the maid,
'Whose charms as far all other nymphs outshine,
As other gardens are excell'd by thine!'

Then kiss'd the Fair; (his kisses warmer grow
Than such as women on their sex bestow)
Then placed beside her on the flowery ground,
Beheld the trees with autumn's bounty crown'd.
An elm was near, to whose embraces led,
The curling vine her swelling clusters spread:
He view'd her twining branches with delight,
And prais'd the beauty of the pleasing sight.
'Yet this tall elm, but for this vine,' he said,
"Had stood neglected, and a barren shade;
And this fair vine, but that her arms surround
Her married elm, had crept along the ground.
Ah! beauteous maid! let this example move
Your mind, averse from all the joys of love.
Deign to be lov'd, and every heart subdue!
What Nymph could e'er attract such crowds as you?
Not she whose beauty urged the Centaur's arms,
Ulysses' queen, nor Helen's fatal charms.
Ev'n now, when silent scorn is all they gain,
A thousand court you, tho' they court in vain,
A thousand Sylvans, Demigods, and Gods,
That haunt our mountains and our Alban woods.
But if you 'll prosper, mark what I advise,
Whom age and long experience render wise,
And one whose tender care is far above
All that these lovers ever felt of love
(Far more than e'er can by yourself be guess'd);
Fix on Vertumnus, and reject the rest:
For his firm faith I dare engage my own;
Scarce to himself himself is better known.
To distant lands Vertumnus never roves;
Like you, contented with his native groves;
Nor at first sight, like most, admires the Fair;
For you he lives; and you alone shall share
His last affection as his early care.
Besides, he 's lovely far above the rest,
With youth immortal, and with beauty blest.
Add, that he varies every shape with ease,
And tries all forms that may Pomona please.
But what should most excite a mutual flame,
Your rural cares and pleasures are the same.
To him your orchard's early fruits are due
(A pleasing off'ring when 't is made by you);
He values these; but yet, alas! complains
That still the best and dearest gift remains.
Not the fair fruit that on yon branches glows
With that ripe red th' autumnal sun bestows;
Nor tasteful herbs that in these gardens rise,
Which the kind soil with milky sap supplies;
You, only you, can move the God's desire.
O crown so constant and so pure a fire!
Let soft compassion touch your gentle mind;
Think 't is Vertumnus begs you to be kind:
So may no frost, when early buds appear,
Destroy the promise of the youthful year;
Nor winds, when first your florid orchard blows,
Shake the light blossoms from their blasted boughs!'
This, when the various God had urged in vain,
He straight assumed his native form again:
Such, and so bright an aspect now he bears,
As when thro' clouds th' emerging sun appears,
And thence exerting his refulgent ray,
Dispels the darkness, and reveals the day.
Force he prepared, but check'd the rash design;
For when, appearing in a form divine,
The Nymph surveys him, and beholds the grace
Of charming features and a youthful face,
In her soft breast consenting passions move,
And the warm maid confess'd a mutual love.

AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM

This, the first mature original work of the author, was written in 1709, when Pope was in his twentieth year. It was not published till 1711.

PART I

INTRODUCTION. That it is as great a fault to judge ill as to write ill, and a more dangerous one to the public. That a true Taste is as rare to be found as a true Genius. That most men are born with some Taste, but spoiled by false education. The multitude of Critics, and causes of them. That we are to study our own Taste, and know the limits of it. Nature the best guide of judgment. Improved by Art and rules, which are but methodized Nature. Rules derived from the practice of the ancient poets. That therefore the ancients are necessary to be studied by a Critic, particularly Homer and Virgil. Of licenses, and the use of them by the ancients. Reverence due to the ancients, and praise of them.

'T IS hard to say if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill;
But of the two less dangerous is th' offence
To tire our patience than mislead our sense:
Some few in that, but numbers err in this;
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss;
A fool might once himself alone expose;
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.
'T is with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
In Poets as true Genius is but rare,
True Taste as seldom is the Critic's share;
Both must alike from Heav'n derive their light,
These born to judge, as well as those to write.
Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well;
Authors are partial to their wit, 't is true,
But are not Critics to their judgment too?
Yet if we look more closely, we shall find
Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind:
Nature affords at least a glimm'ring light;
The lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right:
But as the slightest sketch, if justly traced,
Is by ill col'ring but the more disgraced,
So by false learning is good sense defaced:
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs Nature meant but fools:
In search of wit these lose their common sense,
And then turn Critics in their own defence:
Each burns alike, who can or cannot write,
Or with a rival's or an eunuch's spite.
All fools have still an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing side.
If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spite,
There are who judge still worse than he can write.
Some have at first for Wits, then Poets pass'd;
Turn'd Critics next, and prov'd plain Fools at last.
Some neither can for Wits nor Critics pass,
As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.
Those half-learn'd witlings, numerous in our isle,
As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile;
Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation 's so equivocal;
To tell them would a hundred tongues require,
Or one vain Wit's, that might a hundred tire.
But you who seek to give and merit fame,
And justly bear a Critic's noble name,
Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
How far your Genius, Taste, and Learning go,
Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet,
And mark that point where Sense and Dulness meet.

Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
And wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit.
As on the land while here the ocean gains,
In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains;
Thus in the soul while Memory prevails,
The solid power of Understanding fails;
Where beams of warm Imagination play,
The Memory's soft figures melt away.
One Science only will one genius fit;
So vast is Art, so narrow human wit:
Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
But oft in those confin'd to single parts.
Like Kings we lose the conquests gain'd before,
By vain ambition still to make them more:
Each might his sev'ral province well command,
Would all but stoop to what they understand.
First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
By her just standard, which is still the same;
Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchanged, and universal light,
Life, force, and beauty must to all impart,
At once the source, and end, and test of Art.
Art from that fund each just supply provides,
Works without show, and without pomp presides.
In some fair body thus th' informing soul
With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole;
Each motion guides, and every nerve sustains,
Itself unseen, but in th' effects remains.
Some, to whom Heav'n in wit has been profuse,
Want as much more to turn it to its use;
For Wit and Judgment often are at strife,
Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
'T is more to guide than spur the Muse's steed,
Restrain his fury than provoke his speed:
The winged courser, like a gen'rous horse,
Shows most true mettle when you check his course.
Those rules of old, discover'd, not devised,
Are Nature still, but Nature methodized;
Nature, like Liberty, is but restrain'd
By the same laws which first herself ordain'd.
Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules indites
When to repress and when indulge our flights:
High on Parnassus' top her sons she show'd,
And pointed out those arduous paths they trod;
Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
And urged the rest by equal steps to rise.
Just precepts thus from great examples giv'n,
She drew from them what they derived from Heav'n.
The gen'rous Critic fann'd the poet's fire,
And taught the world with reason to admire.
Then Criticism the Muse's handmaid prov'd,
To dress her charms, and make her more belov'd:
But following Wits from that intention stray'd:
Who could not win the mistress woo'd the maid;
Against the Poets their own arms they turn'd,
Sure to hate most the men from whom they learn'd.
So modern 'pothecaries, taught the art
By doctors' bills to play the doctor's part,
Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,
Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.
Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey;
Nor time nor moths e'er spoil'd so much as they;
Some drily plain, without invention's aid,
Write dull receipts how poems may be made;
These leave the sense their learning to display,
And those explain the meaning quite away.
You then whose judgment the right course would steer,
Know well each ancient's proper character;
His fable, subject, scope in every page;
Religion, country, genius of his age:
Without all these at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticise.
Be Homer's works your study and delight,
Read them by day, and meditate by night;

Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
And trace the Muses upward to their spring.
Still with itself compared, his text peruse;
And let your comment be the Mantuan Muse.
When first young Maro in his boundless mind
A work t' outlast immortal Rome design'd,
Perhaps he seem'd above the critic's law,
And but from Nature's fountains scorn'd to draw;
But when t' examine ev'ry part he came,
Nature and Homer were, he found, the same.
Convinced, amazed, he checks the bold design,
And rules as strict his labour'd work confine
As if the Stagyrite o'erlook'd each line.
Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem;
To copy Nature is to copy them.
Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
For there 's a happiness as well as care.
Music resembles poetry; in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
And which a master-hand alone can reach.
If, where the rules not far enough extend,
(Since rules were made but to promote their end)
Some lucky license answer to the full
Th' intent proposed, that license is a rule.
Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take,
May boldly deviate from the common track.
Great Wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
And rise to faults true Critics dare not mend;
From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of Art,
Which, without passing thro' the judgment, gains
The heart, and all its end at once attains.
In prospects thus some objects please our eyes,
Which out of Nature's common order rise,
The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice.
But tho' the ancients thus their rules invade,
(As Kings dispense with laws themselves have made)
Moderns, beware! or if you must offend
Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end;
Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need;
And have at least their precedent to plead;
The Critic else proceeds without remorse,
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.
I know there are to whose presumptuous thoughts
Those freer beauties, ev'n in them, seem faults.
Some figures monstrous and misshaped appear,
Consider'd singly, or beheld too near,
Which, but proportion'd to their light or place,
Due distance reconciles to form and grace.
A prudent chief not always must display
His powers in equal ranks and fair array,
But with th' occasion and the place comply,
Conceal his force, nay, seem sometimes to fly.
Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.
Still green with bays each ancient altar stands
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands,
Secure from flames, from Envy's fiercer rage,
Destructive war, and all-involving Age.
See from each clime the learn'd their incense bring!
Hear in all tongues consenting pæans ring!
In praise so just let ev'ry voice be join'd,
And fill the gen'ral chorus of mankind.
Hail, Bards triumphant! born in happier days,
Immortal heirs of universal praise!
Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
And worlds applaud that must not yet be found!
O may some spark of your celestial fire
The last, the meanest of your sons inspire,
(That on weak wings, from far, pursues your flights,
Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes)
To teach vain Wits a science little known,
T' admire superior sense, and doubt their own.

PART II

Causes hindering a true judgment. Pride. Imperfect learning. Judging by parts, and not by the whole. Critics in wit, language, versification only. Being too hard to please, or too apt to admire. Partiality — too much love to a sect — to the ancients or moderns. Prejudice or prevention. Singularity. Inconstancy. Party spirit. Envy. Against envy, and in praise of good-nature. When severity is chiefly to be used by critics.

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is Pride, the never failing vice of fools.
Whatever Nature has in worth denied
She gives in large recruits of needful Pride:
For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
What wants in blood and spirits swell'd with wind:
Pride, where Wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of Sense:
If once right Reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,
Make use of ev'ry friend — and ev'ry foe.
A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fired at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind:
But more advanc'd, behold with strange surprise
New distant scenes of endless science rise!
So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky;
Th' eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last:
But those attain'd, we tremble to survey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way;
Th' increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!
A perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the same spirit that its author writ;
Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find
Where Nature moves, and Rapture warms the mind:
Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
The gen'rous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.
But in such lays as neither ebb nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly low,
That shunning faults one quiet tenor keep,
We cannot blame indeed — but we may sleep.
In Wit, as Nature, what affects our hearts
Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts;
'T is not a lip or eye we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all.
Thus when we view some well proportion'd dome,
(The world's just wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome!)
No single parts unequally surprise,
All comes united to th' admiring eyes;
No monstrous height, or breadth, or length, appear;
The whole at once is bold and regular.
Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
In every work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend;
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.
As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
T' avoid great errors must the less commit;
Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays,
For not to know some trifles is a praise.
Most critics, fond of some subservient art,
Still make the whole depend upon a part:
They talk of Principles, but Notions prize,
And all to one lov'd folly sacrifice.
Once on a time La Mancha's Knight, they say,
A certain bard encount'ring on the way,
Discours'd in terms as just, with looks as sage,
As e'er could Dennis, of the Grecian Stage:

Concluding all were desperate sots and fools
Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.
Our author, happy in a judge so nice,
Produced his play, and begg'd the knight's advice;
Made him observe the Subject and the Plot,
The Manners, Passions, Unities; what not?
All which exact to rule were brought about,
Were but a combat in the lists left out.
'What! leave the combat out?' exclaims the knight.
'Yes, or we must renounce the Stagyrite.'
'Not so, by Heaven! (he answers in a rage)
Knights, squires, and steeds must enter on the stage.'
'So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain.'
'Then build a new, or act it in a plain.'
Thus critics of less judgment than caprice,
Curious, not knowing, not exact, but nice,
Form short ideas, and offend in Arts
(As most in Manners), by a love to parts.
Some to Conceit alone their taste confine,
And glitt'ring thoughts struck out at every line;
Pleas'd with a work where nothing 's just or fit,
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets, like painters, thus unskill'd to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover every part,
And hide with ornaments their want of Art.
True Wit is Nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd;
Something whose truth convinced at sight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit:
For works may have more wit than does them good,
As bodies perish thro' excess of blood.
Others for language all their care express,
And value books, as women men, for dress:
Their praise is still — the Style is excellent;
The Sense they humbly take upon content.
Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.
False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colours spreads on every place;
The face of Nature we no more survey,
All glares alike, without distinction gay;
But true expression, like th' unchanging sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon;
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent as more suitable.
A vile Conceit in pompous words express'd
Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd:
For diff'rent styles with diff'rent subjects sort,
As sev'ral garbs with country, town, and court.
Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense;
Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,
Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile;
Unlucky as Fungoso in the play,
These sparks with awkward vanity display
What the fine gentleman wore yesterday;
And but so mimic ancient wits at best,
As apes our grandsires in their doublets drest.
In words as fashions the same rule will hold,
Alike fantastic if too new or old:
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.
But most by Numbers judge a poet's song,
And smooth or rough with them is right or wrong.
In the bright Muse tho' thousand charms conspire,
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;
Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
These equal syllables alone require,
Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire,
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:
While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
With sure returns of still expected rhymes,

Where'er you find 'the cooling western breeze,'
In the next line, it 'whispers thro' the trees;'
If crystal streams 'with pleasing murmurs creep,'
The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with 'sleep;'
Then, at the last and only couplet, fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.
Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow;
And praise the easy vigour of a line
Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness join.
True ease in writing comes from Art, not Chance,
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
'T is not enough no harshness gives offence;
The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line, too, labours, and the words move slow:
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.
Hear how Timotheus' varied lays surprise,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise!
While at each change the son of Libyan Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;
Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:
Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's Victor stood subdued by sound!
The power of music all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was is Dryden now.
Avoid extremes, and shun the fault of such
Who still are pleas'd too little or too much.
At ev'ry trifle scorn to take offence;
That always shows great pride or little sense:
Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best
Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move;
For fools admire, but men of sense approve:
As things seem large which we thro' mist descry,
Dulness is ever apt to magnify.
Some foreign writers, some our own despise;
The ancients only, or the moderns prize.
Thus Wit, like Faith, by each man is applied
To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside.
Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
And force that sun but on a part to shine,
Which not alone the southern wit sublimes,
But ripens spirits in cold northern climes;
Which from the first has shone on ages past,
Enlights the present, and shall warm the last;
Tho' each may feel increases and decays,
And see now clearer and now darker days.
Regard not then if wit be old or new,
But blame the False and value still the True.
Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the spreading notion of the town;
They reason and conclude by precedent,
And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.
Some judge of authors' names, not works, and then
Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.
Of all this servile herd, the worst is he
That in proud dulness joins with quality;
A constant critic at the great man's board,
To fetch and carry nonsense for my lord.
What woful stuff this madrigal would be
In some starv'd hackney sonneteer or me!

But let a lord once own the happy lines,
How the Wit brightens! how the Style refines!
Before his sacred name flies every fault,
And each exalted stanza teems with thought!
The vulgar thus thro' imitation err,
As oft the learn'd by being singular;
So much they scorn the crowd, that if the throng
By chance go right, they purposely go wrong.
So schismatics the plain believers quit,
And are but damn'd for having too much wit.
Some praise at morning what they blame at night,
But always think the last opinion right.
A Muse by these is like a mistress used,
This hour she 's idolized, the next abused;
While their weak heads, like towns unfortified,
'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side.
Ask them the cause; they 're wiser still they say;
And still to-morrow 's wiser than to-day.
We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;
Our wiser sons no doubt will think us so.
Once school-divines this zealous isle o'erspread;
Who knew most sentences was deepest read.
Faith, Gospel, all seem'd made to be disputed,
And none had sense enough to be confuted.
Scotists and Thomists now in peace remain
Amidst their kindred cobwebs in Duck-lane.
If Faith itself has diff'rent dresses worn,
What wonder modes in Wit should take their turn?
Oft, leaving what is natural and fit,
The current Folly proves the ready Wit;
And authors think their reputation safe,
Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.
Some, valuing those of their own side or mind,
Still make themselves the measure of mankind:
Fondly we think we honour merit then,
When we but praise ourselves in other men.
Parties in wit attend on those of state,
And public faction doubles private hate.
Pride, Malice, Folly, against Dryden rose,
In various shapes of parsons, critics, beaux:
But sense survived when merry jests were past;
For rising merit will buoy up at last.
Might he return and bless once more our eyes,
New Blackmores and new Milbournes must arise.
Nay, should great Homer lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would start up from the dead.
Envy will Merit as its shade pursue,
But like a shadow proves the substance true;
For envied Wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
Th' opposing body's grossness, not its own.
When first that sun too powerful beams displays,
It draws up vapours which obscure its rays;
But ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way,
Reflect new glories, and augment the day.
Be thou the first true merit to befriend;
His praise is lost who stays till all commend.
Short is the date, alas! of modern rhymes,
And 't is but just to let them live betimes.
No longer now that Golden Age appears,
When patriarch wits survived a thousand years:
Now length of fame (our second life) is lost,
And bare threescore is all ev'n that can boast:
Our sons their fathers' failing language see,
And such as Chaucer is shall Dryden be.
So when the faithful pencil has design'd
Some bright idea of the master's mind,
Where a new world leaps out at his command,
And ready Nature waits upon his hand;
When the ripe colours soften and unite,
And sweetly melt into just shade and light;
When mellowing years their full perfection give,
And each bold figure just begins to live,
The treach'rous colours the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away!
Unhappy Wit, like most mistaken things,

Atones not for that envy which it brings:
In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
But soon the short-lived vanity is lost;
Like some fair flower the early Spring supplies,
That gaily blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.
What is this Wit, which must our cares employ?
The owner's wife that other men enjoy;
Then most our trouble still when most admired,
And still the more we give, the more required;
Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with ease,
Sure some to vex, but never all to please,
'T is what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun;
By fools 't is hated, and by knaves undone!
If Wit so much from Ignorance undergo,
Ah, let not Learning too commence its foe!
Of old those met rewards who could excel,
And such were prais'd who but endeavour'd well;
Tho' triumphs were to gen'rals only due,
Crowns were reserv'd to grace the soldiers too.
Now they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown
Employ their pains to spurn some others down;
And while self-love each jealous writer rules,
Contending wits become the sport of fools;
But still the worst with most regret commend,
For each ill author is as bad a friend.
To what base ends, and by what abject ways,
Are mortals urged thro' sacred lust of praise!
Ah, ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
Nor in the critic let the man be lost!
Good nature and good sense must ever join;
To err is human, to forgive divine.
But if in noble minds some dregs remain,
Not yet purged off, of spleen and sour disdain,
Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times.
No pardon vile obscenity should find,
Tho' Wit and Art conspire to move your mind;
But dulness with obscenity must prove
As shameful sure as impotence in love.
In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease
Sprung the rank weed, and thrived with large increase:
When love was all an easy monarch's care,
Seldom at council, never in a war;
Jilts ruled the state, and statesmen farces writ;
Nay wits had pensions, and young lords had wit;
The Fair sat panting at a courtier's play,
And not a mask went unimprov'd away;
The modest fan was lifted up no more,
And virgins smil'd at what they blush'd before.
The following license of a foreign reign
Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain;
Then unbelieving priests reform'd the nation,
And taught more pleasant methods of salvation;
Where Heav'n's free subjects might their rights dispute,
Lest God himself should seem too absolute;
Pulpits their sacred satire learn'd to spare,
And vice admired to find a flatt'rer there!
Encouraged thus, Wit's Titans braved the skies,
And the press groan'd with licens'd blasphemies.
These monsters, Critics! with your darts engage,
Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage!
Yet shun their fault, who, scandalously nice,
Will needs mistake an author into vice:
All seems infected that th' infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

PART III

Rules for the conduct and manners in a Critic. Candour. Modesty. Good breeding. Sincerity and freedom of advice. When one's counsel is to be restrained. Character of an

incorrigible poet. And of an impertinent critic. Character of a good critic. The history of criticism, and characters of the best critics; Aristotle. Horace. Dionysius. Petronius. Quintilian. Longinus. Of the decay of Criticism, and its revival. Erasmus. Vida. Boileau. Lord Roscommon, &c. Conclusion.

Learn then what morals Critics ought to show,
For 't is but half a judge's task to know.
'T is not enough Taste, Judgment, Learning join;
In all you speak let Truth and Candour shine;
That not alone what to your Sense is due
All may allow, but seek your friendship too.
Be silent always when you doubt your Sense,
And speak, tho' sure, with seeming diffidence.
Some positive persisting fops we know,
Who if once wrong will needs be always so;
But you with pleasure own your errors past,
And make each day a critique on the last.
'T is not enough your counsel still be true;
Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do.
Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown proposed as things forgot.
Without good breeding truth is disapprov'd;
That only makes superior Sense belov'd.
Be niggards of advice on no pretence,
For the worst avarice is that of Sense.
With mean complacence ne'er betray your trust,
Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.
Fear not the anger of the wise to raise;
Those best can bear reproof who merit praise.
'T were well might critics still this freedom take,
But Appius reddens at each word you speak,
And stares tremendous, with a threat'ning eye,
Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.
Fear most to tax an honourable fool,
Whose right it is, uncensured to be dull:
Such without Wit, are poets when they please,
As without Learning they can take degrees.
Leave dangerous truths to unsuccessful satires,
And flattery to fulsome dedicators;
Whom, when they praise, the world believes no more
Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er.
'T is best sometimes your censure to restrain,
And charitably let the dull be vain;
Your silence there is better than your spite,
For who can rail so long as they can write?
Still humming on their drowsy course they keep,
And lash'd so long, like tops, are lash'd asleep.
False steps but help them to renew the race,
As, after stumbling, jades will mend their pace.
What crowds of these, impenitently bold,
In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,
Still run on poets, in a raging vein,
Ev'n to the dregs and squeezings of the brain,
Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,
And rhyme with all the rage of impotence!
Such shameless bards we have; and yet 't is true
There are as mad abandon'd critics too.
The bookful blockhead ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head,
With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
And always list'ning to himself appears.
All books he reads, and all he reads assails,
From Dryden's Fables down to Durfey's Tales.
With him most authors steal their works, or buy;
Garth did not write his own Dispensary.
Name a new play, and he 's the poet's friend;
Nay, show'd his faults — but when would poets mend?
No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd,
Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's churchyard:

Nay, fly to altars; there they 'll talk you dead;
For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
It still looks home, and short excursions makes;
But rattling nonsense in full volleys breaks
And never shock'd, and never turn'd aside,
Bursts out, resistless, with a thund'ring tide.
But where 's the man who counsel can bestow,
Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?
Unbiass'd or by favour or by spite;
Not dully prepossess'd nor blindly right;
Tho' learn'd, well bred, and tho' well bred sincere;
Modestly bold, and humanly severe;
Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
And gladly praise the merit of a foe;
Bless'd with a taste exact, yet unconfin'd,
A knowledge both of books and humankind;
Gen'rous converse; a soul exempt from pride;
And love to praise, with reason on his side?
Such once were critics; such the happy few
Athens and Rome in better ages knew.
The mighty Stagyrite first left the shore,
Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore;
He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
Led by the light of the Mæonian star.
Poets, a race long unconfin'd and free,
Still fond and proud of savage liberty,
Receiv'd his laws, and stood convinc'd 't was fit
Who conquer'd Nature should preside o'er Wit.
Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into sense;
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
The truest notions in the easiest way.
He who, supreme in judgment as in wit,
Might boldly censure as he boldly writ,
Yet judg'd with coolness, though he sung with fire;
His precepts teach but what his works inspire.

Our critics take a contrary extreme,
They judge with fury, but they write with phlegm;
Nor suffers Horace more in wrong translations
By Wits, than Critics in as wrong quotations.
See Dionysius Homer's thoughts refine,
And call new beauties forth from ev'ry line!
Fancy and art in gay Petronius please,
The Scholar's learning with the courtier's ease.
In grave Quintilian's copious work we find
The justest rules and clearest method join'd.
Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
All ranged in order, and disposed with grace;
But less to please the eye than arm the hand,
Still fit for use, and ready at command.
Thee, bold Longinus! all the Nine inspire,
And bless their critic with a poet's fire:
An ardent judge, who, zealous in his trust,
With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just;
Whose own example strengthens all his laws,
And is himself that great sublime he draws.
Thus long succeeding critics justly reign'd,
License repress'd, and useful laws ordain'd:
Learning and Rome alike in empire grew,
And arts still follow'd where her eagles flew;
From the same foes at last both felt their doom,
And the same age saw learning fall and Rome.
With tyranny then superstition join'd,
As that the body, this enslaved the mind;
Much was believ'd, but little understood,
And to be dull was construed to be good;
A second deluge learning thus o'errun,
And the monks finish'd what the Goths begun.
At length Erasmus, that great injur'd name,
(The glory of the priesthood and the shame!)
Stemm'd the wild torrent of a barb'rous age,

And drove those holy Vandals off the stage.
But see! each Muse in Leo's golden days
Starts from her trance, and trims her with-er'd bays.
Rome's ancient genius, o'er its ruins spread,
Shakes off the dust, and rears his rev'rend head.
Then sculpture and her sister arts re-vive;
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live;
With sweeter notes each rising temple rung;
A Raphael painted and a Vida sung:
Immortal Vida! on whose honour'd brow
The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow:
Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!
But soon by impious arms from Latium chased,
Their ancient bounds the banish'd Muses pass'd;
Thence arts o'er all the northern world ad-vance,
But critic learning flourish'd most in France;
The rules a nation born to serve obeys,
And Boileau still in right of Horace sways.
But we, brave Britons, foreign laws de-spised,
And kept unconquer'd and uncivilized;
Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
We still defied the Romans, as of old.
Yet some there were, among the sounder few
Of those who less presumed and better knew,
Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,
And here restor'd Wit's fundamental laws.
Such was the Muse whose rules and prac-tice tell
'Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well.'
Such was Roscommon, not more learn'd than good,
With manners gen'rous as his noble blood;
To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And every author's merit but his own.
Such late was Walsh — the Muse's judge and friend,
Who justly knew to blame or to com-mend;
To failings mild but zealous for desert,
The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.
This humble praise, lamented Shade! re-ceive;
This praise at least a grateful Muse may give:
The Muse whose early voice you taught to sing,
Prescribed her heights, and pruned her tender wing,
(Her guide now lost), no more attempts to rise,
But in low numbers short excursions tries;
Content if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view,
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew;
Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame;
Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame;
Averse alike to flatter or offend;
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

POEMS WRITTEN BETWEEN 1708 AND 1712

ODE FOR MUSIC ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY

This ode was written at the suggestion of Richard Steele, in 1708. It was recast in 1730 in briefer form so that it might be set to music; and the first four stanzas were considerably changed.

I

DESCEND, ye Nine, descend and sing:
The breathing instruments inspire,
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre.
In a sadly pleasing strain
Let the warbling lute complain;
Let the loud trumpet sound,
Till the roofs all around
The shrill echoes rebound;
While in more lengthen'd notes and slow
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
Hark! the numbers soft and clear
Gently steal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading sounds the skies:
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats:
Till by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away
In a dying, dying fall.

II

By Music minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft assuasive voice applies;
Or when the soul is press'd with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs.
Warriors she fires with animated sounds,
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds;
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
List'ning Envy drops her snakes;
Intestine war no more our passions wage,
And giddy Factions hear away their rage.

III

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
How martial music ev'ry bosom warms!
So when the first bold vessel dared the seas,
High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,
While Argo saw her kindred trees
Descend from Pelion to the main:
Transported demigods stood round,
And men grew heroes at the sound,
Inflamed with Glory's charms:
Each chief his sev'nfold shield display'd,
And half unsheath'd the shining blade;
And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound
To arms, to arms, to arms!

IV

But when thro' all th' infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds,
Love, strong as Death, the Poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,
What sounds were heard,
What scenes appear'd,
O'er all the dreary coasts!
Dreadful gleams,
Dismal screams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortured ghosts!
But hark! he strikes the golden lyre,
And see! the tortured ghosts respire!
See, shady forms advance!
Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,
Ixion rests upon his wheel,
And the pale spectres dance;
The Furies sink upon their iron beds,
And snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round their heads.

V

By the streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er th' Elysian flowers;
By those happy souls who dwell
In yellow meads of Asphodel,
Or Amaranthine bowers·

By the heroes' armed shades,
Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy glades;
By the youths that died for love,
Wand'ring in the myrtle grove,
Restore, restore Eurydice to life!
Oh, take the husband, or return the wife!
He sung, and Hell consented
To hear the Poet's prayer:
Stern Proserpine relented,
And gave him back the Fair.
Thus song could prevail
O'er Death and o'er Hell,
A conquest how hard and how glorious!
Tho' fate had fast bound her,
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet music and love were victorious.

VI

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes:
Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!
How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move?
No crime was thine, if 't is no crime to love.
Now under hanging mountains,
Beside the falls of fountains,
Or where Hebrus wanders,
Rolling in meanders,
All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan;
And calls her ghost,
For ever, ever, ever lost!
Now with Furies surrounded,
Despairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidst Rhodope's snows.
See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies!
Hark! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals' cries —
Ah see, he dies!
Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung,
Eurydice still trembled on his tongue;
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains rung.

VII

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And Fate's severest rage disarm:
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please:
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.
This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
Th' immortal Powers incline their ear;
Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire,
And Angels lean from Heav'n to hear.
Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell;
To bright Cecilia greater power is giv'n:
His numbers rais'd a shade from Hell,
Hers lift the soul to Heav'n.

ARGUS

Written in 1709 and sent in a letter to Henry Cromwell in 1711.

When wise Ulysses, from his native coast
Long kept by wars, and long by tempests toss'd,
Arrived at last, poor, old, disguised, alone,
To all his friends, and ev'n his Queen unknown,
Changed as he was, with age, and toils, and cares,
Furrow'd his rev'rend face, and white his hairs,
In his own palace forc'd to ask his bread,
Scorn'd by those slaves his former bounty fed,
Forgot of all his own domestic crew,
The faithful Dog alone his rightful master knew!
Unfed, unhous'd, neglected, on the clay,
Like an old servant now cashier'd, he lay;
Touch'd with resentment of ungrateful man,
And longing to behold his ancient lord again.
Him when he saw he rose, and crawl'd to meet,
('T was all he could) and fawn'd and kiss'd his feet,
Seiz'd with dumb joy; then falling by his side,
Own'd his returning lord, look'd up, and died!

THE BALANCE OF EUROPE

Now Europe balanc'd, neither side prevails:
For nothing 's left in either of the scales.

THE TRANSLATOR

'Egbert Sanger,' says Warton, 'served his apprenticeship with Jacob Tonson, and succeeded Bernard Lintot in his shop at Middle Temple Gate, Fleet Street. Lintot printed Ozell's translation of Perrault's *Characters*, and Sanger his translation of Boileau's *Lutrin*, recommended by Rowe, in 1709.'

Ozell, at Sanger's call, invoked his Muse —
For who to sing for Sanger could refuse?
His numbers such as Sanger's self might use.
Reviving Perrault, murd'ring Boileau, he
Slander'd the ancients first, then Wycherley;
Which yet not much that old bard's anger rais'd,
Since those were slander'd most whom Ozell prais'd.
Nor had the gentle satire caused complaining,
Had not sage Rowe pronounc'd it entertaining;
How great must be the judgment of that writer,
Who The Plain Dealer damns, and prints The Biter!

ON MRS. TOFTS, A FAMOUS OPERA-SINGER

Katharine Tofts was an English opera singer popular in London between 1703 and 1709.

So bright is thy beauty, so charming thy song,
As had drawn both the beasts and their Orpheus along:
But such is thy av'rice, and such is thy pride,
That the beasts must have starv'd, and the poet have died.

EPISTLE TO MRS. BLOUNT, WITH THE WORKS OF VOITURE.

To Teresa Blount. First published in Lintot's *Miscellany*, in 1712. See note.

In these gay thoughts the Loves and Graces shine,
And all the writer lives in ev'ry line;
His easy Art may happy Nature seem,
Trifles themselves are elegant in him.
Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate,
Who without flatt'ry pleas'd the Fair and Great;
Still with esteem no less convers'd than read,
With wit well-natured, and with books well-bred:
His heart his mistress and his friend did share,
His time the Muse, the witty, and the fair.
Thus wisely careless, innocently gay,
Cheerful he play'd the trifle, Life, away;
Till Fate scarce felt his gentle breath supprest,
As smiling infants sport themselves to rest.
Ev'n rival Wits did Voiture's death deplore,
And the gay mourn'd who never mourn'd before;
The truest hearts for Voiture heav'd with sighs,
Voiture was wept by all the brightest eyes:
The Smiles and Loves had died in Voiture's death,
But that for ever in his lines they breathe.
Let the strict life of graver mortals be
A long, exact, and serious Comedy;
In ev'ry scene some Moral let it teach,
And, if it can, at once both please and preach.
Let mine an innocent gay farce appear,
And more diverting still than regular,
Have Humour, Wit, a native Ease and Grace,
Tho' not too strictly bound to Time and Place:
Critics in Wit, or Life, are hard to please,
Few write to those, and none can live to these.
Too much your Sex is by their forms confin'd,
Severe to all, but most to Womankind;
Custom, grown blind with Age, must be your guide;
Your pleasure is a vice, but not your pride;
By Nature yielding, stubborn but for fame,
Made slaves by honour, and made fools by shame;
Marriage may all those petty tyrants chase;
But sets up one, a greater, in their place;
Well might you wish for change by those accurst,
But the last tyrant ever proves the worst.

Still in constraint your suff'ring Sex remains,
Or bound in formal, or in real chains:
Whole years neglected, for some months ador'd,
The fawning Servant turns a haughty Lord.
Ah, quit not the free innocence of life,
For the dull glory of a virtuous Wife;
Nor let false shows, or empty titles please;
Aim not at Joy, but rest content with Ease.
The Gods, to curse Pamela with her pray'rs,
Gave the gilt coach and dappled Flanders mares,
The shining robes, rich jewels, beds of state,
And, to complete her bliss, a fool for mate.
She glares in Balls, front Boxes, and the Ring,
A vain, unquiet, glitt'ring, wretched thing!
Pride, Pomp, and State but reach her outward part;
She sighs, and is no Duchess at her heart.
But, Madam, if the fates withstand, and you
Are destin'd Hymen's willing victim too;
Trust not too much your now resistless charms,
Those Age or Sickness soon or late disarms:
Good humour only teaches charms to last,
Still makes new conquests, and maintains the past;
Love, rais'd on Beauty, will like that decay,
Our hearts may bear its slender chain a day;
As flow'ry bands in wantonness are worn,
A morning's pleasure, and at evening torn;
This binds in ties more easy, yet more strong,
The willing heart, and only holds it long.
Thus Voiture's early care still shone the same,
And Montausier was only changed in name;
By this, ev'n now they live, ev'n now they charm,
Their wit still sparkling, and their flames still warm.
Now crown'd with myrtle, on th' Elysian coast,
Amid those lovers, joys his gentle Ghost:
Pleas'd, while with smiles his happy lines you view,
And finds a fairer Rambouillet in you.
The brightest eyes of France inspired his Muse;
The brightest eyes of Britain now peruse;
And dead, as living, 't is our Author's pride
Still to charm those who charm the world beside.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL

This Ode was written, we find [in 1712], at the desire of Steele; and our Poet, in a letter to him on that occasion, says, — 'You have it, as Cowley calls it, just warm from the brain; it came to me the first moment I waked this morning; yet you 'll see, it was not so absolutely inspiration, but that I had in my head, not only the verses of Hadrian, but the fine fragment of Sappho.' It is possible, however, that our Author might have had another composition in his head, besides those he here refers to: for there is a close and surprising resemblance between this Ode of Pope, and one of an obscure and forgotten rhymer of the age of Charles the Second, Thomas Flatman. (Warton). Pope's version of the *Adriani morientis ad Animam* was written at about this date, and sent to Steele for publication in The Spectator. It ran as follows: —

'Ah, fleeting Spirit! wand'ring fire,
That long hast warm'd my tender breast,
Must thou no more this frame inspire,
No more a pleasing cheerful guest?
Whither, ah whither, art thou flying,
To what dark undiscover'd shore?
Thou seem'st all trembling, shiv'ring, dying,
And Wit and Humour are no more!'

I

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame,
Quit, oh quit, this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

II

Hark! they whisper; Angels say,
Sister Spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my Soul! can this be Death?

III

The world recedes; it disappears;
Heav'n opens on my eyes; my ears

With sounds seraphic ring :
Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
O Grave ! where is thy Victory ?
O Death ! where is thy Sting ?

EPISTLE TO MR. JERVAS

WITH DRYDEN'S TRANSLATION OF FRESNOY'S ART OF PAINTING

Charles Jervas was an early and firm friend of Pope's, and, himself an indifferent painter, at one time gave Pope some instruction in painting. Dryden's translation of Fresnoy appears to have been a hasty and perfunctory piece of work. The poem was first published in 1712.

This verse be thine, my friend, nor thou refuse
This from no venal or ungrateful Muse.
Whether thy hand strike out some free design,
Where life awakes, and dawns at ev'ry line,
Or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd mass,
And from the canvas call the mimic face:
Read these instructive leaves, in which conspire
Fresnoy's close Art and Dryden's native Fire;
And reading wish like theirs our fate and fame,
So mix'd our studies, and so join'd our name;
Like them to shine thro' long succeeding age,
So just thy skill, so regular my rage.
Smit with the love of Sister-Arts we came,
And met congenial, mingling flame with flame;
Like friendly colours found them both unite,
And each from each contract new strength and light.
How oft in pleasing tasks we wear the day,
While summer suns roll unperceiv'd away !
How oft our slowly growing works impart,
While images reflect from art to art !
How oft review; each finding, like a friend,
Something to blame, and something to commend.

What flatt'ring scenes our wand'ring fancy wrought,
Rome's pompous glories rising to our thought!
Together o'er the Alps methinks we fly,
Fired with ideas of fair Italy.
With thee on Raphael's monument I mourn,
Or wait inspiring dreams at Maro's urn:
With thee repose where Tully once was laid,
Or seek some ruin's formidable shade:
While Fancy brings the vanish'd piles to view,
And builds imaginary Rome anew.
Here thy well-studied marbles fix our eye;
A fading fresco here demands a sigh;
Each heav'nly piece unwearied we compare,
Match Raphael's grace with thy lov'd Guido's air,
Carracci's strength, Correggio's softer line,
Paulo's free stroke, and Titian's warmth divine.
How finish'd with illustrious toil appears
This small well-polish'd Gem, the work of years,
Yet still how faint by precept is exprest
The living image in the painter's breast!
Thence endless streams of fair ideas flow,
Strike in the sketch, or in the picture glow;
Thence Beauty, waking all her forms, supplies
An Angel's sweetness, or Bridgewater's eyes.
Muse! at that name thy sacred sorrows shed
Those tears eternal that embalm the dead;
Call round her tomb each object of desire,
Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire ;
Bid her be all that cheers or softens life,
The tender sister, daughter, friend, and wife;
Bid her be all that makes mankind adore,
Then view this marble, and be vain no more !
Yet still her charms in breathing paint engage,
Her modest cheek shall warm a future age.
Beauty, frail flower, that ev'ry season fears,
Blooms in thy colours for a thousand years.
Thus Churchill's race shall other hearts surprise,
And other beauties envy Worsley's eyes;
Each pleasing Blount shall endless smiles bestow,
And soft Belinda's blush for ever glow.

O, lasting as those colours may they shine,
Free as thy stroke, yet faultless as thy line;
New graces yearly like thy works display,
Soft without weakness, without glaring gay!
Led by some rule that guides, but not constrains,
And finish'd more thro' happiness than pains.
The kindred arts shall in their praise conspire,
One dip the pencil, and one string the lyre.
Yet should the Graces all thy figures place,
And breathe an air divine on ev'ry face;
Yet should the Muses bid my numbers roll
Strong as their charms, and gentle as their soul;
With Zeuxis' Helen thy Bridgewater vie,
And these be sung till Granville's Myra die;
Alas! how little from the grave we claim!
Thou but preserv'st a Face and I a Name!

IMPROMPTU TO LADY WINCHILSEA

OCCASIONED BY FOUR SATIRICAL VERSES ON WOMEN WITS, IN THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

'The four verses,' says Ward, 'are apparently Canto IV. vv. 59–62. The Countess of Winchilsea, a poetess whom Rowe hailed as inspired by 'more than Delphic ardour,' replied by some pretty lines, where she declares that "disarmed with so genteel an air," she gives over the contest.'

In vain you boast poetic names of yore,
And cite those Sapphos we admire no more:
Fate doom'd the fall of every female wit;
But doom'd it then, when first Ardelia writ.
Of all examples by the world confess'd,
I knew Ardelia could not quote the best;
Who, like her mistress on Britannia's throne,
Fights and subdues in quarrels not her own.
To write their praise you but in vain essay:
Ev'n while you write, you take that praise away.
Light to the stars the sun does thus restore,
But shines himself till they are seen no more.

ELEGY TO THE MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY

It was long rumored that this poem was literally founded on fact: that the unfortunate lady was a maiden with whom Pope was in love, and from whom he was separated. The fact seems to be that the poem's only basis in truth lay in Pope's sympathy for an unhappy married woman about whom he wrote to Caryll in 1712. The verses were not published till 1717, but were probably written several years earlier.

What beck'ning ghost along the moonlight shade
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
'T is she!—but why that bleeding bosom gor'd?
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it, in Heav'n, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender or too firm a heart,
To act a lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky
For those who greatly think, or bravely die?
Why bade ye else, ye Powers! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?
Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes,
The glorious fault of Angels and of Gods:
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breasts of Kings and Heroes glows.
Most souls, 't is true, but peep out once an age,
Dull sullen pris'ners in the body's cage;
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;
Like eastern Kings a lazy state they keep,
And, close confin'd to their own palace, sleep.
From these, perhaps (ere Nature bade her die),
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.

As into air the purer spirits flow,
And sep'rate from their kindred dregs below;
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.
But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood!
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks now fading at the blast of death;
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball,
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall;
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates;
There passengers shall stand, and pointing say
(While the long funerals blacken all the way),
Lo! these were they whose souls the furies steel'd,
And cursed with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow
For others' good, or melt at others' woe.
What can atone, O ever injured shade!
Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or graced thy mournful bier;
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd.
What tho' no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public show?
What tho' no weeping loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face?
What tho' no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dress'd,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow;
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground, now sacred by thy relics made.
So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had Beauty, Titles, Wealth and Fame.
How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee;
'T is all thou art, and all the proud shall be!
Poets themselves must fall like those they sung,
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
Ev'n he whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays;
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart;
Life's idle bus'ness at one gasp be o'er,
The Muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more!

MESSIAH

Written, according to Courthope, in 1712.

ADVERTISEMENT

In reading several passages of the prophet Isaiah, which foretell the coming of Christ, and the felicities attending it, I could not but observe a remarkable parity between many of

the thoughts and those in the Pollio of Virgil. This will not seem surprising, when we reflect that the Eclogue was taken from a Sibylline prophecy on the same subject. One may judge that Virgil did not copy it line by line, but selected such ideas as best agreed with the nature of Pastoral Poetry, and disposed them in that manner which served most to beautify his piece. I have endeavoured the same in this imitation of him, though without admitting any thing of my own; since it was written with this particular view, that the reader, by comparing the several thoughts, might see how far the images and descriptions of the Prophet are superior to those of the Poet. But as I fear I have prejudiced them by my management, I shall subjoin the passages of Isaiah, and those of Virgil, under the same disadvantage of a literal translation.

Ye Nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heav'nly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus, and th' Aonian maids,
Delight no more — O Thou my voice inspire
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
A virgin shall conceive, a virgin bear a son! [1]

IMITATIONS

[1] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 6.

'Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna;
Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto.
Te duce, si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri,
Irrita perpetua solvent formidine terras. . . .
Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.'

'Now the virgin returns, now the kingdom of Saturn returns, now a new progeny is sent down from high heaven. By means of thee, whatever relics of our crimes remain, shall be wiped away, and free the world from perpetual fears. He shall govern the earth in peace, with the virtues of his father.'

Isaiah, ch. vii. ver. 14. 'Behold, a virgin shall conceive and bear a son.' Chap. ix. ver. 6, 7. 'Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given . . . the Prince of Peace: of the increase of his government, and of his peace, there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order it, and to establish it, with judgment and with justice from henceforth even for ever.'

From Jesse's [2] root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies;
Th' ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic dove.
Ye Heav'ns! [3] from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!
The sick [4] and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail,
Returning Justice [5] lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from Heav'n descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!
O spring to light, auspicious babe! be born.
See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,[6]
With all the incense of the breathing spring:
See lofty Lebanon [7] his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance:

[2] Isaiah, ch. xi. ver. 1.
[3] Ch. xlv. ver. 8.
[4] Ch. xxv. ver. 4.
[5] Ch. ix. ver. 7.
[6] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 18.

'At tibi prima, puer, nullo munuscula cultu,
Errantes hederas passim cum baccare tellus,
Mixtaque ridenti colocasia fundet acantho —
Ipsa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores.'

'For thee, O child, shall the earth, without being tilled, produce her early offerings; winding ivy, mixed with baccar, and colocasia with smiling acanthus. Thy cradle shall pour forth pleasing flowers about thee.'

Isaiah, ch. xxxv. ver. 1. 'The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad . . . and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.' Ch. lx. ver. 13. 'The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together to beautify the place of my sanctuary.'

[7] Isaiah, ch. xxxv. ver. 2.

See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;[1]
Prepare the way![2] a God, a God appears!
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply;
The Rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo, Earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down, ye Mountains, and, ye valleys, rise;
With heads declin'd, ye Cedars, homage pay;
Be smooth, ye Rocks; ye rapid floods, give way;
The Saviour comes, by ancient bards foretold!
Hear him,[3] ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold!

He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day:
'T is he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear:
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear,
From every face he wipes off every tear.

In[4] adamantine chains shall Death be bound,
And Hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good Shepherd[5] tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promis'd Father[6] of the future age.
No more shall[7] nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful[8] son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd shall reap the field:
The swain in barren[9] deserts with surprise
See lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;[10]
And start, amidst the thirsty wilds, to hear
New falls of water murm'ring in his ear.

IMITATIONS

[1] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 48, Ecl. v. ver. 62.

'Aggredere o magnos, aderit jam tempus, honores,
Cara deum soboles, magnum Jovis incrementum!

Ipsi lætitia voces ad sidera jactant
Intonsi montes, ipsæ jam carmina rupes,
Ipsa sonant arbusta, Deus, deus ille, Menalca!'

'O come and receive the mighty honours: the time draws nigh, O beloved offspring of the Gods, O great increase of Jove! . . . The uncultivated mountains send shouts of joy to the stars, the very rocks sing in verse, the very shrubs cry out, A God, a God.'

Isaiah, chap. xl. ver. 3, 4. 'The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a high way for our God. Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low, and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain.' Chap. xliv. ver. 23. 'Break forth into singing, ye mountains! O forest, and every tree therein! for the Lord hath redeemed Jacob.'

[2] Ch. xl. ver. 3, 4.
[3] Isaiah, ch. xlii. ver. 18; ch. xxxv. ver. 5, 6.
[4] Ch. xxv. ver. 8.
[5] Ch. xl. ver. 11.
[6] Ch. ix. ver. 6.
[7] Isaiah, ch. ii. ver. 4.
[8] Ch. lxv. ver. 21, 22.
[9] Ch. xxxv. ver. 1, 7.
[10] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 28.

'Molli paulatim flavescet campus arista,
Incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva,
Et duræ quercus sudabunt roscida mella.'

'The fields shall grow yellow with ripened ears, and the red grape shall hang upon the

On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods;
Waste [1] sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn;
To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs [2] with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead; [3]
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents [4] lick the pilgrim's feet;
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleas'd, the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.
Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, [5] rise! [6]
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
See a long race [7] thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barb'rous nations [8] at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend!
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabæan [9] springs;
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow;
See Heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the rising sun [10] shall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas [11] shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his saving power remains; —
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

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wild brambles, and the hard oaks shall distil honey like dew.'

Isaiah, chap. xxxv. ver. 7. 'The parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water: in the habitation of dragons, where each lay, shall be grass with reeds and rushes.' — Chap. lv. ver. 13. 'Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree.'

[1] Isaiah, ch. xli. ver. 19, and ch. lv. ver. 13.

[2] Ch. xi. ver. 6, 7, 8.

[3] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 21.

'Ipsæ lacte domum referent distenta capellæ
Ubera, nec magnos metuent armenta leones. . . .
Occidet et serpens, et fallax herba veneni
Occidet.' —

'The goats shall bear to the fold their udders distended with milk: nor shall the herds be afraid of the greatest lions. The serpent shall die, and the herb that conceals poison shall die.'

Isaiah, chap. xi. ver. 6, &c. 'The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf, and the young lion, and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them. — And the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice' den.'

[4] Ch. lxv. ver. 25.

[5] Isaiah, ch. lx. ver. 1.

[6] The thoughts of Isaiah, which compose the latter part of the poem, are wonderfully elevated, and much above those general exclamations of Virgil, which make the loftiest parts of his Pollio.

'Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo
— toto surget gens aurea mundo!
— incipient magni procedere menses!
Aspice, venturo lætantur ut omnia sæclo!' &c.

The reader needs only to turn to the passages of Isaiah here cited.

[7] Ch. lx. ver. 4.

[8] Ch. lx. ver. 3.

[9] Ch. lx. ver. 6.

[10] Isaiah ch. lx. ver. 19, 20.

[11] Ch. li. ver. 6, and ch. liv. ver. 10.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

AN HEROI-COMICAL POEM

Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos;
Sed juvat, hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis.
Mart. Epig. xii. 84.

'It appears by this motto,' says Pope, in a footnote supplied for Warburton's edition, 'that the following poem was written or published at the lady's request. But there are some other circumstances not unworthy relating. Mr. Caryll (a gentleman who was secretary to Queen Mary, wife of James II., whose fortunes he followed into France, author of the comedy of *Sir Solomon Single*, and of several translations in Dryden's *Miscellanies*) originally proposed it to him in a view of putting an end, by this piece of ridicule, to a quarrel that was risen between two noble families, those of Lord Petre and Mrs. Fermor, on the trifling occasion of his having cut off a lock of her hair. The author sent it to the lady, with whom he was acquainted; and she took it so well as to give about copies of it. That first sketch (we learn from one of his letters) was written in less than a fortnight, in 1711, in two cantos only, and it was so printed first, in a *Miscellany* of Bern. Lintot's, without the name of the author. But it was received so well that he made it more considerable the next year by the addition of the machinery of the Sylphs, and extended it to five cantos.'

TO MRS. ARABELLA FERMOR

Madam, — It will be in vain to deny that I have some regard for this piece, since I dedicate it to you. Yet you may bear me witness it was intended only to divert a few young ladies, who have good sense and good humour enough to laugh not only at their sex's little unguarded follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the air of a secret, it soon found its way into the world. An imperfect copy having been offer'd to a bookseller, you had the good-nature for my sake, to consent to the publication of one more correct: this I was forced to, before I had executed half my design, for the Machinery was entirely wanting to complete it.

The Machinery, Madam, is a term invented by the critics, to signify that part which the Deities, Angels, or Dæmons, are made to act in a poem: for the ancient poets are in one respect like many modern ladies; let an action be never so trivial in itself, they always make it appear of the utmost importance. These Machines I determined to raise on a very new and odd foundation, the Rosicrucian doctrine of Spirits.

I know how disagreeable it is to make use of hard words before a lady; but it is so much the concern of a poet to have his works understood, and particularly by your sex, that you must give me leave to explain two or three difficult terms. The Rosicrucians are a people I must bring you acquainted with. The best account I know of them is in a French book called *La Comte de Gabalis*, which, both in its title and size, is so like a novel, that many of the fair sex have read it for one by mistake. According to these gentlemen, the four elements are inhabited by Spirits, which they call Sylphs, Gnomes, Nymphs, and Salamanders. The Gnomes, or Dæmons of earth, delight in mischief; but the Sylphs, whose habitation is in the air, are the best-conditioned creatures imaginable; for, they say, any mortal may enjoy the most intimate familiarities with these gentle spirits, upon a condition very easy to all true adepts, — an inviolate preservation of chastity.

As to the following cantos, all the passages of them are as fabulous as the Vision at the beginning, or the Transformation at the end (except the loss of your hair, which I always mention with reverence). The human persons are as fictitious as the airy ones; and the character of Belinda, as it is now managed, resembles you in nothing but in beauty.

If this poem had as many graces as there are in your person or in your mind, yet I could never hope it should pass thro' the world half so uncensured as you have done. But let its fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough, to have given me this occasion of assuring you that I am, with the truest esteem,
Madam,

Your most obedient, humble servant,
A. Pope.

CANTO I

WHAT dire offence from am'rous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing — This verse to *Caryll*, muse! is due:
This, ev'n Belinda may vouchsafe to view:
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
If she inspire, and he approve my lays.
Say what strange motive, Goddess! could compel
A well-bred Lord t' assault a gentle Belle?
O say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,
Could make a gentle Belle reject a Lord?
In tasks so bold can little men engage,
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage?
Sol thro' white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,
And oped those eyes that must eclipse the day.
Now lapdogs give themselves the rousing shake,
And sleepless lovers just at twelve awake:
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,
And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.
Belinda still her downy pillow prest,
Her guardian Sylph prolong'd the balmy rest.
'T was he had summon'd to her silent bed
The morning-dream that hover'd o'er her head;
A youth more glitt'ring than a Birthnight Beau
(That ev'n in slumber caus'd her cheek to glow)
Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say:
'Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care
Of thousand bright Inhabitants of Air!
If e'er one vision touch'd thy infant thought,
Of all the nurse and all the priest have taught —
Of airy elves by moonlight shadows seen,
The silver token, and the circled green,
Or virgins visited by Angel-powers,
With golden crowns and wreaths of heav'nly flowers;
Hear and believe! thy own importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
Some secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
To maids alone and children are reveal'd:
What tho' no credit doubting Wits may give?
The fair and innocent shall still believe.
Know, then, unnumber'd Spirits round thee fly,
The light militia of the lower sky:
These, tho' unseen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the Box, and hover round the Ring.
Think what an equipage thou hast in air,
And view with scorn two pages and a chair.
As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once inclosed in woman's beauteous mould;
Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
From earthly vehicles to these of air.
Think not, when woman's transient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead;
Succeeding vanities she still regards,
And, tho' she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
And love of Ombre, after death survive.
For when the Fair in all their pride expire,
To their first elements their souls retire.
The sprites of fiery termagants in flame
Mount up, and take a Salamander's name.
Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
And sip, with Nymphs, their elemental tea.
The graver prude sinks downward to a Gnome
In search of mischief still on earth to roam.
The light coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the fields of air.
'Know further yet: whoever fair and chaste
Rejects mankind, is by some Sylph embraced;
For spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
Assume what sexes and what shapes they please.
What guards the purity of melting maids,
In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,
Safe from the treach'rous friend, the daring spark,
The glance by day, the whisper in the dark;

When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,
When music softens, and when dancing fires?
'Tis but their Sylph, the wise Celestials know,
Tho' Honour is the word with men below.
'Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face,
For life predestin'd to the Gnome's embrace.
These swell their prospects and exalt their pride,
When offers are disdain'd, and love denied:
Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,
While peers, and dukes, and all their sweeping train,
And garters, stars, and coronets appear,
And in soft sounds, "Your Grace" salutes their ear.
'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,
Teach infant cheeks a bidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a Beau.
'Oft, when the world imagine women stray,
The Sylphs thro' mystic mazes guide their way;
Thro' all the giddy circle they pursue,
And old impertinence expel by new.
What tender maid but must a victim fall
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,
If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?
With varying vanities, from every part,
They shift the moving toyshop of their heart;
Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-knots strive,
Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
This erring mortals levity may call;
Oh blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive it all.
'Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
Late, as I ranged the crystal wilds of air,
In the clear mirror of thy ruling star
I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning sun descend,
But Heav'n reveals not what, or how or where.
Warn'd by the Sylph, O pious maid, beware!
This to disclose is all thy guardian can:
Beware of all, but most beware of Man!'
He said; when Shock, who thought she slept too long,
Leap'd up, and waked his mistress with his tongue.
'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
Thy eyes first open'd on a billet-doux;
Wounds, charms, and ardours were no sooner read,
But all the vision vanish'd from thy head.
And now, unveil'd, the toilet stands display'd,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First, robed in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the cosmetic powers.
A heav'nly image in the glass appears;
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears.
Th' inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling begins the sacred rites of Pride.
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various off'rings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the Goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the speckled, and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The Fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy Sylphs surround their darling care,
These set the head, and those divide the hair,
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown;
And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

CANTO II

Not with more glories, in th' ethereal plain,
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams

Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.
Fair nymphs, and well-dress'd youths around her shone,
But every eye was fix'd on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those:
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide;
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you 'll forget 'em all.
This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourish'd two locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspired to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth iv'ry neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey,
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.
Th' adventurous Baron the bright locks admired;
He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspired.
Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask if fraud or force attain'd his ends.
For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implor'd
Propitious Heav'n, and every Power ador'd,
But chiefly Love — to Love an altar built
Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,
And all the trophies of his former loves;
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three am'rous sighs to raise the fire.
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize:
The Powers gave ear, and granted half his prayer,
The rest the winds dispers'd in empty air.
But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sunbeams trembling on the floating tides;
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And soften'd sounds along the waters die:
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smil'd, and all the world was gay.
All but the Sylph — with careful thoughts opprest
Th' impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
He summons straight his denizens of air;
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair:
Soft o'er the shrouds aërial whispers breathe
That seem'd but zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold;
Transparent forms too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light,
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew,
Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,
While ev'ry beam new transient colours flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head was Ariel placed;
His purple pinions opening to the sun,
He raised his azure wand, and thus begun:
'Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear.
Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Dæmons, hear!
Ye know the spheres and various tasks assign'd
By laws eternal to th' aërial kind.
Some in the fields of purest ether play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day:

Some guide the course of wand'ring orbs on high,
Or roll the planets thro' the boundless sky:
Some, less refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.
Others, on earth, o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
Of these the chief the care of nations own,
And guard with arms divine the British Throne.

'Our humbler province is to tend the Fair,
Not a less pleasing, tho' less glorious care;
To save the Powder from too rude a gale;
Nor let th' imprison'd Essences exhale;
To draw fresh colours from the vernal flowers;
To steal from rainbows ere they drop in showers
A brighter Wash; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes and inspire their airs;
Nay oft, in dreams invention we bestow,
To change a Flounce, or add a Furbelow.

'This day black omens threat the brightest Fair,
That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care;
Some dire disaster, or by force or slight;
But what, or where, the Fates have wrapt in night.
Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
Or some frail China jar receive a flaw;
Or stain her honour, or her new brocade,
Forget her prayers, or miss a masquerade,
Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball;
Or whether Heav'n has doom'd that Shock must fall.
Haste, then, ye Spirits! to your charge repair:
The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her fav'rite Lock;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

'To fifty chosen sylphs, of special note,
We trust th' important charge, the petticoat;
Oft have we known that sev'n-fold fence to fail,
Tho' stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale:
Form a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.

'Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the Fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins:
Be stopp'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins,
Or plunged in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye;
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clogg'd he beats his silken wings in vain,
Or alum styptics with contracting power
Shrink his thin essence like a rivell'd flower:
Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling mill,
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below!'

He spoke; the spirits from the sails descend;
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
Some thread the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear;
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of Fate.

CANTO III

Close by those meads, for ever crown'd with flowers,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home;

Here, thou, great ANNA! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take — and sometimes tea.
Hither the Heroes and the Nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a court;
In various talk th' instructive hours they past,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At every word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, *and all that.*
Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that jurymen may dine;
The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labours of the toilet cease.
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two adventurous knights,
At Ombre singly to decide their doom,
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred Nine.
Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aërial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card:
First Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,
Then each according to the rank they bore;
For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.
Behold four Kings in majesty revered,
With hoary whiskers and a forky beard;
And four fair Queens, whose hands sustain a flower
Th' expressive emblem of their softer power;
Four Knaves, in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand
And party-colour'd troops, a shining train,
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.
The skilful nymph reviews her force with care;
'Let Spades be trumps!' she said, and trumps they were.
Now move to war her sable Matadores,
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
Spadillio first, unconquerable lord!
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.
As many more Manillio forced to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
Him Basto follow'd, but his fate more hard
Gain'd but one trump and one plebeian card.
With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary Majesty of Spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to sight reveal'd;
The rest his many colour'd robe conceal'd.
The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
Ev'n mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew,
And mow'd down armies in the fights of Loo,
Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade.
Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
Now to the Baron Fate inclines the field.
His warlike amazon her host invades,
Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades.
The Club's black tyrant first her victim died,
Spite of his haughty mien and barb'rous pride:
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And of all monarchs only grasps the globe?
The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace;
Th' embroider'd King who shows but half his face,
And his refulgent Queen, with powers combin'd,
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strew the level green.
Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,

With like confusion diff'rent nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye;
The pierced battalions disunited fall
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.
The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh shameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts.
At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;
She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin, and Codille.
And now (as oft in some distemper'd state)
On one nice trick depends the gen'ral fate!
An Ace of Hearts steps forth: the King unseen
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive Queen.
He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.
The nymph, exulting, fills with shouts the sky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.
Oh thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate:
Sudden these honours shall be snatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.
For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round;
On shining altars of japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide.
At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Straight hover round the Fair her airy band;
Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd,
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see thro' all things with his half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapors to the Baron's brain
New stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain.
Ah, cease, rash youth! desist ere 't is too late,
Fear the just Gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
Changed to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injured hair!
But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case:
So ladies in romance assist their knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with rev'rence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers' ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
Swift to the Lock a thousand sprites repair;
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the virgin's thought:
As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,
He watch'd th' ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
An earthly Lover lurking at her heart.
Amazed, confused, he found his power expired,
Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retired.
The Peer now spreads the glitt'ring forfex wide,
T' inclose the Lock; now joins it, to divide.
Ev'n then, before the fatal engine closed,
A wretched Sylph too fondly interposed;
Fate urged the shears, and cut the Sylph in twain
(But airy substance soon unites again).
The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!

Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying Heav'n are cast,
When husbands, or when lapdogs breathe their last;
Or when rich China vessels, fall'n from high,
In glitt'ring dust and painted fragments lie!
'Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,'
The Victor cried, 'the glorious prize is mine!
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and six the British Fair,
As long as Atalantis shall be read,
Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed,
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When numerous wax-lights in bright order blaze:
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
So long my honour, name, and praise shall live!
What Time would spare, from Steel receives its date,
And monuments, like men, submit to Fate!
Steel could the labour of the Gods destroy,
And strike to dust th' imperial towers of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder, then, fair Nymph! thy hairs should feel
The conquering force of unresisted steel?'

CANTO IV

But anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress,
And secret passions labour'd in her breast.
Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive,
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss,
Not ancient ladies when refused a kiss,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her mantua 's pinn'd awry,
E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
As thou, sad Virgin! for thy ravish'd hair.
For, that sad moment, when the Sylphs withdrew,
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite
As ever sullied the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
Repair'd to search the gloomy cave of Spleen.
Swift on his sooty pinions flits the Gnome,
And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.
No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows,
The dreaded East is all the wind that blows.
Here in a grotto shelter'd close from air,
And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.
Two handmaids wait the throne; alike in place,
But diff'ring far in figure and in face.
Here stood Ill-nature, like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd!
With store of prayers for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is fill'd; her bosom with lampoons.
There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride;
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown for sickness and for show.
The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.
A constant vapour o'er the palace flies
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise;
Dreadful as hermits' dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright as visions of expiring maids:
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires;
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
And crystal domes, and angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs on ev'ry side are seen,
Of bodies changed to various forms by Spleen.
Here living Teapots stand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout:
A Pipkin there, like Homer's Tripod walks;
Here sighs a Jar, and there a Goose-pie talks;
Men prove with child, as powerful fancy works,
And maids turn'd bottles call aloud for corks.
Safe pass'd the Gnome thro' this fantastic band,
A branch of healing spleenwort in his hand.
Then thus address'd the Power — 'Hail, wayward Queen!
Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen:
Parent of Vapours and of female wit,
Who give th' hysteric or poetic fit,
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble plays;
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray.
A nymph there is that all your power disdains,
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
But oh! if e'er thy Gnome could spoil a grace,
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like citron-waters matrons' cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a losing game;
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or caused suspicion when no soul was rude,
Or discomposed the head-dress of a prude,
Or e'er to costive lapdog gave disease,
Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease,
Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin;
That single act gives half the world the spleen.'
The Goddess, with a discontented air,
Seems to reject him tho' she grants his prayer.
A wondrous Bag with both her hands she binds,
Like that where once Ulysses held the winds;
There she collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.
A Vial next she fills with fainting fears,
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The Gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.
Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound.
Full o'er their heads the swelling Bag he rent,
And all the Furies issued at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.
'O wretched maid!' she spread her hands, and cried
(While Hampton's echoes, 'Wretched maid!' replied),
Was it for this you took such constant care
The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?
For this your locks in paper durance bound?
For this with torturing irons wreathed around?
For this with fillets strain'd your tender head,
And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
While the fops envy, and the ladies stare!
Honour forbid! at whose unrivall'd shrine
Ease, Pleasure, Virtue, all, our sex resign.
Methinks already I your tears survey,
Already hear the horrid things they say,
Already see you a degraded toast,
And all your honour in a whisper lost!
How shall I, then, your hapless fame defend?
'T will then be infamy to seem your friend!
And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
Exposed thro' crystal to the gazing eyes,
And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?
Sooner shall grass in Hyde Park Circus grow,
And Wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow;
Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lapdogs, parrots, perish all!'
She said; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
And bids her beau demand the precious hairs

(Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane):
With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,
He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,
And thus broke out — 'My lord, why, what the devil!
Z—ds! damn the Lock! 'fore Gad, you must be civil!
Plague on 't! 't is past a jest — nay, prithee, pox!
Give her the hair.' — He spoke, and rapp'd his box.
'It grieves me much,' replied the Peer again,
'Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain:
But by this Lock, this sacred Lock, I swear
(Which never more shall join its parted hair;
Which never more its honours shall renew,
Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew),
That, while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.'
He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread
The long-contended honours of her head.
But Umbriel, hateful Gnome, forbears not so;
He breaks the Vial whence the sorrows flow.
Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half-languishing, half drown'd in tears;
On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head,
Which with a sigh she rais'd, and thus she said:
'For ever curs'd be this detested day,
Which snatch'd my best, my fav'rite curl away!
Happy! ah, ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton Court these eyes had never seen!
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid,
By love of courts to numerous ills betray'd.
O had I rather unadmired remain'd
In some lone isle, or distant northern land;
Where the gilt chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taste Bohea!
There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.
What mov'd my mind with youthful lords to roam?
O had I stay'd, and said my prayers at home;
'T was this the morning omens seem'd to tell,
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;
The tott'ring china shook without a wind;
Nay, Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!
A Sylph, too, warn'd me of the threats of fate,
In mystic visions, now believ'd too late!
See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs!
My hands shall rend what ev'n thy rapine spares.
These, in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck;
The sister-lock now sits uncouth alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;
Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal shears demands,
And tempts once more thy sacrilegious hands.
O hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!'

CANTO V

She said: the pitying audience melt in tears;
But Fate and Jove had stopp'd the Baron's ears.
In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain,
While Anna begg'd and Dido raged in vain.
Then grave Clarissa graceful waved her fan;
Silence ensued, and thus the nymph began:
'Say, why are beauties prais'd and honour'd most,
The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast?
Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford,
Why angels call'd, and angel-like ador'd?

Why round our coaches crowd the white-glov'd beaux?
Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?
How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
Unless Good Sense preserve what Beauty gains;
That men may say when we the front-box grace,
"Behold the first in virtue as in face!"
Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
Charm'd the smallpox, or chased old age away;
Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce,
Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?
To patch, nay, ogle, might become a saint,
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
But since, alas! frail beauty must decay,
Curl'd or uncurl'd, since locks will turn to gray;
Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
And she who scorns a man must die a maid;
What then remains, but well our power to use,
And keep good humour still whate'er we lose?
And trust me, dear, good humour can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail.
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.'
So spoke the dame, but no applause ensued;
Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her prude.
'To arms, to arms!' the fierce virago cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
All side in parties, and begin th' attack;
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones crack;
Heroes' and heroines' shouts confusedly rise,
And bass and treble voices strike the skies.
No common weapons in their hands are found,
Like Gods they fight nor dread a mortal wound.
So when bold Homer makes the Gods engage,
And heav'nly breasts with human passions rage;
'Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona, Hermes arms;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms;
Jove's thunder roars, Heav'n trembles all around,
Blue Neptune storms, the bell'wing deeps resound:
Earth shakes her nodding towers, the ground gives way,
And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!
Triumphant Umbriel, on a sconce's height,
Clapp'd his glad wings, and sat to view the fight:
Propp'd on their bodkin-spears, the sprites survey
The growing combat, or assist the fray.
While thro' the press enraged Thalestris flies,
And scatters death around from both her eyes,
A Beau and Witling perish'd in the throng,
One died in metaphor, and one in song:
'O cruel Nymph! a living death I bear,'
Cried Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,
'Those eyes are made so killing' — was his last.
Thus on Mæander's flowery margin lies
Th' expiring swan, and as he sings he dies.
When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;
She smiled to see the doughty hero slain,
But, at her smile, the beau revived again.
Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs the men's wits against the lady's hair;
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.
See fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,
With more than usual lightning in her eyes;

Nor fear'd the chief th' unequal fight to try,
Who sought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold lord, with manly strength endued,
She with one finger and a thumb subdued:
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;
The Gnomes direct, to every atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust.
Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome reëchoes to his nose.
'Now meet thy fate,' incens'd Belinda cried,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.
(The same, his ancient personage to deck,
Her great-great-grandsire wore about his neck,
In three seal-rings; which after, melted down,
Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown:
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;
Then in a bodkin graced her mother's hairs,
Which long she wore and now Belinda wears.)
'Boast not my fall,' he cried, 'insulting foe!
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low;
Nor think to die dejects my lofty mind:
All that I dread is leaving you behind!
Rather than so, ah, let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid's flames — but burn alive.'
'Restore the Lock!' she cries; and all around
'Restore the Lock!' the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.
But see how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!
The lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
In ev'ry place is sought, but sought in vain:
With such a prize no mortal must be blest.
So Heav'n decrees! with Heav'n who can contest?
Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,
Since all things lost on earth are treasured there.
There heroes' wits are kept in pond'rous vases,
And beaux' in snuffboxes and tweezer-cases.
There broken vows, and deathbed alms are found,
And lovers' hearts with ends of riband bound,
The courtier's promises, and sick man's prayers,
The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dried butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.
But trust the Muse — she saw it upward rise,
Tho' mark'd by none but quick poetic eyes
(So Rome's great founder to the heav'ns withdrew,
To Proculus alone confess'd in view):
A sudden star, it shot thro' liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's locks first rose so bright,
The heav'ns bespangling with dishevell'd light.
The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleas'd pursue its progress thro' the skies.
This the beau monde shall from the Mall survey,
And hail with music its propitious ray;
This the blest lover shall for Venus take,
And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake;
This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,
When next he looks thro' Galileo's eyes;
And hence th' egregious wizard shall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.
Then cease, bright Nymph! to mourn thy ravish'd hair,
Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast
Shall draw such envy as the Lock you lost.
For after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die;
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,
This Lock the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

POEMS WRITTEN BETWEEN 1713 AND 1717

PROLOGUE TO MR. ADDISON'S CATO

This prologue was written in 1713, after Addison had given Pope two of the main causes which led to their estrangement; and itself led the way for the third. Addison's faint praise of the *Pastorals*, and disagreement with Pope as to the advisability of revising *The Rape of the Lock*, had not as yet led to their estrangement. But when not long after the presentation of *Cato*, Pope ventured to become its champion against the attacks of John Dennis, Addison's quiet disclaimer of responsibility for his anonymous defender cut Pope to the quick.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:
For this the Tragic Muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream thro' ev'ry age:
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
The Hero's glory, or the Virgin's love;
In pitying Love, we but our weakness show,
And wild Ambition well deserves its woe.
Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,
Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws.
He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes:
Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was:
No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure Heav'n itself surveys,
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state.
While Cato gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
Ev'n when proud Cæsar, midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state;
As her dead father's rev'rend image past,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast;
The triumph ceas'd, tears gush'd from ev'ry eye,
The world's great Victor pass'd unheeded by;
Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.
Britons, attend: be worth like this approv'd,
And show you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honest scorn the first famed Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdued;
Your scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation and Italian song.
Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage;
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage:
Such plays alone should win a British ear
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

EPILOGUE TO MR. ROWE'S JANE SHORE

DESIGNED FOR MRS. OLDFIELD

Nicholas Rowe's play was acted at Drury Lane in February, 1714. Mrs. Oldfield played the leading part, but Pope's Epilogue was not used.

PRODIGIOUS this! the Frail-one of our play
From her own sex should mercy find to-day!

You might have held the pretty head aside,
Peep'd in your fans, been serious, thus, and cried, —
'The play may pass — but that strange creature, Shore,
I can't — indeed now — I so hate a whore!'
Just as a blockhead rubs his thoughtless skull,
And thanks his stars he was not born a fool;
So from a sister sinner you shall hear,
'How strangely you expose yourself, my dear!
But let me die, all raillery apart,
Our sex are still forgiving at their heart;
And, did not wicked custom so contrive,
We 'd be the best good-natured things alive.'
There are, 't is true, who tell another tale,
That virtuous ladies envy while they rail;
Such rage without betrays the fire within;
In some close corner of the soul they sin;
Still hoarding up, most scandalously nice,
Amidst their virtues a reserve of vice.
The godly dame, who fleshly failings damns,
Scolds with her maid, or with her chaplain crams.
Would you enjoy soft nights and solid dinners?
Faith, gallants, board with saints, and bed with sinners.
Well, if our author in the Wife offends,
He has a Husband that will make amends:
He draws him gentle, tender, and forgiving;
And sure such kind good creatures may be living.
In days of old, they pardon'd breach of vows;
Stern Cato's self was no relentless spouse.
Plu — Plutarch, what 's his name that writes his life,
Tells us, that Cato dearly lov'd his wife:
Yet if a friend, a night or so, should need her,
He 'd recommend her as a special breeder.
To lend a wife, few here would scruple make;
But, pray, which of you all would take her back?
Tho' with the Stoic Chief our stage may ring,
The Stoic Husband was the glorious thing.
The man had courage, was a sage, 't is true,
And lov'd his country — but what 's that to you?
Those strange examples ne'er were made to fit ye,
But the kind cuckold might instruct the city:
There, many an honest man may copy Cato
Who ne'er saw naked sword, or look'd in Plato.
If, after all, you think it a disgrace,
That Edward's Miss thus perks it in your face,
To see a piece of failing flesh and blood,
In all the rest so impudently good:
Faith, let the modest matrons of the town
Come here in crowds, and stare the strumpet down.

TO A LADY, WITH THE TEMPLE OF FAME

What 's Fame with men, by custom of the nation,
Is call'd, in women, only Reputation:
About them both why keep we such a pother?
Part you with one, and I 'll renounce the other.

UPON THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH'S HOUSE AT WOODSTOCK

Atria longa patent; sed nec coenantibus usquam,
Nec somno, locus est: quam bene non habitas.
Martial.

These verses were first published in 1714. There is no actual proof that they are Pope's, but as his editors have always retained them, they are here given.

See, Sir, here 's the grand approach,
This way is for his Grace's coach;
There lies the bridge, and here 's the clock;
Observe the lion and the cock,
The spacious court, the colonnade,
And mark how wide the hall is made!
The chimneys are so well design'd,
They never smoke in any wind.
This gallery 's contrived for walking,
The windows to retire and talk in;

The council-chamber for debate,
And all the rest are rooms of state.
Thanks, Sir, cried I, 't is very fine,
But where d'ye sleep, or where d'ye dine?
I find by all you have been telling
That 't is a house, but not a dwelling.

LINES TO LORD BATHURST

In illustration Mitford refers to Pope's letter to Lord Bathurst of September 13, 1732, where 'Mr. L.' is spoken of as 'more inclined to admire God in his greater works, the tall timber.' (Ward.) Proof is lacking that these lines belong to Pope. They were printed by E. Curll in 1714.

'A Wood!' quoth Lewis, and with that
He laugh'd, and shook his sides of fat.
His tongue, with eye that mark'd his cunning,
Thus fell a-reas'ning, not a-running:
'Woods are — not to be too prolix —
Collective bodies of straight sticks.
It is, my lord, a mere conundrum
To call things woods for what grows under 'em.
For shrubs, when nothing else at top is,
Can only constitute a coppice.
But if you will not take my word,
See anno quint. of Richard Third;
And that 's a coppice call'd, when dock'd,
Witness an. prim. of Harry Oct.
If this a wood you will maintain,
Merely because it is no plain,
Holland, for all that I can see,
May e'en as well be term'd the sea,
Or C[onings]by be fair harangued
An honest man, because not hang'd.'

MACER

A CHARACTER

This was first printed in 1727 in the *Miscellanies* of Pope and Swift, but was probably written in 1715. *Macer* is supposed to be Ambrose Philips. The 'borrow'd Play' of the eighth line would then have been *The Distrest Mother*, adapted by Philips from Racine.

When simple *Macer*, now of high renown,
First sought a poet's fortune in the town,
'T was all th' ambition his high soul could feel
To wear red stockings, and to dine with Steele.
Some ends of verse his betters might afford,
And gave the harmless fellow a good word:
Set up with these he ventured on the town,
And with a borrow'd play outdid poor Crowne.
There he stopp'd short, nor since has writ a tittle,
But has the wit to make the most of little;
Like stunted hide-bound trees, that just have got
Sufficient sap at once to bear and rot.
Now he begs verse, and what he gets commends,
Not of the Wits his foes, but Fools his friends.
So some coarse country wench, almost decay'd,
Trudges to town and first turns chamber-maid;
Awkward and supple each devoir to pay,
She flatters her good lady twice a day;
Thought wondrous honest, tho' of mean degree,
And strangely liked for her simplicity:
In a translated suit then tries the town,
With borrow'd pins and patches not her own:
But just endured the winter she began,
And in four months a batter'd harridan:
Now nothing left, but wither'd, pale, and shrunk,
To bawd for others, and go shares with punk.

EPISTLE TO MRS. TERESA BLOUNT

ON HER LEAVING THE TOWN AFTER THE CORONATION

This was written shortly after the coronation of George I. 'Zephalinda' was a fanciful name employed by Teresa Blount in correspondence.

As some fond virgin, whom her mother's care
Drags from the town to wholesome country air.

Just when she learns to roll a melting eye,
And hear a spark, yet think no danger nigh —
From the dear man unwilling she must sever,
Yet takes one kiss before she parts for ever —
Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew,
Saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew;
Not that their pleasures caus'd her discontent;
She sigh'd not that they stay'd, but that she went.
She went to plain-work, and to purling brooks,
Old-fashion'd halls, dull aunts, and croaking rooks:
She went from Op'ra, Park, Assembly, Play,
To morning walks, and prayers three hours a day;
To part her time 'twixt reading and Bohea,
To muse, and spill her solitary tea;
Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,
Count the slow clock, and dine exact at noon;
Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
Hum half a tune, tell stories to the squire;
Up to her godly garret after sev'n,
There starve and pray, for that 's the way to Heav'n.
Some Squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack,
Whose game is Whist, whose treat a toast in sack;
Who visits with a gun, presents you birds,
Then gives a smacking buss, and cries — 'No words!'
Or with his hounds comes hollowing from the stable,
Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table;
Whose laughs are hearty, tho' his jests are coarse,
And loves you best of all things — but his horse.
In some fair ev'ning, on your elbow laid,
You dream of triumphs in the rural shade;
In pensive thought recall the fancied scene,
See coronations rise on ev'ry green:
Before you pass th' imaginary sights
Of Lords and Earls and Dukes and garter'd Knights,
While the spread fan o'ershades your closing eyes;
Then gives one flirt, and all the vision flies.
Thus vanish sceptres, coronets, and balls,
And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls!
So when your Slave, at some dear idle time
(Not plagued with headaches or the want of rhyme)
Stands in the streets, abstracted from the crew,
And while he seems to study, thinks of you;
Just when his fancy paints your sprightly eyes,
Or sees the blush of soft Parthenia rise,
Gay pats my shoulder, and you vanish quite,
Streets, Chairs, and Coxcombs rush upon my sight;
Vext to be still in town, I knit my brow,
Look sour, and hum a tune, as you may now.

LINES OCCASIONED BY SOME VERSES OF HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

Muse, 't is enough, at length thy labour ends,
And thou shalt live, for Buckingham commends.
Let crowds of critics now my verse assail,
Let Dennis write, and nameless numbers rail:
This more than pays whole years of thankless pain;
Time, health, and fortune, are not lost in vain.
Sheffield approves, consenting Phœbus bends,
And I and malice from this hour are friends.

A FAREWELL TO LONDON

IN THE YEAR 1715

Dear, damn'd, distracting town, farewell!
Thy fools no more I 'll tease:
This year in peace, ye Critics, dwell,
Ye Harlots, sleep at ease!

Soft B——s and rough C[ragg]s, adieu!
Earl Warwick, make your moan;
The lively H[inchenbroo]k and you
May knock up whores alone.

To drink and droll be Rowe allow'd
Till the third watchman's toll;
Let Jervas gratis paint, and Froude
Save threepence and his soul.

Farewell Arbuthnot's raillery
On every learned sot;
And Garth, the best good Christian he,
Although he knows it not.

Lintot, farewell! thy bard must go;
Farewell, unhappy Tonson!
Heav'n gives thee for thy loss of Rowe,
Lean Philips and fat Johnson.

Why should I stay? Both parties rage;
My vixen mistress squalls;
The Wits in envious feuds engage;
And Homer (damn him!) calls.

The love of arts lies cold and dead
In Halifax's urn;
And not one Muse of all he fed
Has yet the grace to mourn.

My friends, by turns, my friends confound,
Betray, and are betray'd:
Poor Y[ounge]r 's sold for fifty pounds,
And B[ickne]ll is a jade.

Why make I friendships with the great,
When I no favour seek?
Or follow girls seven hours in eight? —
I need but once a week.

Still idle, with a busy air,
Deep whimseys to contrive;
The gayest valetudinaire,
Most thinking rake alive.

Solicitous for others' ends,
Tho' fond of dear repose;
Careless or drowsy with my friends,
And frolic with my foes.

Luxurious lobster-nights, farewell,
For sober, studious days!
And Burlington's delicious meal,
For salads, tarts, and pease!

Adieu to all but Gay alone,
Whose soul sincere and free,
Loves all mankind but flatters none,
And so may starve with me.

IMITATION OF MARTIAL

Referred to in a letter from Trumbull to Pope dated January, 1716. The epigram imitated is the twenty-third of the tenth book.

At length, my Friend (while Time, with still career,
Wafts on his gentle wing his eightieth year),
Sees his past days safe out of Fortune's power,
Nor dreads approaching Fate's uncertain hour;
Reviews his life, and in the strict survey,
Finds not one moment he could wish away,
Pleased with the series of each happy day.
Such, such a man extends his life's short space,
And from the goal again renews the race;
For he lives twice, who can at once employ
The present well, and ev'n the past enjoy.

IMITATION OF TIBULLUS

See the fourth elegy of Tibullus, lines 55, 56. In the course of his high-flown correspondence with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, after her departure for the East, Pope often suggests the possibility of his travelling to meet her. 'But if my fate be such,' he says on the occasion which brought forth this couplet, 'that this body of mine (which is as ill matched to my mind as any wife to her husband) be left behind in the journey, let the epitaph of Tibullus be set over it!'

Here, stopt by hasty Death, Alexis lies,
Who cross'd half Europe, led by Wortley's eyes.

THE BASSET-TABLE

AN ECLOGUE

This mock pastoral was one of three which made up the original volume of *Town Eclogues*, published anonymously in 1716. Three more appeared in a later edition. It is now known that only the *Basset-Table* is Pope's, the rest being the work of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

CARDELIA, SMILINDA, LOVET

CARD. The Basset-Table spread, the Tallier come,
Why stays *Smilinda* in the dressing-room?
Rise, pensive nymph! the Tallier waits for you.
SMIL. Ah, madam! since my *Sharper* is untrue,
I joyless make my once adored Alpeu.
I saw him stand behind *Ombrelia's* chair,
And whisper with that soft deluding air,
And those feign'd sighs which cheat the list'ning Fair.
CARD. Is this the cause of your romantic strains?
A mightier grief my heavy heart sustains:
As you by love, so I by Fortune crost;
One, one bad Deal, three Septlevas have lost.
SMIL. Is that the grief which you compare with mine?
With ease the smiles of fortune I resign:
Would all my gold in one bad Deal were gone,
Were lovely *Sharper* mine, and mine alone.
CARD. A lover lost is but a common care,
And prudent nymphs against that change prepare:
The Knave of Clubs thrice lost: Oh! who could guess
This fatal stroke, this unforeseen distress?
SMIL. See Betty Lovet! very *àpropos;*
She all the cares of love and play does know.
Dear Betty shall th' important point decide;
Betty! who oft the pain of each has tried;
Impartial she shall say who suffers most,
By cards' ill usage, or by lovers lost.
LOV. Tell, tell your griefs; attentive will I stay,
Though time is precious, and I want some tea.
CARD. Behold this equipage, by Mathers wrought,
With fifty guineas (a great pen'worth) bought.
See on the toothpick Mars and Cupid strive,
And both the struggling figures seem alive.
Upon the bottom shines the Queen's bright face;
A myrtle foliage round the thimble case.
Jove, Jove himself does on the scissors shine:
The metal, and the workmanship, divine.
SMIL. This snuff-box — once the pledge of *Sharper's* love,
When rival beauties for the present strove;
At Corticelli's he the raffle won;
Then first his passion was in public shown:
Hazardia blush'd, and turn'd her head aside,
A rival's envy (all in vain) to hide.
This snuffbox — on the hinge see brilliants shine —
This snuffbox will I stake, the Prize is mine.
CARD. Alas! far lesser losses than I bear
Have made a soldier sigh, a lover swear.
And oh! what makes the disappointment hard,
'T was my own Lord that drew the fatal card.
In complaisance I took the Queen he gave,
Tho' my own secret wish was for the Knave.
The Knave won Sonica, which I had chose,
And the next pull my Septleva I lose.
SMIL. But ah! what aggravates the killing smart,
The cruel thought that stabs me to the heart,
This curs'd *Ombrelia*, this undoing Fair,
By whose vile arts this heavy grief I bear,
She, at whose name I shed these spiteful tears,
She owes to me the very charms she wears.
An awkward thing when first she came to town,
Her shape unfashion'd, and her face unknown:
She was my friend; I taught her first to spread
Upon her sallow cheeks enlivening red;
I introduced her to the park and plays,
And by my int'rest Cozens made her Stays.
Ungrateful wretch! with mimic airs grown pert,
She dares to steal my favourite lover's heart.
CARD. Wretch that I was, how often have I swore,
When Winnall tallied, I would punt no more!
I know the bite, yet to my ruin run,
And see the folly which I cannot shun.

SMIL. How many maids have *Sharper's* vows deceiv'd ?
How many curs'd the moment they believ'd ?
Yet his known falsehoods could no warning prove:
Ah! what is warning to a maid in love ?
CARD. But of what marble must that breast be form'd,
To gaze on Basset, and remain unwarm'd ?
When Kings, Queens, Knaves, are set in decent rank,
Exposed in glorious heaps the tempting Bank,
Guineas, half-guineas, all the shining train,
The winner's pleasure, and the loser's pain.
In bright confusion open Rouleaux lie,
They strike the soul, and glitter in the eye:
Fired by the sight, all reason I disdain,
My passions rise, and will not bear the rein.
Look upon Basset, you who reason boast,
And see if reason must not there be lost.
SMIL. What more than marble must that heart compose
Can harken coldly to my *Sharper's* vows ?
Then when he trembles! when his blushes rise!
When awful love seems melting in his eyes!
With eager beats his Mechlin cravat moves:
'He loves'—I whisper to myself, 'He loves!'
Such unfeign'd passion in his looks appears,
I lose all mem'ry of my former fears;
My panting heart confesses all his charms,
I yield at once, and sink into his arms.
Think of that moment, you who Prudence boast;
For such a moment Prudence well were lost.
CARD. At the Groom-Porter's batter'd bullies play,
Some dukes at Mary-bone bowl time away;
But who the Bowl or rattling Dice compares
To Basset's heav'nly joys and pleasing cares ?
SMIL. Soft *Simplicetta* dotes upon a beau;
Prudina likes a man, and laughs at show:
Their several graces in my *Sharper* meet,
Strong as the footman, as the master sweet.
LOV. Cease your contention, which has been too long;
I grow impatient, and the tea 's too strong.
Attend, and yield to what I now decide;
The equipage shall grace *Smilinda's* side;
The snuffbox to *Cardelia* I decree;
Now leave complaining, and begin your tea.

EPIGRAM ON THE TOASTS OF THE KIT-CAT CLUB

ANNO 1716

WHENCE deathless 'Kit-cat' took its name,
Few critics can unriddle:
Some say from 'Pastrycook' it came,
And some, from 'cat' and 'fiddle.'

From no trim Beaux its name it boasts,
Gray Statesmen, or green wits;
But from this pellmell pack of Toasts
Of old 'cats' and young 'kits.'

THE CHALLENGE

A COURT BALLAD

TO THE TUNE OF 'TO ALL YOU LADIES NOW AT LAND,' ETC.

This lively ballad, written in 1717, belongs to the period of Pope's intimacy with court society. The three ladies here addressed were attached to the court of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

I

To one fair lady out of Court,
And two fair ladies in,
Who think the Turk and Pope a sport,
And wit and love no sin;
Come these soft lines, with nothing stiff in,
To Bellenden, Lepell, and Griffin.
With a fa, la, la.

II

What passes in the dark third row,
And what behind the scene,
Couches and crippled chairs I know,
And garrets hung with green;
I know the swing of sinful hack,
Where many damsels cry alack.
With a fa, la, la.

III

Then why to Courts should I repair,
Where 's such ado with Townshend ?
To hear each mortal stamp and swear,
And every speech with Zounds end;
To hear 'em rail at honest Sunderland,
And rashly blame the realm of Blunderland.
With a fa, la, la.

IV

Alas! like Schutz, I cannot pun,
Like Grafton court the Germans;
Tell Pickenbourg how slim she 's grown,
Like Meadows run to sermons;
To Court ambitious men may roam,
But I and Marlbro' stay at home.
With a fa, la, la.

V

In truth, by what I can discern,
Of courtiers 'twixt you three,
Some wit you have, and more may learn
From Court, than Gay or me;
Perhaps, in time, you 'll leave high diet,
To sup with us on milk and quiet.
With a fa, la, la.

VI

At Leicester-Fields, a house full high,
With door all painted green,
Where ribbons wave upon the tie
(A milliner I mean),
There may you meet us three to three,
For Gay can well make two of me.
With a fa, la, la.

VII

But should you catch the prudish itch
And each become a coward,
Bring sometimes with you lady Rich,
And sometimes mistress Howard;
For virgins to keep chaste must go
Abroad with such as are not so.
With a fa, la, la.

VIII

And thus, fair maids, my ballad ends:
God send the King safe landing;
And make all honest ladies friends
To armies that are standing;
Preserve the limits of those nations,
And take off ladies' limitations.
With a fa, la, la.

THE LOOKING-GLASS

ON MRS. PULTENEY

Mrs. Pulteney was a daughter of one John Gumley, who had made a fortune by a glass manufactory.

With scornful mien, and various toss of air,
Fantastic, vain, and insolently fair,
Grandeur intoxicates her giddy brain,
She looks ambition, and she moves disdain.
Far other carriage graced her virgin life,
But charming Gumley 's lost in Pulteney's wife.
Not greater arrogance in him we find,
And this conjunction swells at least her mind.
O could the sire, renown'd in glass, produce
One faithful mirror for his daughter's use!
Wherein she might her haughty errors trace,
And by reflection learn to mend her face:
The wonted sweetness to her form restore,
Be what she was, and charm mankind once more.

PROLOGUE, DESIGNED FOR MR. D'URFEY'S LAST PLAY

'Tom' D'Urfey was a writer of popular farces under the Restoration. Through Addison's influence his play *The Plotting Sisters* was revived for his benefit; and the present prologue was possibly written for that occasion. It was first published in 1727.

Grown old in rhyme, 't were barb'rous to discard
Your persevering, unexhausted Bard:
Damnation follows death in other men,
But your damn'd poet lives and writes again.
The adventurous lover is successful still,
Who strives to please the Fair against her will.
Be kind, and make him in his wishes easy,
Who in your own despite has strove to please ye.
He scorn'd to borrow from the Wits of yore,
But ever writ, as none e'er writ before.
You modern Wits, should each man bring his claim,
Have desperate debentures on your fame;

And little would be left you, I 'm afraid,
If all your debts to Greece and Rome were paid.
From this deep fund our author largely draws,
Nor sinks his credit lower than it was.
Tho' plays for honour in old time he made,
'T is now for better reasons — to be paid.
Believe him, he has known the world too long,
And seen the death of much immortal song.
He says, poor poets lost, while players won,
As pimps grow rich while gallants are undone.
Though Tom the poet writ with ease and pleasure,
The comic Tom abounds in other treasure.
Fame is at best an unperforming cheat;
But 't is substantial happiness to eat.
Let ease, his last request, be of your giving,
Nor force him to be damn'd to get his living.

PROLOGUE TO THE 'THREE HOURS AFTER MARRIAGE'

Three Hours after Marriage was a dull and unsuccessful farce produced in January, 1717, at the Drury Lane Theatre. Though it was attributed to the joint authorship of Pope, Gay, and Arbuthnot, direct proof is lacking not only of Pope's share in the play, but of his authorship of the *Prologue*. Of the latter fact, at least, we have, however, indirect evidence in Pope's resentment of the ridicule cast by Cibber, in a topical impromptu, upon the play; the incident which first roused Pope's enmity for Cibber, which resulted in his eventually displacing Theobald as the central figure in *The Dunciad*.

Authors are judged by strange capricious rules,
The great ones are thought mad, the small ones fools:
Yet sure the best are most severely fated;
For Fools are only laugh'd at, Wits are hated.
Blockheads with reason men of sense abhor;
But fool 'gainst fool, is barb'rous civil war.
Why on all Authors then should Critics fall?
Since some have writ, and shown no wit at all.
Condemn a play of theirs, and they evade it;
Cry, 'Damn not us, but damn the French, who made it.'
By running goods these graceless Owlers gain;
Theirs are the rules of France, the plots of Spain:
But wit, like wine, from happier climates brought,
Dash'd by these rogues, turns English common draught.
They pall Molière's and Lopez' sprightly strain,
And teach dull Harlequins to grin in vain.
How shall our Author hope a gentler fate,
Who dares most impudently not translate?
It had been civil, in these ticklish times,
To fetch his fools and knaves from foreign climes.
Spaniards and French abuse to the world's end,
But spare old England, lest you hurt a friend.
If any fool is by our satire bit,
Let him hiss loud, to show you all he 's hit.
Poets make characters, as salesmen clothes;
We take no measure of your Fops and Beaux;
But here all sizes and all shapes you meet,
And fit yourselves like chaps in Monmouth Street.
Gallants, look here! this Foolscap has an air
Goodly and smart, with ears of Issachar.
Let no one fool engross it, or confine
A common blessing! now 't is yours, now mine.
But poets in all ages had the care
To keep this cap for such as will, to wear.
Our Author has it now (for every Wit
Of course resign'd it to the next that writ)
And thus upon the stage 't is fairly thrown;
Let him that takes it wear it as his own.

PRAYER OF BRUTUS

FROM GEOFFREY OF MONMOUTH

The Rev. Aaron Thompson, of Queen's College, Oxon., translated the Chronicle of Geoffrey of Monmouth. He submitted the translation to Pope, 1717, who gave him the follow-

ing lines, being a translation of a Prayer of Brutus. (Carruthers.)

GODDESS of woods, tremendous in the chase
To mountain wolves and all the savage race,
Wide o'er th' aerial vault extend thy sway,
And o'er th' infernal regions void of day.

On thy Third Reign look down; disclose our fate;
In what new station shall we fix our seat?
When shall we next thy hallow'd altars raise,
And choirs of virgins celebrate thy praise?

TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU

While there is no absolute date to be given for this or the following poem, both evidently belong to the period of Pope's somewhat fanciful attachment for Lady Mary.

I

IN beauty, or wit,
No mortal as yet
To question your empire has dar'd;
But men of discerning
Have thought that in learning,
To yield to a lady was hard.

II

Impertinent schools,
With musty dull rules,
Have reading to females denied:
So Papists refuse
The Bible to use,
Lest flocks should be wise as their guide.

III

'T was a woman at first,
(Indeed she was curst)
In Knowledge that tasted delight,
And sages agree
The laws should decree
To the first possessor the right.

IV

Then bravely, fair Dame,
Resume the old claim,
Which to your whole sex does belong;
And let men receive,
From a second bright Eve,
The knowledge of right and of wrong.

V

But if the first Eve
Hard doom did receive,
When only one apple had she,
What a punishment new
Shall be found out for you,
Who tasting have robb'd the whole tree?

EXTEMPORANEOUS LINES

ON A PORTRAIT OF LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU, PAINTED BY KNELLER

THE playful smiles around the dimpled mouth,
That happy air of majesty and truth,
So would I draw (but oh! 't is vain to try;
My narrow Genius does the power deny;)
The equal lustre of the heav'nly mind,
Where ev'ry grace with ev'ry virtue 's join'd;
Learning not vain, and Wisdom not severe,
With Greatness easy, and with Wit sincere;
With just description show the work divine,
And the whole Princess in my work should shine.

ELOISA TO ABELARD

The origin of this famous poem seems to have lain jointly in Pope's perception of the poetic availability of the Héloïse-Abelard legend, and in his somewhat factitious grief in his separation from Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. They met in 1715, became friends, and in 1716 Lady Mary left England. In a letter of June, 1717, Pope commends the poem to her consideration, with a suggestion of the personal applicability of the concluding lines to his own suffering under the existing circumstance of their separation.

ELOISA TO ABELARD

ARGUMENT

Abelard and Eloisa flourished in the twelfth century; they were two of the most distinguished persons of their age in Learning and Beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities, they retired each to a several convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to Religion. It was many years after this separation that a letter of Abelard's to a friend, which contained the history of his misfortune, fell into the hands of Eloisa. This, awakening all her tenderness, occasioned those celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted), which give so lively a picture of the struggles of Grace and Nature, Virtue and Passion.

In these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heav'nly-pensive Contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing Melancholy reigns,
What means this tumult in a vestal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat?
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love! — From Abelard it came,
And Eloisa yet must kiss the name.
Dear fatal name! rest ever unreveal'd,
Nor pass these lips, in holy silence seal'd:
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
Where, mix'd with God's, his lov'd idea lies:
O write it not, my hand — the name appears
Already written — wash it out, my tears!
In vain lost Eloisa weeps and prays,
Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.
Relentless walls! whose darksome round contains
Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains:
Ye rugged rocks, which holy knees have worn;
Ye grots and caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn!
Shrines! where their vigils pale-eyed virgins keep,
And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep!
Tho' cold like you, unmov'd and silent grown,
I have not yet forgot myself to stone.
All is not Heav'n's while Abelard has part,
Still rebel Nature holds out half my heart;
Nor prayers nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
Nor tears, for ages taught to flow in vain.
Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.
Oh name for ever sad! for ever dear!
Still breathed in sighs, still usher'd with a tear.
I tremble too, where'er my own I find,
Some dire misfortune follows close behind.
Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
Led thro' a safe variety of woe:
Now warm in love, now with'ring in my bloom,
Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!
There stern religion quench'd th' unwilling flame,
There died the best of passions, Love and Fame.
Yet write, O write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine.
Nor foes nor fortune take this power away;
And is my Abelard less kind than they?
Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare;
Love but demands what else were shed in prayer.
No happier task these faded eyes pursue;
To read and weep is all they now can do.

Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief;
Ah, more than share it, give me all thy grief.
Heav'n first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid;
They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires;
The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.
Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,
When Love approach'd me under Friendship's name;
My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
Some emanation of th' all-beauteous Mind.
Those smiling eyes, attemp'ring every ray,
Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day,
Guiltless I gazed; Heav'n listen'd while you sung;
And truths divine came mended from that tongue.
From lips like those what precept fail'd to move?
Too soon they taught me 't was no sin to love:
Back thro' the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
Nor wish'd an angel whom I loved a man.
Dim and remote the joys of saints I see;
Nor envy them that Heav'n I lose for thee.
How oft, when press'd to marriage, have I said,
Curse on all laws but those which Love has made!
Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Let Wealth, let Honour, wait the wedded dame,
August her deed, and sacred be her fame;
Before true passion all those views remove;
Fame, Wealth, and Honour! what are you to Love?
The jealous God, when we profane his fires,
Those restless passions in revenge inspires,
And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
Who seek in love for aught but love alone.
Should at my feet the world's great master fall,
Himself, his throne, his world, I 'd scorn 'em all:
Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove;
No, make me mistress to the man I love;
If there be yet another name more free,
More fond than mistress, make me that to thee!
O happy state! when souls each other draw,
When Love is liberty, and Nature law:
All then is full, possessing and possess'd,
No craving void left aching in the breast:
Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.
This sure is bliss (if bliss on earth there be),
And once the lot of Abelard and me.
Alas, how changed! what sudden horrors rise!
A naked lover bound and bleeding lies!
Where, where was Eloise? her voice, her hand,
Her poniard had opposed the dire command.
Barbarian, stay! that bloody stroke restrain;
The crime was common, common be the pain.
I can no more; by shame, by rage suppress'd,
Let tears and burning blushes speak the rest.
Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,
When victims at yon altar's foot we lay?
Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell?
As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil,
The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale:
Heav'n scarce believ'd the conquest it survey'd,
And saints with wonder heard the vows I made.
Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew,
Not on the cross my eyes were fix'd, but you:
Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call,
And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.

Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe;
Those still at least are left thee to bestow.
Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie,
Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be press'd;
Give all thou canst — and let me dream the rest.
Ah, no! instruct me other joys to prize,
With other beauties charm my partial eyes!
Full in my view set all the bright abode,
And make my soul quit Abelard for God.
Ah, think at least thy flock deserves thy care,
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy prayer.
From the false world in early youth they fled,
By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led.
You raised these hallow'd walls; the desert smil'd,
And Paradise was open'd in the wild.
No weeping orphan saw his father's stores
Our shrines irradiate or emblaze the floors;
No silver saints, by dying misers giv'n,
Here bribed the rage of ill-requited Heav'n;
But such plain roofs as piety could raise,
And only vocal with the Maker's praise.
In these lone walls (their day's eternal bound),
These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crown'd,
Where awful arches make a noonday night,
And the dim windows shed a solemn light,
Thy eyes diffused a reconciling ray,
And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
But now no face divine contentment wears,
'T is all blank sadness, or continual tears.
See how the force of others' prayers I try,
(O pious fraud of am'rous charity!)
But why should I on others' prayers depend?
Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend!
Ah, let thy handmaid, sister, daughter, move,
And all those tender names in one, thy love!
The darksome pines, that o'er yon rocks reclin'd,
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
The wand'ring streams that shine between the hills,
The grots that echo to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze —
No more these scenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to rest the visionary maid:
But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
Long-sounding aisles and intermingled graves,
Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
A death-like silence, and a dread repose:
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades every flower, and darkens every green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.
Yet here for ever, ever must I stay;
Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
Death, only Death can break the lasting chain;
And here, ev'n then shall my cold dust remain;
Here all its frailties, all its flames resign,
And wait till 't is no sin to mix with thine.
Ah, wretch! believ'd the spouse of God in vain,
Confess'd within the slave of Love and man.
Assist me, Heav'n! but whence arose that prayer?
Sprung it from piety or from despair?
Ev'n here, where frozen Chastity retires,
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.
I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;
I view my crime, but kindle at the view,
Repent old pleasures, and solicit new;
Now turn'd to Heav'n, I weep my past offence,
Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.
Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'T is sure the hardest science to forget!
How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,
And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence?
How the dear object from the crime remove,
Or how distinguish Penitence from Love?
Unequal task! a passion to resign,
For hearts so touch'd, so pierced, so lost as mine:
Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,
How often must it love, how often hate!

How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
Conceal, disdain — do all things but forget!
But let Heav'n seize it, all at once 't is fired;
Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd, but inspired!
O come! O teach me Nature to subdue,
Renounce my love, my life, myself — and You:
Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he
Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot!
The world forgetting, by the world forgot;
Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind,
Each prayer accepted, and each wish resign'd;
Labour and rest, that equal periods keep;
Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep;
Desires composed, affections ever ev'n;
Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to Heav'n.
Grace shines around her with serenest beams,
And whisp'ring angels prompt her golden dreams.
For her th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,
And wings of seraphs shed divine perfumes;
For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring;
For her white virgins hymeneals sing;
To sounds of heav'nly harps she dies away,
And melts in visions of eternal day.

Far other dreams my erring soul employ,
Far other raptures of unholy joy.
When at the close of each sad, sorrowing day,
Fancy restores what vengeance snatch'd away,
Then conscience sleeps, and leaving Nature free,
All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee!
Oh curst, dear horrors of all-conscious night!
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight!
Provoking demons all restraint remove,
And stir within me every source of love.
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms.
I wake: — no more I hear, no more I view,
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
I call aloud; it hears not what I say:
I stretch my empty arms; it glides away.
To dream once more I close my willing eyes;
Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise!
Alas, no more! methinks we wand'ring go
Thro' dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe,
Where round some mould'ring tower pale ivy creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies;
Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.
I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

For thee the Fates, severely kind, ordain
A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain;
Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repose;
No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows.
Still as the sea, ere winds were taught to blow,
Or moving spirit bade the waters flow;
Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiv'n,
And mild as opening gleams of promised Heav'n.

Come, Abelard! for what hast thou to dread?
The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
Nature stands check'd; Religion disapproves;
Ev'n thou art cold — yet Eloisa loves.
Ah, hopeless, lasting flames; like those that burn
To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn!

What scenes appear where'er I turn my view;
The dear ideas, where I fly, pursue;
Rise in the grove, before the altar rise,
Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.
I waste the matin lamp in sighs for thee,
Thy image steals between my God and me:
Thy voice I seem in every hymn to hear,
With every bead I drop too soft a tear.
When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight:

In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd,
While altars blaze, and angels tremble round.
While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind virtuous drops just gath'ring in my eye,
While praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,
And dawning grace is opening on my soul:
Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art!
Oppose thyself to Heav'n; dispute my heart;
Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes
Blot out each bright idea of the skies;
Take back that grace, those sorrows and those tears,
Take back my fruitless penitence and prayers;
Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode:
Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God!
No, fly me, fly me, far as pole from pole;
Rise Alps between us! and whole oceans roll!
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view),
Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu!
O Grace serene! O Virtue heav'nly fair!
Divine Oblivion of low-thoughted care!
Fresh blooming Hope, gay daughter of the sky!
And Faith, our early immortality!
Enter each mild, each amicable guest;
Receive, and wrap me in eternal rest!
See in her cell sad Eloisa spread,
Propt on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead.
In each low wind methinks a spirit calls,
And more than echoes talk along the walls.
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound:
'Come, sister, come! (it said, or seem'd to say)
Thy place is here, sad sister, come away;
Once, like thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
Love's victim then, tho' now a sainted maid:
But all is calm in this eternal sleep;
Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep;
Ev'n superstition loses ev'ry fear:
For God, not man, absolves our frailties here.'
I come, I come! prepare your roseate bowers,
Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flowers.
Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
Where flames refin'd in breasts seraphic glow;
Thou, Abelard! the last sad office pay,
And smooth my passage to the realms of day:
See my lips tremble, and my eyeballs roll,
Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul!
Ah, no — in sacred vestments mayst thou stand,
The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
Present the cross before my lifted eye,
Teach me at once, and learn of me, to die.
Ah then, thy once lov'd Eloisa see!
It will be then no crime to gaze on me.
See from my cheek the transient roses fly!
See the last sparkle languish in my eye!
Till ev'ry motion, pulse, and breath be o'er,
And ev'n my Abelard be lov'd no more.
O Death, all-eloquent! you only prove
What dust we doat on, when 't is man we love.
Then too, when Fate shall thy fair frame destroy
(That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy),
In trance ecstatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds descend, and angels watch thee round;
From opening skies may streaming glories shine,
And saints embrace thee with a love like mine.
May one kind grave unite each hapless name,
And graft my love immortal on thy fame!
Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
When this rebellious heart shall beat no more;

If ever chance two wand'ring lovers brings,
To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,
O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
And drink the falling tears each other sheds;
Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,
'O may we never love as these have lov'd!'
From the full choir, when loud hosannas rise,
And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
Amid that scene if some relenting eye
Glance on the stone where our cold relics lie,
Devotion's self shall steal a thought from Heav'n,
One human tear shall drop, and be forgiv'n.
And sure if Fate some future bard shall join
In sad similitude of griefs to mine,
Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,
And image charms he must behold no more, —
Such if there be, who loves so long, so well,
Let him our sad, our tender story tell;
The well-sung woes will soothe my pensive ghost;
He best can paint them who shall feel them most.

POEMS WRITTEN BETWEEN 1718 AND 1727

AN INSCRIPTION UPON A PUNCH-BOWL

IN THE SOUTH SEA YEAR, FOR A CLUB: CHASED WITH JUPITER PLACING CALLISTO IN THE SKIES, AND EUROPA WITH THE BULL

Pope himself became seriously involved in the South Sea speculations, and while he does not appear to have been a heavy loser in the end, his unwise action for friends, notably for Lady Mary Wortley seems to have gotten him into some difficulties. This was of course written before the bursting of the bubble; presumably in 1720.

COME, fill the South Sea goblet full;
The gods shall of our stock take care;
Europa pleased accepts the *Bull*,
And Jove with joy puts off the *Bear*.

EPISTLE TO JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.

SECRETARY OF STATE

Craggs was made Secretary of War in 1717, when Addison was Secretary of State. He succeeded Addison in 1720, and died in the following year. He was an intimate friend and correspondent of Pope's after 1711.

A SOUL as full of Worth as void of Pride,
Which nothing seeks to show, or needs to hide,
Which nor to guilt nor fear its Caution owes,
And boasts a Warmth that from no passion flows;
A face untaught to feign; a judging eye,
That darts severe upon a rising lie,
And strikes a blush thro' frontless Flattery —
All this thou wert; and being this before,
Know, Kings and Fortune cannot make thee more.
Then scorn to gain a friend by servile ways,
Nor wish to lose a foe these virtues raise;
But candid, free, sincere, as you began,
Proceed, a Minister, but still a Man.
Be not (exalted to whate'er degree)
Ashamed of any friend, not ev'n of me:
The patriot's plain but untrod path pursue;
If not, 't is I must be ashamed of you.

A DIALOGUE

POPE

SINCE my old friend is grown so great,
As to be Minister of State,
I 'm told, but 't is not true, I hope,
That Craggs will be ashamed of Pope.

CRAGGS

Alas! if I am such a creature,
To grow the worse for growing greater,
Why, faith, in spite of all my brags,
'T is Pope must be ashamed of Craggs.

VERSES TO MR. C.

ST. JAMES'S PALACE, LONDON, OCT. 22

Probably Craggs, who was in office at the time when Pope established himself at Twickenham. (Ward.)

FEW words are best; I wish you well;
Bethel, I 'm told, will soon be here;
Some morning walks along the Mall,
And ev'ning friends, will end the year.

If, in this interval, between
The falling leaf and coming frost,
You please to see, on Twit'nam green,
Your friend, your poet, and your host:

For three whole days you here may rest
From Office bus'ness, news, and strife;
And (what most folks would think a jest)
Want nothing else, except your wife.

TO MR. GAY

WHO HAD CONGRATULATED POPE ON FINISHING HIS HOUSE AND GARDENS

Written early in 1722.

AH, friend! 't is true — this truth you lovers know —
In vain my structures rise, my gardens grow,
In vain fair Thames reflects the double scenes
Of hanging mountains, and of sloping greens;
Joy lives not here, to happier seats it flies,
And only dwells where Wortley casts her eyes.
What are the gay Parterre, the chequer'd Shade,
The morning Bower, the ev'ning Colonnade,
But soft recesses of uneasy minds,
To sigh unheard in to the passing winds?
So the struck deer in some sequester'd part
Lies down to die, the arrow at his heart;
He stretch'd unseen in coverts hid from day,
Bleeds drop by drop, and pants his life away.

ON DRAWINGS OF THE STATUES OF APOLLO, VENUS, AND HERCULES

MADE FOR POPE BY SIR GODFREY KNELLER

These drawings were made for the adornment of Pope's house at Twickenham.

WHAT god, what genius did the pencil move,
When Kneller painted these?
'T was friendship, warm as Phœbus, kind as Love,
And strong as Hercules.

EPISTLE TO ROBERT EARL OF OXFORD AND MORTIMER

PREFIXED TO PARNELL'S POEMS

SUCH were the notes thy once-lov'd Poet sung,
Till Death untimely stopp'd his tuneful tongue.
Oh, just beheld and lost! admired and mourn'd!
With softest manners, gentlest arts, adorn'd!
Bless'd in each science! bless'd in ev'ry strain!
Dear to the Muse! to Harley dear — in vain!
For him thou oft hast bid the world attend,
Fond to forget the statesman in the friend;
For Swift and him despised the farce of state,
The sober follies of the wise and great,
Dext'rous the craving, fawning crowd to quit,
And pleas'd to 'scape from Flattery to Wit.
Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear
(A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear);
Recall those nights that closed thy toilsome days,
Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays;
Who, careless now of Int'rest, Fame, or Fate,
Perhaps forgets that Oxford e'er was great;
Or deeming meanest what we greatest call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall.

And sure if aught below the seats divine
Can touch immortals, 't is a soul like thine;
A soul supreme, in each hard instance tried,
Above all pain, all passion, and all pride,
The rage of power, the blast of public breath,
The lust of lucre, and the dread of death.
In vain to deserts thy retreat is made;
The Muse attends thee to thy silent shade;
'T is hers the brave man's latest steps to trace,
Rejudge his acts, and dignify disgrace.
When Int'rest calls off all her sneaking train,
And all th' obliged desert, and all the vain,
She waits, or to the scaffold or the cell,
When the last ling'ring friend has bid farewell.
Ev'n now she shades thy evening walk with bays
(No hireling she, no prostitute to praise);
Ev'n now, observant of the parting ray,
Eyes the calm sunset of thy various day,
Thro' fortune's cloud one truly great can see,
Nor fears to tell that Mortimer is he.

TWO CHORUSES TO THE TRAGEDY OF BRUTUS

Brutus, says Pope, was a play 'altered from Shakespeare by the Duke of Buckingham, at whose desire these choruses were composed to supply as many wanting in his play.' *Marcus Brutus* was one of two plays (the other retaining Shakespeare's title) manufactured by John Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire, out of *Julius Cæsar*. Both were published in 1722. Pope's choruses stand after the first and second acts of *Brutus*. The plays have no literary merit.

CHORUS OF ATHENIANS

Strophe I

Ye shades, where sacred truth is sought,
Groves, where immortal sages taught,
Where heav'nly visions Plato fired,
And Epicurus lay inspired!
In vain your guiltless laurels stood
Unspotted long with human blood.
War, horrid war, your thoughtful walks invades,
And steel now glitters in the Muses' shades.

Antistrophe I

O Heav'n-born sisters! source of Art!
Who charm the sense, or mend the heart;
Who lead fair Virtue's train along,
Moral Truth and mystic Song!
To what new clime, what distant sky,
Forsaken, friendless, shall ye fly?
Say, will ye bless the bleak Atlantic shore?
Or bid the furious Gaul be rude no more?

Strophe II

When Athens sinks by fates unjust,
When wild Barbarians spurn her dust;
Perhaps ev'n Britain's utmost shore
Shall cease to blush with strangers' gore,
See Arts her savage sons control,
And Athens rising near the pole!
Till some new tyrant lifts his purple hand,
And civil madness tears them from the land.

Antistrophe II

Ye Gods! what justice rules the ball?
Freedom and Arts together fall;
Fools grant whate'er Ambition craves,
And men, once ignorant, are slaves.
O curs'd effects of civil hate,
In ev'ry age, in ev'ry state!
Still, when the lust of tyrant Power succeeds,
Some Athens perishes, some Tully bleeds.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS

Semichorus

O tyrant Love! hast thou possest
The prudent, learned, and virtuous breast?
Wisdom and wit in vain reclaim,
And arts but soften us to feel thy flame.
Love, soft intruder, enters here,
But ent'ring learns to be sincere.
Marcus with blushes owns he loves,
And Brutus tenderly reproves.
Why, Virtue, dost thou blame desire
Which Nature hath imprest?
Why, Nature, dost thou soonest fire
The mild and gen'rous breast?

Chorus

Love's purer flames the Gods approve;
The Gods and Brutus bend to love:
Brutus for absent Portia sighs,
And sterner Cassius melts at Junia's eyes.
What is loose love? a transient gust,
Spent in a sudden storm of lust,

A vapour fed from wild desire,
A wand'ring, self-consuming fire.
But Hymen's kinder flames unite,
And burn for ever one;
Chaste as cold Cynthia's virgin light,
Productive as the sun.

SEMICHORUS

O source of ev'ry social tie,
United wish, and mutual joy!
What various joys on one attend,
As son, as father, brother, husband, friend?
Whether his hoary sire he spies,
While thousand grateful thoughts arise;
Or meets his spouse's fonder eye,
Or views his smiling progeny;
What tender passions take their turns!
What home-felt raptures move!
His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,
With Rev'rence, Hope, and Love.

CHORUS

Hence guilty joys, distastes, surmises,
Hence false tears, deceits, disguises,
Dangers, doubts, delays, surprises,
Fires that scorch, yet dare not shine!
Purest Love's unwasting treasure,
Constant faith, fair hope, long leisure,
Days of ease, and nights of pleasure,
Sacred Hymen! these are thine.

TO MRS. M. B. ON HER BIRTH-DAY

Written to Martha Blount in 1723. Lines 5–10 were elsewhere adapted for a versified celebration of his own birthday, and for an epitaph on a suicide!

OH, be thou blest with all that Heav'n can send,
Long Health, long Youth, long Pleasure, and a Friend:
Not with those Toys the female world admire,
Riches that vex, and Vanities that tire.
With added years if Life bring nothing new,
But, like a sieve, let ev'ry blessing thro',
Some joy still lost, as each vain year runs o'er,
And all we gain, some sad Reflection more;
Is that a birthday? 't is alas! too clear,
'T is but the funeral of the former year.

Let Joy or Ease, let Affluence or Content,
And the gay Conscience of a life well spent,
Calm ev'ry thought, inspirit ev'ry grace,
Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face.
Let day improve on day, and year on year,
Without a Pain, a Trouble, or a Fear;
Till Death unfelt that tender frame destroy,
In some soft dream, or extasy of joy,
Peaceful sleep out the Sabbath of the Tomb,
And wake to raptures in a life to come.

ANSWER TO THE FOLLOWING QUESTION OF MRS. HOWE

Mary Howe was appointed Maid of Honour to Queen Caroline, in 1720. 'Lepell' was another Maid of Honour, referred to in *The Challenge.*

WHAT is Prudery?
'T is a beldam,
Seen with Wit and Beauty seldom.
'T is a fear that starts at shadows;
'T is (no, 't is n't) like Miss Meadows.
'T is a virgin hard of feature,
Old, and void of all good-nature;
Lean and fretful; would seem wise,
Yet plays the fool before she dies.
'T is an ugly envious shrew,
That rails at dear Lepell and you.

ON A CERTAIN LADY AT COURT

Catharine Howard, one of Queen Caroline's waiting-women; afterward Countess of Suffolk and mistress to George II. Her identification as the Chloe of *Moral Essays,* II., makes it easier to believe Walpole's statement that this lady once reprieved a condemned criminal that 'an experiment might be made on his ears for her benefit.'

I KNOW the thing that 's most uncommon;
(Envy, be silent, and attend!)
I know a reasonable Woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a friend:

Not warp'd by Passion, awed by Rumour,
Not grave thro' Pride, nor gay thro' Folly,
An equal mixture of Good-humour,
And sensible soft Melancholy.

'Has she no faults then (Envy says), sir?'
Yes, she has one, I must aver:
When all the world conspires to praise her,
The woman's deaf and does not hear.

TO MR. JOHN MOORE

AUTHOR OF THE CELEBRATED WORM-POWDER

How much, egregious *Moore!* are we
Deceiv'd by shows and forms!
Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,
All humankind are Worms.

Man is a very Worm by birth,
Vile reptile, weak, and vain!
A while he crawls upon the earth,
Then shrinks to earth again.

That woman is a Worm we find,
E'er since our Grandam's evil:
She first convers'd with her own kind,
That ancient Worm, the Devil.

The learn'd themselves we Bookworms name,
The blockhead is a Slowworm;
The nymph whose tail is all on flame,
Is aptly term'd a Glowworm.

The fops are painted Butterflies,
That flutter for a day;
First from a Worm they take their rise,
And in a Worm decay.

The flatterer an Earwig grows;
Thus worms suit all conditions;
Misers are Muckworms; Silkworms, beaux;
And Deathwatches, physicians.

That statesmen have the worm, is seen
By all their winding play;
Their conscience is a Worm within,
That gnaws them night and day.

Ah, Moore, thy skill were well employ'd,
And greater gain would rise,
If thou couldst make the courtier void
The Worm that never dies!

O learned friend of Abchurch-Lane,
Who sett'st our entrails free,
Vain is thy Art, thy Powder vain,
Since Worms shall eat ev'n thee.
Our fate thou only canst adjourn
Some few short years, no more!
Ev'n Button's Wits to Worms shall turn,
Who Maggots were before.

THE CURLL MISCELLANIES

UMBRA

Though speculation has connected several other persons with this poem, it is probably still another hit at the luckless Ambrose Philips. It, with the three following poems, was first published in the *Miscellanies*, 1727.

CLOSE to the best known author Umbra sits,
The constant index to old Button's Wits.
'Who's here?' cries Umbra. 'Only Johnson.'—'O!
Your slave,' and exit; but returns with Rowe.
'Dear Rowe, let's sit and talk of tragedies:'
Ere long Pope enters, and to Pope he flies.
Then up comes Steele: he turns upon his heel,
And in a moment fastens upon Steele;
But cries as soon, 'Dear Dick, I must be gone,
For, if I know his tread, here's Addison.'
Says Addison to Steele, ''T is time to go:'
Pope to the closet steps aside with Rowe.
Poor Umbra, left in this abandon'd pickle,
Ev'n sits him down, and writes to honest Tickell.
Fool! 't is in vain from Wit to Wit to roam;
Know, Sense, like Charity, 'begins at home.'

BISHOP HOUGH

A BISHOP, by his neighbors hated,
Has cause to wish himself translated;
But why should Hough desire translation,
Loved and esteem'd by all the nation?
Yet if it be the old man's case,
I 'll lay my life I know the place:
'T is where God sent some that adore him,
And whither Enoch went before him.

SANDYS' GHOST

OR, A PROPER NEW BALLAD ON THE NEW OVID'S METAMORPHOSES: AS IT WAS INTENDED TO BE TRANSLATED BY PERSONS OF QUALITY

This refers to the translation undertaken by Sir Samuel Garth, which aimed to complete Dryden's translation of Ovid, avoiding the rigidness of Sandys' method. The enterprise was begun in 1718, when these verses were probably written.

Ye Lords and Commons, men of wit
And pleasure about town,
Read this, ere you translate one bit
Of books of high renown.

Beware of Latin authors, all,
Nor think your verses sterling,
Tho' with a golden pen you scrawl,
And scribble in a Berlin.

For not the desk with silver nails,
Nor bureau of expense,
Nor standish well japann'd, avails
To writing of good sense.

Hear how a Ghost in dead of night,
With saucer eyes of fire,
In woful wise did sore affright
A Wit and courtly Squire:

Rare imp of Phœbus, hopeful youth!
Like puppy tame, that uses
To fetch and carry in his mouth
The works of all the Muses.

Ah! why did he write poetry,
That hereto was so civil;
And sell his soul for vanity
To Rhyming and the Devil?

A desk he had of curious work,
With glitt'ring studs about;
Within the same did Sandys lurk,
Tho' Ovid lay without.

Now, as he scratch'd to fetch up thought,
Forth popp'd the sprite so thin,
And from the keyhole bolted out,
All upright as a pin.

With whiskers, band, and pantaloon,
And ruff composed most duly,
This Squire he dropp'd his pen full soon,
While as the light burnt bluely.

Ho! master Sam, quoth Sandys' sprite,
Write on, nor let me scare ye!
Forsooth, if rhymes fall not in right,
To Budgell seek or Carey.

I hear the beat of Jacob's drums,
Poor Ovid finds no quarter!
See first the merry P[embroke] comes
In haste without his garter.

Then Lords and Lordlings, Squires and Knights,
Wits, Witlings, Prigs, and Peers:
Garth at St. James's, and at White's,
Beats up for volunteers.

What Fenton will not do, nor Gay,
Nor Congreve, Rowe, nor Stanyan,
Tom B[urne]t, or Tom D'Urfey may,
John Dunton, Steele, or any one.

If Justice Philips' costive head
Some frigid rhymes disburses,
They shall like Persian tales be read,
And glad both babes and nurses.

Let W[a]rw[ic]k's Muse with Ash[urs]t join,
And Ozell's with Lord Hervey's,
Tickell and Addison combine,
And P[o]pe translate with Jervas.

L[ansdowne] himself, that lively lord,
Who bows to every lady,
Shall join with F[rowde] in one accord,
And be like Tate and Brady.

Ye ladies, too, draw forth your pen;
I pray, where can the hurt lie?
Since you have brains as well as men,
As witness Lady Wortley.

Now, Tonson, list thy forces all,
Review them and tell noses;
For to poor Ovid shall befall
A strange metamorphosis;

A metamorphosis more strange
Than all his books can vapour —
'To what (quoth 'Squire) shall Ovid change?'
Quoth Sandys, 'To waste paper.'

EPITAPH

Imitated from a Latin couplet on Joannes Mirandula: —

Joannes jacet hic Mirandula: cætera norunt
Et Tagus et Ganges — forsan et Antipodes.

First applied by Pope to Francis Chartres, but published in this form in 1727.

HERE lies *Lord Coningsby* — be civil!
The rest God knows — perhaps the Devil.

THE THREE GENTLE SHEPHERDS

OF gentle Philips will I ever sing,
With gentle Philips shall the valleys ring.
My numbers too for ever will I vary,
With gentle Budgell, and with gentle Carey.
Or if in ranging of the names I judge ill,
With gentle Carey and with gentle Budgell.
Oh! may all gentle bards together place ye,
Men of good hearts, and men of delicacy.
May Satire ne'er befool ye or beknave ye,
And from all Wits that have a knack, God save ye!

ON THE COUNTESS OF BURLINGTON CUTTING PAPER

PALLAS grew vapourish once and odd;
She would not do the least right thing,
Either for Goddess or for God,
Nor work, nor play, nor paint, nor sing.

Jove frown'd, and 'Use (he cried) those eyes
So skilful, and those hands so taper;
Do something exquisite and wise — '
She bow'd, obey'd him, and cut paper.

This vexing him who gave her birth,
Thought by all Heav'n a burning shame,
What does she next, but bids, on earth,
Her *Burlington* do just the same.

Pallas, you give yourself strange airs;
But sure you 'll find it hard to spoil
The Sense and Taste of one that bears
The name of Saville and of Boyle.

Alas! one bad example shown,
How quickly all the sex pursue!
See, madam, see the arts o'erthrown
Between John Overton and you!

EPIGRAM

AN EMPTY HOUSE

YOU beat your Pate, and fancy Wit will come:
Knock as you please, there 's nobody at home.

POEMS SUGGESTED BY GULLIVER

ODE TO QUINBUS FLESTRIN

THE MAN MOUNTAIN, BY TITTY TIT, POET LAUREATE TO HIS MAJESTY OF LILLIPUT. TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH

This 'Ode' and the three following poems, were written by Pope after reading *Gulliver's Travels*, and first published in the *Miscellanies* of Pope and Swift, in 1727.

IN amaze
Lost I gaze!
Can our eyes
Reach thy size!
May my lays
Swell with praise,
Worthy thee!
Worthy me!
Muse, inspire
All thy fire!
Bards of old
Of him told,
When they said
Atlas' head
Propp'd the skies:
See! and believe your eyes!
See him stride
Valleys wide,
Over woods,
Over floods!
When he treads,
Mountains' heads
Groan and shake,
Armies quake;
Lest his spurn
Overturn
Man and steed:
Troops, take heed!
Left and right,
Speed your flight!
Lest an host

Beneath his foot be lost;
Turn'd aside
From his hide
Safe from wound,
Darts rebound.
From his nose
Clouds he blows!
When he speaks,
Thunder breaks!
When he eats,
Famine threats!
When he drinks,
Neptune shrinks!
Nigh thy ear
In mid air,
On thy hand
Let me stand;
So shall I,
Lofty poet! touch the sky.

THE LAMENTATION OF GLUMDALCLITCH FOR THE LOSS OF GRILDRIG

A PASTORAL

Soon as Glumdalclitch miss'd her pleasing care,
She wept, she blubber'd, and she tore her hair;
No British miss sincerer grief has known,
Her squirrel missing, or her sparrow flown.
She furl'd her sampler, and haul'd in her thread,
And stuck her needle into Grildrig's bed;
Then spread her hands, and with a bounce let fall
Her baby, like the giant in Guildhall.
In peals of thunder now she roars, and now
She gently whimpers like a lowing cow:
Yet lovely in her sorrow still appears:
Her locks dishevell'd, and her flood of tears,
Seem like the lofty barn of some rich swain,
When from the thatch drips fast a shower of rain.
In vain she search'd each cranny of the house,
Each gaping chink, impervious to a mouse.
'Was it for this (she cried) with daily care
Within thy reach I set the vinegar,
And fill'd the cruet with the acid tide,
While pepper-water worms thy bait supplied?
Where twined the silver eel around thy hook,
And all the little monsters of the brook!
Sure in that lake he dropt; my Grilly's drown'd!'
She dragg'd the cruet, but no Grildrig found.
'Vain is thy courage, Grilly, vain thy boast!
But little creatures enterprise the most.
Trembling I 've seen thee dare the kitten's paw,
Nay, mix with children, as they play'd at taw,
Nor fear the marbles as they bounding flew;
Marbles to them, but rolling rocks to you!
'Why did I trust thee with that giddy youth?
Who from a page can ever learn the truth?
Versed in court tricks, that money-loving boy
To some lord's daughter sold the living toy;
Or rent him limb from limb in cruel play,
As children tear the wings of flies away.
From place to place o'er Brobdingnag I 'll roam,
And never will return, or bring thee home.
But who hath eyes to trace the passing wind?
How then thy fairy footsteps can I find?
Dost thou bewilder'd wander all alone
In the green thicket of a mossy stone;
Or, tumbled from the toadstool's slipp'ry round,
Perhaps, all maim'd, lie grovelling on the ground
Dost thou, embosom'd in the lovely rose,
Or, sunk within the peach's down repose?
Within the kingcup if thy limbs are spread,
Or in the golden cowslip's velvet head,
O show me, Flora, midst those sweets, the flower
Where sleeps my Grildrig in the fragrant bower.
'But ah! I fear thy little fancy roves
On little females, and on little loves;
Thy pigmy children, and thy tiny spouse,
The baby playthings that adorn thy house,
Doors, windows, chimneys, and the spacious rooms,
Equal in size to cells of honeycombs.
Hast thou for these now ventured from the shore,
Thy bark a bean shell, and a straw thy oar?

Or in thy box now bounding on the main,
Shall I ne'er bear thyself and house again?
And shall I set thee on my hand no more,
To see thee leap the lines, and traverse o'er
My spacious palm; of stature scarce a span,
Mimic the actions of a real man?
No more behold thee turn my watch's key,
As seamen at a capstan anchors weigh?
How wert thou wont to walk with cautious tread,
A dish of tea, like milkpail, on thy head!
How chase the mite that bore thy cheese away,
And keep the rolling maggot at a bay!'
She spoke; but broken accents stopp'd her voice,
Soft as the speaking-trumpet's mellow noise:
She sobb'd a storm, and wiped her flowing eyes,
Which seem'd like two broad suns in misty skies.
O squander not thy grief! those tears command
To weep upon our cod in Newfoundland;
The plenteous pickle shall preserve the fish,
And Europe taste thy sorrows in a dish.

TO MR. LEMUEL GULLIVER

THE GRATEFUL ADDRESS OF THE UNHAPPY HOUYHNHNMS NOW IN SLAVERY AND BONDAGE IN ENGLAND

To thee, we wretches of the Houyhnhnm band,
Condemn'd to labour in a barb'rous land,
Return our thanks. Accept our humble lays,
And let each grateful Houyhnhnm neigh thy praise.
O happy Yahoo, purged from human crimes,
By thy sweet sojourn in those virtuous climes,
Where reign our sires; there, to thy country's shame,
Reason, you found, and Virtue were the same.
Their precepts razed the prejudice of youth,
And ev'n a Yahoo learn'd the love of Truth.
Art thou the first who did the coast explore?
Did never Yahoo tread that ground before?
Yes, thousands! But in pity to their kind,
Or sway'd by envy, or thro' pride of mind,
They hid their knowledge of a nobler race,
Which own'd, would all their sires and sons disgrace.
You, like the Samian, visit lands unknown,
And by their wiser morals mend your own.
Thus Orpheus travell'd to reform his kind,
Came back, and tamed the brutes he left behind.
You went, you saw, you heard: with virtue fought,
Then spread those morals which the Houyhnhnms taught.
Our labours here must touch thy gen'rous heart,
To see us strain before the coach and cart;
Compell'd to run each knavish jockey's heat!
Subservient to Newmarket's annual cheat!
With what reluctance do we lawyers bear,
To fleece their country clients twice a year!
Or managed in your schools, for fops to ride,
How foam, how fret beneath a load of pride!
Yes, we are slaves — but yet, by reason's force,
Have learn'd to bear misfortune like a horse.
O would the stars, to ease my bonds ordain
That gentle Gulliver might guide my rein!
Safe would I bear him to his journey's end,
For 't is a pleasure to support a friend.
But if my life be doom'd to serve the bad,
Oh! mayst thou never want an easy pad!

HOUYHNHNM

MARY GULLIVER TO CAPTAIN LEMUEL GULLIVER

AN EPISTLE

ARGUMENT

The captain, some time after his return, being retired to Mr. Sympson's in the country, Mrs. Gulliver, apprehending from his late behaviour some estrangement of his affections, writes him the following expostulatory, soothing, and tenderly complaining epistle.

Welcome, thrice welcome to thy native place!
What, touch me not? what, shun a wife's embrace?
Have I for this thy tedious absence borne,
And waked, and wish'd whole nights for thy return?
In five long years I took no second spouse;
What Redriff wife so long hath kept her vows?
Your eyes, your nose, inconstancy betray;
Your nose you stop, your eyes you turn away.
'T is said, that thou shouldst 'cleave unto thy wife;'
Once thou didst cleave, and I could cleave for life.
Hear, and relent! hark how thy children moan!
Be kind at least to these; they are thy own:
Behold, and count them all; secure to find
The honest number that you left behind.
See how they bat thee with their pretty paws:
Why start you? are they snakes? or have they claws?
Thy Christian seed, our mutual flesh and bone:
Be kind at least to these; they are thy own.
Biddel, like thee, might farthest India rove;
He changed his country, but retain'd his love.
There 's Captain Pannel, absent half his life,
Comes back, and is the kinder to his wife;
Yet Pannel's wife is brown compared to me,
And Mrs. Biddel sure is fifty-three.
Not touch me! never neighbour call'd me slut!
Was Flimnap's dame more sweet in Lilliput?
I've no red hair to breathe an odious fume;
At least thy Consort 's cleaner than thy Groom.
Why then that dirty stable-boy thy care?
What mean those visits to the Sorrel Mare?
Say, by what witchcraft, or what demon led,
Preferr'st thou litter to the marriage-bed?
Some say the Devil himself is in that mare:
If so, our Dean shall drive him forth by prayer.
Some think you mad, some think you are possess'd,
That Bedlam and clean straw will suit you best.
Vain means, alas, this frenzy to appease!
That straw, that straw would heighten the disease.
My bed (the scene of all our former joys,
Witness two lovely girls, two lovely boys)
Alone I press: in dreams I call my dear,
I stretch my hand; no Gulliver is there!
I wake, I rise, and shiv'ring with the frost
Search all the house; my Gulliver is lost!
Forth in the street I rush with frantic cries;
The windows open, all the neighbours rise:
'Where sleeps my Gulliver? O tell me where.'
The neighbours answer, 'With the Sorrel Mare.'
At early morn I to the market haste
(Studious in every thing to please thy taste);
A curious fowl and 'sparagus I chose
(For I remember'd you were fond of those);
Three shillings cost the first, the last seven groats;
Sullen you turn from both, and call for oats.
Others bring goods and treasure to their houses,
Something to deck their pretty babes and spouses:
My only token was a cup like horn,
That 's made of nothing but a lady's corn.
'T is not for that I grieve; O, 't is to see
The Groom and Sorrel Mare preferr'd to me!
These, for some moments when you deign to quit,
And at due distance sweet discourse admit,
'T is all my pleasure thy past toil to know;
For pleas'd remembrance builds delight on woe.
At ev'ry danger pants thy consort's breast,
And gaping infants squall to hear the rest.
How did I tremble, when by thousands bound,
I saw thee stretch'd on Lilliputian ground!
When scaling armies climb'd up every part,
Each step they trod I felt upon my heart.

But when thy torrent quench'd the dreadful blaze,
King, Queen, and Nation staring with amaze,
Full in my view how all my husband came;
And what extinguish'd theirs increas'd my flame.
Those spectacles, ordain'd thine eyes to save,
Were once my present; love that armour gave.
How did I mourn at Bolgolam's decree!
For when he sign'd thy death, he sentenc'd me.
When folks might see thee all the country round
For sixpence, I'd have giv'n a thousand pound.
Lord! when the giant babe that head of thine
Got in his mouth, my heart was up in mine!
When in the marrow bone I see thee ramm'd,
Or on the housetop by the monkey cramm'd,
The piteous images renew my pain,
And all thy dangers I weep o'er again.
But on the maiden's nipple when you rid,
Pray Heav'n, 't was all a wanton maiden did!
Glumdalclitch, too! with thee I mourn her case,
Heaven guard the gentle girl from all disgrace!
O may the king that one neglect forgive,
And pardon her the fault by which I live!
Was there no other way to set him free?
My life, alas! I fear prov'd death to thee.
O teach me, dear, new words to speak my flame;
Teach me to woo thee by thy best lov'd name!
Whether the style of Grildrig please thee most,
So call'd on Brobdingnag's stupendous coast,
When on the monarch's ample hand you sate,
And halloo'd in his ear intrigues of state;
Or Quinbus Flestrin more endearment brings,
When like a mountain you look'd down on kings:
If ducal Nardac, Lilliputian peer,
Or Glumglum's humbler title soothe thy ear:
Nay, would kind Jove my organs so dispose,
To hymn harmonious Houyhnhnm thro' the nose,
I 'd call thee Houyhnhnm, that high sounding name
Thy children's noses all should twang the same;
So might I find my loving spouse of course
Endued with all the virtues of a horse.

LATER POEMS

ON CERTAIN LADIES

When other fair ones to the shades go down,
Still Chloë, Flavia, Delia, stay in town:
Those ghosts of beauty wand'ring here reside,
And haunt the places where their honour died.

CELIA

Celia, we know, is sixty-five,
Yet Celia's face is seventeen;
Thus winter in her breast must live,
While summer in her face is seen.
How cruel Celia's fate, who hence
Our heart's devotion cannot try;
Too pretty for our reverence,
Too ancient for our gallantry!

PROLOGUE

TO A PLAY FOR MR. DENNIS'S BENEFIT, IN 1733, WHEN HE WAS OLD, BLIND, AND IN GREAT DISTRESS, A LITTLE BEFORE HIS DEATH

As when that hero, who in each campaign
Had braved the Goth, and many a Vandal slain,

Lay fortune-struck, a spectacle of woe,
Wept by each friend, forgiv'n by ev'ry foe;
Was there a gen'rous, a reflecting mind,
But pitied Belisarius old and blind?
Was there a chief but melted at the sight?
A common soldier but who clubb'd his mite?
Such, such emotions should in Britons rise,
When, press'd by want and weakness, Dennis lies;
Dennis! who long had warr'd with modern Huns,
Their quibbles routed, and defied their puns;
A desp'rate bulwark, sturdy, firm, and fierce,
Against the Gothic sons of frozen verse.
How changed from him who made the boxes groan,
And shook the stage with thunders all his own!
Stood up to dash each vain pretender's hope,
Maul the French tyrant, or pull down the Pope!
If there 's a Briton, then, true bred and born,
Who holds dragoons and wooden shoes in scorn;
If there 's a critic of distinguish'd rage;
If there 's a senior who contemns this age;
Let him to-night his just assistance lend,
And be the Critic's, Briton's, old man's friend.

SONG, BY A PERSON OF QUALITY

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1733

The public astonished Pope by taking this burlesque seriously, and praising it as poetry.

I

FLUTT'RING spread thy purple Pinions,
Gentle *Cupid*, o'er my Heart;
I a Slave in thy Dominions;
Nature must give Way to Art.

II

Mild *Arcadians*, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your Flocks,
See my weary Days consuming,
All beneath yon flow'ry Rocks.

III

Thus the Cyprian Goddess weeping,
Mourn'd *Adonis*, darling Youth:
Him the Boar in Silence creeping,
Gored with unrelenting Tooth.

IV

Cynthia, tune harmonious Numbers;
Fair *Discretion*, string the Lyre;
Soothe my ever-waking Slumbers:
Bright *Apollo*, lend thy Choir.

V

Gloomy *Pluto*, King of Terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine Chains,
Lead me to the Crystal Mirrors,
Wat'ring soft Elysian Plains.

VI

Mournful Cypress, verdant Willow,
Gilding my *Aurelia's* Brows,
Morpheus hov'ring o'er my Pillow,
Hear me pay my dying Vows.

VII

Melancholy smooth *Mœander*,
Swiftly purling in a Round,
On thy Margin Lovers wander,
With thy flow'ry Chaplets crown'd.

VIII

Thus when *Philomela* drooping,
Softly seeks her silent Mate,
See the Bird of *Juno* stooping;
Melody resigns to Fate.

VERSES LEFT BY MR. POPE

ON HIS LYING IN THE SAME BED WHICH WILMOT, THE CELEBRATED EARL OF ROCHESTER, SLEPT IN AT ADDERBURY, THEN BELONGING TO THE DUKE OF ARGYLE, JULY 9TH, 1739

WITH no poetic ardour fired
I press the bed where Wilmot lay;
That here he lov'd, or here expired,
Begets no numbers grave or gay.

Beneath thy roof, Argyle, are bred
Such thoughts as prompt the brave to lie
Stretch'd out in honour's nobler bed,
Beneath a nobler roof — the sky.

Such flames as high in patriots burn,
  Yet stoop to bless a child or wife;
And such as wicked kings may mourn,
  When Freedom is more dear than Life.

ON HIS GROTTO AT TWICKENHAM

COMPOSED OF MARBLES, SPARS, GEMS, ORES, AND MINERALS

These lines were enclosed in a letter to Bolingbroke, dated September 3, 1740.

THOU who shalt stop where Thames' translucent wave
Shines a broad mirror thro' the shadowy cave;
Where ling'ring drops from min'ral roofs distil,
And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill;
Unpolish'd gems no ray on pride bestow,
And latent metals innocently glow;
Approach. Great Nature studiously behold!
And eye the mine without a wish for gold.
Approach; but awful! lo! the Ægerian grot,
Where, nobly pensive, St. John sate and thought;
Where British sighs from dying Wyndham stole,
And the bright flame was shot thro' Marchmont's soul.
Let such, such only, tread this sacred floor,
Who dare to love their country, and be poor.

ON RECEIVING FROM THE RIGHT HON. THE LADY FRANCES SHIRLEY A STANDISH AND TWO PENS

Lady Frances Shirley was daughter of Earl Ferrers, a neighbor of Pope's at Twickenham.

YES, I beheld th' Athenian Queen
  Descend in all her sober charms;
'And take' (she said, and smiled serene),
  'Take at this hand celestial arms:

'Secure the radiant weapons wield;
This golden lance shall guard Desert,
And if a Vice dares keep the field,
  This steel shall stab it to the heart.'

Awed, on my bended knees I fell,
  Received the weapons of the sky;
And dipt them in the sable well,
  The fount of Fame or Infamy.

'What *well?* what *weapons?*' (Flavia cries,)
  'A standish, steel and golden pen!
It came from Bertrand's, not the skies;
  I gave it you to write again.

'But, Friend, take heed whom you attack;
  You 'll bring a House (I mean of Peers)
Red, blue, and green, nay white and black,
  L[ambeth] and all about your ears.

'You 'd write as smooth again on glass,
  And run, on ivory, so glib,
As not to stick at Fool or Ass,
  Nor stop at Flattery or Fib.

'*Athenian Queen!* and *sober charms!*
  I tell ye, fool, there 's nothing in 't:
'T is Venus, Venus gives these arms;
  In Dryden's Virgil see the print.

'Come, if you 'll be a quiet soul,
  That dares tell neither Truth nor Lies,
I 'll lift you in the harmless roll
  Of those that sing of these poor eyes.'

ON BEAUFORT HOUSE GATE AT CHISWICK

The Lord Treasurer Middlesex's house at Chelsea, after passing to the Duke of Beaufort, was called Beaufort House. It was afterwards sold to Sir Hans Sloane. When the house was taken down in 1740, its gateway, built by Inigo Jones, was given by Sir Hans Sloane to the Earl of Burlington, who removed it with the greatest care to his garden at Chiswick, where it may be still seen. (Ward.)

I WAS brought from Chelsea last year,
  Batter'd with wind and weather;
  Inigo Jones put me together;
Sir Hans Sloane let me alone;
  Burlington brought me hither.

TO MR. THOMAS SOUTHERN

ON HIS BIRTHDAY, 1742

Southern was invited to dine on his birthday with Lord Orrery, who had prepared the entertainment, of which the bill of fare is here set down.

Resign'd to live, prepared to die,
With not one sin but poetry,
This day Tom's fair account has run
(Without a blot) to eighty-one.
Kind Boyle before his poet lays
A table with a cloth of bays;
And Ireland, mother of sweet singers,
Presents her harp still to his fingers.
The feast, his tow'ring Genius marks
In yonder wildgoose and the larks!
The mushrooms show his Wit was sudden!
And for his Judgment, lo, a pudden!
Roast beef, tho' old, proclaims him stout,
And grace, although a bard, devout.
May Tom, whom Heav'n sent down to raise
The price of Prologues and of Plays,
Be ev'ry birthday more a winner,
Digest his thirty-thousandth dinner,
Walk to his grave without reproach,
And scorn a Rascal and a Coach.

EPIGRAM

My Lord complains that Pope, stark mad with gardens,
Has cut three trees, the value of three farthings.
'But he 's my neighbour,' cries the Peer polite:
'And if he visit me, I 'll waive the right.'
What! on compulsion, and against my will,
A lord's acquaintance? Let him file his bill!

EPIGRAM

Explained by Carruthers to refer to the large sums of money given in charity on account of the severity of the weather about the year 1740.

Yes! 't is the time (I cried), impose the chain,
Destin'd and due to wretches self-enslaved;
But when I saw such charity remain,
I half could wish this people should be saved.

Faith lost, and Hope, our Charity begins;
And 't is a wise design in pitying Heav'n,
If this can cover multitude of sins,
To take the *only* way to be forgiv'n.

1740: A POEM

'I shall here,' says Dr. Warton, 'present the reader with a valuable literary curiosity, a Fragment of an unpublished Satire of Pope, entitled, *One Thousand Seven Hundred and Forty;* communicated to me by the kindness of the learned and worthy Dr. Wilson, formerly fellow and librarian of Trinity College, Dublin; who speaks of the Fragment in the following terms: —

'"This poem I transcribed from a rough draft in Pope's own hand. He left many blanks for fear of the Argus eye of those who, if they cannot find, can fabricate treason; yet, spite of his precaution, it fell into the hands of his enemies. To the hieroglyphics there are direct allusions, I think, in some of the notes on the *Dunciad*. It was lent me by a grandson of Lord Chetwynd, an intimate friend of the famous Lord Bolingbroke, who gratified his curiosity by a boxful of the rubbish and sweepings of Pope's study, whose executor he was, in conjunction with Lord Marchmont."'

O wretched B[ritain], jealous now of all,
What God, what Mortal shall prevent thy fall?
Turn, turn thy eyes from wicked men in place,
And see what succour from the patriot race.
C[ampbell], his own proud dupe, thinks Monarchs things
Made just for him, as other fools for Kings;
Controls, decides, insults thee ev'ry hour,
And antedates the hatred due to power.
Thro' clouds of passion P[ulteney]'s views are clear;
He foams a Patriot to subside a Peer;
Impatient sees his country bought and sold,
And damns the market where he takes no gold.
Grave, righteous S[andys] jogs on till, past belief,
He finds himself companion with a thief.
To purge and let thee blood with fire and sword
Is all the help stern S[hippen] would afford.

That those who bind and rob thee would not kill,
Good C[ornbury] hopes, and candidly sits still.
Of Ch[arle]s W[illiams] who speaks at all?
No more than of Sir Har[r]y or Sir P[aul]:
Whose names once up, they thought it was not wrong
To lie in bed, but sure they lay too long.
G[owe]r, C[obha]m, B[athurs]t, pay thee due regards.
Unless the ladies bid them mind their cards.
with wit that must
And C[hesterfiel]d who speaks so well and writes,
Whom (saving W.) every S[harper bites,]
must needs
Whose wit and . . . equally provoke one,
Finds thee, at best, the butt to crack his joke on.
As for the rest, each winter up they run,
And all are clear, that something must be done.
Then urged by C[artere]t, or by C[artere]t stopp'd,
Inflamed by P[ultene]y, and by P[ultene]y dropp'd;
They follow rev'rently each wondrous wight,
Amazed that one can read, that one can write
(So geese to gander prone obedience keep,
Hiss if he hiss, and if he slumber, sleep);
Till having done whate'er was fit or fine,
Utter'd a speech, and ask'd their friends to dine,
Each hurries back to his paternal ground,
Content but for five shillings in the pound,
Yearly defeated, yearly hopes they give,
And all agree Sir Robert cannot live.
Rise, rise, great W[alpole], fated to appear,
Spite of thyself a glorious minister!
Speak the loud language princes . . .
And treat with half the . . .
At length to B[ritain] kind, as to thy . . .
Espouse the nation, you . . .
What can thy H[orace] . . .
Dress in Dutch . . .
Though still he travels on no bad pretence,
To show . . .

Or those foul copies of thy face and tongue,
Veracious W[innington] and frontless Yonge;
Sagacious Bub, so late a friend, and there
So late a foe, yet more sagacious H[are]?
Hervey and Hervey's school, F[ox], H[enle]y, H[into]n,
Yea, moral Ebor, or religious Winton.
How! what can O[nslo]w, what can D[elaware],
The wisdom of the one and other chair,
N[ewcastle] laugh, or D[orset]'s sager [sneer],
Or thy dread truncheon M[arlboro]'s mighty Peer?
What help from J[ekyl]l's opiates canst thou draw
Or H[ardwic]k's quibbles voted into law?
C[ummins], that Roman in his nose alone,
Who hears all causes, B[ritain], but thy own,
Or those proud fools whom nature, rank, and fate
Made fit companions for the sword of state.
Can the light Packhorse, or the heavy Steer,
The sowzing Prelate, or the sweating Peer,
Drag out with all its dirt and all its weight,
The lumb'ring carriage of thy broken state?
Alas! the people curse, the carman swears,
The drivers quarrel, and the master stares.
The plague is on thee, Britain, and who tries
To save thee, in th' infectious office *dies*.
The first firm P[ultene]y soon resign'd his breath,
Brave S[carboro] loved thee, and was lied to death.
Good M[arch]m[on]t's fate tore P[olwar]th from thy side,
And thy last sigh was heard when W[yndha]m died.
Thy nobles sl[ave]s, thy se[nate]s bought with gold,
Thy clergy perjured, thy whole people sold,
An atheist ☋, a ⊕''''s ad. . . . . .
Blotch thee all o'er, and sink. . . . . .
Alas! on one alone our all relies,
Let him be honest, and he must be wise.
Let him no trifler from his school,
Nor like his. . . . . .still a. . . .

Be but a man! unminister'd, alone,
And free at once the Senate and the Throne;
Esteem the public love his best supply,
A ☺'s true glory his integrity;
Rich *with* his. . . . . *in* his. . . . . strong,
Affect no conquest, but endure no wrong.
Whatever his religion or his blood,
His public Virtue makes his title good.
Europe's just balance and our own may stand,
And one man's honesty redeem the land.

POEMS OF UNCERTAIN DATE

TO ERINNA

THO' sprightly Sappho force our love and praise,
A softer wonder my pleas'd soul surveys,
The mild Erinna, blushing in her bays.
So, while the sun's broad beam yet strikes the sight,
All mild appears the moon's more sober light;
Serene, in virgin majesty she shines,
And, unobserv'd, the glaring sun declines.

LINES WRITTEN IN WINDSOR FOREST

Sent in an undated letter to Martha Blount.

ALL hail, once pleasing, once inspiring shade,
Scene of my youthful loves, and happier hours!
Where the kind Muses met me as I stray'd,
And gently press'd my hand, and said,
'Be ours.'
Take all thou e'er shalt have, a constant Muse:
At Court thou mayst be liked, but nothing gain:
Stocks thou mayst buy and sell, but always lose;
And love the brightest eyes, but love in vain.

VERBATIM FROM BOILEAU

FIRST PUBLISHED BY WARBURTON IN 1751

Un jour, dit un auteur, etc.

ONCE (says an author, where I need not say)
Two travellers found an Oyster in their way:
Both fierce, both hungry, the dispute grew strong,
While, scale in hand, dame Justice pass'd along.
Before her each with clamour pleads the laws,
Explain'd the matter, and would win the cause.
Dame Justice weighing long the doubtful right,
Takes, opens, swallows it before their sight.
The cause of strife remov'd so rarely well,
'There take (says Justice), take ye each a shell.
We thrive at Westminster on fools like you:
'T was a fat Oyster — Live in peace — Adieu.'

LINES ON SWIFT'S ANCESTORS

Swift set up a plain monument to his grandfather, and also presented a cup to the church of Goodrich, or Gotheridge (in Herefordshire). He sent a pencilled elevation of the monument (a simple tablet) to Mrs. Howard, who returned it with the following lines, inscribed on the drawing by Pope. The paper is endorsed, in Swift's hand: 'Model of a monument for my grandfather, with Pope's roguery.' (Scott's *Life of Swift*.)

JONATHAN SWIFT
Had the gift,
By fatherige, motherige,
And by brotherige
To come from Gotherige,
But now is spoil'd clean,
And an Irish dean;

In this church he has put
A stone of two foot,

With a cup and a can, sir,
In respect to his grandsire;
So, Ireland, change thy tone,
And cry, O hone! O hone!
For England hath its own.

ON SEEING THE LADIES AT CRUX EASTON WALK IN THE WOODS BY THE GROTTO

EXTEMPORE BY MR. POPE

AUTHORS the world and their dull brains have traced
To fix the ground where Paradise was placed;
Mind not their learned whims and idle talk;
Here, here 's the place where these bright angels walk.

INSCRIPTION ON A GROTTO, THE WORK OF NINE LADIES

HERE, shunning idleness at once and praise,
This radiant pile nine rural sisters raise;
The glitt'ring emblem of each spotless dame,
Clear as her soul and shining as her frame;
Beauty which Nature only can impart,
And such a polish as disgraces Art;
But Fate disposed them in this humble sort,
And hid in deserts what would charm a Court.

TO THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF OXFORD

UPON A PIECE OF NEWS IN MIST [MIST'S JOURNAL] THAT THE REV. MR. W. REFUSED TO WRITE AGAINST MR. POPE BECAUSE HIS BEST PATRON HAD A FRIENDSHIP FOR THE SAID POPE

WESLEY, if Wesley 't is they mean,
They say on Pope would fall,
Would his best Patron let his Pen
Discharge his inward gall.

What Patron this, a doubt must be,
Which none but you can clear,
Or father Francis, 'cross the sea,
Or else Earl Edward here.

That both were good must be confess'd,
And much to both he owes;
But which to him will be the best
The Lord of Oxford knows

EPIGRAMS AND EPITAPHS

ON A PICTURE OF QUEEN CAROLINE

DRAWN BY LADY BURLINGTON

It is not known who the Bishop was. The 'lying Dean' refers to Dr. Alured Clarke, who preached a fulsome sermon upon the Queen's death.

PEACE, flatt'ring Bishop! lying Dean!
This portrait only paints the Queen!

EPIGRAM ENGRAVED ON THE COLLAR OF A DOG WHICH I GAVE TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

'His Highness' was Frederick, Prince of Wales.

I AM his Highness' dog at Kew;
Pray tell me, Sir, whose dog are you?

LINES WRITTEN IN EVELYN'S BOOK ON COINS

First printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* in 1735.

TOM WOOD of Chiswick, deep divine,
To Painter Kent gave all this coin.
'T is the first coin, I 'm bold to say,
That ever churchman gave to lay.

FROM THE GRUB-STREET JOURNAL

This Journal was established in January, 1730, and carried on for eight years by Pope

and his friends, in answer to the attacks provoked by the *Dunciad*. It corresponds in some measure to the *Xenien* of Goethe and Schiller. Only such pieces are here inserted as bear Pope's distinguishing signature A.; several others are probably his. (Ward.)

I

EPIGRAM

Occasioned by seeing some sheets of Dr. Bentley's edition of Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

Did Milton's prose, O Charles, thy death defend?
A furious Foe unconscious proves a Friend.
On Milton's verse does Bentley comment? — Know
A weak officious Friend becomes a Foe.
While he but sought his Author's fame to further,
The murd'rous critic has avenged thy murder.

II

EPIGRAM

Should D[enni]s print, how once you robb'd your brother,
Traduced your monarch, and debauch'd your mother;
Say, what revenge on D[enni]s can be had;
Too dull for laughter, for reply too mad?
Of one so poor you cannot take the law;
On one so old your sword you scorn to draw.
Uncaged then let the harmless monster rage,
Secure in dulness, madness, want, and age.

III

MR. J. M. S[MYTH]E

CATECHISED ON HIS ONE EPISTLE TO MR. POPE

What makes you write at this odd rate?
Why, Sir, it is to imitate.
What makes you steal and trifle so?
Why, 't is to do as others do.
But there 's no meaning to be seen.
Why, that 's the very thing I mean.

IV

EPIGRAM

ON MR. M[OO]RE'S GOING TO LAW WITH MR. GILIVER: INSCRIBED TO ATTORNEY TIBBALD

Once in his life M[oo]re judges right:
His sword and pen not worth a straw,
An author that could never write,
A gentleman that dares not fight,
Has but one way to tease — by law.
This suit, dear Tibbald, kindly hatch;
Thus thou may'st help the sneaking elf;
And sure a printer is his match,
Who 's but a publisher himself.

V

EPIGRAM

A gold watch found on cinder whore,
Or a good verse on J[emm]y M[oor]e,
Proves but what either should conceal,
Not that they 're rich, but that they steal.

VI

EPITAPH

ON JAMES MOORE-SMYTHE

Here lies what had nor birth, nor shape, nor fame;
No gentleman! no man! no-thing! no name!
For Jamie ne'er grew James; and what they call
More, shrunk to Smith — and Smith 's no name at all.
Yet die thou can'st not, phantom, oddly fated:
For how can no-thing be annihilated?

VII

A QUESTION BY ANONYMOUS

Tell, if you can, which did the worse,
Caligula or Gr[afto]n's Gr[a]ce?
That made a Consul of a horse,
And *this* a Laureate of an ass.

VIII

EPIGRAM

The sting of this epigram was for Cibber, then Poet Laureate.

GREAT G[eorge] such servants since thou well canst lack,
Oh! save the salary, and drink the sack.

IX

EPIGRAM

BEHOLD! ambitious of the British bays,
Cibber and Duck contend in rival lays,
But, gentle Colley, should thy verse prevail,
Thou hast no fence, alas! against his flail:
Therefore thy claim resign, allow his right:
For Duck can thresh, you know, as well as write.

EPITAPHS

His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani Munere! VIRG. [Æn. vii. 885.]

ON CHARLES EARL OF DORSET

IN THE CHURCH OF WITHYAM, SUSSEX

DORSET, the Grace of Courts, the Muses' Pride,
Patron of Arts, and Judge of Nature, died.
The scourge of Pride, tho' sanctified or great,
Of Fops in Learning, and of Knaves in State:
Yet soft his Nature, tho' severe his Lay,
His Anger moral, and his Wisdom gay.
Bless'd Satirist! who touch'd the mean so true,
As show'd, Vice had his hate and pity too.
Bless'd Courtier! who could King and Country please,
Yet sacred keep his Friendships and his Ease.
Bless'd Peer! his great Forefathers' ev'ry grace
Reflecting, and reflected in his race;
Where other Buckhursts, other Dorsets shine,
And Patriots still, or Poets, deck the line.

ON SIR WILLIAM TRUMBULL

ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL SECRETARIES OF STATE TO KING WILLIAM III

Who, having resigned his Place, died in his retirement at Easthamsted, in Berkshire, 1716.

A PLEASING Form, a firm, yet cautious Mind;
Sincere, tho' prudent; constant, yet resign'd:
Honour unchanged, a Principle profest,
Fix'd to one side, but mod'rate to the rest:
An honest Courtier, yet a Patriot too,
Just to his Prince, and to his Country true:
Fill'd with the Sense of age, the Fire of youth,
A scorn of Wrangling, yet a zeal for Truth;
A gen'rous Faith, from superstition free,
A love to Peace, and hate of Tyranny;
Such this Man was, who now, from earth remov'd,
At length enjoys that Liberty he lov'd.

ON THE HON. SIMON HARCOURT

ONLY SON OF THE LORD CHANCELLOR HARCOURT

At the Church of Stanton-Harcourt, Oxfordshire, 1720.

To this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art, draw near;
Here lies the Friend most lov'd, the Son most dear;
Who ne'er knew Joy but Friendship might divide,
Or gave his father grief but when he died.
How vain is Reason, Eloquence how weak!
If Pope must tell what Harcourt cannot speak.
Oh, let thy once-lov'd friend inscribe thy stone,
And with a father's sorrows mix his own!

ON JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

JACOBUS CRAGGS

REGI MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ A SECRETIS, ET CONSILIIS SANCTIORIBUS: PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPULI AMOR ET DELICIÆ: VIXIT TITULIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR ANNOS, HEU PAUCOS, XXXV. OB. FEB. XIV. MDCCXX.

STATESMAN, yet Friend to Truth! of Soul sincere,
In Action faithful, and in Honour clear!
Who broke no Promise, served no private end,
Who gain'd no Title, and who lost no Friend;
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd, by the Muse he lov'd.

ON MR. ROWE

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

THY reliques, ROWE! to this sad shrine we trust,
And near thy Shakspeare place thy honour'd bust,
Oh, next him, skill'd to draw the tender tear —
For never heart felt passion more sincere —
To nobler sentiment to fire the brave —
For never Briton more disdain'd a slave!
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest;
Blest in thy Genius, in thy Love too blest!
And blest, that timely from our scene remov'd,
Thy soul enjoys the Liberty it lov'd.
To these, so mourn'd in death, so lov'd in life,
The childless parent and the widow'd wife
With tears inscribes this monumental stone,
That holds their ashes and expects her own.

ON MRS. CORBET

WHO DIED OF A CANCER IN HER BREAST

HERE rests a Woman, good without pretence,
Bless'd with plain Reason and with sober Sense:
No Conquests she but o'er herself desired,
No Arts essay'd but not to be admired.
Passion and Pride were to her soul unknown,
Convinc'd that Virtue only is our own.
So unaffected, so composed, a mind,
So firm, yet soft, so strong, yet so refin'd,
Heav'n, as its purest gold, by Tortures tried:
The Saint sustain'd it, but the Woman died.

ON THE MONUMENT OF THE HON. R. DIGBY AND OF HIS SISTER MARY

ERECTED BY THEIR FATHER, LORD DIGBY, IN THE CHURCH OF SHERBORNE, IN DORSETSHIRE, 1727.

GO! fair example of untainted youth,
Of modest Wisdom and pacific Truth:
Composed in Suff'rings, and in Joy sedate,
Good without noise, without pretension great:
Just of thy word, in ev'ry thought sincere,
Who knew no wish but what the world might hear:
Of softest Manners, unaffected Mind,
Lover of Peace, and Friend of humankind!
Go live! for Heav'n's eternal year is thine;
Go, and exalt thy Mortal to Divine.
And thou, bless'd Maid! attendant on his doom,
Pensive hath follow'd to the silent Tomb,
Steer'd the same course to the same quiet shore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more!
Go then, where only bliss sincere is known!
Go where to love and to enjoy are one!
Yet take these tears, mortality's relief,
And till we share your joys, forgive our grief:
These little rites, a Stone, a Verse, receive;
'T is all a Father, all a Friend can give!

ON SIR GODFREY KNELLER

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, 1723

KNELLER, by Heav'n, and not a master, taught,
Whose Art was Nature, and whose pictures thought;

Now for two ages having snatch'd from fate
Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great,
Lies crown'd with Princes' honours, Poets' lays,
Due to his Merit and brave thirst of Praise.
Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
Her works; and, dying, fears herself may die.

ON GENERAL HENRY WITHERS

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, 1729

HERE, WITHERS! rest; thou bravest, gentlest mind,
Thy Country's friend, but more of Humankind.
O born to Arms! O Worth in youth approv'd!
O soft Humanity, in age belov'd!
For thee the hardy Vet'ran drops a tear,
And the gay Courtier feels the sigh sincere.
WITHERS, adieu! yet not with thee remove
Thy martial spirit or thy social love!
Amidst Corruption, Luxury, and Rage,
Still leave some ancient Virtues to our age;
Nor let us say (those English glories gone)
The last true Briton lies beneath this stone.

ON MR. ELIJAH FENTON

AT EASTHAMSTEAD, BERKS, 1729

THIS modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly say, Here lies an Honest Man;
A Poet bless'd beyond the Poet's fate,
Whom Heav'n kept sacred from the proud and great;
Foe to loud Praise, and friend to learned Ease,
Content with Science in the vale of peace.
Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From Nature's temp'rate feast rose satisfied,
Thank'd Heav'n that he had lived, and that he died.

ON MR. GAY

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, 1730

OF Manners gentle, of Affections mild;
In Wit a man; Simplicity a child:
With native Humour temp'ring virtuous Rage,
Form'd to delight at once and lash the age:
Above temptation, in a low estate,
And uncorrupted ev'n among the Great:
A safe Companion, and an easy Friend,
Unblamed thro' life, lamented in thy End.
These are thy Honours! not that here thy bust
Is mix'd with Heroes, or with Kings thy dust:
But that the Worthy and the Good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms — 'Here lies GAY!'

INTENDED FOR SIR ISAAC NEWTON

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

ISAACUS NEWTONUS

QUEM IMMORTALEM TESTANTUR TEMPUS, NATURA, CŒLUM: MORTALEM HOC MARMOR FATETUR

NATURE and Nature's laws lay hid in Night:
God said, *Let* NEWTON *be!* and all was Light.

ON DR. FRANCIS ATTERBURY

BISHOP OF ROCHESTER, WHO DIED IN EXILE AT PARIS, 1732

His only daughter having expired in his arms immediately after she arrived in France to see him.

DIALOGUE

She. YES, we have liv'd — One pang, and then we part!
May Heav'n, dear Father! now have all thy heart.

Yet ah! how once we lov'd, remember still,
Till you are dust like me.
He. Dear Shade! I will:
Then mix this dust with thine — O spotless Ghost!
O more than Fortune, Friends, or Country lost!
Is there on earth one care, one wish beside?
Yes — 'Save my country, Heav'n!' he said, and died.

ON EDMUND DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

WHO DIED IN THE NINETEENTH YEAR OF HIS AGE, 1735

If modest Youth, with cool Reflection crown'd,
And ev'ry opening Virtue blooming round,
Could save a Parent's justest Pride from fate,
Or add one Patriot to a sinking state,
This weeping marble had not ask'd thy tear,
Or sadly told, how many hopes lie here!
The living Virtue now had shone approv'd;
The Senate heard him, and his country lov'd.
Yet softer honours and less noisy fame
Attend the shade of gentle Buckingham:
In whom a race, for Courage famed and Art,
Ends in the milder merit of the Heart;
And, Chiefs or Sages long to Britain giv'n,
Pays the last tribute of a Saint to Heav'n.

FOR ONE WHO WOULD NOT BE BURIED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Heroes and Kings! your distance keep;
In peace let one poor Poet sleep,
Who never flatter'd folks like you:
Let Horace blush, and Virgil too.

ANOTHER ON THE SAME

Under this Marble, or under this Sill,
Or under this Turf, or ev'n what they will,
Whatever an Heir, or a Friend in his stead,
Or any good creature shall lay o'er my head,
Lies one who ne'er cared, and still cares not, a pin
What they said, or may say, of the mortal within;
But who, living and dying, serene, still and free,
Trusts in God that as well as he was he shall be.

ON TWO LOVERS STRUCK DEAD BY LIGHTNING

John Hughes and Sarah Drew. See Pope's letter to Lady Mary written in September, 1718.

I

When Eastern lovers feed the Funeral Fire,
On the same pile their faithful Fair expire;
Here pitying Heav'n that Virtue mutual found,
And blasted both, that it might neither wound.
Hearts so sincere th' Almighty saw well pleas'd,
Sent his own lightning, and the victims seiz'd.

II

Think not by rig'rous judgment seiz'd,
A pair so faithful could expire;
Victims so pure Heav'n saw well pleas'd,
And snatch'd them in celestial fire.

III

Live well, and fear no sudden fate:
When God calls Virtue to the grave,
Alike 't is Justice, soon or late,
Mercy alike to kill or save.
Virtue unmov'd can hear the call,
And face the flash that melts the ball.

EPITAPH

The subject is supposed to be John Gay.

Well, then, poor G—— lies underground!
So there 's an end of honest Jack —
So little justice here be found,
'T is ten to one he 'll ne'er come back.

AN ESSAY ON MAN

IN FOUR EPISTLES TO LORD BOLINGBROKE

The first two epistles of the *Essay on Man* were written in 1732, the third in the year following, and the fourth in 1734, when the complete *Essay* was published as we have it.

THE DESIGN

Having proposed to write some pieces on Human Life and Manners, such as, to use my Lord Bacon's expression, 'come home to men's business and bosoms,' I thought it more satisfactory to begin with considering Man in the abstract, his nature and his state: since to prove any moral duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatsoever, it is necessary first to know what condition and relation it is placed in, and what is the proper end and purpose of its being.

The science of Human Nature is, like all other sciences, reduced to a few clear points: there are not many certain truths in this world. It is therefore in the anatomy of the mind, as in that of the body; more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by studying too much such finer nerves and vessels, the conformations and uses of which will for ever escape our observation. The disputes are all upon these last; and, I will venture to say, they have less sharpened the wits than the hearts of men against each other, and have diminished the practice more than advanced the theory of morality. If I could flatter myself that this Essay has any merit, it is in steering betwixt the extremes of doctrines seemingly opposite, in passing over terms utterly unintelligible and in forming a temperate, yet not inconsistent, and a short, yet not imperfect, system of ethics.

This I might have done in prose; but I chose verse, and even rhyme, for two reasons. The one will appear obvious; that principles, maxims, or precepts, so written, both strike the reader more strongly at first, and are more easily retained by him afterwards: the other may seem odd, but it is true: I found I could express them more shortly this way than in prose itself; and nothing is more certain than that much of the force as well as grace of arguments or instructions depends on their conciseness. I was unable to treat this part of my subject more in detail without becoming dry and tedious; or more poetically without sacrificing perspicuity to ornament, without wandering from the precision, or breaking the chain of reasoning. If any man can unite all these without diminution of any of them, I freely confess he will compass a thing above my capacity.

What is now published is only to be considered as a general Map of Man, marking out no more than the greater parts, their extent, their limits, and their connexion, but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow; consequently these epistles in their progress (if I have health and leisure to make any progress) will be less dry, and more susceptible of poetical ornament. I am here only opening the fountains, and clearing the passage: to deduce the rivers, to follow them in their course, and to observe their effects, may be a task more agreeable.

EPISTLE I

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN, WITH RESPECT TO THE UNIVERSE

ARGUMENT

Of Man in the abstract. I. That we can judge only with regard to our own system, being ignorant of the relations of systems and things, verse 17, etc. II. That Man is not to be deemed imperfect, but a being suited to his place and rank in the creation, agreeable to the general order of things, and conformable to ends and relations to him unknown, verse 35, etc. III. That it is partly upon his ignorance of future events, and partly upon the hope of a future state, that all his happiness in the present depends, verse 77, etc. IV. The pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more perfection, the cause of Man's error and misery. The impiety of putting himself in the place of God, and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice, of his dispensations, verse 113, etc. V. The absurdity of conceiting himself the final cause of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the moral world which is not in the natural, verse 131, etc. VI. The unreasonableness of his complaints against Providence, while, on the one hand, he demands the perfections of

the angels, and, on the other, the bodily qualifications of the brutes; though to possess any of the sensitive faculties in a higher degree would render him miserable, verse 173, etc. VII. That throughout the whole visible world a universal order and gradation in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which causes a subordination of creature to creature, and of all creatures to man. The gradations of Sense, Instinct, Thought, Reflection, Reason: that Reason alone countervails all the other faculties, verse 207, etc. VIII. How much further this order and subordination of living creatures may extend above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected creation must be destroyed, verse 213, etc. IX. The extravagance, madness, and pride of such a desire, verse 209, etc. X. The consequence of all, the absolute submission due to Providence, both as to our present and future state, verse 281, etc., to the end.

AWAKE, my ST. JOHN! leave all meaner things
To low ambition and the pride of Kings.
Let us, since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us and to die,
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan;
A wild, where weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot,
Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield;
The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore
Of all who blindly creep or sightless soar;
Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
But vindicate the ways of God to man.

I. Say first, of God above or Man below
What can we reason but from what we know?
Of man what see we but his station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer?
Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
'T is ours to trace him only in our own.
He who thro' vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns,
What varied being peoples every star,
May tell why Heav'n has made us as we are:
But of this frame, the bearings and the ties,
The strong connexions, nice dependencies,
Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
Look'd thro'; or can a part contain the whole?
Is the great chain that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by God or thee?

II. Presumptuous man! the reason wouldst thou find,
Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind?
First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less!
Ask of thy mother earth why oaks are made
Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade!
Or ask of yonder argent fields above
Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove!

Of systems possible, if 't is confest
That wisdom infinite must form the best,
Where all must fall or not coherent be,
And all that rises rise in due degree;
Then in the scale of reas'ning life 't is plain
There must be, somewhere, such a rank as Man:
And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this, — if God has placed him wrong?

Respecting Man, whatever wrong we call,
May, must be right, as relative to all.
In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;
In God's, one single can its end produce,
Yet serve to second too some other use:
So man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal:
'T is but a part we see, and not a whole.

When the proud steed shall know why man restrains
His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's God;

Then shall man's pride and dulness comprehend
His actions', passions', being's, use and end;
Why doing, suff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and why
This hour a Slave, the next a Deity.
Then say not man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault;
Say rather man's as perfect as he ought;
His knowledge measured to his state and place,
His time a moment, and a point his space.
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter soon or late, or here or there?
The blest to-day is as completely so
As who began a thousand years ago.
III. Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
All but the page prescribed, their present state;
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know;
Or who could suffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason would he skip and play?
Pleas'd to the last he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
O blindness to the future! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n;
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.
Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher Death, and God adore.
What future bliss He gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is, but always to be, blest.
The soul, uneasy and confin'd from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler Heav'n,
Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To be, contents his natural desire;
He asks no Angel's wing, no Seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.
IV. Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense
Weigh thy opinion against Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fanciest such;
Say, here he gives too little, there too much;
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet cry, if man 's unhappy, God 's unjust;
If man alone engross not Heav'n's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there:
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Rejudge his justice, be the god of God.
In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies!
Pride still is aiming at the bless'd abodes,
Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods.
Aspiring to be Gods if Angels fell,
Aspiring to be Angels men rebel:
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of order, sins against th' Eternal Cause.
V. Ask for what end the heav'nly bodies shine,
Earth for whose use, — Pride answers, 'T is for mine:
For me kind Nature wakes her genial power,
Suckles each herb, and spreads out ev'ry flower;
Annual for me the grape, the rose, renew
The juice nectareous and the balmy dew;
For me the mine a thousand treasures brings;
For me health gushes from a thousand springs;
Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
My footstool earth, my canopy the skies.'

But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?
'No,' 't is replied, 'the first Almighty Cause
Acts not by partial but by gen'ral laws;
Th' exceptions few; some change since all began
And what created perfect?' — Why then man?
If the great end be human happiness,
Then Nature deviates; and can man do less?
As much that end a constant course requires
Of showers and sunshine, as of man's desires;
As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
As men for ever temp'rate, calm, and wise.
If plagues or earthquakes break not Heav'n's design,
Why then a Borgia or a Catiline?
Who knows but He, whose hand the lightning forms,
Who heaves old ocean, and who wings the storms;
Pours fierce ambition in a Cæsar's mind,
Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind?
From pride, from pride, our very reas'ning springs;
Account for moral as for natural things:
Why charge we Heav'n in those, in these acquit?
In both, to reason right is to submit.
Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind,
That never passion discomposed the mind:
But all subsists by elemental strife;
And passions are the elements of life.
The gen'ral order, since the whole began,
Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man.

VI. What would this Man? Now upward will he soar,
And little less than Angel, would be more;
Now looking downwards, just as griev'd appears
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his use all creatures if he call,
Say what their use, had he the powers of all?
Nature to these without profusion kind,
The proper organs, proper powers assign'd;
Each seeming want compensated of course,
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force;
All in exact proportion to the state;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate;
Each beast, each insect, happy in its own:
Is Heav'n unkind to man, and man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing if not bless'd with all?
The bliss of man (could pride that blessing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind;
No powers of body or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear.
Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, man is not a fly.
Say, what the use, were finer optics giv'n,
T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the Heav'n?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonize at every pore?
Or quick effluvia darting thro' the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain?
If Nature thunder'd in his opening ears,
And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
How would he wish that Heav'n had left him still
The whisp'ring zephyr and the purling rill?
Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives and what denies?

VII. Far as creation's ample range extends,
The scale of sensual, mental powers ascends.
Mark how it mounts to man's imperial race
From the green myriads in the peopled grass:
What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain and the lynx's beam:
Of smell, the headlong lioness between
And hound sagacious on the tainted green:
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood
To that which warbles thro' the vernal wood.

The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine,
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee what sense so subtly true,
From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew!
How instinct varies in the grovelling swine,
Compared, half-reas'ning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that and reason what a nice barrier!
For ever separate, yet for ever near!
Remembrance and reflection how allied!
What thin partitions Sense from Thought divide!
And middle natures how they long to join,
Yet never pass th' insuperable line!
Without this just gradation could they be
Subjected these to those, or all to thee!
The powers of all subdued by thee alone,
Is not thy Reason all these powers in one?

VIII. See thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth
All matter quick, and bursting into birth:
Above, how high progressive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vast chain of being! which from God began;
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, who no eye can see,
No glass can reach; from infinite to thee;
From thee to nothing. — On superior powers
Were we to press, inferior might on ours;
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken, the great scale 's destroy'd:
From Nature's chain whatever link you like,
Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And if each system in gradation roll,
Alike essential to th' amazing Whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the Whole must fall.
Let earth unbalanced from her orbit fly,
Planets and stars run lawless thro' the sky;
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
Being on being wreck'd, and world on world;
Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And Nature tremble to the throne of God!
All this dread order break — for whom? for thee?
Vile worm! — O madness! pride! impiety!

IX. What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
Or hand to toil, aspired to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another in this gen'ral frame;
Just as absurd to mourn the tasks or pains
The great directing Mind of All ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous Whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
That changed thro' all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth as in th' ethereal frame,
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns.
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all!

X. Cease, then, nor Order imperfection name;
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.
Submit: in this or any other sphere,
Secure to be as bless'd as thou canst bear;
Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,
Or in the natal or the mortal hour.
All Nature is but Art unknown to thee;
All chance direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good:
And spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,
One truth is clear, *Whatever is, is right.*

EPISTLE II

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT TO HIMSELF AS AN INDIVIDUAL

ARGUMENT

I. The business of Man not to pry into God, but to study himself. His middle nature; his powers and frailties, verses 1 to 19. The

limits of his capacity, verse 19, etc. II. The two principles of Man, Self-love and Reason, both necessary. Self-love the stronger, and why. Their end the same, verse 81, etc. III. The Passions, and their use. The predominant passion, and its force. Its necessity, in directing men to different purposes. Its providential use, in fixing our principle, and ascertaining our virtue, verse 93, etc. IV. Virtue and Vice joined in our mixed nature; the limits near, yet the things separate and evident: what is the office of Reason, verse 203, etc. V. How odious Vice in itself, and how we deceive ourselves into it, verse 217, etc. VI. That, however, the ends of Providence, and general goods, are answered in our passions and imperfections. How usefully these are distributed to all orders of men: how useful they are to Society; and to individuals; in every state, and every age of life, verse 238, etc., to the end.

I. KNOW then thyself, presume not God to scan,
The proper study of mankind is Man.
Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise and rudely great:
With too much knowledge for the Sceptic side,
With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,
He hangs between, in doubt to act or rest;
In doubt to deem himself a God or Beast;
In doubt his mind or body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err;
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little or too much;
Chaos of thought and passion, all confused;
Still by himself abused or disabused;
Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd;
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!
Go, wondrous creature! mount where Science guides;
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides;
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old Time, and regulate the sun;
Go, soar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;
Or tread the mazy round his followers trod,
And quitting sense call imitating God;
As eastern priests in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the sun.
Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule —
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool!
Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all Nature's law,
Admired such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And show'd a NEWTON as we show an ape.
Could he, whose rules the rapid comet bind,
Describe or fix one movement of his mind?
Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
Explain his own beginning or his end?
Alas! what wonder! Man's superior part
Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art;
But when his own great work is but begun,
What Reason weaves, by Passion is undone.
Trace Science then, with modesty thy guide;
First strip off all her equipage of pride;
Deduct what is but vanity or dress,
Or learning's luxury, or idleness,
Or tricks to show the stretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain;
Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts;
Of all our vices have created arts;
Then see how little the remaining sum,
Which serv'd the past, and must the times to come!
II. Two principles in Human Nature reign,
Self-love to urge, and Reason to restrain;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call;
Each works its end, to move or govern all:
And to their proper operation still
Ascribe all good, to their improper, ill.
Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man but for that no action could attend,
And but for this were active to no end:
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;
Or meteor-like, flame lawless thro' the void,
Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.
Most strength the moving principle requires;
Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires:
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,

Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and advise.
Self-love still stronger, as its objects nigh;
Reason's at distance and in prospect lie:
That sees immediate good by present sense;
Reason, the future and the consequence.
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng;
At best more watchful this, but that more strong.
The action of the stronger to suspend,
Reason still use, to Reason still attend.
Attention habit and experience gains;
Each strengthens Reason, and Self-love restrains.
Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
More studious to divide than to unite;
And Grace and Virtue, Sense and Reason split,
With all the rash dexterity of Wit.
Wits, just like fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.
Self-love and Reason to one end aspire,
Pain their aversion, Pleasure their desire;
But greedy that, its object would devour;
This taste the honey, and not wound the flower:
Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil or our greatest good.

III. Modes of Self-love the passions we may call;
'T is real good or seeming moves them all:
But since not every good we can divide,
And Reason bids us for our own provide,
Passions, tho' selfish, if their means be fair,
List under Reason, and deserve her care;
Those that imparted court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take some virtue's name.

In lazy apathy let Stoics boast
Their virtue fix'd; 't is fix'd as in a frost;
Contracted all, retiring to the breast;
But strength of mind is Exercise, not Rest:
The rising tempest puts in act the soul,
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but Passion is the gale;
Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind.

Passions, like elements, tho' born to fight,
Yet, mix'd and soften'd, in his work unite:
These 't is enough to temper and employ;
But what composes man can man destroy?
Suffice that Reason keep to Nature's road;
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleasure's smiling train,
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of Pain,
These mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind;
The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife
Gives all the strength and colour of our life.

Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes,
And when in act they cease, in prospect rise:
Present to grasp, and future still to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All spread their charms, but charm not all alike;
On diff'rent senses diff'rent objects strike;
Hence diff'rent passions more or less inflame,
As strong or weak the organs of the frame;
And hence one Master-passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death,
The young disease, that must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength:
So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
The mind's disease, its Ruling Passion, came;
Each vital humour, which should feed the whole,
Soon flows to this in body and in soul;
Whatever warms the heart or fills the head,
As the mind opens and its functions spread,
Imagination plies her dangerous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Nature its mother, Habit is its nurse;
Wit, spirit, faculties, but make it worse;
Reason itself but gives it edge and power,
As Heav'n's bless'd beam turns vinegar more sour.

We, wretched subjects, tho' to lawful sway,
In this weak queen some fav'rite still obey:

Ah! if she lend not arms as well as rules,
What can she more than tell us we are fools?
Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend,
A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend!
Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade
The choice we make, or justify it made;
Proud of an easy conquest all along,
She but removes weak passions for the strong:
So when small humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out.
Yes, Nature's road must ever be preferr'd;
Reason is here no guide, but still a guard;
'T is hers to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this passion more as friend than foe:
A mightier Power the strong direction sends,
And sev'ral men impels to sev'ral ends:
Like varying winds, by other passions toss'd,
This drives them constant to a certain coast.
Let Power or Knowledge, Gold or Glory, please,
Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease;
Thro' life 't is follow'd, ev'n at life's expense;
The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike, find Reason on their side.
Th' Eternal Art educing good from ill,
Grafts on this passion our best principle:
'T is thus the mercury of man is fix'd,
Strong grows the virtue with his nature mix'd;
The dross cements what else were too refin'd,
And in one int'rest body acts with mind.
As fruits ungrateful to the planter's care,
On savage stocks inserted, learn to bear,
The surest Virtues thus from Passions shoot,
Wild Nature's vigour working at the root.
What crops of wit and honesty appear
From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear!
See anger, zeal, and fortitude supply;
Ev'n av'rice prudence, sloth philosophy;
Lust, thro' some certain strainers well refin'd,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind;
Envy, to which th' ignoble mind 's a slave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave;
Nor virtue male or female can we name,
But what will grow on pride or grow on shame.
Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The Virtue nearest to our Vice allied:
Reason the bias turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus if he will.
The fiery soul abhorr'd in Catiline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine:
The same ambition can destroy or save,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.
IV. This light and darkness in our chaos join'd,
What shall divide? — the God within the mind.
Extremes in Nature equal ends produce;
In Man they join to some mysterious use;
Tho' each by turns the other's bounds invade,
As in some well-wrought picture light and shade;
And oft so mix, the diff'rence is too nice
Where ends the Virtue or begins the Vice.
Fools! who from hence into the notion fall
That Vice or Virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, soften, and unite
A thousand ways, is there no black or white?
Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain;
'T is to mistake them costs the time and pain.
V. Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where th' extreme of Vice was ne'er agreed:
Ask where 's the north? — at York 't is on the Tweed;
In Scotland at the Orcades; and there
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
No creature owns it in the first degree,
But thinks his neighbour farther gone than he;
Ev'n those who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage or never own;
What happier natures shrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right.

Virtuous and vicious ev'ry man must be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree:
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise,
And ev'n the best by fits what they despise.
'T is but by parts we follow good or ill;
For Vice or Virtue, Self directs it still;
Each individual seeks a sev'ral goal;
But Heav'n's great view is one, and that the Whole.
That counterworks each folly and caprice;
That disappoints th' effect of every vice;
That, happy frailties to all ranks applied,
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,
To kings presumption, and to crowds belief:
That, virtue's ends from vanity can raise,
Which seeks no int'rest, no reward but praise;
And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.
Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.
Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
The common int'rest, or endear the tie.
To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;
Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
Those joys, those loves, those int'rests to resign;
Taught, half by Reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome Death, and calmly pass away.
Whate'er the passion — knowledge, fame or pelf —
Not one will change his neighbour with himself.
The learn'd is happy Nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n,
The poor contents him with the care of Heav'n.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king,
The starving chymist in his golden views
Supremely bless'd, the poet in his Muse.
See some strange comfort ev'ry state attend,
And Pride bestow'd on all, a common friend:
See some fit passion every age supply;
Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die.
Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age:
Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before,
Till tired he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.
Meanwhile opinion gilds with varying rays
Those painted clouds that beautify our days;
Each want of happiness by Hope supplied,
And each vacuity of sense by Pride:
These build as fast as Knowledge can destroy;
In Folly's cup still laughs the bubble joy;
One prospect lost, another still we gain,
And not a vanity is giv'n in vain:
Ev'n mean Self-love becomes, by force divine,
The scale to measure others' wants by thine.
See! and confess one comfort still must rise;
'T is this, *Though Man's a fool, yet God is wise.*

EPISTLE III

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT TO SOCIETY

ARGUMENT

I. The whole Universe one system of Society. Nothing made wholly for itself, nor yet wholly for another. The happiness of animals mutual, verse 7, etc. II. Reason or Instinct operates alike to the good of each individual. Reason or Instinct operates also to Society in all animals, verse 49, etc. III. How far Society carried by Instinct; — how much farther by reason, verse 109, etc. IV. Of that which is called the state of nature. Reason instructed by Instinct in the invention of arts; — and in the forms of Society, verse 144, etc. V. Origin of political societies; —

origin of Monarchy; — patriarchal government, verse 199, etc. VI. Origin of true Religion and Government, from the same principle of Love; — origin of Superstition and Tyranny, from the same principle of Fear. The influence of Self-love operating to the social and public good. Restoration of true Religion and Government on their first principle. Mixed government. Various forms of each, and the true end of all, verse 215, etc.

HERE then we rest: — 'The Universal Cause
Acts to one end, but acts by various laws.'
In all the madness of superfluous Health,
The trim of Pride, the impudence of Wealth,
Let this great truth be present night and day:
But most be present, if we preach or pray.
I. Look round our world; behold the chain of love
Combining all below and all above.
See plastic Nature working to this end,
The single atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place,
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.
See matter next, with various life endued,
Press to one centre still, the gen'ral good:
See dying vegetables life sustain,
See life dissolving vegetate again.
All forms that perish other forms supply
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die),
Like bubbles on the sea of Matter borne,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return.
Nothing is foreign; parts relate to whole;
One all-extending, all-preserving, soul
Connects each being, greatest with the least;
Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast;
All serv'd, all serving: nothing stands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends unknown.
Has God, thou fool! work'd solely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly spreads the flowery lawn.
Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.
The bounding steed you pompously bestride
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?
The birds of Heav'n shall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harvest of the golden year?
Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer.
The hog that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.
Know Nature's children all divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch warm'd a bear.
While Man exclaims, 'See all things for my use!'
'See man for mine!' replies a pamper'd goose:
And just as short of Reason he must fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.
Grant that the pow'rful still the weak control;
Be Man the wit and tyrant of the whole:
Nature that tyrant checks; he only knows,
And helps, another creature's wants and woes.
Say will the falcon, stooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove?
Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings?
Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings? —
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods.
For some his Int'rest prompts him to provide,
For more his Pleasure, yet for more his Pride:
All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
Th' extensive blessing of his luxury.
That very life his learned hunger craves,
He saves from famine, from the savage saves;
Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,
And till he ends the being makes it blest;

Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
Than favour'd man by touch ethereal slain.
The creature had his feast of life before;
Thou too must perish when thy feast is o'er!
To each unthinking being, Heav'n, a friend,
Gives not the useless knowledge of its end:
To man imparts it, but with such a view
As while he dreads it, makes him hope it too;
The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear,
Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.
Great standing miracle! that Heav'n assign'd
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.
II. Whether with Reason or with Instinct blest,
Know all enjoy that power which suits them best;
To bliss alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end.
Say, where full Instinct is th' unerring guide,
What Pope or Council can they need beside?
Reason, however able, cool at best,
Cares not for service, or but serves when prest,
Stays till we call, and then not often near;
But honest Instinct comes a volunteer,
Sure never to o'ershoot, but just to hit,
While still too wide or short is human wit;
Sure by quick Nature happiness to gain,
Which heavier Reason labours at in vain.
This, too, serves always; Reason, never long;
One must go right, the other may go wrong.
See then the acting and comparing powers
One in their nature, which are two in ours;
And Reason raise o'er Instinct as you can,
In this 't is God directs, in that 't is Man.
Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To shun their poison and to choose their food?
Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?
Who made the spider parallels design,
Sure as Demoivre, without rule or line?
Who bade the stork, Columbus-like, explore
Heav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown before?
Who calls the council, states the certain day,
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?
III. God in the nature of each being founds
Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds;
But as he framed a whole the whole to bless,
On mutual wants built mutual happiness:
So from the first eternal order ran,
And creature link'd to creature, man to man.
Whate'er of life all-quick'ning ether keeps,
Or breathes thro' air, or shoots beneath the deeps,
Or pours profuse on earth, one Nature feeds
The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.
Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood,
Each loves itself, but not itself alone,
Each sex desires alike, till two are one.
Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace:
They love themselves a third time in their race.
Thus beast and bird their common charge attend,
The mothers nurse it, and the sires defend;
The young dismiss'd to wander earth or air,
There stops the instinct, and there ends the care;
The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,
Another love succeeds, another race.
A longer care man's helpless kind demands;
That longer care contracts more lasting bands:
Reflection, Reason, still the ties improve,
At once extend the int'rest and the love;
With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn;
Each virtue in each passion takes its turn;
And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise,
That graft benevolence on charities.
Still as one brood and as another rose,
These natural love maintain'd, habitual those:

The last, scarce ripen'd into perfect man,
Saw helpless him from whom their life began:
Mem'ry and forecast just returns engage,
That pointed back to youth, this on to age;
While pleasure, gratitude, and hope, combin'd,
Still spread the int'rest, and preserv'd the kind.

IV. Nor think in Nature's state they blindly trod;
The state of Nature was the reign of God:
Self-love and Social at her birth began,
Union the bond of all things, and of Man;
Pride then was not, nor arts, that pride to aid;
Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade;
The same his table, and the same his bed;
No murder clothed him, and no murder fed.
In the same temple, the resounding wood,
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God:
The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold undrest,
Unbribed, unbloody, stood the blameless priest:
Heav'n's attribute was universal care,
And man's prerogative to rule, but spare.
Ah! how unlike the man of times to come!
Of half that live the butcher and the tomb;
Who, foe to Nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
Murders their species, and betrays his own.
But just disease to luxury succeeds,
And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds;
The fury-passions from that blood began,
And turn'd on man a fiercer savage, man.
See him from Nature rising slow to Art!
To copy Instinct then was Reason's part:
Thus then to man the voice of Nature spake —
'Go, from the creatures thy instructions take:
Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield,
Learn from the beasts the physic of the field;
Thy arts of building from the bee receive;
Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave;
Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
Here too all forms of social union find,
And hence let Reason late instruct mankind.
Here subterranean works and cities see;
There towns aërial on the waving tree;
Learn each small people's genius, policies,
The ants' republic, and the realm of bees:
How those in common all their wealth bestow,
And anarchy without confusion know;
And these for ever, tho' a monarch reign,
Their sep'rate cells and properties maintain.
Mark what unvaried laws preserve each state,
Laws wise as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate.
In vain thy Reason finer webs shall draw,
Entangle justice in her net of law,
And right, too rigid, harden into wrong,
Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.
Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures sway,
Thus let the wiser make the rest obey;
And for those arts mere Instinct could afford,
Be crown'd as Monarchs, or as Gods ador'd.'

V. Great Nature spoke; observant man obey'd;
Cities were built, societies were made:
Here rose one little state; another near
Grew by like means, and join'd thro' love or fear.
Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
And there the streams in purer rills descend?
What war could ravish, commerce could bestow,
And he return'd a friend who came a foe.
Converse and love mankind might strongly draw,
When Love was liberty, and Nature law.
Thus states were form'd, the name of King unknown,
Till common int'rest placed the sway in one.
'T was Virtue only (or in arts or arms,
Diffusing blessings, or averting harms),
The same which in a sire the sons obey'd,
A prince the father of a people made.

VI. Till then, by Nature crown'd, each patriarch sate
King, priest, and parent of his growing state;
On him, their second Providence, they hung,
Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.

He from the wond'ring furrow call'd the food,
Taught to command the fire, control the flood,
Draw forth the monsters of th' abyss profound,
Or fetch th' aërial eagle to the ground;
Till drooping, sick'ning, dying, they began
Whom they revered as God to mourn as Man:
Then, looking up from sire to sire, explor'd
One great first Father, and that first ador'd:
Or plain tradition that this all begun,
Convey'd unbroken faith from sire to son;
The worker from the work distinct was known,
And simple Reason never sought but one.
Ere Wit oblique had broke that steady light,
Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right;
To virtue in the paths of pleasure trod,
And own'd a father when he own'd a God.
Love all the faith, and all th' allegiance then,
For Nature knew no right divine in men;
No ill could fear in God, and understood
A sov'reign being but a sov'reign good;
True faith, true policy, united ran;
That was but love of God, and this of Man.
Who first taught souls enslaved, and realms undone,
Th' enormous faith of many made for one;
That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
T' invert the world, and counterwork its cause?
Force first made conquest, and that conquest law;
Till Superstition taught the tyrant awe,
Then shared the tyranny, then lent it aid,
And Gods of conquerors, Slaves of subjects made.
She, 'midst the lightning's blaze and thunder's sound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the ground,
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To Power unseen, and mightier far than they:
She, from the rending earth and bursting skies,
Saw Gods descend, and Fiends infernal rise:
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the bless'd abodes;
Fear made her Devils, and weak hope her Gods;
Gods, partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust;
Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
Zeal then, not Charity, became the guide,
And Hell was built on spite, and Heav'n on pride:
Then sacred seem'd th' ethereal vault no more;
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:
Then first the flamen tasted living food,
Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood;
With Heav'n's own thunders shook the world below,
And play'd the God an engine on his foe.
So drives Self-love thro' just and thro' unjust,
To one man's power, ambition, lucre, lust:
The same Self-love in all becomes the cause
Of what restrains him, government and laws.
For, what one likes if others like as well,
What serves one will, when many wills rebel?
How shall he keep what, sleeping or awake,
A weaker may surprise, a stronger take?
His safety must his liberty restrain:
All join to guard what each desires to gain.
Forc'd into virtue thus by self-defence,
Ev'n kings learn'd justice and benevolence:
Self-love forsook the path it first pursued,
And found the private in the public good.
'T was then the studious head, or gen'rous mind
Follower of God, or friend of human kind,
Poet or patriot, rose but to restore
The faith and moral Nature gave before;
Relumed her ancient light, not kindled new;
If not God's image, yet his shadow drew;
Taught power's due use to people and to kings,
Taught nor to slack nor strain its tender strings,

The less or greater set so justly true,
That touching one must strike the other too;
Till jarring int'rests of themselves create
Th' according music of a well-mix'd state.
Such is the world's great harmony, that springs
From order, union, full consent of things;
Where small and great, where weak and mighty made
To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade;
More powerful each as needful to the rest,
And, in proportion as it blesses, blest;
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beast, man, or angel, servant, lord, or king.
For forms of government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administer'd is best:
For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.
In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is Charity:
All must be false that thwart this one great end,
And all of God that bless mankind or mend.
Man, like the gen'rous vine, supported lives;
The strength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
On their own axis as the planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the sun;
So two consistent motions act the soul,
And one regards itself, and one the Whole.
Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
And bade Self-love and Social be the same.

EPISTLE IV

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN, WITH RESPECT TO HAPPINESS

ARGUMENT

I. False notions of Happiness, philosophical and popular, answered, from verses 19 to 26. II. It is the end of all men, and attainable by all. God intends Happiness to be equal; and, to be so, it must be social, since all particular Happiness depends on general, and since he governs by general, not particular laws. As it is necessary for order, and the peace and welfare of Society, that external goods should be unequal, Happiness is not made to consist in these. But notwithstanding that inequality, the balance of Happiness among mankind is kept even by Providence, by the two passions of Hope and Fear, verse 29, etc. III. What the Happiness of individuals is, as far as is consistent with the constitution of this world; and that the good man has here the advantage. The error of imputing to virtue what are only the calamities of Nature, or of Fortune, verse 77, etc. IV. The folly of expecting that God should alter his general laws in favour of particulars, verse 123, etc. V. That we are not judges who are good; but that whoever they are, they must be happiest, verse 131, etc. VI. That external goods are not the proper rewards, but often inconsistent with, or destructive of Virtue. That even these can make no man happy without Virtue: — instanced in Riches; Honours; Nobility; Greatness; Fame; Superior Talents, with pictures of human infelicity in men possessed of them all, verse 149, etc. VII. That Virtue only constitutes a Happiness, whose object is universal, and whose prospect eternal. That the perfection of Virtue and Happiness consists in a conformity to the Order of Providence here, and a resignation to it here and hereafter, verse 327, etc.

O Happiness! our being's end and aim!
Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content! whate'er thy name,
That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die;
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool and wise:
Plant of celestial seed! if dropt below,
Say in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
Fair opening to some court's propitious shine,
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field?
Where grows? — where grows it not? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:
Fix'd to no spot is Happiness sincere;
'Tis nowhere to be found, or ev'rywhere·

'T is never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from monarchs, St. John! dwells with thee.
I. Ask of the Learn'd the way? the Learn'd are blind,
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind:
Some place the bliss in Action, some in Ease,
Those call it Pleasure, and Contentment these;
Some sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in Pain;
Some swell'd to Gods, confess ev'n Virtue vain;
Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To trust in everything, or doubt of all.
Who thus define it, say they more or less
Than this, that happiness is happiness?
II. Take Nature's path and mad Opinion's leave;
All states can reach it, and all heads conceive;
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right and meaning well:
And, mourn our various portions as we please,
Equal is common sense and common ease.
Remember, Man, 'the Universal Cause
Acts not by partial but by gen'ral laws,'
And makes what Happiness we justly call
Subsist not in the good of one, but all.
There 's not a blessing individuals find,
But some way leans and hearkens to the kind;
No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd hermit, rests self-satisfied;
Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend.
Abstract what others feel, what others think,
All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink:
Each has his share; and who would more obtain,
Shall find the pleasure pays not half the pain.
Order is Heav'n's first law; and, this confest,
Some are and must be greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise: but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.

Heav'n to mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their happiness:
But mutual wants this happiness increase;
All Nature's diff'rence keeps all Nature's peace.
Condition, circumstance, is not the thing;
Bliss is the same in subject or in king,
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend:
Heav'n breathes thro' every member of the whole
One common blessing, as one common soul.
But Fortune's gifts, if each alike possest,
And each were equal, must not all contest?
If then to all men happiness was meant,
God in externals could not place content.
Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
And these be happy call'd, unhappy those;
But Heav'n's just balance equal will appear,
While those are placed in hope and these in fear:
Not present good or ill the joy or curse,
But future views of better or of worse.
O sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise
By mountains piled on mountains to the skies?
Heav'n still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.
Know all the good that individuals find,
Or God and Nature meant to mere mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words — Health, Peace, and Competence.
But health consists with temperance alone,
And peace, O Virtue! peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain;
But these less taste them as they worse obtain.
Say, in pursuit of profit or delight,
Who risk the most, that take wrong means or right?
Of vice or virtue, whether blest or curst,
Which meets contempt, or which compassion first?
Count all th' advantage prosp'rous vice attains,
'T is but what virtue flies from and disdains:
And grant the bad what happiness they would,
One they must want, which is, to pass for good.

O blind to truth and God's whole scheme below,
Who fancy bliss to vice, to virtue woe!
Who sees and follows that great scheme the best,
Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest.
But fools the good alone unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to all.
See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just!
See Godlike Turenne prostrate on the dust!
See Sidney bleeds amid the martial strife! —
Was this their virtue, or contempt of life?
Say, was it virtue, more tho' Heav'n ne'er gave,
Lamented Digby! sunk thee to the grave?
Tell me, if virtue made the son expire,
Why full of days and honour lives the sire?
Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath
When Nature sicken'd, and each gale was death?
Or why so long (in life if long can be)
Lent Heav'n a parent to the poor and me?
What makes all physical or moral ill?
There deviates Nature, and here wanders Will.
God sends not ill, if rightly understood,
Or partial ill is universal good,
Or change admits, or Nature lets it fall,
Short and but rare till man improv'd it all.
We just as wisely might of Heav'n complain
That Righteous Abel was destroy'd by Cain,
As that the virtuous son is ill at ease
When his lewd father gave the dire disease.
Think we, like some weak prince, th' Eternal Cause
Prone for his fav'rites to reverse his laws?
IV. Shall burning Ætna, if a sage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?
On air or sea new motions be imprest,
O blameless Bethel! to relieve thy breast?
When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation cease if you go by?
Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,
For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall?

V. But still this world, so fitted for the knave,
Contents us not. — A better shall we have?
A kingdom of the just then let it be;
But first consider how those just agree.
The good must merit God's peculiar care;
But who but God can tell us who they are?
One thinks on Calvin Heav'n's own spirit fell;
Another deems him instrument of Hell:
If Calvin feel Heav'n's blessing or its rod,
This cries there is, and that, there is no God.
What shocks one part will edify the rest;
Nor with one system can they all be blest.
The very best will variously incline,
And what rewards your virtue punish mine.
Whatever is, is right. — This world, 't is true,
Was made for Cæsar — but for Titus too:
And which more bless'd? who chain'd his country, say,
Or he whose virtue sigh'd to lose a day?
VI. 'But sometimes Virtue starves while Vice is fed.'
What then? is the reward of virtue bread?
That vice may merit; 't is the price of toil;
The knave deserves it when he tills the soil,
The knave deserves it when he tempts the main,
Where Folly fights for kings or dives for gain.
The good man may be weak, be indolent;
Nor is his claim to plenty but content.
But grant him riches, your demand is o'er.
'No: shall the good want health, the good want power?'
Add health and power, and every earthly thing.
'Why bounded power? why private? why no king?
Nay, why external for internal giv'n?
Why is not man a God, and earth a Heav'n?'
Who ask and reason thus will scarce conceive
God gives enough while he has more to give:
Immense the power, immense were the demand;
Say at what part of Nature will they stand?
What nothing earthly gives or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy,

Is Virtue's prize. A better would you fix?
Then give humility a coach and six,
Justice a conqueror's sword, or truth a gown,
Or public spirit its great cure, a crown.
Weak, foolish man! will Heav'n reward us there
With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?
The boy and man an individual makes,
Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?
Go, like the Indian, in another life
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife;
As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
As toys and empires, for a godlike mind:
Rewards, that either would to Virtue bring
No joy, or be destructive of the thing:
How oft by these at sixty are undone
The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!
To whom can Riches give repute or trust,
Content or pleasure, but the good and just?
Judges and senates have been bought for gold,
Esteem and Love were never to be sold.
O fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover and the love of humankind,
Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
Because he wants a thousand pounds a year.
Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part: there all the honour lies.
Fortune in men has some small diff'rence made;
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade,
The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd;
The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
'What differ more,' you cry, 'than crown and cowl?'
I 'll tell you, friend! a wise man and a fool.
You 'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow,
The rest is all but leather or prunella.
Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with strings,
That thou mayst be by kings, or whores of kings,
Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
But by your fathers' worth if yours you rate,
Count me those only who were good and great.
Go! if your ancient but ignoble blood
Has crept thro' scoundrels ever since the flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young,
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the *Howards*.
Look next on Greatness: say where Greatness lies.
'Where but among the heroes and the wise?'
Heroes are much the same, the point 's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
The whole strange purpose of their lives to find,
Or make, an enemy of all mankind!
Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose.
No less alike the politic and wise;
All sly slow things with circumspective eyes:
Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat:
'T is phrase absurd to call a villain great.
Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates: — that man is great indeed!
What 's fame? a fancied life in others' breath;
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
Just what you hear you have; and what 's unknown
The same, my lord, if Tully's or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends;
To all beside as much an empty shade,
An Eugene living as a Cæsar dead;

Alike or when or where, they shone or shine,
Or on the Rubicon or on the Rhine.
A Wit 's a feather, and a Chief a rod;
An Honest Man 's the noblest work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
As Justice tears his body from the grave;
When what t' oblivion better were resign'd
Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.
All fame is foreign but of true desert,
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers and of loud huzzas:
And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.
In Parts superior what advantage lies ?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise ?
'T is but to know how little can be known,
To see all others' faults, and feel our own:
Condemn'd in bus'ness or in arts to drudge,
Without a second, or without a judge.
Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land ?
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
Painful preëminence! yourself to view
Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.
Bring then these blessings to a strict account;
Make fair deductions; see to what they mount;
How much of other each is sure to cost;
How each for other oft is wholly lost;
How inconsistent greater goods with these;
How sometimes life is risk'd, and always ease.
Think, and if still the things thy envy call,
Say, wouldst thou be the man to whom they fall ?
To sigh for ribands if thou art so silly,
Mark how they grace Lord Umbra or Sir Billy.
Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life ?
Look but on Gripus or on Gripus' wife.
If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind!
Or, ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell damn'd to everlasting fame!
If all united thy ambition call,
From ancient story learn to scorn them all:
There in the rich, the honour'd, famed, and great,
See the false scale of Happiness complete!
In hearts of Kings or arms of Queens who lay,
How happy those to ruin, these betray.
Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
From dirt and sea-weed, as proud Venice rose;
In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
And all that rais'd the Hero sunk the Man:
Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
But stain'd with blood, or ill-exchanged for gold;
Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
O wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
E'er taught to shine, or sanctified from shame!
What greater bliss attends their close of life ?
Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
The trophied arches, storied halls invade,
And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.
Alas! not dazzled with their noontide ray,
Compute the morn and ev'ning to the day;
The whole amount of that enormous fame,
A tale that blends their glory with their shame!
VII. Know then this truth (enough for man to know),
'Virtue alone is happiness below;'
The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only merit constant pay receives,
Is bless'd in what it takes and what it gives;
The joy unequall'd if its end it gain,
And, if it lose, attended with no pain;
Without satiety, tho' e'er so bless'd,
And but more relish'd as the more distress'd:
The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears:
Good from each object, from each place acquired,
For ever exercised, yet never tired;
Never elated while one man 's oppress'd;
Never dejected while another 's bless'd:
And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
Since but to wish more virtue is to gain.

See the sole bliss Heav'n could on all bestow!
Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know:
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad must miss, the good untaught will find:
Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks thro' Nature up to Nature's God;
Pursues that chain which links th' immense design,
Joins Heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees that no being any bliss can know,
But touches some above and some below;
Learns from this union of the rising whole
The first, last purpose of the human soul;
And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
All end, in love of God and love of Man.
For him alone Hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens still and opens on his soul,
Till lengthen'd on to faith, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
He sees why Nature plants in man alone
Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown
(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
Are giv'n in vain, but what they seek they find):
Wise is her present; she connects in this
His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss;
At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
And strongest motive to assist the rest.
Self-love thus push'd to social, to Divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
Is this too little for the boundless heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
Grasp the whole world of reason, life, and sense,
In one close system of benevolence:
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of Bliss but height of Charity.
God loves from whole to parts: but human soul
Must rise from individual to the whole.

Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friends, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
His country next; and next all human race;
Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in of ev'ry kind:
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
And Heav'n beholds its image in his breast.
Come then, my Friend! my Genius! come along,
O master of the poet and the song!
And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends,
To man's low passions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise:
Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe;
Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
Intent to reason, or polite to please.
O! while along the stream of time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?
When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verse to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend?
That, urged by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart:
For Wit's false mirror held up Nature's light,
Show'd erring pride, *Whatever is, is right;*
That Reason, Passion, answer one great aim;
That true Self-love and Social are the same;
That Virtue only makes our bliss below,
And all our knowledge is, *ourselves to know.*

MORAL ESSAYS

Est brevitate opus, ut currat sententia, neu se
Impediat verbis lassas onerantibus aures:
Et sermone opus est modo tristi, sæpe jocoso,
Defendente vicem modo rhetoris atque poetæ,
Interdum urbani, parcentis viribus, atque
Extenuantis eas consulto.

HORACE.

The present order of the *Moral Essays* is very different from that of their original publication. The fifth epistle (to Addison) was written in 1715, and published five years later in Tickell's edition of Addison's works. The fourth epistle (to the Earl of Burlington) was published in 1731, under the title *Of Taste*. The third epistle (to Lord Bathurst) was published in 1732, and followed in 1733 by the first epistle (to Lord Cobham). The second epistle (to a Lady) was published in 1735. The whole series appeared in their present order, under the direction of Warburton, after Pope's death.

Though it is doubtful how far it suggests Pope's primary intention, Warburton's *Advertisement* is here printed because Pope undoubtedly wished it, with its flattering implication of his philosophical breadth, to be accepted as a true statement of a plan which was plainly broader than its execution.

ADVERTISEMENT

BY DR. WARBURTON

The Essay on Man was intended to be comprised in four books: —

The first of which the author has given us under that title in four epistles.

The second was to have consisted of the same number: 1. Of the extent and limits of human reason. 2. Of those arts and sciences, and of the parts of them, which are useful, and therefore attainable; together with those which are unuseful, and therefore unattainable. 3. Of the nature, ends, use, and application of the different capacities of men. 4. Of the use of learning; of the science of the world; and of wit; concluding with a satire against the misapplication of them, illustrated by pictures, characters, and examples.

The third book regarded civil regimen, or the science of politics; in which the several forms of a republic were to be examined and explained; together with the several modes of religious worship, as far forth as they affect society: between which the author always supposed there was the most interesting relation and closest connection. So that this part would have treated of civil and religious society in their full extent.

The fourth and last book concerned private ethics, or practical morality, considered in all the circumstances, orders, professions, and stations of human life.

The scheme of all this had been maturely digested, and communicated to Lord Bolingbroke, Dr. Swift, and one or two more; and was intended for the only work of his riper years; but was, partly through ill health, partly through discouragements from the depravity of the times; and partly on prudential and other considerations, interrupted, postponed, and lastly, in a manner, laid aside.

But as this was the author's favourite work, which more exactly reflected the image of his strong capacious mind, and as we can have but a very imperfect idea of it from the *disjecta membra poetæ* that now remain, it may not be amiss to be a little more particular concerning each of these projected books.

The first, as it treats of man in the abstract, and considers him in general under every one of his relations, becomes the foundation, and furnishes out the subjects of the three following: so that —

The second book was to take up again the first and second epistles of the first book, and to treat of man in his intellectual capacity at large, as has been explained above. Of this only a small part of the conclusion (which, as we said, was to have contained a satire against the misapplication of wit and learning) may be found in the fourth book of the *Dunciad;* and up and down, occasionally, in the other three.

The third book, in like manner, was to reassume the subject of the third epistle of the first, which treats of man in his social, political, and religious capacity. But this part the poet afterwards conceived might be best executed in an epic poem, as the action would make it more animated, and the fable less invidious; in which all the great principles of true and false governments and religious should be chiefly delivered in feigned examples.

The fourth and last book was to pursue the

subject of the fourth epistle of the first, and to treat of ethics, or practical morality; and would have consisted of many members, of which the four following epistles are detached portions; the two first, on the characters of men and women, being the introductory part of this concluding book.

EPISTLE I

TO SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, LORD COBHAM

OF THE KNOWLEDGE AND CHARACTERS OF MEN

ARGUMENT

I. That it is not sufficient for this knowledge to consider Man in the abstract; Books will not serve the purpose, nor yet our own Experience singly. General maxims, unless they be formed upon both, will be but notional. Some peculiarity in every man, characteristic to himself, yet varying from himself. Difficulties arising from our own Passions, Fancies, Faculties, &c. The shortness of Life to observe in, and the uncertainty of the Principles of action in men to observe by. Our own Principle of action often hid from ourselves. Some few Characters plain, but in general confounded, dissembled, or inconsistent. The same man utterly different in different places and seasons. Unimaginable weaknesses in the greatest. Nothing constant and certain but God and Nature. No judging of the Motives from the actions; the same actions proceeding from contrary Motives, and the same Motives influencing contrary actions. II. Yet to form Characters we can only take the strongest actions of a man's life, and try to make them agree: the utter uncertainty of this, from Nature itself, and from Policy. Characters given according to the rank of men of the world; and some reason for it. Education alters the Nature, or at least the Character, of many. Actions, Passions, Opinions, Manners, Humours, or Principles, all subject to change. No judging by Nature. III. It only remains to find (if we can) his *Ruling Passion:* that will certainly influence all the rest, and can reconcile the seeming or real inconsistency of all his actions. Instanced in the extraordinary character of Clodio. A caution against mistaking second qualities for first, which will destroy all possibility of the knowledge of mankind. Examples of the strength of the Ruling Passion, and its continuation to the last breath.

Yes, you despise the man to books confin'd,
Who from his study rails at humankind;
Tho' what he learns he speaks, and may advance
Some gen'ral maxims, or be right by chance.
The coxcomb bird, so talkative and grave,
That from his cage cries cuckold, whore, and knave,
Tho' many a passenger he rightly call,
You hold him no philosopher at all.
And yet the fate of all extremes is such,
Men may be read, as well as books, too much.
To observations which ourselves we make,
We grow more partial for th' observer's sake;
To written wisdom, as another's, less:
Maxims are drawn from Notions, those from Guess.
There 's some peculiar in each leaf and grain,
Some unmark'd fibre, or some varying vein.
Shall only man be taken in the gross?
Grant but as many sorts of mind as moss.
That each from other differs, first confess;
Next, that he varies from himself no less:
And Nature's, Custom's, Reason's, Passion's strife,
And all Opinion's colours cast on life.
Our depths who fathoms, or our shallows finds,
Quick whirls and shifting eddies of our minds?
On human actions reason tho' you can,
It may be Reason, but it is not Man:
His Principle of action once explore,
That instant 't is his Principle no more.
Like following life thro' creatures you dissect,
You lose it in the moment you detect.
Yet more; the diff'rence is as great between
The optics seeing as the objects seen.
All Manners take a tincture from our own,
Or come discolour'd thro' our Passions shown;
Or Fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.
Nor will life's stream for observation stay,
It hurries all too fast to mark their way:

In vain sedate reflections we would make,
When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.
Oft in the Passions' wide rotation toss'd,
Our spring of action to ourselves is lost:
Tired, not determin'd, to the last we yield,
And what comes then is master of the field.
As the last image of that troubled heap,
When Sense subsides, and Fancy sports in sleep
(Tho' past the recollection of the thought),
Becomes the stuff of which our dream is wrought:
Something as dim to our internal view
Is thus, perhaps, the cause of most we do.
True, some are open, and to all men known;
Others so very close they 're hid from none
(So darkness strikes the sense no less than light):
Thus gracious Chandos is belov'd at sight;
And ev'ry child hates Shylock, tho' his soul
Still sits at squat, and peeps not from its hole.
At half mankind when gen'rous Manly raves,
All know 't is virtue, for he thinks them knaves:
When universal homage Umbra pays,
All see 't is vice, and itch of vulgar praise.
When Flatt'ry glares, all hate it in a Queen,
While one there is who charms us with his spleen.
But these plain Characters we rarely find;
Tho' strong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind:
Or puzzling contraries confound the whole;
Or affectations quite reverse the soul.
The dull flat falsehood serves for policy;
And in the cunning truth itself 's a lie:
Unthought-of frailties cheat us in the wise:
The fool lies hid in inconsistencies.
See the same man, in vigour, in the gout;
Alone, in company, in place, or out;
Early at bus'ness, and at hazard late,
Mad at a fox-chase, wise at a debate,
Drunk at a Borough, civil at a Ball,
Friendly at Hackney, faithless at White-hall!
Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
Thinks who endures a knave is next a knave,
Save just at dinner — then prefers, no doubt,
A rogue with ven'son to a saint without.
Who would not praise Patricio's high desert,
His hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehensive head? all int'rests weigh'd,
All Europe saved, yet Britain not betray'd!
He thanks you not, his pride is in Piquet,
Newmarket fame, and judgment at a bet.
What made (say, Montaigne, or more sage Charron)
Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon?
A perjured prince a leaden saint revere,
A godless regent tremble at a star?
The throne a bigot keep, a genius quit,
Faithless thro' piety, and duped thro' wit?
Europe a woman, child, or dotard, rule;
And just her wisest monarch made a fool?
Know, God and Nature only are the same:
In man the judgment shoots at flying game;
A bird of passage! gone as soon as found;
Now in the moon, perhaps now under ground.

In vain the sage, with retrospective eye,
Would from th' apparent What conclude the Why,
Infer the Motive from the Deed, and show
That what we chanced was what we meant to do.
Behold! if Fortune or a Mistress frowns,
Some plunge in bus'ness, others shave their crowns:
To ease the soul of one oppressive weight,
This quits an empire, that embroils a state.
The same adust complexion has impell'd
Charles to the convent, Philip to the field.
Not always Actions show the man: we find
Who does a kindness is not therefore kind;
Perhaps Prosperity becalm'd his breast;
Perhaps the wind just shifted from the east:
Not therefore humble he who seeks retreat;
Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the great:
Who combats bravely is not therefore brave;
He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave:
Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise;
His pride in reas'ning, not in acting, lies.

But grant that Actions best discover man;
Take the most strong, and sort them as you can:
The few that glare each character must mark;
You balance not the many in the dark.
What will you do with such as disagree?
Suppress them, or miscall them Policy?
Must then at once (the character to save)
The plain rough hero turn a crafty knave?
Alas! in truth the man but changed his mind;
Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not din'd.
Ask why from Britain Cæsar would retreat?
Cæsar himself might whisper he was beat.
Why risk the world's great empire for a punk?
Cæsar perhaps might answer, he was drunk.
But, sage historians! 't is your task to prove
One action, Conduct, one, heroic Love.
'T is from high life high characters are drawn;
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn;
A judge is just, a chancellor juster still;
A gownman learn'd; a bishop what you will;
Wise if a minister; but if a king,
More wise, more learn'd, more just, more ev'rything.
Court-virtues bear, like gems, the highest rate,
Born where Heav'n's influence scarce can penetrate.
In life's low vale, the soil the virtues like,
They please as beauties, here as wonders strike.
Tho' the same sun, with all-diffusive rays,
Blush in the rose, and in the diamond blaze,
We prize the stronger effort of his power,
And justly set the gem above the flower.
'T is education forms the common mind;
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclin'd.
Boastful and rough, your first son is a Squire;
The next a Tradesman, meek, and much a liar;
Tom struts a Soldier, open, bold, and brave;
Will sneaks a Scriv'ner, an exceeding knave.
Is he a Churchman? then he 's fond of power:
A Quaker? sly: a Presbyterian? sour:
A smart Free-thinker? all things in an hour.
Ask men's opinions! Scoto now shall tell
How trade increases, and the world goes well:
Strike off his pension by the setting sun,
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.
That gay Free-thinker, a fine talker once,
What turns him now a stupid silent dunce?
Some god or spirit he has lately found,
Or chanced to meet a Minister that frown'd.
Judge we by Nature? Habit can efface,
Int'rest o'ercome, or Policy take place:
By Actions? those Uncertainty divides:
By Passions? these Dissimulation hides:
Opinions? they still take a wider range:
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.
Manners with Fortunes, Humours turn with Climes,
Tenets with Books, and Principles with Times.

Search then the RULING PASSION: there alone,
The wild are constant, and the cunning known;
The fool consistent, and the false sincere;
Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here.
This clue once found unravels all the rest,
The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confest:
Wharton! the scorn and wonder of our days,
Whose Ruling Passion was the lust of praise:
Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,
Women and fools must like him, or he dies:
Tho' wond'ring Senates hung on all he spoke,
The Club must hail him master of the joke.
Shall parts so various aim at nothing new?
He 'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too:
Then turns repentant, and his God adores
With the same spirit that he drinks and whores;
Enough if all around him but admire,
And now the Punk applaud, and now the Friar.

Thus with each gift of Nature and of Art,
And wanting nothing but an honest heart;
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt,
And most contemptible, to shun contempt;
His passion still to covet gen'ral praise;
His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways;
A constant bounty which no friend has made;
An angel tongue which no man can persuade!
A fool with more of wit than half mankind,
Too rash for thought, for action too refin'd;
A tyrant to the wife his heart approves;
A rebel to the very king he loves —
He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,
And, harder still! flagitious, yet not great!
Ask you why Wharton broke thro' ev'ry rule?
'T was all for fear the Knaves should call him Fool.
Nature well known, no prodigies remain;
Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.
Yet in this search the wisest may mistake,
If second qualities for first they take.
When Catiline by rapine swell'd his store,
When Cæsar made a noble dame a whore,
In this the Lust, in that the Avarice
Were means, not ends; Ambition was the vice.
That very Cæsar, born in Scipio's days,
Had aim'd, like him, by chastity at praise,
Lucullus, when Frugality could charm,
Had roasted turnips in the Sabine farm.
In vain th' observer eyes the builder's toil,
But quite mistakes the scaffold for the pile.
In this one passion man can strength enjoy,
As fits give vigour just when they destroy.
Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
Yet tames not this; it sticks to our last sand.
Consistent in our follies and our sins,
Here honest Nature ends as she begins.
Old politicians chew on wisdom past,
And totter on in bus'ness to the last;
As weak, as earnest, and as gravely out
As sober Lanesb'row dancing in the gout.
Behold a rev'rend sire, whom want of grace
Has made the father of a nameless race,
Shov'd from the wall perhaps, or rudely press'd
By his own son, that passes by unbless'd;
Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,
And envies ev'ry sparrow that he sees.
A salmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate;
The doctor call'd, declares all help too late.
'Mercy!' cries Helluo, 'mercy on my soul!
Is there no hope? — Alas! — then bring the jowl.'
The frugal crone, whom praying priests attend,
Still strives to save the hallow'd taper's end,
Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,
For one puff more, and in that puff expires.
'Odious! in woollen! 't would a saint provoke'
(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke);
'No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace
Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face:
One would not, sure, be frightful when one 's dead —
And — Betty — give this cheek a little red.'
The courtier smooth, who forty years had shined
An humble servant to all humankind,
Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could stir: —
'If — where I 'm going — I could serve you, sir?'
'I give and I devise (old Euclio said,
And sigh'd) my lands and tenements to Ned.'
'Your money, sir?' — 'My money, sir! what, all?
Why — if I must — (then wept) I give it Paul.'
'The manor, sir?' — 'The manor! hold,' he cried,
'Not that — I cannot part with that!' — and died.
And you, brave Cobham! to the latest breath
Shall feel your Ruling Passion strong in death;
Such in those moments as in all the past,
'O save my country, Heav'n!' shall be your last.

EPISTLE II

TO A LADY

OF THE CHARACTERS OF WOMEN

ARGUMENT

That the particular Characters of women are not so strongly marked as those of men, seldom so fixed, and still more inconsistent with themselves. Instances of contrarieties given, even from such Characters as are more strongly marked, and seemingly, therefore, most consistent: as, 1. In the affected. 2. In the soft-natured. 3. In the cunning and artful. 4 In the whimsical. 5. In the lewd and vicious. 6. In the witty and refined. 7. In the stupid and simple. The former part having shown that the particular characters of women are more various than those of men, it is nevertheless observed that the general characteristic of the sex, as to the *Ruling Passion*, is more uniform. This is occasioned partly by their Nature, partly by their Education, and in some degree by Necessity. What are the aims and the fate of this sex: 1. As to Power. 2. As to Pleasure. Advice for their true interest. The picture of an estimable woman, with the best kind of contrarieties.

Nothing so true as what you once let fall,
'Most women have no Characters at all:'
Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
And best distinguish'd by black, brown, or fair.
How many pictures of one nymph we view,
And how unlike each other, all how true!
Arcadia's countess here, in ermined pride,
Is there, Pastora by a fountain side:
Here Fannia, leering on her own good man,
And there a naked Leda with a swan.
Let then the fair one beautifully cry,
In Magdalen's loose hair and lifted eye;
Or drest in smiles of sweet Cecilia shine,
With simp'ring angels, palms, and harps divine;
Whether the charmer sinner it, or saint it,
If folly grow romantic, I must paint it.
Come, then, the colours and the ground prepare;
Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air;
Choose a firm cloud before it fall, and in it
Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute.

Rufa, whose eye quick glancing o'er the park,
Attracts each light gay meteor of a spark,
Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke,
As Sappho's diamonds with her dirty smock,
Or Sappho at her toilet's greasy task,
With Sappho fragrant at an ev'ning Masque:
So morning insects, that in muck begun,
Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the setting sun.
How soft is Silia! fearful to offend;
The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend.
To her Calista proved her conduct nice,
And good Simplicius asks of her advice.
Sudden she storms! she raves! you tip the wink:
But spare your censure; Silia does not drink.
All eyes may see from what the change arose;
All eyes may see — a Pimple on her nose.
Papillia, wedded to her am'rous spark,
Sighs for the shades — 'How charming is a park!'
A park is purchased; but the Fair he sees
All bathed in tears — 'Oh, odious, odious trees!'
Ladies, like variegated tulips, show;
'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe:
Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
Their happy spots the nice admirer take.
'Twas thus Calypso once each heart alarm'd,
Awed without virtue, without beauty charm'd;
Her tongue bewitch'd as oddly as her eyes;
Less Wit than Mimic, more a Wit than wise.
Strange graces still, and stranger flights, she had,
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad;
Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,
As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.
Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,
To make a wash would hardly stew a child;
Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a lover's prayer,
And paid a tradesman once to make him stare;
Gave alms at Easter in a Christian trim,
And made a widow happy for a whim.

Why then declare Good-nature is her scorn,
When 't is by that alone she can be borne?
Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?
A fool to Pleasure, yet a slave to Fame:
Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,
Now drinking citron with his Grace and Chartres:
Now conscience chills her, and now passion burns,
And atheism and religion take their turns:
A very heathen in the carnal part,
Yet still a sad good Christian at her heart.
See Sin in state, majestically drunk,
Proud as a peeress, prouder as a punk;
Chaste to her husband, frank to all beside,
A teeming mistress, but a barren bride.
What then? let blood and body bear the fault;
Her head 's untouch'd, that noble seat of Thought:
Such this day's doctrine — in another fit
She sins with poets thro' pure love of Wit.
What has not fired her bosom or her brain?
Cæsar and Tall-boy, Charles and Charlemagne.
As Helluo, late dictator of the feast,
The nose of Hautgout, and the tip of Taste,
Critiqued your wine, and analyzed your meat,
Yet on plain pudding deign'd at home to eat:
So Philomede, lecturing all mankind
On the soft passion, and the taste refin'd,
The address, the delicacy — stoops at once,
And makes her hearty meal upon a dunce.
Flavia 's a Wit, has too much sense to pray;
To toast our wants and wishes is her way;
Nor asks of God, but of her stars, to give
The mighty blessing 'while we live to live.'
Then all for death, that opiate of the soul!
Lucretia's dagger, Rosamonda's bowl.
Say, what can cause such impotence of mind?
A Spark too fickle, or a Spouse too kind.
Wise wretch! with pleasures too refin'd to please;
With too much spirit to be e'er at ease;
With too much quickness ever to be taught;
With too much thinking to have common thought:
You purchase Pain with all that Joy can give,
And die of nothing but a rage to live.
Turn then from Wits, and look on Simo's mate,
No ass so meek, no ass so obstinate:
Or her that owns her faults but never mends,
Because she 's honest, and the best of friends:
Or her whose life the church and scandal share,
For ever in a Passion or a Prayer:
Or her who laughs at Hell, but (like her Grace)
Cries, 'Ah! how charming if there 's no such place!'
Or who in sweet vicissitude appears
Of Mirth and Opium, Ratifie and Tears;
The daily anodyne and nightly draught,
To kill those foes to fair ones, Time and Thought.
Woman and fool are two hard things to hit;
For true No-meaning puzzles more than Wit.
But what are these to great Atossa's mind?
Scarce once herself, by turns all woman-kind!
Who with herself, or others, from her birth
Finds all her life one warfare upon earth;
Shines in exposing knaves and painting fools,
Yet is whate'er she hates and ridicules;
No thought advances, but her eddy brain
Whisks it about, and down it goes again.
Full sixty years the World has been her Trade,
The wisest fool much time has ever made:
From loveless youth to unrespected age,
No passion gratified except her rage:
So much the Fury still outran the Wit,
The pleasure miss'd her, and the scandal hit.
Who breaks with her provokes revenge from Hell,
But he 's a bolder man who dares be well.
Her ev'ry turn with violence pursued,
Nor more a storm her hate than gratitude:
To that each Passion turns or soon or late;
Love, if it makes her yield, must make her hate.

Superiors? death! and equals? what a curse!
But an inferior not dependent? worse.
Offend her, and she knows not to forgive;
Oblige her, and she 'll hate you while you live:
But die, and she 'll adore you — then the bust
And temple rise — then fall again to dust.
Last night her lord was all that 's good and great;
A knave this morning, and his will a cheat.
Strange! by the means defeated of the ends,
By Spirit robb'd of power, by Warmth of friends,
By Wealth of foll'wers! without one distress,
Sick of herself thro' very selfishness!
Atossa, curs'd with ev'ry granted prayer,
Childless with all her children, wants an heir:
To heirs unknown descends th' unguarded store,
Or wanders, Heav'n-directed, to the poor.
Pictures like these, dear Madam! to design,
Asks no firm hand and no unerring line;
Some wand'ring touches, some reflected light,
Some flying stroke, alone can hit 'em right:
For how should equal colours do the knack?
Chameleons who can paint in white and black?
'Yet Chloë sure was form'd without a spot.'
Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.
'With ev'ry pleasing, ev'ry prudent part,
Say, what can Chloë want?' — She wants a Heart,
She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought,
But never, never reach'd one gen'rous thought.
Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in decencies for ever.
So very reasonable, so unmov'd,
As never yet to love or to be lov'd.
She, while her lover pants upon her breast,
Can mark the figures on an Indian chest;
And when she sees her friend in deep despair,
Observes how much a chintz exceeds mohair.
Forbid it, Heav'n! a favour or a debt
She e'er should cancel! — but she may forget.
Safe is your secret still in Chloë's ear;
But none of Chloë's shall you ever hear.
Of all her Dears she never slander'd one,
But cares not if a thousand are undone.
Would Chloë know if you 're alive or dead?
She bids her footman put it in her head.
Chloë is prudent — Would you too be wise?
Then never break your heart when Chloë dies.
One certain portrait may (I grant) be seen,
Which Heav'n has varnish'd out and made a queen;
The same for ever! and described by all
With truth and goodness, as with crown and ball.
Poets heap virtues, painters gems, at will,
And show their zeal, and hide their want of skill.
'T is well — but, artists! who can paint or write,
To draw the naked is your true delight.
That robe of Quality so struts and swells,
None see what parts of Nature it conceals:
Th' exactest traits of body or of mind,
We owe to models of an humble kind.
If Queensbury to strip there 's no compelling,
'T is from a handmaid we must take a Helen.
From peer or bishop 't is no easy thing
To draw the man who loves his God or king.
Alas! I copy (or my draught would fail)
From honest Mah'met or plain parson Hale.
But grant, in public, men sometimes are shown;
A woman's seen in private life alone:
Our bolder talents in full light display'd;
Your virtues open fairest in the shade.
Bred to disguise, in public 't is you hide;
There none distinguish 'twixt your shame or pride,
Weakness or delicacy; all so nice,
That each may seem a Virtue or a Vice.
In men we various Ruling Passions find;
In women two almost divide the kind;
Those only fix'd, they first or last obey,
The love of Pleasure, and the love of Sway.
That Nature gives; and where the lesson taught
Is but to please, can Pleasure seem a fault?

Experience this: by man's oppression curst,
They seek the second not to lose the first.
Men some to bus'ness, some to pleasure take;
But ev'ry woman is at heart a rake:
Men some to quiet, some to public strife;
But ev'ry lady would be queen for life.
Yet mark the fate of a whole sex of queens!
Power all their end, but Beauty all the means.
In youth they conquer with so wild a rage,
As leaves them scarce a subject in their age:
For foreign glory, foreign joy they roam;
No thought of peace or happiness at home.
But wisdom's triumph is well-timed retreat,
As hard a science to the Fair as Great!
Beauties, like tyrants, old and friendless grown,
Yet hate repose, and dread to be alone;
Worn out in public, weary ev'ry eye,
Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die.
Pleasures the sex, as children birds, pursue,
Still out of reach, yet never out of view;
Sure, if they catch, to spoil the toy at most,
To covet flying, and regret when lost:
At last to follies youth could scarce defend,
It grows their age's prudence to pretend;
Ashamed to own they gave delight before,
Reduced to feign it when they give no more.
As hags hold Sabbaths less for joy than spite,
So these their merry miserable night;
Still round and round the Ghosts of Beauty glide,
And haunt the places where their Honour died.
See how the world its veterans rewards!
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards;
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,
Young without lovers, old without a friend;
A Fop their passion, but their prize a Sot,
Alive ridiculous, and dead forgot!
Ah! friend! to dazzle let the vain design;
To raise the thought and touch the heart be thine!
That charm shall grow, while what fatigues the Ring
Flaunts and goes down an unregarded thing.
So when the sun's broad beam has tired the sight,
All mild ascends the moon's more sober light,
Serene in virgin modesty she shines,
And unobserv'd the glaring orb declines.
O! blest with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day;
She who can love a sister's charms, or hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear;
She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most when she obeys;
Let Fops or Fortune fly which way they will,
Disdains all loss of tickets or Codille;
Spleen, Vapours, or Smallpox, above them all,
And mistress of herself, tho' china fall.
And yet believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman 's at best a contradiction still.
Heav'n when it strives to polish all it can
Its last best work, but forms a softer Man;
Picks from each sex to make the fav'rite blest,
Your love of pleasure, our desire of rest;
Blends, in exception to all gen'ral rules,
Your taste of follies with our scorn of fools;
Reserve with Frankness, Art with Truth allied,
Courage with Softness, Modesty with Pride;
Fix'd principles, with fancy ever new:
Shakes all together, and produces — You.
Be this a woman's fame; with this unblest,
Toasts live a scorn, and Queens may die a jest.
This Phœbus promis'd (I forget the year)
When those blue eyes first open'd on the sphere;
Ascendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care,
Averted half your parents' simple prayer,
And gave you beauty, but denied the pelf
That buys your sex a tyrant o'er itself.
The gen'rous God, who wit and gold refines,
And ripens spirits as he ripens mines,
Kept dross for Duchesses, the world shall know it,
To you gave Sense, Good-humour, and a Poet.

EPISTLE III

TO ALLEN, LORD BATHURST

OF THE USE OF RICHES

ARGUMENT

That it is known to few, most falling into one of the extremes, Avarice or Profusion. The point discussed, whether the invention of money has been more commodious or pernicious to mankind. That Riches, either to the Avaricious or the Prodigal, cannot afford happiness, scarcely necessaries. That Avarice is an absolute frenzy, without an end or purpose. Conjectures about the motives of avaricious men. That the conduct of men, with respect to Riches, can only be accounted for by the Order of Providence, which works the general good out of extremes, and brings all to its great end by perpetual revolutions. How a Miser acts upon principles which appear to him reasonable. How a Prodigal does the same. The due medium and true use of riches. The Man of Ross. The fate of the Profuse and the Covetous, in two examples; both miserable in life and in death. The story of Sir Balaam.

P. Who shall decide when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?
You hold the word from Jove to Momus giv'n,
That Man was made the standing jest of Heav'n,
And gold but sent to keep the fools in play,
For some to heap, and some to throw away.
But I, who think more highly of our kind
(And surely Heav'n and I are of a mind),
Opine that Nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid the shining mischief under ground:
But when by man's audacious labour won,
Flamed forth this rival to its sire the sun,
Then careful Heav'n supplied two sorts of men,
To squander these, and those to hide again.
Like doctors thus, when much dispute has past,
We find our tenets just the same at last:
Both fairly owning riches, in effect,
No grace of Heav'n, or token of th' elect;
Giv'n to the fool, the mad, the vain, the evil,
To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the Devil.
B. What Nature wants, commodious gold bestows;
'T is thus we eat the bread another sows.
P. But how unequal it bestows, observe;
'T is thus we riot, while who sow it starve.
What Nature wants (a phrase I much distrust)
Extends to luxury, extends to lust.
Useful I grant, it serves what life requires,
But dreadful too, the dark assassin hires.
B. Trade it may help, Society extend.
P. But lures the pirate, and corrupts the friend.
B. It raises armies in a nation's aid.
P. But bribes a senate, and the land 's betray'd.
In vain may heroes fight and patriots rave,
If secret gold sap on from knave to knave.
Once, we confess, beneath the patriot's cloak,
From the crack'd bag the dropping guinea spoke,
And jingling down the back-stairs, told the crew
'Old Cato is as great a rogue as you.'
Blest paper-credit! last and best supply!
That lends Corruption lighter wings to fly!
Gold imp'd by thee, can compass hardest things,
Can pocket states, can fetch or carry kings;
A single leaf shall waft an army o'er,
Or ship off senates to some distant shore;
A leaf, like Sibyl's, scatter to and fro
Our fates and fortunes as the winds shall blow;
Pregnant with thousands flits the scrap unseen,
And silent sells a King or buys a Queen.
Oh, that such bulky bribes as all might see,
Still, as of old, incumber'd villany!
Could France or Rome divert our brave designs
With all their brandies or with all their wines?
What could they more than Knights and Squires confound,
Or water all the Quorum ten miles round?
A statesman's slumbers how this speech would spoil,
'Sir, Spain has sent a thousand jars of oil,

Huge bales of British cloth blockade the door;
A hundred oxen at your levee roar.'
Poor Avarice one torment more would find,
Nor could Profusion squander all in kind.
Astride his cheese Sir Morgan might we meet;
And Worldly crying coals from street to street,
Whom with a wig so wild and mien so 'mazed,
Pity mistakes for some poor tradesman crazed.
Had Colepepper's whole wealth been hops and hogs,
Could he himself have sent it to the dogs?
His Grace will game: to White's a bull be led,
With spurning heels and with a butting head.
To White's be carried, as to ancient games,
Fair coursers, vases, and alluring dames.
Shall then Uxorio, if the stakes he sweep,
Bear home six whores, and make his lady weep?
Or soft Adonis, so perfumed and fine,
Drive to St. James's a whole herd of swine?
Oh, filthy check on all industrious skill,
To spoil the nation's last great trade, — Quadrille!
Since then, my lord, on such a world we fall,
What say you? *B.* Say? Why, take it, gold and all.
P. What Riches give us let us then inquire:
Meat, Fire, and Clothes. *B.* What more?
P. Meat, Clothes, and Fire.
Is this too little? would you more than live?
Alas! 't is more than Turner finds, they give.
Alas! 't is more than (all his visions past)
Unhappy Wharton waking found at last!
What can they give? To dying Hopkins, heirs?
To Chartres, vigour? Japhet, nose and ears?
Can they in gems bid pallid Hippia glow?
In Fulvia's buckle ease the throbs below?
Or heal, old Narses, thy obscener ail,
With all th' embroidery plaster'd at thy tail?

They might (were Harpax not too wise to spend)
Give Harpax' self the blessing of a friend;
Or find some doctor that would save the life
Of wretched Shylock, spite of Shylock's wife.
But thousands die without or this or that,
Die, and endow a College or a Cat.
To some indeed Heav'n grants the happier fate
T' enrich a bastard; or a son they hate.
Perhaps you think the poor might have their part?
Bond damns the poor, and hates them from his heart:
The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule
That ev'ry man in want is knave or fool.
'God cannot love (says Blunt, with tearless eyes)
The wretch he starves' — and piously denies:
But the good bishop, with a meeker air,
Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.
Yet, to be just to these poor men of pelf,
Each does but hate his neighbour as himself:
Damn'd to the mines, an equal fate betides
The slave that digs it and the slave that hides.
B. Who suffer thus, mere charity should own,
Must act on motives powerful tho' unknown.
P. Some war, some plague or famine, they foresee,
Some revelation hid from you and me.
Why Shylock wants a meal the cause is found;
He thinks a loaf will rise to fifty pound.
What made directors cheat in South-sea year?
To live on ven'son, when it sold so dear.
Ask you why Phryne the whole auction buys?
Phryne foresees a general excise.
Why she and Sappho raise that monstrous sum?
Alas! they fear a man will cost a plum.
Wise Peter sees the world's respect for gold,
And therefore hopes this nation may be sold.

Glorious ambition! Peter, swell thy store,
And be what Rome's great Didius was before.
The crown of Poland, venal twice an age,
To just three millions stinted modest Gage.
But nobler scenes Maria's dreams unfold,
Hereditary realms, and worlds of gold.
Congenial souls! whose life one av'rice joins,
And one fate buries in th' Asturian mines.
Much-injured Blunt! why bears he Britain's hate?
A wizard told him in these words our fate:
'At length Corruption, like a gen'ral flood
(So long by watchful ministers withstood),
Shall deluge all; and Av'rice, creeping on,
Spread like a low-born mist and blot the sun;
Statesman and Patriot ply alike the stocks,
Peeress and Butler share alike the Box,
And judges job, and bishops bite the town,
And mighty Dukes pack cards for half a crown:
See Britain sunk in lucre's sordid charms,
And France revenged of Anne's and Edward's arms!'
'T was no court-badge, great Scriv'ner! fired thy brain,
Nor lordly luxury, nor city gain:
No, 't was thy righteous end, ashamed to see
Senates degen'rate, patriots disagree,
And nobly wishing party-rage to cease,
To buy both sides, and give thy country peace.
'All this is madness,' cries a sober sage:
'But who, my friend, has Reason in his rage?
The Ruling Passion, be it what it will,
The Ruling Passion conquers Reason still.'
Less mad the wildest whimsy we can frame
Than ev'n that Passion, if it has no aim;
For tho' such motives folly you may call,
The folly 's greater to have none at all.
Hear then the truth:—'T is Heav'n each Passion sends,
And diff'rent men directs to diff'rent ends.
Extremes in Nature equal good produce;
Extremes in Man concur to gen'ral use.'
Ask me what makes one keep, and one bestow?
That power who bids the ocean ebb and flow,
Bids seed-time, harvest, equal course maintain,
Thro' reconciled extremes of drought and rain;
Builds life on death, on change duration founds,
And gives th' eternal wheels to know their rounds.
Riches, like insects, when conceal'd they lie,
Wait but for wings, and in their season fly.
Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,
Sees but a backward steward for the poor;
This year a reservoir to keep and spare;
The next a fountain spouting thro' his heir
In lavish streams to quench a country's thirst,
And men and dogs shall drink him till they burst.
Old Cotta shamed his fortune and his birth,
Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth.
What tho' (the use of barb'rous spits forgot)
His kitchen vied in coolness with his grot?
His court with nettles, moats with cresses stor'd,
With soups unbought, and salads, bless'd his board;
If Cotta lived on pulse, it was no more
Than Bramins, Saints, and Sages did before;
To cram the rich was prodigal expense,
And who would take the poor from Providence?
Like some lone Chartreux stands the good old hall,
Silence without, and fasts within the wall;
No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor sound,
No noontide bell invites the country round;
Tenants with sighs the smokeless towers survey,
And turn th' unwilling steeds another way;
Benighted wanderers, the forest o'er,
Curse the saved candle and unopening door;
While the gaunt mastiff, growling at the gate,
Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.
Not so his son; he mark'd this oversight,
And then mistook reverse of wrong for right:
(For what to shun will no great knowledge need
But what to follow is a task indeed!)

Yet sure, of qualities deserving praise,
More go to ruin fortunes than to raise.
What slaughter'd hecatombs, what floods of wine,
Fill the capacious Squire and deep Divine!
Yet no mean motive this profusion draws;
His oxen perish in his country's cause;
'T is George and Liberty that crowns the cup,
And zeal for that great House which eats him up.
The woods recede around the naked seat,
The sylvans groan — no matter — for the fleet;
Next goes his wool — to clothe our valiant bands;
Last, for his country's love, he sells his lands.
To town he comes, completes the nation's hope,
And heads the bold train-bands, and burns a pope.
And shall not Britain now reward his toils,
Britain, that pays her patriots with her spoils?
In vain at court the bankrupt pleads his cause;
His thankless country leaves him to her laws.
The sense to value Riches, with the art
T' enjoy them, and the virtue to impart;
Not meanly nor ambitiously pursued,
Not sunk by sloth, nor raised by servitude;
To balance fortune by a just expense,
Join with economy magnificence;
With splendour charity, with plenty health;
O teach us, Bathurst! yet unspoil'd by wealth,
That secret rare, between th' extremes to move
Of mad Good-nature and of mean Self-love.
B. To worth or want well weigh'd be bounty giv'n
And ease or emulate the care of Heav'n
(Whose measure full o'erflows on human race):
Mend Fortune's fault, and justify her grace.
Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffused,
As poison heals in just proportion used:
In heaps, like ambergris, a stink it lies,
But well dispers'd is incense to the skies.
P. Who starves by nobles, or with nobles eats?
The wretch that trusts them, and the rogue that cheats.
Is there a lord who knows a cheerful noon
Without a fiddler, flatt'rer, or buffoon?
Whose table Wit or modest Merit share,
Unelbow'd by a gamester, pimp, or player?
Who copies yours or Oxford's better part,
To ease th' oppress'd, and raise the sinking heart?
Where'er he shines, O Fortune! gild the scene,
And angels guard him in the golden mean!
There English bounty yet a while may stand,
And honour linger ere it leaves the land.
But all our praises why should Lords engross?
Rise, honest Muse! and sing the Man of Ross:
Pleas'd Vaga echoes thro' her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless, pouring thro' the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
Who taught that Heav'n-directed spire to rise?
The Man of Ross, each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread:
He feeds yon almshouse, neat, but void of state,
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate:
Him portion'd maids, apprenticed orphans blest,
The young who labour, and the old who rest.
Is any sick? the Man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes and gives:
Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more:
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attorneys, now a useless race.

B. Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the power to do!
Oh say, what sums that gen'rous hand supply?
What mines to swell that boundless charity?
P. Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possess'd — five hundred pounds a year.
Blush, Grandeur, blush! proud courts, withdraw your blaze!
Ye little stars, hide your diminish'd rays!
B. And what? no monument, inscription, stone,
His race, his form, his name almost unknown?
P. Who builds a church to God, and not to Fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name:
Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history;
Enough that Virtue fill'd the space between,
Prov'd by the ends of being to have been.
When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
The wretch who living saved a candle's end:
Should'ring God's altar a vile image stands,
Belies his features, nay, extends his hands;
That livelong wig, which Gorgon's self might own,
Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone.
Behold what blessings Wealth to life can lend!
And see what comfort it affords our end.
In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,
The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,
With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villiers lies — alas! how changed from him,
That life of pleasure and that soul of whim!
Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and Love;
Or just as gay at council, in a ring
Of mimic statesmen and their merry King.
No Wit to flatter, left of all his store —
No Fool to laugh at, which he valued more —
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends!
His Grace's fate sage Cutler could foresee,
And well (he thought) advised him, 'Live like me.'
And well his Grace replied, 'Like you, Sir John?
That I can do when all I have is gone!'
Resolve me, Reason, which of these is worse,
Want with a full or with an empty purse?
Thy life more wretched, Cutler! was confess'd;
Arise, and tell me, was thy death more bless'd?
Cutler saw tenants break and houses fall,
For very want; he could not build a wall:
His only daughter in a stranger's power,
For very want; he could not pay a dower:
A few gray hairs his rev'rend temples crown'd;
'T was very want that sold them for two pound.
What ev'n denied a cordial at his end,
Banish'd the doctor, and expell'd the friend?
What but a want, which you perhaps think mad,
Yet numbers feel, — the want of what he had!
Cutler and Brutus dying both exclaim,
'Virtue! and wealth! what are ye but a name!'
Say, for such worth are other worlds prepared?
Or are they both in this their own reward?
A knotty point! to which we now proceed.
But you are tired — I'll tell a tale — *B.* Agreed.
P. Where London's column, pointing at the skies,
Like a tall bully, lifts the head and lies,
There dwelt a citizen of sober fame,
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name.
Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth,
His word would pass for more than he was worth;

One solid dish his week-day meal affords,
An added pudding solemnized the Lord's;
Constant at Church and 'Change; his gains were sure,
His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.
The Devil was piqued such saintship to behold,
And long'd to tempt him like good Job of old;
But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.
Rous'd by the Prince of Air, the whirlwinds sweep
The surge, and plunge his father in the deep;
Then full against his Cornish lands they roar,
And two rich shipwrecks bless the lucky shore.
Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes.
'Live like yourself,' was soon my lady's word;
And lo! two puddings smoked upon the board.
Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,
An honest factor stole a gem away:
He pledg'd it to the knight; the knight had wit,
So kept the diamond, and the rogue was bit.
Some scruple rose, but thus he eas'd his thought:
'I'll now give sixpence where I gave a groat;
Where once I went to church I'll now go twice —
And am so clear too of all other vice.'
The tempter saw his time; the work he plied;
Stocks and subscriptions pour on ev'ry side,
Till all the demon makes his full descent
In one abundant shower of cent per cent,
Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole,
Then dubs Director, and secures his soul.
Behold Sir Balaam, now a man of Spirit,
Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit;
What late he call'd a blessing now was wit,
And God's good providence a lucky hit.
Things change their titles as our manners turn,
His counting-house employ'd the Sunday morn:
Seldom at church ('t was such a busy life),
But duly sent his family and wife.
There (so the Devil ordain'd) one Christmas-tide
My good old lady catch'd a cold and died.
A nymph of quality admires our knight;
He marries, bows at court, and grows polite;
Leaves the dull cits, and joins (to please the fair)
The well-bred cuckolds in St. James's air:
First for his son a gay commission buys,
Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies;
His daughter flaunts a viscount's tawdry wife;
She bears a coronet and p—x for life.
In Britain's senate he a seat obtains,
And one more pensioner St. Stephen gains.
My lady falls to play; so bad her chance,
He must repair it; takes a bribe from France:
The house impeach him; Coningsby harangues;
The court forsake him, and Sir Balaam hangs.
Wife, son, and daughter, Satan! are thy own,
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the crown:
The Devil and the King divide the prize,
And sad Sir Balaam curses God and dies.

EPISTLE IV

TO RICHARD BOYLE, EARL OF BURLINGTON

OF THE USE OF RICHES

ARGUMENT

The vanity of Expense in people of wealth and quality. The abuse of the word Taste. That the first principle and foundation in this, as in every thing else, is Good Sense. The chief proof of it is to follow Nature, even in works of mere luxury and elegance. Instanced in Architecture and Gardening, where all must be adapted to the genius and use of the place, and the beauties not forced into it, but resulting from it. How men are disappointed in their most expensive undertakings for want of this true foundation, without which nothing can please long, if at all; and

the best examples and rules will but be perverted into something burdensome and ridiculous. A description of the false taste of Magnificence; the first grand error of which is to imagine that greatness consists in the size and dimension, instead of the proportion and harmony, of the whole; and the second, either in joining together parts incoherent, or too minutely resembling, or, in the repetition of the same too frequently. A word or two of false taste in books, in music, in painting, even in preaching and prayer, and lastly in entertainments. Yet Providence is justified in giving wealth to be squandered in this manner, since it is dispersed to the poor and laborious part of mankind. [Recurring to what is laid down in the first book, ep. ii. and in the epistle preceding this.] What are the proper objects of Magnificence, and a proper field for the expense of great men. And, finally, the great and public works which become a Prince.

'T is strange the Miser should his cares employ
To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy:
Is it less strange the Prodigal should waste
His wealth to purchase what he ne'er can taste?
Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats;
Artists must choose his pictures, music, meats:
He buys for Topham drawings and designs;
For Pembroke statues, dirty gods, and coins;
Rare monkish manuscripts for Hearne alone,
And books for Mead, and butterflies for Sloane.
Think we all these are for himself? no more
Than his fine wife, alas! or finer whore.
For what has Virro painted, built, and planted?
Only to show how many tastes he wanted.
What brought Sir Visto's ill-got wealth to waste?
Some demon whisper'd, 'Visto! have a Taste.'
Heav'n visits with a Taste the wealthy fool,
And needs no rod but Ripley with a rule.
See! sportive Fate, to punish awkward pride,
Bids Bubo build, and sends him such a guide:
A standing sermon at each year's expense,
That never coxcomb reach'd Magnificence!

You show us Rome was glorious, not profuse,
And pompous buildings once were things of use;
Yet shall, my Lord, your just, your noble rules
Fill half the land with imitating fools;
Who random drawings from your sheets shall take,
And of one Beauty many Blunders make;
Load some vain church with old theatric state,
Turn arcs of triumph to a garden gate;
Reverse your ornaments, and hang them all
On some patch'd dog-hole eked with ends of wall,
Then clap four slices of pilaster on 't,
That laced with bits of rustic makes a front;
Shall call the winds thro' long arcades to roar,
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door:
Conscious they act a true Palladian part,
And if they starve, they starve by rules of Art.
Oft have you hinted to your brother peer
A certain truth, which many buy too dear:
Something there is more needful than expense,
And something previous ev'n to Taste — 'tis Sense;
Good Sense, which only is the gift of Heav'n,
And tho' no science, fairly worth the sev'n;
A light which in yourself you must perceive;
Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.
To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
To swell the terrace, or to sink the grot,
In all, let Nature never be forgot.
But treat the Goddess like a modest Fair,
Nor overdress, nor leave her wholly bare;
Let not each beauty everywhere be spied,
Where half the skill is decently to hide.
He gains all points who pleasingly confounds,
Surprises, varies, and conceals the bounds.
Consult the genius of the place in all;
That tells the waters or to rise or fall;
Or helps th' ambitious hill the heav'ns to scale,
Or scoops in circling theatres the vale,
Calls in the country, catches opening glades,
Joins willing woods, and varies shades from shades.

Now breaks, or now directs, th' intending lines;
Paints as you plant, and as you work designs.
Still follow Sense, of every art the soul;
Parts answering parts shall slide into a whole,
Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
Start ev'n from difficulty, strike from chance:
Nature shall join you; time shall make it grow
A work to wonder at — perhaps a Stowe.
Without it, proud Versailles! thy glory falls,
And Nero's terraces desert their walls:
The vast parterres a thousand hands shall make,
Lo! Cobham comes, and floats them with a lake;
Or cut wide views thro' mountains to the plain,
You 'll wish your hill or shelter'd seat again.
Ev'n in an ornament its place remark,
Nor in a hermitage set Dr. Clarke.
Behold Villario's ten years' toil complete:
His quincunx darkens, his espaliers meet,
The wood supports the plain, the parts unite,
And strength of shade contends with strength of light;
A waving glow the bloomy beds display,
Blushing in bright diversities of day,
With silver quiv'ring rills meander'd o'er —
Enjoy them, you! Villario can no more:
Tired of the scene parterres and fountains yield,
He finds at last he better likes a field.
Thro' his young woods how pleased Sabinus stray'd,
Or sat delighted in the thick'ning shade,
With annual joy the redd'ning shoots to greet,
Or see the stretching branches long to meet.
His son's fine Taste an opener vista loves,
Foe to the dryads of his father's groves;
One boundless green or flourish'd carpet views,
With all the mournful family of yews;
The thriving plants, ignoble broomsticks made,
Now sweep those alleys they were born to shade.

At Timon's villa let us pass a day,
Where all cry out, 'What sums are thrown away;'
So proud, so grand; of that stupendous air,
Soft and agreeable come never there;
Greatness with Timon dwells in such a draught
As brings all Brobdingnag before your thought.
To compass this, his building is a town,
His pond an ocean, his parterre a down:
Who but must laugh, the master when he sees,
A puny insect shiv'ring at a breeze!
Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around!
The whole a labour'd quarry above ground.
Two Cupids squirt before: a lake behind
Improves the keenness of the northern wind.
His gardens next your admiration call;
On every side you look, behold the wall!
No pleasing intricacies intervene;
No artful wildness to perplex the scene;
Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.
The suff'ring eye inverted Nature sees,
Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees;
With here a fountain never to be play'd,
And there a summer-house that knows no shade,
Here Amphitrite sails thro' myrtle bowers,
There gladiators fight or die in flowers;
Unwater'd, see the drooping seahorse mourn,
And swallows roost in Nilus' dusty urn.
My Lord advances with majestic mien,
Smit with the mighty pleasure to be seen:
But soft! by regular approach — not yet —
First thro' the length of yon hot terrace sweat;
And when up ten steep slopes you 've dragg'd your thighs,
Just at his study door he 'll bless your eyes.
His study! with what authors is it stor'd?
In books, not authors, curious is my lord.
To all their dated backs he turns you round;
These Aldus printed, those Du Sueil has bound;
Lo, some are vellum, and the rest as good,
For all his lordship knows, — but they are wood.

For Locke or Milton 't is in vain to look;
These shelves admit not any modern book.
And now the chapel's silver bell you hear,
That summons you to all the pride of prayer.
Light quirks of music, broken and unev'n,
Make the soul dance upon a jig to Heav'n:
On painted ceilings you devoutly stare,
Where sprawl the saints of Verrio or Laguerre,
On gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,
And bring all paradise before your eye:
To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite,
Who never mentions Hell to ears polite.
But hark! the chiming clocks to dinner call:
A hundred footsteps scrape the marble hall;
The rich buffet well-colour'd serpents grace,
And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face.
Is this a dinner? this a genial room?
No, 't is a temple and a hecatomb;
A solemn sacrifice perform'd in state;
You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.
So quick retires each flying course, you 'd swear
Sancho's dread doctor and his wand were there.
Between each act the trembling salvers ring,
From soup to sweet wine, and God bless the King.
In plenty starving, tantalized in state,
And complaisantly help'd to all I hate,
Treated, caress'd, and tired, I take my leave,
Sick of his civil pride from morn to eve;
I curse such lavish Cost and little Skill,
And swear no day was ever pass'd so ill.
Yet hence the poor are clothed, the hungry fed;
Health to himself, and to his infants bread
The lab'rer bears; what his hard heart denies,
His charitable vanity supplies.
Another age shall see the golden ear
Imbrown the slope, and nod on the parterre,
Deep harvests bury all his pride has plann'd,
And laughing Ceres reassume the land.
Who then shall grace, or who improve the soil?
Who plants like Bathurst, or who builds like Boyle?
'T is use alone that sanctifies expense,
And splendour borrows all her rays from sense.
His father's acres who enjoys in peace,
Or makes his neighbours glad if he increase;
Whose cheerful tenants bless their yearly toil,
Yet to their Lord owe more than to the soil;
Whose ample lawns are not ashamed to feed
The milky heifer and deserving steed;
Whose rising forests, not for pride or show,
But future buildings, future navies, grow:
Let his plantations stretch from down to down,
First shade a country, and then raise a town.
You, too, proceed! make falling arts your care;
Erect new wonders, and the old repair;
Jones and Palladio to themselves restore
And be whate'er Vitruvius was before,
Till kings call forth th' ideas of your mind
(Proud to accomplish what such hands design'd),
Bid harbours open, public ways extend,
Bid temples, worthier of the God, ascend,
Bid the broad arch the dangerous flood contain,
The mole projected break the roaring main,
Back to his bounds their subject sea command,
And roll obedient rivers thro' the land.
These honours Peace to happy Britain brings;
These are imperial works, and worthy Kings.

EPISTLE V

TO MR. ADDISON

OCCASIONED BY HIS DIALOGUES ON MEDALS

'This was originally written,' says Pope, 'in the year 1715, when Mr. Addison intended to publish his book *Of Medals;* it was some time before he was Secretary of State; but not published till Mr. Tickell's edition of his works; at which time the verses on Mr. Craggs, which conclude the poem, were added, viz., in 1720.'

Warburton connects the epistle with the preceding Essays in this ingenious way: 'As the

third epistle treated the extremes of Avarice and Profusion, and the fourth took up one particular branch of the latter, namely the *vanity of expense* in people of wealth and quality, and was therefore corollary to the third; so this treats of one circumstance of that vanity, as it appears in the common collections of old coins; and is therefore a corollary to the fourth.'

See the wild waste of all-devouring years!
How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears!
With nodding arches, broken temples spread,
The very tombs now vanish'd like their dead!
Imperial wonders raised on nations spoil'd,
Where mix'd with slaves the groaning martyr toil'd;
Huge theatres, that now unpeopled woods,
Now drain'd a distant country of her floods;
Fanes, which admiring Gods with pride survey,
Statues of men, scarce less alive than they!
Some felt the silent stroke of mould'ring age,
Some hostile fury, some religious rage:
Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,
And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.
Perhaps, by its own ruins saved from flame,
Some buried marble half preserves a name:
That name the learn'd with fierce disputes pursue
And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.
Ambition sigh'd: she found it vain to trust
The faithless column and the crumbling bust;
Huge moles, whose shadow stretch'd from shore to shore,
Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more!
Convinced, she now contracts her vast design,
And all her triumphs shrink into a coin.
A narrow orb each crowded conquest keeps,
Beneath her palm here sad Judea weeps:
Now scantier limits the proud arch confine,
And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine:
A small Euphrates thro' the piece is roll'd,
And little eagles wave their wings in gold.
The Medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Thro' climes and ages bears each form and name:
In one short view subjected to our eye,
Gods, Emp'rors, Heroes, Sages, Beauties, lie.
With sharpen'd sight pale antiquaries pore,
Th' inscription value, but the rust adore.
This the blue varnish, that the green endears,
The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years!
To gain Pescennius one employs his schemes,
One grasps a Cecrops in ecstatic dreams.
Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devour'd,
Can taste no pleasure since his shield was scour'd;
And Curio, restless by the fair one's side,
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.
Theirs is the vanity, the learning thine:
Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories shine;
Her Gods and godlike Heroes rise to view,
And all her faded garlands bloom anew.
Nor blush these studies thy regard engage:
These pleas'd the fathers of poetic rage;
The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,
And art reflected images to art.
Oh, when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?
In living medals see her wars enroll'd,
And vanquish'd realms supply recording gold?
Here, rising bold, the patriot's honest face,
There warriors frowning in historic brass.
Then future ages with delight shall see
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree;
Or in fair series laurell'd bards be shown,
A Virgil there, and here an Addison.
Then shall thy Craggs (and let me call him mine)
On the cast ore another Pollio shine;
With aspect open shall erect his head,
And round the orb in lasting notes be read,
'Statesman, yet friend to truth; of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear;
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;

Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd
And prais'd, unenvied by the Muse he
lov'd.'

UNIVERSAL PRAYER

DEO OPT. MAX.

This was written in 1738 to correct the impression of fatalism which Warburton's ingenious exposition had failed to remove. Pope had really as little mind for dogma as most poets; but these verses represent what, in view of the instructions of Bolingbroke, corrected by Warburton, he now believed himself to believe.

FATHER of all! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confin'd
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myself am blind:

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And binding Nature fast in Fate,
Left free the human Will.

What Conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do;
This teach me more than Hell to shun,
That more than Heav'n pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives;
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish Pride
Or impious Discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe
To hide the fault I see:
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy breath,
O lead me, whereso'er I go,
Thro' this day's life or death!

This day be bread and peace my lot:
All else beneath the sun
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not
And let thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all Space,
Whose altar earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all Being raise,
All Nature's incense rise!

SATIRES

The *Satires* retain nearly the order of their original publication. They appeared between 1733 and 1738. It is said that Bolingbroke suggested the translation of the First Satire of the Second Book of Horace, and that the translation of the others was done somewhat at random, as Pope saw his opportunity of adapting them to his own day.

EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT

BEING THE PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES

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This paper is a sort of bill of complaint, begun many years since, and drawn up by snatches, as the several occasions offered. I had no thoughts of publishing it, till it pleased some Persons of Rank and Fortune (the authors of 'Verses to the Imitator of Horace,' and of an 'Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton Court') to attack, in a very extraordinary manner, not only my Writings (of which, being public, the Public is judge), but my Person, Morals, and Family; whereof, to those who know me not, a truer information may be requisite. Being divided between the necessity to say something of myself, and my own laziness to undertake so awkward a task, I thought it the shortest way to put the last hand to this epistle. If it have any thing pleasing, it will be that by which I am most desirous to please, the Truth and the Sentiment; and if any thing offensive, it will be only to those I am least sorry to offend, the vicious or the ungenerous.

Many will know their own pictures in it, there being not a circumstance but what is true; but I have, for the most part, spared their names, and they may escape being laughed at if they please.

I would have some of them know it was owing to the request of the learned and candid Friend to whom it is inscribed, that I make not as free use of theirs as they have done of mine. However, I shall have this advantage and honour on my side, that whereas, by their proceeding, any abuse may be directed at any man, no injury can possibly be done by mine, since a nameless character can never be found out but by its truth and likeness.

P. 'SHUT, shut the door, good John!' fatigued, I said;
'Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.'
The Dog-star rages! nay, 'tis past a doubt
All Bedlam or Parnassus is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.
What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?
They pierce my thickets, thro' my grot they glide,
By land, by water, they renew the charge,
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.
No place is sacred, not the church is free,
Ev'n Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me:
Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy to catch me just at dinner time.
Is there a Parson much bemused in beer,
A maudlin Poetess, a rhyming Peer,
A clerk foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza when he should engross?
Is there who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls
With desp'rate charcoal round his darken'd walls?
All fly to TWIT'NAM, and in humble strain
Apply to me to keep them mad or vain,
Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,
Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause:
Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope,
And curses Wit and Poetry, and Pope.
Friend to my life (which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song)!
What Drop or Nostrum can this plague remove?
Or which must end me, a fool's wrath or love?
A dire dilemma! either way I 'm sped;
If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead.
Seiz'd and tied down to judge, how wretched I!
Who can't be silent, and who will not lie.

To laugh were want of goodness and of grace,
And to be grave exceeds all power of face.
I sit with sad civility, I read
With honest anguish and an aching head,
And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
This saving counsel, 'Keep your piece nine years.'
'Nine years!' cries he, who, high in Drury lane,
Lull'd by soft zephyrs thro' the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before Term ends,
Obliged by hunger and request of friends:
'The piece, you think, is incorrect? why, take it!
I 'm all submission: what you 'd have it — make it.'
Three things another's modest wishes bound,
'My friendship, and a Prologue, and ten pound.'
Pitholeon sends to me: "You know his Grace,
I want a patron; ask him for a place.'
Pitholeon libell'd me — 'But here 's a letter
Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no better.
Dare you refuse him? Curll invites to dine,
He 'll write a *Journal*, or he 'll turn Divine.'
Bless me! a packet. — 'T is a stranger sues,
A Virgin Tragedy, an Orphan Muse.
If I dislike it, 'Furies, death, and rage!'
If I approve, 'Commend it to the stage.'
There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,
The players and I are, luckily, no friends.
Fired that the house rejects him, ''Sdeath, I 'll print it,
And shame the fools — your int'rest, Sir, with Lintot.'
Lintot, dull rogue, will think your price too much:
'Not, Sir, if you revise it, and retouch.'
All my demurs but double his attacks;
At last he whispers, 'Do, and we go snacks.'
Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door;
'Sir, let me see your works and you no more.'
'T is sung, when Midas' ears began to spring
(Midas, a sacred person and a king),
His very Minister who spied them first
(Some say his Queen) was forc'd to speak or burst.
And is not mine, my friend, a sorer case,
When ev'ry coxcomb perks them in my face?
A. Good friend, forbear! you deal in dangerous things;
I 'd never name Queens, Ministers, or Kings;
Keep close to ears, and those let asses prick,
'T is nothing — *P.* Nothing! if they bite and kick?
Out with it, DUNCIAD! let the secret pass,
That secret to each fool, that he 's an ass:
The truth once told (and wherefore should we lie?)
The Queen of Midas slept, and so may I.
You think this cruel? take it for a rule,
No creature smarts so little as a fool.
Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee break,
Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack:
Pit, Box, and Gall'ry in convulsions hurl'd,
Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.
Who shames a Scribbler? break one cobweb thro',
He spins the slight self-pleasing thread anew:
Destroy his fib, or sophistry — in vain!
The creature 's at his dirty work again,
Throned in the centre of his thin designs,
Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines.
Whom have I hurt? has Poet yet or Peer
Lost the arch'd eyebrow or Parnassian sneer?
And has not Colley still his lord and whore?
His butchers Henley? his freemasons Moore?
Does not one table Bavius still admit?
Still to one Bishop Philips seem a wit?
Still Sappho — *A.* Hold! for God's sake — you 'll offend.
No names — be calm — learn prudence of a friend.
I too could write, and I am twice as tall;
But foes like these — *P.* One flatt'rer 's worse than all.
Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,
It is the slaver kills, and not the bite.

A fool quite angry is quite innocent:
Alas! 'tis ten times worse when they repent.
One dedicates in high heroic prose,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes;
One from all Grub-street will my fame defend,
And, more abusive, calls himself my friend:
This prints my *Letters*, that expects a bribe,
And others roar aloud, 'Subscribe, subscribe!'
There are who to my person pay their court:
I cough like Horace; and tho' lean, am short;
Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,
Such Ovid's nose, and 'Sir! you have an eye —'
Go on, obliging creatures! make me see
All that disgraced my betters met in me.
Say, for my comfort, languishing in bed,
'Just so immortal Maro held his head:'
And when I die, be sure you let me know
Great Homer died three thousand years ago.
Why did I write? what sin to me unknown
Dipp'd me in ink, my parents', or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came:
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobey'd:
The Muse but serv'd to ease some friend, not wife,
To help me thro' this long disease my life,
To second, ARBUTHNOT! thy art and care,
And teach the being you preserv'd, to bear.
A. But why then publish? *P.* Granville the polite,
And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write;
Well-natured Garth inflamed with early praise,
And Congreve lov'd, and Swift endured my lays;
The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield, read;
Ev'n mitred Rochester would nod the head,
And St. John's self (great Dryden's friends before)
With open arms receiv'd one poet more.
Happy my studies, when by these approv'd!
Happier their author, when by these belov'd!
From these the world will judge of men and books,
Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cookes.
Soft were my numbers; who could take offence
While pure description held the place of sense?
Like gentle Fanny's was my flowery theme,
'A painted mistress, or a purling stream.'
Yet then did Gildon draw his venal quill;
I wish'd the man a dinner, and sat still:
Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret;
I never answer'd; I was not in debt.
If want provoked, or madness made them print,
I waged no war with Bedlam or the Mint.
Did some more sober critic come abroad;
If wrong, I smiled, if right, I kiss'd the rod.
Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,
And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense.
Commas and points they set exactly right,
And 't were a sin to rob them of their mite.
Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel graced these ribalds,
From slashing Bentleys down to piddling Tibbalds.
Each wight who reads not, and but scans and spells,
Each word-catcher that lives on syllables,
Ev'n such small critics some regard may claim,
Preserv'd in Milton's or in Shakspeare's name.
Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.
Were others angry: I excused them too;
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
A man's true merit 't is not hard to find;
But each man's secret standard in his mind,
That casting-weight Pride adds to emptiness,
This, who can gratify? for who can guess?
The bard whom pilfer'd pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale for half-a-crown,

Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains from hard-bound brains eight lines a year;
He who still wanting, tho' he lives on theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left;
And he who now to sense, now nonsense, leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:
And he whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad:
All these my modest satire bade translate,
And own'd that nine such poets made a Tate.
How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe!
And swear not Addison himself was safe.
Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires
True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inspires,
Bless'd with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease;
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne;
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserv'd to blame or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading ev'n fools; by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging that he ne'er obliged;
Like Cato, give his little Senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause:
While Wits and Templars ev'ry sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise —
Who but must laugh if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?
What tho' my name stood rubric on the walls,
Or plaster'd posts, with claps, in capitals?
Or smoking forth, a hundred hawkers load,
On wings of winds came flying all abroad?
I sought no homage from the race that write;
I kept, like Asian Monarchs, from their sight:
Poems I heeded (now berhymed so long)
No more than thou, great George! a birth-day song.
I ne'er with Wits or Witlings pass'd my days
To spread about the itch of verse and praise;
Nor like a puppy daggled thro' the town
To fetch and carry sing-song up and down;
Nor at rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd, and cried,
With handkerchief and orange at my side;
But sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
To Bufo left the whole Castalian state.
Proud as Apollo on his forked hill
Sat full-blown Bufo, puff'd by ev'ry quill:
Fed with soft dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand in hand in song.
His library (where busts of poets dead,
And a true Pindar stood without a head)
Receiv'd of Wits an undistinguish'd race,
Who first his judgment ask'd, and then a place:
Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his seat,
And flatter'd ev'ry day, and some days eat:
Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
He paid some bards with port, and some with praise;
To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd,
And others (harder still) he paid in kind.
Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh;
Dryden alone escaped this judging eye:
But still the great have kindness in reserve;
He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.
May some choice patron bless each gray goose quill!
May every Bavius have his Bufo still!
So when a statesman wants a day's defence,
Or Envy holds a whole week's war with Sense,
Or simple Pride for flatt'ry makes demands,
May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands!

Bless'd be the great! for those they take away,
And those they left me — for they left me Gay;
Left me to see neglected Genius bloom,
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:
Of all thy blameless life the sole return
My Verse, and Queensb'ry weeping o'er thy urn!
Oh let me live my own, and die so too
(To live and die is all I have to do)!
Maintain a poet's dignity and ease,
And see what friends, and read what books I please;
Above a Patron, tho' I condescend
Sometimes to call a minister my Friend.
I was not born for courts or great affairs;
I pay my debts, believe, and say my prayers;
Can sleep without a poem in my head,
Nor know if Dennis be alive or dead.
Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light?
Heav'ns! was I born for nothing but to write?
Has life no joys for me? or (to be grave)
Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save?
'I found him close with Swift'—'Indeed? no doubt
(Cries prating Balbus) something will come out.'
'T is all in vain, deny it as I will;
'No, such a genius never can lie still:'
And then for mine obligingly mistakes
The first lampoon Sir Will or Bubo makes.
Poor guiltless I! and can I choose but smile,
When ev'ry coxcomb knows me by my style?
Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give Virtue scandal, Innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-eyed virgin steal a tear!
But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,
Insults fall'n Worth, or Beauty in distress,
Who loves a lie, lame Slander helps about,
Who writes a libel, or who copies out;
That fop whose pride affects a patron's name,
Yet absent, wounds an author's honest fame;
Who can your merit selfishly approve,
And show the sense of it without the love;
Who has the vanity to call you friend,
Yet wants the honour, injured, to defend;
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
And, if he lie not, must at least betray;
Who to the Dean and Silver Bell can swear,
And sees at Canons what was never there;
Who reads but with a lust to misapply,
Make satire a lampoon, and fiction lie:
A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.
Let Sporus tremble — *A.* What? that thing of silk,
Sporus, that mere white curd of Ass's milk?
Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings;
Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet Wit ne'er tastes, and Beauty ne'er enjoys;
So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way,
Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks,
Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies;
His wit all see-saw between *that* and *this*,
Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
And he himself one vile Antithesis.
Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
The trifling head, or the corrupted heart;
Fop at the toilet, flatt'rer at the board,
Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.
Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have exprest,
A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest;
Beauty that shocks you, Parts that none will trust,
Wit that can creep, and Pride that licks the dust.

Not Fortune's worshipper, nor Fashion's fool,
Not Lucre's madman, nor Ambition's tool,
Not proud nor servile; — be one poet's praise,
That if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways:
That flatt'ry ev'n to Kings, he held a shame,
And thought a lie in verse or prose the same;
That not in fancy's maze he wander'd long,
But stoop'd to truth, and moralized his song;
That not for Fame, but Virtue's better end,
He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
The damning critic, half approving wit,
The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;
Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed;
The tale revived, the lie so oft o'erthrown,
Th' imputed trash and dulness not his own;
The morals blacken'd when the writings 'scape,
The libell'd person, and the pictured shape;
Abuse on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread,
A friend in exile, or a father dead;
The whisper, that, to greatness still too near,
Perhaps yet vibrates on his SOV'REIGN'S ear —
Welcome for thee, fair Virtue! all the past:
For thee, fair Virtue! welcome ev'n the last!
A. But why insult the poor? affront the great?
P. A knave 's a knave to me in ev'ry state;
Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail,
Sporus at court, or Japhet in a jail;
A hireling scribbler, or a hireling peer,
Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire;
If on a Pillory, or near a Throne,
He gain his prince's ear, or lose his own.
Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
Sappho can tell you how this man was bit:
This dreaded Satirist Dennis will confess
For to his pride, but friend to his distress:
So humble, he has knock'd at Tibbald's door,
Has drunk with Cibber, nay, has rhymed for Moore.
Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply?
Three thousand suns went down on Welsted's lie.
To please a mistress one aspers'd his life;
He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife:
Let Budgell charge low Grub-street on his quill,
And write whate'er he pleased, except his will;
Let the two Curlls of town and court abuse
His father, mother, body, soul, and muse:
Yet why? that father held it for a rule,
It was a sin to call our neighbour fool;
That harmless mother thought no wife a whore:
Hear this, and spare his family, James Moore!
Unspotted names, and memorable long,
If there be force in Virtue, or in Song.
Of gentle blood (part shed in honour's cause,
While yet in Britain honour had applause)
Each parent sprung — *A.* What fortune, pray? —
P. Their own;
And better got than Bestia's from the throne.
Born to no pride, inheriting no strife,
Nor marrying discord in a noble wife,
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walk'd innoxious thro' his age.
No courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
Nor dared an oath, nor hazarded a lie.
Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,
No language but the language of the heart.
By Nature honest, by Experience wise,
Healthy by Temp'rance and by Exercise;
His life, tho' long, to sickness pass'd unknown,
His death was instant and without a groan.
O grant me thus to live, and thus to die!
Who sprung from kings shall know less joy than I.
O friend! may each domestic bliss be thine!
Be no unpleasing melancholy mine:
Me, let the tender office long engage
To rock the cradle of reposing Age,

With lenient arts extend a Mother's breath,
Make Languor smile, and smooth the bed of Death;
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep a while one parent from the sky!
On cares like these if length of days attend,
May Heav'n, to bless those days, preserve my friend!
Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene,
And just as rich as when he serv'd a Queen.
A. Whether that blessing be denied or giv'n,
Thus far was right; — the rest belongs to Heav'n.

SATIRES, EPISTLES, AND ODES OF HORACE IMITATED

Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquebitur. — Hor.

ADVERTISEMENT

The occasion of publishing these Imitations was the clamour raised on some of my Epistles. An answer from Horace was both more full and of more dignity than any I could have made in my own person; and the example of much greater freedom in so eminent a divine as Dr. Donne, seemed a proof with what indignation and contempt a Christian may treat Vice or Folly, in ever so low or ever so high a station. Both these authors were acceptable to the Princes and Ministers under whom they lived. The satires of Dr. Donne I versified at the desire of the Earl of Oxford, while he was Lord Treasurer, and of the Duke of Shrewsbury, who had been Secretary of State; neither of whom looked upon a satire on vicious courts as any reflection on those they served in. And indeed there is not in the world a greater error than that which fools are so apt to fall into, and knaves with good reason to encourage, — the mistaking a Satirist for a Libeller; whereas to a true Satirist nothing is so odious as a Libeller, for the same reason as to a man truly virtuous nothing is so hateful as a hypocrite.

Uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis.

THE FIRST SATIRE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE

This satire was first published in 1733, under the title *A Dialogue between Alexander Pope of Twickenham, on the one part, and the Learned Counsel on the other.*

TO MR. FORTESCUE

P. There are (I scarce can think it, but am told),
There are to whom my satire seems too bold;
Scarce to wise Peter complaisant enough,
And something said of Chartres much too rough.
The lines are weak, another's pleas'd to say;
Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.
Tim'rous by nature, of the rich in awe,
I come to counsel learned in the law:
You 'll give me, like a friend both sage and free,
Advice; and (as you use) without a fee.
F. I'd write no more.
P. Not write? but then I think,
And for my soul I cannot sleep a wink.
I nod in company, I wake at night;
Fools rush into my head, and so I write.
F. You could not do a worse thing for your life.
Why, if the night seem tedious — take a wife:
Or rather, truly, if your point be rest,
Lettuce and cowslip wine: *probatum est.*
But talk with Celsus, Celsus will advise
Hartshorn, or something that shall close your eyes.
Or if you needs must write, write Cæsar's praise;
You 'll gain at least a Knighthood or the Bays.
P. What? like Sir Richard, rumbling, rough, and fierce,
With Arms, and George, and Brunswick, crowd the verse;
Rend with tremendous sound your ears asunder,
With gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and thunder?
Or nobly wild, with Budgell's fire and force,
Paint angels trembling round his falling horse?
F. Then all your Muse's softer art display,
Let Carolina smooth the tuneful lay;
Lull with Amelia's liquid name the Nine,
And sweetly flow thro' all the royal line.

P. Alas! few verses touch their nicer ear;
They scarce can bear their Laureate twice a year;
And justly Cæsar scorns the poet's lays;
It is to history he trusts for praise.
F. Better be Cibber, I 'll maintain it still,
Than ridicule all Taste, blaspheme Quadrille,
Abuse the city's best good men in metre,
And laugh at peers that put their trust in Peter.
Ev'n those you touch not, hate you.
P. What should ail 'em?
F. A hundred smart in Timon and in Balaam.
The fewer still you name, you wound the more;
Bond is but one, but Harpax is a score.
P. Each mortal has his pleasure: none deny
Scarsdale his bottle, Darty his ham-pie:
Ridotta sips and dances till she see
The doubling lustres dance as fast as she:
F[ox] loves the Senate, Hockley-hole his brother,
Like in all else, as one egg to another.
I love to pour out all myself as plain
As downright Shippen, or as old Montaigne:
In them, as certain to be lov'd as seen,
The soul stood forth, nor kept a thought within;
In me what spots (for spots I have) appear,
Will prove at least the medium must be clear.
In this impartial glass my Muse intends
Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends;
Publish the present age; but where my text
Is vice too high, reserve it for the next;
My foes shall wish my life a longer date,
And ev'ry friend the less lament my fate.
My head and heart thus flowing thro' my quill,
Verse-man or prose-man, term me which you will,
Papist or Protestant, or both between,
Like good Erasmus, in an honest mean,
In moderation placing all my glory,
While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.
Satire 's my weapon, but I 'm too discreet
To run amuck, and tilt at all I meet;
I only wear it in a land of Hectors,
Thieves, supercargoes, sharpers, and directors.
Save but our Army! and let Jove incrust
Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlasting rust!
Peace is my dear delight — not Fleury's more:
But touch me, and no minister so sore.
Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,
Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
And the sad burden of some merry song.
Slander or poison dread from Delia's rage;
Hard words or hanging, if your judge be Page;
From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,
Pox'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.
Its proper power to hurt each creature feels;
Bulls aim their horns, and asses lift their heels;
'T is a bear's talent not to kick, but hug;
And no man wonders he 's not stung by Pug.
So drink with Walters, or with Chartres eat,
They 'll never poison you, they 'll only cheat.
Then, learned Sir! (to cut the matter short)
Whate'er my fate, — or well or ill at court,
Whether old age, with faint but cheerful ray,
Attends to gild the ev'ning of my day,
Or death's black wing already be display'd,
To wrap me in the universal shade;
Whether the darken'd room to muse invite,
Or whiten'd wall provoke the skewer to write;
In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint, —
Like Lee or Budgell I will rhyme and print.
F. Alas, young man, your days can ne'er be long:
In flower of age you perish for a song!
Plums and directors, Shylock and his wife,
Will club their testers now to take your life.
P. What? arm'd for Virtue when I point the pen,
Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men,

Dash the proud Gamester in his gilded car,
Bare the mean heart that lurks beneath a Star;
Can there be wanting, to defend her cause,
Lights of the Church, or guardians of the Laws?
Could pension'd Boileau lash in honest strain
Flatt'rers and bigots ev'n in Louis' reign?
Could Laureate Dryden pimp and friar engage,
Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage?
And I not strip the gilding off a knave,
Unplaced, unpension'd, no man's heir or slave?
I will, or perish in the gen'rous cause;
Hear this, and tremble! you who 'scape the laws.
Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave
Shall walk the world in credit to his grave:
To VIRTUE only and her Friends a friend,
The world beside may murmur or commend.
Know, all the distant din that world can keep,
Rolls o'er my grotto and but soothes my sleep.
There my retreat the best companions grace,
Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place:
There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl
The feast of reason and the flow of soul:
And he, whose lightning pierced th' Iberian lines,
Now forms my quincunx, and now ranks my vines;
Or tames the genius of the stubborn plain,
Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.
Envy must own I live among the great,
No pimp of Pleasure, and no spy of State,
With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats,
Fond to spread friendships, but to cover heats;
To help who want, to forward who excel;
This all who know me, know; who love me, tell;
And who unknown defame me, let them be
Scribblers or peers, alike are Mob to me.
This is my plea, on this I rest my cause —
What saith my counsel, learned in the laws?
F. Your plea is good; but still I say, beware!
Laws are explain'd by men — so have a care.
It stands on record, that in Richard's times
A man was hang'd for very honest rhymes.
Consult the statute; *quart.* I think it is,
Edwardi sext. or *prim. et quint. Eliz.*
See Libels, Satires — here you have it — read.
P. Libels and Satires! lawless things indeed!
But grave epistles, bringing Vice to light,
Such as a King might read, a Bishop write,
Such as Sir Robert would approve — *F.* Indeed!
The case is alter'd — you may then proceed:
In such a cause the Plaintiff will be hiss'd,
My Lords the Judges laugh, and you 're dismiss'd.

THE SECOND SATIRE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE

TO MR. BETHEL

WHAT, and how great, the Virtue and the Art
To live on little with a cheerful heart!
(A doctrine sage, but truly none of mine)
Let 's talk, my friends, but talk before we dine;
Not when a gilt buffet's reflected pride
Turns you from sound Philosophy aside;
Not when from plate to plate your eyeballs roll,
And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.
Hear Bethel's sermon, one not vers'd in schools
But strong in sense, and wise without the rules.
'Go work, hunt, exercise! (he thus began)
Then scorn a homely dinner if you can.
Your wine lock'd up, your butler stroll'd abroad,
Or fish denied (the river yet unthaw'd);
If then plain bread and milk will do the feat,
The pleasure lies in you, and not the meat.'
Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men
Will choose a pheasant still before a hen;

Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,
Except you eat the feathers green and gold.
Of carps and mullets why prefer the great,
(Tho' cut in pieces ere my Lord can eat)
Yet for small turbots such esteem profess?
Because God made these large, the other less.
Oldfield, with more than harpy throat endued,
Cries, 'Send me, Gods! a whole Hog barbecued!'
O blast it, South-winds! till a stench exhale
Rank as the ripeness of a rabbit's tail.
By what criterion do you eat, d'ye think,
If this is prized for sweetness, that for stink?
When the tired glutton labours thro' a treat,
He finds no relish in the sweetest meat;
He calls for something bitter, something sour,
And the rich feast concludes extremely poor:
Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives, still we see;
Thus much is left of old Simplicity!
The robin-redbreast till of late had rest,
And children sacred held a martin's nest,
Till becaficos sold so devilish dear
To one that was, or would have been, a Peer.
Let me extol a cat on oysters fed;
I 'll have a party at the Bedford-head:
Or ev'n to crack live crawfish recommend;
I 'd never doubt at court to make a friend!
'T is yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother
About one vice, and fall into the other:
Between Excess and Famine lies a mean;
Plain, but not sordid; tho' not splendid, clean.
Avidien or his wife (no matter which,
For him you 'll call a dog, and her a bitch)
Sell their presented partridges and fruits,
And humbly live on rabbits and on roots:
One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine,
And is at once their vinegar and wine:
But on some lucky day (as when they found
A lost bank-bill, or heard their son was drown'd)
At such a feast, old vinegar to spare,
Is what two souls so gen'rous cannot bear:
Oil, tho' it stink, they drop by drop impart,
But souse the cabbage with a bounteous heart.
He knows to live who keeps the middle state,
And neither leans on this side nor on that;
Nor stops for one bad cork his butler's pay,
Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away;
Nor lets, like Nævius, ev'ry error pass,
The musty wine, foul cloth, or greasy glass.
Now hear what blessings Temperance can bring
(Thus said our friend, and what he said I sing):
First Health: the stomach (cramm'd from ev'ry dish,
A tomb of boil'd and roast, and flesh and fish,
Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid, jar,
And all the man is one intestine war)
Remembers oft the schoolboy's simple fare,
The temp'rate sleeps, and spirits light as air.
How pale each worshipful and rev'rend guest
Rise from a clergy or a city feast!
What life in all that ample body, say?
What heav'nly particle inspires the clay?
The Soul subsides, and wickedly inclines
To seem but mortal ev'n in sound Divines.
On morning wings how active springs the mind
That leaves the load of yesterday behind!
How easy every labour it pursues!
How coming to the Poet ev'ry Muse!
Not but we may exceed, some holy-time,
Or tired in search of Truth or search of Rhyme:
Ill health some just indulgence may engage,
And more the sickness of long life, old age:
For fainting age what cordial drop remains,
If our intemp'rate youth the vessel drains?
Our fathers prais'd rank venison. You suppose,
Perhaps, young men! our fathers had no nose.
Not so: a buck was then a week's repast,
And 't was their point, I ween, to make it last;
More pleas'd to keep it till their friends could come,
Than eat the sweetest by themselves at home.

Why had not I in those good times my birth,
Ere coxcomb-pies or coxcombs were on earth ?
Unworthy he the voice of Fame to hear,
That sweetest music to an honest ear
(For 'faith, Lord Fanny! you are in the wrong,
The world's good word is better than a song),
Who has not learn'd fresh sturgeon and ham-pie
Are no rewards for want and infamy!
When Luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf,
Curs'd by thy neighbours, thy trustees, thyself;
To friends, to fortune, to mankind a shame,
Think how posterity will treat thy name;
And buy a rope, that future times may tell
Thou hast at least bestow'd one penny well.
'Right,' cries his lordship, 'for a rogue in need
To have a taste is insolence indeed:
In me 't is noble, suits my birth and state,
My wealth unwieldy, and my heap too great.'
Then, like the sun, let Bounty spread her ray,
And shine that superfluity away.
Oh impudence of wealth! with all thy store
How darest thou let one worthy man be poor ?
Shall half the new-built churches round thee fall ?
Make quays, build bridges, or repair Whitehall;
Or to thy country let that heap be lent,
As M[arlbor]o's was, but not at five per cent.
'Who thinks that Fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind.
And who stands safest ? tell me, is it he
That spreads and swells in puff'd prosperity,
Or bless'd with little, whose preventing care
In peace provides fit arms against a war ?'
Thus Bethel spoke, who always speaks his thought,
And always thinks the very thing he ought:
His equal mind I copy what I can,
And as I love, would imitate the man.
In South-Sea days, not happier, when surmised
The lord of thousands, than if now excised;
In forest planted by a father's hand,
Than in five acres now of rented land.
Content with little, I can piddle here
On brocoli and mutton round the year;
But ancient friends (tho' poor, or out of play)
That touch my bell, I cannot turn away.
'T is true, no turbots dignify my boards,
But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords:
To Hounslow Heath I point, and Banstead Down,
Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my own:
From yon old walnut tree a shower shall fall,
And grapes long ling'ring on my only wall;
And figs from standard and espalier join;
The devil is in you if you cannot dine:
Then cheerful healths (your Mistress shall have place),
And, what 's more rare, a Poet shall say grace.
Fortune not much of humbling me can boast;
Tho' double tax'd, how little have I lost!
My life's amusements have been just the same,
Before and after standing armies came.
My lands are sold, my father's house is gone;
I 'll hire another's; is not that my own —
And yours, my friends — thro' whose free opening gate
None comes too early, none departs too late ?
(For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,
Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.)
'Pray Heav'n it last! (cries Swift) as you go on:
I wish to God this house had been your own!
Pity! to build without a son or wife:
Why, you 'll enjoy it only all your life.'
Well, if the use be mine, can it concern one
Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon ?
What 's property ? dear Swift! you see it alter
From you to me, from me to Peter Walter;
Or in a mortgage prove a lawyer's share,
Or in a jointure vanish from the heir;

Or in pure equity (the case not clear)
The Chancery takes your rents for twenty year:
At best it falls to some ungracious son,
Who cries, 'My father 's damn'd, and all 's my own.'
Shades, that to Bacon could retreat afford,
Become the portion of a booby lord;
And Hemsley, once proud Buckingham's delight,
Slides to a scriv'ner or a city knight.
Let lands and houses have what lords they will,
Let us be fix'd, and our own masters still.

THE FIRST EPISTLE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE

St. John, whose love indulged my labours past,
Matures my present, and shall bound my last,
Why will you break the Sabbath of my days?
Now sick alike of envy and of praise.
Public too long, ah! let me hide my Age:
See modest Cibber now has left the Stage:
Our gen'rals now, retired to their estates,
Hang their old trophies o'er the garden gates;
In life's cool ev'ning satiate of applause,
Nor fond of bleeding ev'n in Brunswick's cause.
A voice there is, that whispers in my ear
('T is Reason's voice, which sometimes one can hear),
'Friend Pope! be prudent, let your Muse take breath,
And never gallop Pegasus to death;
Lest stiff and stately, void of fire or force,
You limp, like Blackmore, on a lord mayor's horse.'
Farewell then Verse, and Love, and ev'ry toy,
The rhymes and rattles of the Man or Boy;
What right, what true, what fit, we justly call,
Let this be all my care — for this is all;
To lay this harvest up, and hoard with haste
What ev'ry day will want, and most the last.

But ask not to what Doctors I apply;
Sworn to no master, of no sect am I:
As drives the storm, at any door I knock,
And house with Montaigne now, or now with Locke.
Sometimes a patriot, active in debate,
Mix with the world, and battle for the state;
Free as young Lyttleton, her cause pursue,
Still true to Virtue, and as warm as true:
Sometimes with Aristippus or St. Paul,
Indulge my candour, and grow all to all;
Back to my native Moderation slide,
And win my way by yielding to the tide.
Long as to him who works for debt the day,
Long as the night to her whose love 's away,
Long as the year's dull circle seems to run
When the brisk minor pants for twenty-one;
So slow th' unprofitable moments roll
That lock up all the functions of my soul,
That keep me from myself, and still delay
Life's instant business to a future day;
That task which as we follow or despise,
The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise;
Which done, the poorest can no wants endure;
And which not done, the richest must be poor.
Late as it is, I put myself to school,
And feel some comfort not to be a fool.
Weak tho' I am of limb, and short of sight,
Far from a lynx, and not a giant quite,
I 'll do what Mead and Cheselden advise,
To keep these limbs, and to preserve these eyes.
Not to go back is somewhat to advance,
And men must walk, at least, before they dance.
Say, does thy blood rebel, thy bosom move
With wretched Av'rice, or as wretched Love?
Know there are words and spells which can control,
Between the fits, this fever of the soul;
Know there are rhymes which, fresh and fresh applied,
Will cure the arrant'st puppy of his pride.
Be furious, envious, slothful, mad, or drunk,
Slave to a wife, or vassal to a punk,
A Switz, a High-Dutch or a Low-Dutch bear;
All that we ask is but a patient ear.

'T is the first virtue vices to abhor,
And the first wisdom to be fool no more:
But to the world no bugbear is so great
As want of figure and a small Estate.
To either India see the merchant fly,
Scared at the spectre of pale Poverty!
See him with pains of body, pangs of soul,
Burn thro' the Tropics, freeze beneath the Pole!
Wilt thou do nothing for a nobler end,
Nothing to make Philosophy thy friend?
To stop thy foolish views, thy long desires,
And ease thy heart of all that it admires?
Here Wisdom calls, 'Seek Virtue first, be bold!
As gold to silver, Virtue is to gold.'
There London's voice, 'Get money, money still!
And then let Virtue follow if she will.'
This, this the saving doctrine preach'd to all,
From low St. James's up to high St. Paul;
From him whose quills stand quiver'd at his ear,
To him who notches sticks at Westminster.
Barnard in spirit, sense, and truth abounds;
'Pray then what wants he?' Fourscore thousand pounds;
A pension, or such harness for a slave
As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have.
Barnard, thou art a cit, with all thy worth;
But Bug and D*l *their Honours!* and so forth.
Yet ev'ry child another song will sing,
'Virtue, brave boys! 't is Virtue makes a King.'
True, conscious Honour is to feel no sin;
He 's arm'd without that 's innocent within:
Be this thy screen, and this thy wall of brass;
Compared to this a Minister 's an Ass.
And say, to which shall our applause belong,
This new Court jargon, or the good old song?
The modern language of corrupted peers,
Or what was spoke at Cressy and Poictiers?
Who counsels best? who whispers, 'Be but great,
With praise or infamy — leave that to Fate;
Get Place and Wealth, if possible with grace;
If not, by any means get Wealth and Place:'
(For what? to have a Box where eunuchs sing,
And foremost in the circle eye a King?)
Or he who bids thee face with steady view
Proud Fortune, and look shallow Greatness thro',
And, while he bids thee, sets th' example too?
If such a doctrine, in St. James's air,
Should chance to make the well-drest rabble stare;
If honest S[chut]z take scandal at a spark
That less admires the Palace than the Park;
Faith, I shall give the answer Reynard gave:
'I cannot like, dread Sir! your royal cave;
Because I see, by all the tracks about,
Full many a beast goes in, but none come out.'
Adieu to Virtue, if you 're once a slave:
Send her to Court, you send her to her grave.
Well, if a King 's a lion, at the least
The people are a many-headed beast;
Can they direct what measures to pursue,
Who know themselves so little what to do?
Alike in nothing but one lust of gold,
Just half the land would buy, and half be sold:
Their country's wealth our mightier misers drain,
Or cross, to plunder provinces, the main;
The rest, some farm the Poor-box, some the Pews;
Some keep Assemblies, and would keep the Stews;
Some with fat bucks on childless dotards fawn;
Some win rich widows by their chine and brawn;
While with the silent growth of ten per cent.,
In dirt and darkness, hundreds stink content.
Of all these ways, if each pursues his own,
Satire, be kind, and let the wretch alone;
But show me one who has it in his power
To act consistent with himself an hour.

Sir Job sail'd forth, the ev'ning bright and still,
'No place on earth (he cried) like Greenwich hill!'
Up starts a palace: lo, th' obedient base
Slopes at its foot, the woods its sides embrace,
The silver Thames reflects its marble face.
Now let some whimsy, or that Devil within
Which guides all those who know not what they mean,
But give the Knight (or give his Lady) spleen;
'Away, away! take all your scaffolds down,
For snug 's the word: My dear! we 'll live in town.'
At am'rous Flavio is the stocking thrown?
That very night he longs to lie alone.
The fool whose wife elopes some thrice a quarter,
For matrimonial solace dies a martyr.
Did ever Proteus, Merlin, any witch,
Transform themselves so strangely as the Rich?
Well, but the Poor — the Poor have the same itch;
They change their weekly barber, weekly news,
Prefer a new japanner to their shoes,
Discharge their garrets, move their beds, and run
(They know not whither) in a chaise and one;
They hire their sculler, and when once aboard
Grow sick, and damn the climate — like a Lord.
You laugh, half Beau, half Sloven if I stand,
My wig all powder, and all snuff my band;
You laugh if coat and breeches strangely vary,
White gloves, and linen worthy Lady Mary!
But when no prelate's lawn, with hair-shirt lin'd,
Is half so incoherent as my mind,
When (each opinion with the next at strife,
One ebb and flow of follies all my life)
I plant, root up, I build, and then confound;
Turn round to square, and square again to round;
You never change one muscle of your face,
You think this madness but a common case;
Nor once to Chancery nor to Hale apply,
Yet hang your lip to see a seam awry!
Careless how ill I with myself agree,
Kind to my dress, my figure, — not to me.
Is this my Guide, Philosopher, and Friend?
This he who loves me, and who ought to mend?
Who ought to make me (what he can, or none)
That man divine whom Wisdom calls her own;
Great without Title, without Fortune bless'd;
Rich ev'n when plunder'd, honour'd while oppress'd;
Lov'd without youth, and follow'd without power;
At home tho' exiled, free tho' in the Tower;
In short, that reas'ning, high, immortal thing,
Just less than Jove, and much above a King;
Nay, half in Heav'n — except (what 's mighty odd)
A fit of Vapours clouds this Demigod.

THE SIXTH EPISTLE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE

TO MR. MURRAY

'Not to admire, is all the art I know,
To make men happy, and to keep them so.'
(Plain truth, dear Murray! needs no flowers of speech,
So take it in the very words of Creech.)
This vault of air, this congregated ball,
Self-centred sun, and stars that rise and fall,
There are, my Friend! whose philosophic eyes
Look thro', and trust the Ruler with his skies;
To him commit the hour, the day, the year,
And view this dreadful All — without a fear.
Admire we then what earth's low entrails hold,
Arabian shores, or Indian seas infold;
All the mad trade of fools and slaves for gold?
Or Popularity? or Stars and Strings?
The Mob's applauses, or the gifts of Kings?

Say with what eyes we ought at courts to gaze,
And pay the great our homage of amaze?
If weak the pleasure that from these can spring,
The fear to want them is as weak a thing:
Whether we dread, or whether we desire,
In either case, believe me, we admire:
Whether we joy or grieve, the same the curse,
Surprised at better, or surprised at worse.
Thus good or bad, to one extreme betray
Th' unbalanc'd mind, and snatch the man away;
For Virtue's self may too much zeal be had;
The worst of madmen is a saint run mad.
Go then, and if you can, admire the state
Of beaming diamonds and reflected plate;
Procure a Taste to double the surprise,
And gaze on Parian charms with learned eyes;
Be struck with bright brocade or Tyrian dye,
Our birthday nobles' splendid livery.
If not so pleas'd, at council-board rejoice
To see their judgments hang upon thy voice;
From morn to night, at Senate, Rolls, and Hall,
Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all.
But wherefore all this labour, all this strife?
For Fame, for Riches, for a noble Wife?
Shall one whom Nature, Learning, Birth, conspired
To form, not to admire, but be admired,
Sigh while his Chloë, blind to Wit and Worth,
Weds the rich dulness of some son of earth?
Yet Time ennobles or degrades each line;
It brighten'd Craggs's, and may darken thine.
And what is Fame? the meanest have their day;
The greatest can but blaze and pass away.
Graced as thou art with all the power of words,
So known, so honour'd, at the House of Lords:
Conspicuous scene! another yet is nigh
(More silent far), where Kings and Poets lie;
Where Murray (long enough his country's pride)
Shall be no more than Tully or than Hyde!
Rack'd with sciatics, martyr'd with the stone,
Will any mortal let himself alone?
See Ward, by batter'd Beaux invited over,
And desp'rate misery lays hold on Dover.
The case is easier in the mind's disease;
There all men may be cured whene'er they please.
Would ye be bless'd? despise low joys, low gains;
Disdain whatever Cornbury disdains;
Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.
But art thou one whom new opinions sway,
One who believes as Tindal leads the way?
Who Virtue and a Church alike disowns,
Thinks that but words, and this but brick and stones?
Fly then on all the wings of wild desire,
Admire whate'er the maddest can admire.
Is Wealth thy passion? hence! from pole to pole,
Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll,
For Indian spices, for Peruvian gold,
Prevent the greedy, and outbid the bold:
Advance thy golden mountain to the skies;
On the broad base of fifty thousand rise;
Add one round hundred, and (if that 's not fair)
Add fifty more, and bring it to a square:
For, mark th' advantage; just so many score
Will gain a wife with half as many more,
Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaste,
And then such friends — as cannot fail to last.
A man of Wealth is dubb'd a man of Worth;
Venus shall give him form, and Antis birth.
(Believe me, many a German Prince is worse,
Who proud of pedigree is poor of purse.)
His Wealth brave Timon gloriously confounds;
Ask'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds;
Or if three ladies like a luckless play,
Takes the whole house upon the poet's day.
Now, in such exigencies not to need.
Upon my word you must be rich indeed:
A noble superfluity it craves,
Not for yourself, but for your fools and knaves;

Something which for your honour they may cheat,
And which it much becomes you to forget.
If Wealth alone then make and keep us blest,
Still, still be getting; never, never rest.
But if to Power and Place your passion lie,
If in the pomp of life consist the joy;
Then hire a slave, or (if you will) a Lord,
To do the honours, and to give the word;
Tell at your Levee, as the crowds approach,
To whom to nod, whom take into your coach,
Whom honour with your hand; to make remarks,
Who rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks:
'This may be troublesome, is near the chair;
That makes three Members, this can choose a Mayor.'
Instructed thus, you bow, embrace, protest,
Adopt him son, or cousin at the least,
Then turn about, and laugh at your own jest.
Or if your life be one continued treat,
If to live well means nothing but to eat;
Up, up! cries Gluttony, 't is break of day,
Go drive the deer, and drag the finny prey:
With hounds and horns go hunt an appetite —
So Russell did, but could not eat at night;
Call'd happy dog the beggar at his door,
And envied thirst and hunger to the poor.
Or shall we every decency confound,
Thro' Taverns, Stews, and Bagnios, take our round?
Go dine with Chartres, in each vice outdo
K[innou]l's lewd cargo, or Ty[rawle]y's crew,
From Latian Syrens, French Circean feasts,
Return well travell'd, and transform'd to beasts;
Or for a titled punk, or foreign flame,
Renounce our country, and degrade our name?
If, after all, we must with Wilmot own
The cordial drop of life is Love alone,
And Swift cry wisely, '*Vive la bagatelle!*'
The man that loves and laughs must sure do well.
Adieu — if this advice appear the worst,
Ev'n take the counsel which I gave you first:
Or better precepts if you can impart,
Why do; I 'll follow them with all my heart.

THE FIRST EPISTLE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE

The identification of Augustus with George II. makes it necessary to take much of this poem ironically. George II., since his accession ten years before this was written (1737), had shown absolute indifference to the literature of England. The critical portions of the satire undoubtedly present Pope's real judgment of contemporary literature.

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The reflections of Horace, and the judgments passed in his Epistle to Augustus, seemed so seasonable to the present times, that I could not help applying them to the use of my own country. The author thought them considerable enough to address them to his prince, whom he paints with all the great and good qualities of a monarch upon whom the Romans depended for the increase of an absolute Empire; but to make the poem entirely English, I was willing to add one or two of those which contribute to the happiness of a Free People, and are more consistent with the welfare of our neighbours.

This epistle will show the learned world to have fallen into two mistakes: one, that Augustus was a Patron of poets in general; whereas he not only prohibited all but the best writers to name him, but recommended that care even to the civil magistrate; *Admonebat prætores, ne paterentur nomen suum obsolefieri*, &c.; the other, that this piece was only a general Discourse of Poetry; whereas it was an Apology for the Poets, in order to render Augustus more their patron. Horace here pleads the cause of his contemporaries; first, against the Taste of the town, whose humour it was to magnify the authors of the preceding age; secondly, against the Court and Nobility, who encouraged only the writers for the Theatre; and, lastly, against the Emperor himself, who had conceived them of little use to the Government. He shows (by a view of the progress of Learning, and the change of Taste among the Romans) that the introduction of the Polite Arts of Greece had given the writers of his time great advantages over their predecessors; that their Morals were much im-

proved, and the license of those ancient poets restrained; that Satire and Comedy were become more just and useful; that whatever extravagancies were left on the stage were owing to the ill taste of the nobility; that poets, under due regulations, were in many respects useful to the State; and concludes, that it was upon them the Emperor himself must depend for his Fame with posterity.

We may further learn from this Epistle, that Horace made his court to this great Prince, by writing with a decent freedom toward him, with a just contempt of his low flatterers, and with a manly regard to his own character.

TO AUGUSTUS

WHILE you, great Patron of Mankind! sustain
The balanced world, and open all the main;
Your country, chief, in Arms abroad defend,
At home with Morals, Arts, and Laws amend;
How shall the Muse, from such a monarch, steal
An hour, and not defraud the public weal?
Edward and Henry, now the boast of Fame,
And virtuous Alfred, a more sacred name,
After a life of gen'rous toils endured, —
The Gaul subdued, or property secured,
Ambition humbled, mighty cities storm'd,
Or laws establish'd, and the world reform'd —
Closed their long glories with a sigh, to find
Th' unwilling gratitude of base Mankind!
All human Virtue, to its latest breath,
Finds Envy never conquer'd but by Death.
The great Alcides, ev'ry labour past,
Had still this monster to subdue at last:
Sure fate of all, beneath whose rising ray
Each star of meaner merit fades away!
Oppress'd we feel the beam directly beat;
Those suns of glory please not till they set.
To thee the World its present homage pays,
The harvest early, but mature the praise:
Great friend of Liberty! in Kings a name
Above all Greek, above all Roman fame;
Whose word is truth, as sacred and revered
As Heav'n's own oracles from altars heard.
Wonder of Kings! like whom to mortal eyes
None e'er has risen, and none e'er shall rise.

Just in one instance, be it yet confest
Your people, sir, are partial in the rest;
Foes to all living worth except your own,
And advocates for folly dead and gone.
Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old;
It is the Rust we value, not the Gold.
Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
And beastly Skelton heads of houses quote;
One likes no language but the Faery Queen;
A Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk o' the Green;
And each true Briton is to Ben so civil,
He swears the Muses met him at the Devil.
Tho' justly Greece her eldest sons admires,
Why should not we be wiser than our sires?
In every public virtue we excel,
We build, we paint, we sing, we dance, as well;
And learned Athens to our art must stoop,
Could she behold us tumbling thro' a hoop.
If time improve our Wit as well as Wine,
Say at what age a poet grows divine?
Shall we, or shall we not, account him so
Who died, perhaps, a hundred years ago?
End all dispute; and fix the year precise
When British bards begin t' immortalize?
'Who lasts a century can have no flaw;
I hold that Wit a classic, good in law.'
Suppose he wants a year, will you compound?
And shall we deem him ancient, right, and sound,
Or damn to all eternity at once
At ninety-nine a modern and a dunce?
'We shall not quarrel for a year or two;
By courtesy of England he may do.'
Then by the rule that made the horsetail bare,
I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,
And melt down Ancients like a heap of snow,
While you, to measure merits, look in Stowe,
And estimating authors by the year,
Bestow a garland only on a bier.
Shakespeare (whom you and every playhouse bill
Style the divine! the matchless! what you will)
For Gain, not Glory, wing'd his roving flight,
And grew immortal in his own despite.

Ben, old and poor, as little seem'd to heed
The life to come in every poet's creed.
Who now reads Cowley? if he pleases yet,
His Moral pleases, not his pointed Wit:
Forgot his Epic, nay, Pindaric art,
But still I love the language of his heart.
'Yet surely, surely these were famous men!
What boy but hears the sayings of old Ben?
In all debates where Critics bear a part,
Not one but nods, and talks of Jonson's Art,
Of Shakespeare's Nature, and of Cowley's Wit;
How Beaumont's judgment check'd what Fletcher writ;
How Shadwell hasty, Wycherley was slow;
But for the passions, Southern sure, and Rowe!
These, only these, support the crowded stage,
From eldest Heywood down to Cibber's age.'
All this may be; the People's voice is odd;
It is, and it is not, the voice of God.
To Gammer Gurton if it give the bays,
And yet deny the Careless Husband praise,
Or say our fathers never broke a rule;
Why then, I say, the Public is a fool.
But let them own that greater faults than we
They had, and greater virtues, I 'll agree.
Spenser himself affects the obsolete,
And Sidney's verse halts ill on Roman feet;
Milton's strong pinion now not Heav'n can bound,
Now, serpent-like, in prose he sweeps the ground.
In quibbles Angel and Archangel join,
And God the Father turns a School-divine.
Not that I 'd lop the beauties from his book,
Like slashing Bentley with his desp'rate hook;
Or damn all Shakespeare, like th' affected fool
At Court, who hates whate'er he read at School.
But for the Wits of either Charles's days,
The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease;
Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more
(Like twinkling stars the Miscellanies o'er),
One simile that solitary shines
In the dry Desert of a thousand lines,
Or lengthen'd thought, that gleams thro many a page,
Has sanctified whole poems for an age.
I lose my patience, and I own it too,
When works are censured not as bad, but new;
While, if our elders break all Reason's laws,
These fools demand not pardon, but applause.
On Avon's bank, where flowers eternal blow,
If I but ask if any weed can grow,
One tragic sentence if I dare deride,
Which Betterton's grave action dignified,
Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims,
(Tho' but perhaps a muster-roll of names),
How will our fathers rise up in a rage,
And swear all shame is lost in GEORGE'S age!
You 'd think no fools disgraced the former reign,
Did not some grave examples yet remain,
Who scorn a lad should teach his father skill,
And having once been wrong, will be so still.
He who, to seem more deep than you or I,
Extols old bards, or Merlin's prophecy,
Mistake him not; he envies, not admires,
And to debase the sons exalts the sires.
Had ancient times conspired to disallow
What then was new, what had been ancient now?
Or what remain'd, so worthy to be read
By learned critics of the mighty dead?
In days of ease, when now the weary sword
Was sheath'd, and luxury with Charles restor'd,
In every taste of foreign courts improv'd,
'All by the King's example liv'd and lov'd,'
Then peers grew proud in horsemanship t' excel;
Newmarket's glory rose, as Britain's fell;
The soldier breathed the gallantries of France,
And ev'ry flowery Courtier writ Romance.
Then marble, soften'd into life, grew warm,
And yielding metal flow'd to human form;
Lely on animated canvas stole
The sleepy eye, that spoke the melting soul.

No wonder then, when all was love and sport,
The willing Muses were debauch'd at court;
On each enervate string they taught the note
To pant, or tremble thro' a Eunuch's throat.
But Britain, changeful as a child at play,
Now calls in princes, and now turns away.
Now Whig, now Tory, what we loved we hate;
Now all for Pleasure, now for Church and State;
Now for Prerogatives, and now for laws;
Effects unhappy, from a noble cause.
Time was, a sober Englishman would knock
His servants up, and rise by five o'clock;
Instruct his family in ev'ry rule,
And send his wife to church, his son to school.
To worship like his fathers was his care;
To teach their frugal virtues to his heir;
To prove that Luxury could never hold,
And place on good security his gold.
Now times are changed, and one poetic itch
Has seized the Court and City, Poor and Rich;
Sons, sires, and grandsires, all will wear the bays;
Our wives read Milton, and our daughters plays;
To theatres and to rehearsals throng,
And all our grace at table is a song.
I, who so oft renounce the Muses, lie:
Not **'s self e'er tells more fibs than I.
When sick of Muse, our follies we deplore,
And promise our best friends to rhyme no more,
We wake next morning in a raging fit,
And call for pen and ink to show our wit.
He served a 'prenticeship who sets up shop;
Ward tried on puppies and the poor his drop;
Ev'n Radcliff's doctors travel first to France,
Nor dare to practise till they 've learn'd to dance.
Who builds a bridge that never drove a pile?
(Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile),
But those who cannot write, and those who can,
All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man.
Yet, Sir, reflect; the mischief is not great;
These madmen never hurt the Church or State:
Sometimes the folly benefits mankind,
And rarely av'rice taints the tuneful mind.
Allow him but his plaything of a Pen,
He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men:
Flight of cashiers, or mobs, he 'll never mind,
And knows no losses while the Muse is kind.
To cheat a friend or ward, he leaves to Peter;
The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre,
Enjoys his Garden and his Book in quiet;
And then — a perfect hermit in his diet.
Of little use the man you may suppose
Who says in verse what others say in prose;
Yet let me show a Poet 's of some weight,
And (tho' no soldier) useful to the State.
What will a child learn sooner than a song?
What better teach a foreigner the tongue —
What 's long or short, each accent where to place,
And speak in public with some sort of grace?
I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,
Unless he praise some monster of a King;
Or virtue or religion turn to sport,
To please a lewd or unbelieving Court.
Unhappy Dryden! — In all Charles's days
Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays;
And in our own (excuse some courtly stains)
No whiter page than Addison remains.
He from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,
And sets the passions on the side of Truth,
Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest Art,
And pours each human virtue in the heart.
Let Ireland tell how wit upheld her cause,
Her trade supported, and supplied her laws;
And leave on Swift this grateful verse engraved,
'The rights a Court attack'd, a Poet saved.'

Behold the hand that wrought a Nation's cure,
Stretch'd to relieve the idiot and the poor;
Proud vice to brand, or injured worth adorn,
And stretch the ray to ages yet unborn.
Not but there are, who merit other palms;
Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with psalms;
The boys and girls whom charity maintains
Implore your help in these pathetic strains:
How could Devotion touch the country pews
Unless the Gods bestow'd a proper Muse?
Verse cheers their leisure, verse assists their work,
Verse prays for peace, or sings down pope and Turk.
The silenced preacher yields to potent strain,
And feels that Grace his prayer besought in vain;
The blessing thrills thro' all the lab'ring throng,
And Heav'n is won by violence of song.
Our rural ancestors, with little blest,
Patient of labour when the end was rest,
Indulged the day that housed their annual grain
With feasts, and off'rings, and a thankful strain.
The joy their wives, their sons, and servants share,
Ease of their toil, and partners of their care:
The Laugh, the Jest, attendants on the bowl,
Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and open'd ev'ry soul:
With growing years the pleasing license grew,
And taunts alternate innocently flew.
But Times corrupt, and Nature, ill inclin'd,
Produced the point that left a sting behind;
Till friend with friend, and families at strife,
Triumphant malice raged thro' private life.
Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th' alarm,
Appeal'd to law, and Justice lent her arm.
At length by wholesome dread of statutes bound,
The poets learn'd to please, and not to wound:
Most warp'd to Flatt'ry's side; but some, more nice,
Preserv'd the freedom, and forbore the vice.
Hence Satire rose, that just the medium hit,
And heals with morals what it hurts with wit.
We conquer'd France, but felt our captive's charms,
Her arts victorious triumph'd o'er our arms;
Britain to soft refinements less a foe,
Wit grew polite, and numbers learn'd to flow.
Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full resounding line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine:
Tho' still some traces of our rustic vein
And splay-foot verse remain'd, and will remain.
Late, very late, correctness grew our care,
When the tired nation breathed from civil war
Exact Racine and Corneille's noble fire
Show'd us that France had something to admire.
Not but the tragic spirit was our own,
And full in Shakespeare, fair in Otway, shone;
But Otway fail'd to polish or refine,
And fluent Shakespeare scarce effaced a line.
Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The last and greatest art — the art to blot.
Some doubt if equal pains or equal fire
The humbler Muse of Comedy require.
But in known images of life I guess
The labour greater, as th' indulgence less.
Observe how seldom ev'n the best succeed:
Tell me if Congreve's fools are fools indeed?
What pert low dialogue has Farquhar writ!
How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit:
The stage how loosely does Astrea tread,
Who fairly puts all characters to bed!
And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
To make poor Pinkey eat with vast applause!
But fill their purse, our poet's work is done,
Alike to them by pathos or by pun.

O you! whom Vanity's light bark conveys
On Fame's mad voyage by the wind of praise,
With what a shifting gale your course you ply,
For ever sunk too low, or borne too high.
Who pants for glory finds but short repose;
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.
Farewell the Stage! if just as thrives the play
The silly bard grows fat or falls away.
There still remains, to mortify a Wit,
The many-headed monster of the pit;
A senseless, worthless, and unhonour'd crowd,
Who, to disturb their betters, mighty proud,
Clatt'ring their sticks before ten lines are spoke,
Call for the Farce, the Bear, or the Blackjoke.
What dear delight to Britons farce affords!
Ever the taste of Mobs, but now of Lords:
(Taste! that eternal wanderer, which flies
From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes.)
The play stands still; damn action and discourse!
Back fly the scenes, and enter foot and horse;
Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,
Peers, heralds, bishops, ermine, gold, and lawn;
The Champion too! and, to complete the jest,
Old Edward's armour beams on Cibber's breast.
With laughter sure Democritus had died,
Had he beheld an audience gape so wide.
Let bear or elephant be e'er so white,
The people sure, the people are the sight!
Ah, luckless Poet! stretch thy lungs and roar,
That bear or elephant shall heed thee more;
While all its throats the gallery extends,
And all the thunder of the pit ascends!
Loud as the wolves on Orcas' stormy steep
Howl to the roarings of the northern deep,
Such is the shout, the long applauding note,
At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's petticoat;
Or when from court a birthday suit bestow'd,
Sinks the lost actor in the tawdry load.
Booth enters — hark! the universal peal!
'But has he spoken?' — Not a syllable.
'What shook the stage, and made the people stare?'
Cato's long wig, flower'd gown, and lacker'd chair.
Yes, lest you think I rally more than teach,
Or praise malignly arts I cannot reach,
Let me for once presume t' instruct the times,
To know the Poet from the man of rhymes:
'T is he who gives my breast a thousand pains,
Can make me feel each passion that he feigns,
Enrage, compose, with more than magic art,
With pity and with terror tear my heart,
And snatch me o'er the earth, or thro' the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.
But not this part of the poetic state
Alone deserves the favour of the great.
Think of those authors, Sir, who would rely
More on a reader's sense than gazer's eye.
Or who shall wander where the Muses sing?
Who climb their mountain, or who taste their spring?
How shall we fill a library with Wit,
When Merlin's Cave is half unfurnish'd yet?
My liege! why writers little claim your thought
I guess, and, with their leave, will tell the fault.
We Poets are (upon a poet's word)
Of all mankind the creatures most absurd:
The season when to come, and when to go,
To sing, or cease to sing, we never know;
And if we will recite nine hours in ten,
You lose your patience just like other men.
Then, too, we hurt ourselves when, to defend
A single verse, we quarrel with a friend;
Repeat, unask'd; lament, the wit 's too fine
For vulgar eyes, and point out every line:
But most when straining with too weak a wing
We needs will write epistles to the King;

And from the moment we oblige the town,
Expect a Place or Pension from the Crown;
Or dubb'd historians by express command,
T' enrol your triumphs o'er the seas and land,
Be call'd to Court to plan some work divine,
As once for Louis, Boileau and Racine.
Yet think, great Sir! (so many virtues shown)
Ah! think what poet best may make them known;
Or choose at least some minister of grace,
Fit to bestow the Laureate's weighty place.
Charles, to late times to be transmitted fair,
Assign'd his figure to Bernini's care;
And great Nassau to Kneller's hand decreed
To fix him graceful on the bounding steed:
So well in paint and stone they judg'd of merit;
But Kings in Wit may want discerning spirit.
The hero William, and the martyr Charles,
One knighted Blackmore, and one pension'd Quarles,
Which made old Ben and surly Dennis swear
'No Lord's anointed, but a Russian bear.'
Not with such majesty, such bold relief,
The forms august of King, or conquering Chief,
E'er swell'd on marble, as in verse have shined
(In polish'd verse) the manners and the mind.
O! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,
Your arms, your actions, your repose, to sing!
What seas you travers'd, and what fields you fought!
Your country's peace how oft, how dearly bought!
How barb'rous rage subsided at your word,
And nations wonder'd while they dropp'd the sword!
How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep,
Peace stole her wing, and wrapt the world in sleep,
Till earth's extremes your mediation own,
And Asia's tyrants tremble at your throne!
But verse, alas! your Majesty disdains;
And I 'm not used to panegyric strains.
The zeal of fools offends at any time,
But most of all the zeal of fools in rhyme.
Besides, a Fate attends on all I write,
That when I aim at praise they say I bite.
A vile encomium doubly ridicules:
There 's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.
If true, a woful likeness; and, if lies,
'Praise undeserv'd is scandal in disguise.'
Well may he blush who gives it, or receives;
And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves
(Like Journals, Odes, and such forgotten things,
As Eusden, Philips, Settle, writ of Kings)
Clothe spice, line trunk, or, flutt'ring in a row,
Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.

THE SECOND EPISTLE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE

Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquebitur. — Hor.

Dear Colonel, Cobham's and your country's friend,
You love a verse; take such as I can send.
A Frenchman comes, presents you with his boy,
Bows and begins — 'This lad, sir, is of Blois:
Observe his shape how clean! his locks how curl'd.
My only son, I 'd have him see the world:
His French is pure; his voice too — you shall hear —
Sir, he 's your slave for twenty pound a year.
Mere wax as yet, you fashion him with ease,
Your barber, cook, upholst'rer; what you please:
A perfect genius at an opera song —
To say too much might do my honour wrong.
Take him with all his virtues on my word;
His whole ambition was to serve a Lord.
But, Sir, to you with what would I not part?
Tho', faith, I fear, 't will break his mother's heart.
Once (and but once) I caught him in a lie,
And then, unwhipp'd, he had the grace to cry:

The fault he has I fairly shall reveal
(Could you o'erlook but that), it is — to steal.'
If, after this, you took the graceless lad,
Could you complain, my friend, he prov'd so bad?
Faith, in such case, if you should prosecute,
I think Sir Godfrey should decide the suit;
Who sent the thief that stole the cash away,
And punish'd him that put it in his way.
Consider then, and judge me in this light;
I told you when I went I could not write;
You said the same; and are you discontent
With laws to which you gave your own assent?
Nay, worse, to ask for verse at such a time!
D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme?
In Anna's wars a Soldier, poor and old,
Had dearly earn'd a little purse of gold:
Tired in a tedious march, one luckless night
He slept, (poor dog!) and lost it to a doit.
This put the man in such a desp'rate mind,
Between revenge, and grief, and hunger join'd
Against the foe, himself, and all mankind,
He leap'd the trenches, scaled a castle wall,
Tore down a standard, took the fort and all.
'Prodigious well!' his great commander cried,
Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.
Next pleas'd His Excellence a town to batter
(Its name I know not, and 'tis no great matter);
'Go on, my friend (he cried), see yonder walls!
Advance and conquer! go where Glory calls!
More honours, more rewards, attend the brave.'
Don't you remember what reply he gave? —
'D'ye think me, noble Gen'ral, such a sot?
Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat.'
Bred up at home, full early I begun
To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' son:
Besides, my father taught me from a lad
The better art, to know the good from bad
(And little sure imported to remove,
To hunt for truth in Maudlin's learned grove).
But knottier points we knew not half so well,
Deprived us soon of our paternal cell;
And certain laws, by suff'rers thought unjust,
Denied all posts of profit or of trust.
Hopes after hopes of pious papists fail'd,
While mighty William's thund'ring arm prevail'd;
For right hereditary tax'd and fin'd
He stuck to poverty with peace of mind;
And me, the Muses help'd to undergo it;
Convict a Papist he, and I a Poet.
But (thanks to Homer) since I live and thrive,
Indebted to no prince or peer alive,
Sure I should want the care of ten Monroes,
If I would scribble rather than repose.
Years foll'wing years steal something ev'ry day,
At last they steal us from ourselves away;
In one our frolics, one amusements end,
In one a Mistress drops, in one a Friend.
This subtle thief of life, this paltry time,
What will it leave me if it snatch my rhyme?
If ev'ry wheel of that unwearied mill
That turn'd ten thousand verses, now stands still?
But, after all, what would ye have me do,
When out of twenty I can please not two?
When this Heroics only deigns to praise,
Sharp Satire that, and that Pindaric lays?
One likes the pheasant's wing, and one the leg;
The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg:
Hard task to hit the palate of such guests,
When Oldfield loves what Dartineuf detests!
But grant I may relapse, for want of grace,
Again to rhyme, can London be the place?
Who there his muse, or self, or soul attends,
In Crowds, and Courts, Law, Bus'ness, Feasts, and Friends?
My counsel sends to execute a deed:
A poet begs me I will hear him read.

In Palace yard at nine you'll find me there —
At ten, for certain, sir, in Bloomsbury-square —
Before the Lords at twelve my cause comes on —
There's a rehearsal, Sir, exact at one. —
'Oh! but a Wit can study in the streets,
And raise his mind above the mob he meets.'
Not quite so well, however, as one ought:
A hackney-coach may chance to spoil a thought,
And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,
God knows, may hurt the very ablest head.
Have you not seen, at Guildhall's narrow pass,
Two Aldermen dispute it with an Ass?
And Peers give way, exalted as they are,
Ev'n to their own s-r-v — nce in a car?
Go, lofty Poet, and in such a crowd
Sing thy sonorous verse — but not aloud.
Alas! to grottos and to groves we run,
To ease and silence, ev'ry Muse's son:
Blackmore himself, for any grand effort
Would drink and doze at Tooting or Earl's-court.
How shall I rhyme in this eternal roar?
How match the bards whom none e'er match'd before?
The man who, stretch'd in Isis' calm retreat,
To books and study gives sev'n years complete,
See! strew'd with learned dust, his night-cap on,
He walks an object new beneath the sun!
The boys flock round him, and the people stare:
So stiff, so mute; some Statue you would swear
Stept from its pedestal to take the air!
And here, while town, and court, and city roars,
With Mobs, and Duns, and Soldiers, at their doors,
Shall I, in London, act this idle part,
Composing songs for fools to get by heart?
The Temple late two brother sergeants saw,
Who deem'd each other oracles of law;
With equal talents these congenial souls,
One lull'd th' Exchequer, and one stunn'd the Rolls;
Each had a gravity would make you split,
And shook his head at Murray as a wit;
'T was, 'Sir, your law' — and 'Sir, your eloquence,'
'Yours, Cowper's manner' — and 'Yours, Talbot's sense.'
Thus we dispose of all poetic merit,
Yours Milton's genius, and mine Homer's spirit.
Call Tibbald Shakespeare, and he'll swear the Nine,
Dear Cibber! never match'd one ode of thine.
Lord! how we strut thro' Merlin's Cave, to see
No poets there but Stephen, you, and me.
Walk with respect behind, while we at ease
Weave laurel crowns, and take what names we please.
'My dear Tibullus! (if that will not do)
Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you:
Or, I'm content, allow me Dryden's strains,
And you shall rise up Otway for your pains.'
Much do I suffer, much, to keep in peace
This jealous, waspish, wrongheaded, rhyming race;
And much must flatter, if the whim should bite
To court applause by printing what I write:
But let the fit pass o'er; I'm wise enough
To stop my ears to their confounded stuff.
In vain bad rhymers all mankind reject,
They treat themselves with most profound respect;
'T is to small purpose that you hold your tongue,
Each, prais'd within, is happy all day long:
But how severely with themselves proceed
The men who write such verse as we can read?
Their own strict judges, not a word they spare
That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care;
Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place,
Nay, tho' at Court (perhaps) it may find grace.
Such they'll degrade; and, sometimes in its stead,
In downright charity revive the dead;
Mark where a bold expressive phrase appears,
Bright thro' the rubbish of some hundred years;

Command old words, that long have slept, to wake,
Words that wise Bacon or brave Raleigh spake;
Or bid the new be English ages hence
(For Use will father what 's begot by Sense);
Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong,
Rich with the treasures of each foreign tongue;
Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
But show no mercy to an empty line;
Then polish all with so much life and ease,
You think 't is Nature, and a knack to please;
But ease in writing flows from Art, not Chance,
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
If such the plague and pains to write by rule,
Better (say I) be pleas'd, and play the fool;
Call, if you will, bad rhyming a disease,
It gives men happiness, or leaves them ease.
There lived *in primo Georgii* (they record)
A worthy member, no small fool, a Lord;
Who, tho' the House was up, delighted sate,
Heard, noted, answer'd, as in full debate:
In all but this a man of sober life,
Fond of his friend, and civil to his wife;
Not quite a madman tho' a pasty fell,
And much too wise to walk into a well.
Him the damn'd doctors and his friends immured,
They bled, they cupp'd, they purged; in short they cured;
Whereat the gentleman began to stare —
'My friends! (he cried) pox take you for your care!
That, from a patriot of distinguish'd note,
Have bled and purged me to a simple vote.'
Well, on the whole, plain prose must be my fate:
Wisdom (curse on it!) will come soon or late.
There is a time when poets will grow dull:
I 'll ev'n leave verses to the boys at school.
To rules of poetry no more confin'd,
I 'll learn to smooth and harmonize my mind,
Teach ev'ry thought within its bounds to roll,
And keep the equal measure of the soul.
Soon as I enter at my country door,
My mind resumes the thread it dropt before;
Thoughts which at Hyde-park Corner I forgot,
Meet and rejoin me in the pensive grot:
There all alone, and compliments apart,
I ask these sober questions of my heart:
If, when the more you drink the more you crave,
You tell the doctor; when the more you have
The more you want, why not, with equal ease,
Confess as well your folly as disease?
The heart resolves this matter in a trice,
'Men only feel the smart, but not the vice.'
When golden angels cease to cure the evil,
You give all royal witchcraft to the devil:
When servile Chaplains cry, that birth and place
Endue a Peer with Honour, Truth, and Grace,
Look in that breast, most dirty D[uke]! be fair,
Say, can you find out one such lodger there?
Yet still, not heeding what your heart can teach,
You go to church to hear these flatt'rers preach.
Indeed, could wealth bestow or Wit or Merit,
A grain of Courage, or a spark of Spirit,
The wisest man might blush, I must agree,
If D[evonshire] lov'd sixpence more than he.
If there be truth in law, and use can give
A property, that 's yours on which you live.
Delightful Abs-court, if its fields afford
Their fruits to you, confesses you its lord:
All Worldly's hens, nay, partridge, sold to town,
His venison too, a guinea makes your own:
He bought at thousands what with better wit
You purchase as you want, and bit by bit:
Now, or long since, what diff'rence will be found?
You pay a penny, and he paid a pound.

Heathcote himself, and such large-acred men,
Lords of fat E'sham, or of Lincoln Fen,
Buy every stick of wood that lends them heat,
Buy every pullet they afford to eat;
Yet these are wights who fondly call their own
Half that the Devil o'erlooks from Lincoln town.
The laws of God, as well as of the land,
Abhor a perpetuity should stand:
Estates have wings, and hang in Fortune's power,
Loose on the point of ev'ry wav'ring hour,
Ready by force, or of your own accord,
By sale, at least by death, to change their lord.
Man? and for ever? Wretch! what wouldst thou have?
Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave.
All vast possessions (just the same the case
Whether you call them Villa, Park, or Chase),
Alas, my BATHURST! what will they avail?
Join Cotswood hills to Saperton's fair dale;
Let rising granaries and temples here,
There mingled farms and pyramids, appear;
Link towns to towns with avenues of oak,
Enclose whole towns in walls; 't is all a joke!
Inexorable death shall level all,
And trees, and stones, and farms, and farmer fall.
Gold, silver, ivory, vases sculptured high,
Paint, marble, gems, and robes of Persian dye,
There are who have not — and, thank Heav'n, there are
Who, if they have not, think not worth their care.
Talk what you will of Taste, my friend, you 'll find
Two of a face as soon as of a mind.
Why, of two brothers, rich and restless one
Ploughs, burns, manures, and toils from sun to sun,
The other slights, for women, sports, and wines,
All Townshend's turnips, and all Grosvenor's mines:
Why one, like Bubb, with pay and scorn content,
Bows and votes on in Court and Parliament;
One, driv'n by strong benevolence of soul,
Shall fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole;
Is known alone to that directing Power
Who forms the genius in the natal hour;
That God of Nature, who, within us still,
Inclines our action, not constrains our will;
Various of temper, as of face or frame,
Each individual: His great end the same.
Yes, Sir, how small soever be my heap,
A part I will enjoy as well as keep.
My heir may sigh, and think it want of grace
A man so poor would live without a place;
But sure no statute in his favour says,
How free or frugal I shall pass my days;
I who at some times spend, at others spare,
Divided between carelessness and care.
'T is one thing, madly to disperse my store;
Another, not to heed to treasure more;
Glad, like a boy, to snatch the first good day,
And pleas'd, if sordid want be far away.
What is 't to me (a passenger, God wot)
Whether my vessel be first-rate or not?
The ship itself may make a better figure,
But I that sail, am neither less nor bigger.
I neither strut with ev'ry fav'ring breath,
Nor strive with all the tempest in my teeth;
In Power, Wit, Figure, Virtue, Fortune, placed
Behind the foremost, and before the last.
'But why all this of Av'rice? I have none.'
I wish you joy, sir, of a tyrant gone:
But does no other lord it at this hour,
As wild and mad? the avarice of Pow'r?
Does neither Rage inflame nor Fear appall?
Not the black fear of Death, that saddens all?
With terrors round, can Reason hold her throne,
Despise the known, nor tremble at th' unknown?
Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,
In spite of witches, devils, dreams, and fire?
Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind,
And count each birthday with a grateful mind?

Has life no sourness, drawn so near its end?
Canst thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?
Has age but melted the rough parts away,
As winter fruits grow mild ere they decay?
Or will you think, my friend! your bus'ness done,
When of a hundred thorns you pull out one?
Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;
You've play'd and lov'd, and ate and drank, your fill.
Walk sober off, before a sprightlier age
Comes titt'ring on, and shoves you from the stage;
Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease,
Whom Folly pleases, and whose follies please.

SATIRES OF DR. JOHN DONNE, DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S, VERSIFIED

> Quid vetat et nosmet Lucili scripta legentes
> Quærere, num illius, num rerum dura negarit
> Versiculos natura magis factos, et euntes
> Mollius? HORACE.

The paraphrases of Donne were, by Pope's statement, done several years before their publication in 1735.

SATIRE II

Yes, thank my stars! as early as I knew
This town, I had the sense to hate it too;
Yet here, as ev'n in Hell, there must be still
One giant vice, so excellently ill,
That all beside one pities, not abhors;
As who knows Sappho, smiles at other whores.
I grant that Poetry 's a crying sin;
It brought (no doubt) th' excise and army in:
Catch'd like the plague, or love, the Lord knows how,
But that the cure is starving, all allow.
Yet like the Papist's is the Poet's state,
Poor and disarm'd, and hardly worth your hate!
Here a lean bard, whose wit could never give
Himself a dinner, makes an actor live:
The thief condemn'd, in law already dead,
So prompts and saves a rogue who cannot read.
Thus as the pipes of some carv'd organ move,
The gilded puppets dance and mount above,
Heav'd by the breath th' inspiring bellows blow:
Th' inspiring bellows lie and pant below.
One sings the Fair; but songs no longer move;
No rat is rhymed to death, nor maid to love:
In Love's, in Nature's spite the siege they hold,
And scorn the flesh, the Devil, and all but gold.
These write to Lords, some mean reward to get,
As needy beggars sing at doors for meat:
Those write because all write, and so have still
Excuse for writing, and for writing ill.
Wretched, indeed! but far more wretched yet
Is he who makes his meal on others' wit:
'T is changed, no doubt, from what it was before;
His rank digestion makes it wit no more:
Sense pass'd thro' him no longer is the same;
For food digested takes another name.
I pass o'er all those confessors and martyrs,
Who live like S[u]tt[o]n, or who die like Chartres,
Out-cant old Esdras, or out-drink his heir,
Out-usure Jews, or Irishmen out-swear;
Wicked as pages, who in early years
Act sins which Prisca's confessor scarce hears.
Ev'n those I pardon, for whose sinful sake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make;
Of whose strange crimes no canonist can tell
In what commandment's large contents they dwell.
One, one man only breeds my just offence,
Whom crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave impudence:
Time, that at last matures a clap to pox,
Whose gentle progress makes a calf an ox,

And brings all natural events to pass,
Hath made him an attorney of an ass.
No young Divine, new beneficed, can be
More pert, more proud, more positive than he.
What further could I wish the fop to do,
But turn a Wit, and scribble verses too?
Pierce the soft labyrinth of a lady's ear
With rhymes of this *per cent.* and that *per year;*
Or court a wife, spread out his wily parts,
Like nets, or lime twigs, for rich widows' hearts;
Call himself barrister to ev'ry wench,
And woo in language of the Pleas and Bench;
Language which Boreas might to Auster hold,
More rough than forty Germans when they scold.
Curs'd be the wretch, so venal and so vain,
Paltry and proud as drabs in Drury Lane.
'T is such a bounty as was never known,
If Peter deigns to help you to your own.
What thanks, what praise, if Peter but supplies!
And what a solemn face if he denies!
Grave, as when pris'ners shake the head, and swear
'T was only suretyship that brought them there.
His office keeps your parchment fates entire,
He starves with cold to save them from the fire;
For you he walks the streets thro' rain or dust,
For not in chariots Peter puts his trust;
For you he sweats and labours at the laws,
Takes God to witness he affects your cause,
And lies to ev'ry Lord in ev'rything,
Like a King's favourite — or like a King.
These are the talents that adorn them all,
From wicked Waters ev'n to godly [Paul].
Not more of simony beneath black gowns,
Nor more of bastardy in heirs to crowns.
In shillings and in pence at first they deal,
And steal so little, few perceive they steal;
Till like the sea, they compass all the land,
From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover strand;
And when rank widows purchase luscious nights,
Or when a Duke to Jansen punts at White's,
Or city heir in mortgage melts away,
Satan himself feels far less joy than they.
Piecemeal they win this acre first, then that,
Glean on, and gather up the whole estate;
Then strongly fencing ill-got wealth by law,
Indentures, cov'nants, articles, they draw,
Large as the fields themselves, and larger far
Than civil codes, with all their glosses, are;
So vast, our new divines, we must confess,
Are fathers of the church for writing less.
But let them write; for you each rogue impairs
The deeds, and dext'rously omits *ses heires:*
No commentator can more slily pass
O'er a learn'd unintelligible place;
Or in quotation shrewd divines leave out
Those words that would against them clear the doubt.
So Luther thought the Paternoster long,
When doom'd to say his beads and evensong;
But having cast his cowl, and left those laws,
Adds to Christ's prayer, the Power and Glory clause.
The lands are bought; but where are to be found
Those ancient woods that shaded all the ground?
We see no new-built palaces aspire,
No kitchens emulate the vestal fire.
Where are those troops of Poor, that throng'd of yore
The good old Landlord's hospitable door?
Well I could wish that still, in lordly domes,
Some beasts were kill'd, tho' not whole hecatombs;
That both extremes were banish'd from their walls,
Carthusian fasts and fulsome Bacchanals;
And all mankind might that just mean observe,
In which none e'er could surfeit, none could starve.
These are good works, 't is true, we all allow,
But, oh! these works are not in fashion now:
Like rich old wardrobes, things extremely rare,
Extremely fine, but what no man will wear.

Thus much I 've said, I trust without offence;
Let no Court Sycophant pervert my sense,
Nor sly informer watch, these words to draw
Within the reach of Treason or the Law.

SATIRE IV

Well, if it be my time to quit the stage,
Adieu to all the follies of the age!
I die in charity with fool and knave,
Secure of peace at least beyond the grave.
I 've had my Purgatory here betimes,
And paid for all my satires, all my rhymes.
The poet's Hell, its tortures, fiends, and flames,
To this were trifles, toys, and empty names.
With foolish pride my heart was never fired,
Nor the vain itch t' admire or be admired:
I hoped for no commission from His Grace;
I bought no benefice, I begg'd no place;
Had no new verses nor new suit to show,
Yet went to Court! — the Devil would have it so.
But as the fool that in reforming days
Would go to mass in jest (as story says)
Could not but think to pay his fine was odd,
Since 't was no form'd design of serving God;
So was I punish'd, as if full as proud
As prone to ill, as negligent of good,
As deep in debt, without a thought to pay,
As vain, as idle, and as false as they
Who live at Court, for going once that way!
Scarce was I enter'd, when, behold! there came
A thing which Adam had been posed to name;
Noah had refused it lodging in his ark,
Where all the race of reptiles might embark;
A verier monster than on Afric's shore
The sun e'er got, or slimy Nilus bore,
Or Sloane or Woodward's wondrous shelves contain,
Nay, all that lying travellers can feign.
The watch would hardly let him pass at noon,
At night would swear him dropp'd out of the moon:
One whom the Mob, when next we find or make
A Popish plot, shall for a Jesuit take,
And the wise justice, starting from his chair,
Cry, 'By your priesthood, tell me what you are!'
Such was the wight: th' apparel on his back,
Tho' coarse, was rev'rend, and tho' bare, was black.
The suit, if by the fashion one might guess,
Was velvet in the youth of good Queen Bess,
But mere tuff-taffety what now remain'd:
So Time, that changes all things, had ordain'd!
Our sons shall see it leisurely decay,
First turn plain rash, then vanish quite away.
This thing has travell'd, speaks each language too,
And knows what 's fit for ev'ry state to do;
Of whose best phrase and courtly accent join'd
He forms one tongue, exotic and refin'd.
Talkers I 've learn'd to bear; Motteux I knew,
Henley himself I 've heard, and Budgell too,
The Doctor's wormwood style, the hash of tongues
A Pedant makes, the storm of Gonson's lungs,
The whole artill'ry of the terms of War,
And (all those plagues in one) the bawling Bar:
These I could bear; but not a rogue so civil
Whose tongue will compliment you to the Devil:
A tongue that can cheat widows, cancel scores,
Make Scots speak treason, cozen subtlest whores,
With royal favourites in flatt'ry vie,
And Oldmixon and Burnet both outlie.
He spies me out; I whisper, 'Gracious God!
What sin of mine could merit such a rod,
That all the shot of dulness now must be
From this thy blunderbuss discharged on me!'

'Permit,' he cries, 'no stranger to your fame,
To crave your sentiment, if * * * *'s your name.
What speech esteem you most? 'The King's,' said I.
But the best words? — 'O, sir, the Dict'on'ry.'
You miss my aim; I mean the most acute,
And perfect speaker? — 'Onslow, past dispute.'
But, Sir, of writers? — 'Swift, for closer style,
But Hoadley for a period of a mile.'
Why, yes, 't is granted, these indeed may pass;
Good common linguists, and so Panurge was;
Nay, troth, th' Apostles (tho' perhaps too rough)
Had once a pretty gift of tongues enough:
Yet these were all poor gentlemen! I dare
Affirm 't was Travel made them what they were.
Thus others' talents having nicely shown,
He came by sure transition to his own;
Till I cried out, 'You prove yourself so able,
Pity you was not druggerman at Babel;
For had they found a linguist half so good,
I make no question but the tower had stood.'
'Obliging Sir! for courts you sure were made,
Why then for ever buried in the shade?
Spirits like you should see and should be seen;
The King would smile on you — at least the Queen.
Ah, gentle Sir! you courtiers so cajole us —
But Tully has it *Nunquam minus solus:*
And as for courts, forgive me if I say,
No lessons now are taught the Spartan way.
Tho' in his pictures lust be full display'd,
Few are the converts Aretine has made;
And tho' the court show Vice exceeding clear,
None should, by my advice, learn Virtue there.'
At this entranc'd, he lifts his hands and eyes,
Squeaks like a high-stretch'd lutestring, and replies,
'Oh! 't is the sweetest of all earthly things
To gaze on Princes, and to talk of Kings!'
'Then, happy man who shows the tombs! (said I)
He dwells amidst the royal family;
He ev'ry day from King to King can walk,
Of all our Harries, all our Edwards talk,
And get, by speaking truth of monarchs dead,
What few can of the living: Ease and Bread.'
'Lord, Sir, a mere mechanic! strangely low,
And coarse of phrase — your English all are so.
How elegant your Frenchmen!' — 'Mine, d'ye mean?
I have but one; I hope the fellow's clean.'
'O Sir, politely so! nay, let me die,
Your only wearing is your paduasoy.'
'Not, Sir, my only; I have better still,
And this you see is but my dishabille.' —
Wild to get loose, his patience I provoke,
Mistake, confound, object at all he spoke:
But as coarse iron, sharpen'd, mangles more,
And itch most hurts when anger'd to a sore,
So when you plague a fool, 't is still the curse,
You only make the matter worse and worse.
He pass'd it o'er; affects an easy smile
At all my peevishness, and turns his style.
He asks, 'What news?' I tell him of new Plays,
New Eunuchs, Harlequins, and Operas.
He hears, and as a still, with simples in it,
Between each drop it gives stays half a minute,
Loath to enrich me with too quick replies,
By little and by little drops his lies.
Mere household trash! of birthnights, balls, and shows,
More than ten Holinsheds, or Halls, or Stowes.
When the Queen frown'd or smiled he knows, and what
A subtle minister may make of that:
Who sins, with whom: who got his pension rug,
Or quicken'd a reversion by a drug:
Whose place is quarter'd but three parts in four,
And whether to a Bishop or a Whore:

Who having lost his credit, pawn'd his rent,
Is therefore fit to have a government:
Who, in the secret, deals in stocks secure,
And cheats th' unknowing widow and the poor:
Who makes a trust or charity a job,
And gets an act of Parliament to rob:
Why turnpikes rise, and how no cit nor clown
Can gratis see the country or the town:
Shortly no lad shall chuck, or lady vole,
But some excising courtier will have toll:
He tells what strumpet places sells for life,
What 'squire his lands, what citizen his wife:
And last (which proves him wiser still than all)
What lady's face is not a whited wall.
As one of Woodward's patients, sick, and sore,
I puke, I nauseate — yet he thrusts in more;
Trims Europe's balance, tops the statesman's part,
And talks Gazettes and Postboys o'er by heart.
Like a big wife at sight of loathsome meat
Ready to cast, I yawn, I sigh, and sweat.
Then as a licens'd spy, whom nothing can
Silence or hurt, he libels the great man;
Swears ev'ry place entail'd for years to come,
In sure succession to the day of doom.
He names the price for every office paid,
And says our wars thrive ill because delay'd:
Nay, hints 't is by connivance of the Court
That Spain robs on, and Dunkirk 's still a port.
Not more amazement seiz'd on Circe's guests
To see themselves fall endlong into beasts,
Than mine, to find a subject staid and wise
Already half turn'd traitor by surprise.
I felt th' infection slide from him to me,
As in the pox some give it to get free;
And quick to swallow me, methought I saw
One of our Giant Statues ope its jaw.
In that nice moment, as another lie
Stood just a-tilt, the Minister came by.
To him he flies, and bows and bows again,
Then, close as Umbra, joins the dirty train,
Not Fannius' self more impudently near,
When half his nose is in his prince's ear.
I quaked at heart; and, still afraid to see
All the court fill'd with stranger things than he,
Ran out as fast as one that pays his bail
And dreads more actions, hurries from a jail.
Bear me, some God! Oh, quickly bear me hence
To wholesome Solitude, the nurse of sense,
Where contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,
And the free soul looks down to pity Kings!
There sober thought pursued th' amusing theme,
Till Fancy colour'd it, and form'd a dream:
A vision hermits can to Hell transport,
And forced ev'n me to see the damn'd at court.
Not Dante, dreaming all th' infernal state,
Beheld such scenes of envy, sin, and hate.
Base fear becomes the guilty, not the free,
Suits tyrants, plunderers, but suits not me:
Shall I, the terror of this sinful town,
Care if a liv'ried Lord or smile or frown?
Who cannot flatter, and detest who can,
Tremble before a noble serving man?
O my fair mistress, Truth! shall I quit thee
For huffing, braggart, puff nobility?
Thou who, since yesterday, hast roll'd o'er all
The busy idle blockheads of the ball,
Hast thou, O sun! beheld an emptier sort
Than such as swell this bladder of a court?
Now pox on those who show a Court in Wax!
It ought to bring all courtiers on their backs;
Such painted puppets! such a varnish'd race
Of hollow gewgaws, only dress and face!
Such waxen noses, stately staring things
No wonder some folks bow, and think them Kings.
See! where the British youth, engaged no more
At Fig's, at White's, with felons, or a whore,
Pay their last duty to the Court, and come
All fresh and fragrant to the drawing room;
In hues as gay, and odours as divine,
As the fair fields they sold to look so fine.

'That's velvet for a king!' the flatt'rer swears;
'T is true, for ten days hence 't will be King Lear's.
Our Court may justly to our Stage give rules,
That helps it both to fools' coats and to fools.
And why not players strut in courtiers' clothes?
For these are actors too as well as those:
Wants reach all states; they beg but better drest,
And all is splendid poverty at best.
Painted for sight, and essenced for the smell,
Like frigates fraught with spice and cochineal,
Sail in the Ladies: how each pirate eyes
So weak a vessel and so rich a prize!
Top-gallant he, and she in all her trim:
He boarding her, she striking sail to him.
'Dear countess! you have charms all hearts to hit!'
And, 'Sweet Sir Fopling! you have so much wit!'
Such wits and beauties are not prais'd for nought,
For both the beauty and the wit are bought.
'T would burst ev'n Heraclitus with the spleen
To see those antics, Fopling and Courtin:
The Presence seems, with things so richly odd,
The mosque of Mahound, or some queer pagod.
See them survey their limbs by Durer's rules,
Of all beau-kind the best proportion'd fools!
Adjust their clothes, and to confession draw
Those venial sins, an atom, or a straw:
But oh! what terrors must distract the soul
Convicted of that mortal crime, a hole;
Or should one pound of powder less bespread
Those monkey tails that wag behind their head!
Thus finish'd, and corrected to a hair,
They march, to prate their hour before the Fair.

So first to preach a white-glov'd Chaplain goes,
With band of lily, and with cheek of rose,
Sweeter than Sharon, in immaculate trim,
Neatness itself impertinent in him.
Let but the ladies smile, and they are blest:
Prodigious! how the things *protest, protest.*
Peace, fools! or Gonson will for papists seize you,
If once he catch you at your *Jesu! Jesu!*
Nature made ev'ry Fop to plague his brother,
Just as one Beauty mortifies another.
But here's the captain that will plague them both;
Whose air cries, Arm! whose very look 's an oath.
The captain's honest, Sirs, and that 's enough,
Tho' his soul's bullet, and his body buff.
He spits foreright; his haughty chest before,
Like batt'ring rams, beats open ev'ry door;
And with a face as red, and as awry,
As Herod's hang-dogs in old tapestry,
Scarecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curse,
Has yet a strange ambition to look worse;
Confounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe,
Jests like a licens'd Fool, commands like law.
Frighted, I quit the room, but leave it so
As men from jails to execution go;
For hung with deadly sins I see the wall,
And lin'd with giants deadlier than them all.
Each man an Ask apart, of strength to toss,
For quoits, both Temple-bar and Charing-cross.
Scared at the grisly forms, I sweat, I fly,
And shake all o'er, like a discover'd spy.
Courts are too much for wits so weak as mine;
Charge them with Heav'n's Artill'ry, bold Divine!
From such alone the Great rebukes endure,
Whose satire's sacred, and whose rage secure:
'T is mine to wash a few light stains, but theirs
To deluge sin, and drown a Court in tears.
Howe'er, what's now apocrypha, my wit,
In time to come, may pass for Holy Writ.

EPILOGUE TO THE SATIRES

IN TWO DIALOGUES. WRITTEN IN 1738

The first dialogue was originally entitled *One Thousand Seven Hundred and thirty-eight, a Dialogue something like Horace.* Johnson's *London* is said by Boswell to have been published on the same morning of May, 1738, and in spite of its anonymity to have made more stir than Pope's satire.

DIALOGUE I

Fr. NOT twice a twelvemonth you appear in print,
And when it comes, the Court see nothing in 't:
You grow correct, that once with rapture writ,
And are, besides, too moral for a Wit.
Decay of parts, alas! we all must feel —
Why now, this moment, don't I see you steal?
'T is all from Horace; Horace long before ye
Said 'Tories call'd him whig, and whigs a tory;'
And taught his Romans, in much better metre,
'To laugh at fools who put their trust in Peter.'
But Horace, sir, was delicate, was nice;
Bubo observes, he lash'd no sort of vice:
Horace would say, Sir Billy served the crown,
Blunt could do business, Higgins knew the town;
In Sappho touch the failings of the sex,
In rev'rend bishops note some small neglects,
And own the Spaniards did a waggish thing,
Who cropt our ears, and sent them to the King.
His sly, polite, insinuating style
Could please at court, and make Augustus smile:
An artful manager, that crept between
His friend and shame, and was a kind of screen.
But, 'faith, your very Friends will soon be sore;
Patriots there are who wish you 'd jest no more.
And where 's the glory? 't will be only thought
The great man never offer'd you a groat.
Go see Sir Robert —

P. See Sir Robert! — hum —
And never laugh — for all my life to come;
Seen him I have; but in his happier hour
Of social Pleasure, ill exchanged for Power;
Seen him, uncumber'd with a venal tribe,
Smile without art, and win without a bribe.
Would he oblige me? let me only find
He does not think me what he thinks mankind.
Come, come, at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt;
The only diff'rence is — I dare laugh out.
F. Why, yes: with Scripture still you may be free;
A horse-laugh, if you please, at Honesty;
A joke on Jekyl, or some odd Old Whig,
Who never changed his principle or wig.
A patriot is a fool in ev'ry age,
Whom all Lord Chamberlains allow the stage:
These nothing hurts; they keep their fashion still,
And wear their strange old virtue as they will.
If any ask you, 'Who 's the man so near
His Prince, that writes in verse, and has his ear?'
Why, answer, Lyttelton! and I 'll engage
The worthy youth shall ne'er be in a rage;
But were his verses vile, his whisper base,
You 'd quickly find him in Lord Fanny's case.
Sejanus, Wolsey, hurt not honest Fleury,
But well may put some statesmen in a fury.
Laugh then at any but at Fools or Foes;
These you but anger, and you mend not those.
Laugh at your friends, and if your friends are sore,
So much the better, you may laugh the more.
To Vice and Folly to confine the jest
Sets half the world, God knows, against the rest,
Did not the sneer of more impartial men
At Sense and Virtue, balance all again.
Judicious Wits spread wide the ridicule,
And charitably comfort knave and fool.

P. Dear sir, forgive the prejudice of youth.
Adieu Distinction, Satire, Warmth, and Truth!
Come, harmless characters that no one hit;
Come, Henley's oratory, Osborne's wit!
The honey dropping from Favonio's tongue,
The flowers of Bubo, and the flow of Yonge!
The gracious dew of pulpit Eloquence,
And all the well-whipt cream of courtly Sense
That first was H[er]vey's, F[ox]'s next, and then
The S[ena]te's, and then H[er]vey's once again,
O come! that easy Ciceronian style,
So Latin, yet so English all the while,
As, tho' the pride of Middleton and Bland,
All boys may read, and girls may understand!
Then might I sing without the least offence,
And all I sung should be the 'Nation's Sense;'
Or teach the melancholy Muse to mourn,
Hang the sad verse on Carolina's urn,
And hail her passage to the realms of rest,
All parts perform'd, and all her children blest!
So — Satire is no more — I feel it die —
No Gazetteer more innocent than I —
And let, a' God's name! ev'ry Fool and Knave
Be graced thro' life, and flatter'd in his grave.
F. Why so? if Satire knows its time and place,
You still may lash the greatest — in disgrace;
For merit will by turns forsake them all;
Would you know when? exactly when they fall.
But let all Satire in all changes spare
Immortal S[elkir]k, and grave De[lawa]re.
Silent and soft, as saints remove to Heav'n,
All ties dissolv'd, and ev'ry sin forgiv'n,
These may some gentle ministerial wing
Receive, and place for ever near a King!
There where no Passion, Pride, or Shame transport,
Lull'd with the sweet Nepenthe of a Court:
There where no father's, brother's, friend's disgrace
Once break their rest, or stir them from their place;
But past the sense of human miseries,
All tears are wiped for ever from all eyes;
No cheek is known to blush, no heart to throb,
Save when they lose a Question or a Job.
P. Good Heav'n forbid that I should blast their glory,
Who know how like Whig ministers to Tory,
And when three Sov'reigns died could scarce be vext,
Consid'ring what a gracious Prince was next.
Have I, in silent wonder, seen such things
As pride in slaves, and avarice in Kings?
And at a peer or peeress shall I fret,
Who starves a sister or forswears a debt?
Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast;
But shall the dignity of Vice be lost?
Ye Gods! shall Cibber's son, without rebuke,
Swear like a Lord; or Rich outwhore a Duke?
A fav'rite's porter with his master vie,
Be bribed as often, and as often lie?
Shall Ward draw contracts with a statesman's skill?
Or Japhet pocket, like His Grace, a will?
Is it for Bond or Peter (paltry things)
To pay their debts, or keep their faith, like Kings?
If Blount dispatch'd himself, he play'd the man,
And so mayst thou, illustrious Passeran!
But shall a printer, weary of his life,
Learn from their books to hang himself and wife?
This, this, my friend, I cannot, must not bear;
Vice thus abused demands a nation's care;
This calls the Church to deprecate our sin,
And hurls the thunder of the Laws on Gin.
Let modest Foster, if he will, excel
Ten Metropolitans in preaching well;
A simple quaker, or a quaker's wife,
Outdo Landaff in doctrine — yea, in life;
Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.
Virtue may choose the high or low degree,
'T is just alike to Virtue and to me;
Dwell in a monk, or light upon a King,
She 's still the same belov'd, contented thing.

Vice is undone, if she forgets her birth,
And stoops from angels to the dregs of earth;
But 't is the Fall degrades her to a whore;
Let Greatness own her, and she 's mean no more:
Her birth, her beauty, crowds and courts confess;
Chaste Matrons praise her, and grave Bishops bless;
In golden chains the willing world she draws,
And hers the Gospel is, and hers the Laws;
Mounts the tribunal, lifts her scarlet head,
And sees pale Virtue carted in her stead.
Lo! at the wheels of her triumphal car,
Old England's genius, rough with many a scar,
Dragg'd in the dust! his arms hang idly round,
His flag inverted trails along the ground!
Our youth, all liv'ried o'er with foreign gold,
Before her dance! behind her crawl the old!
See thronging millions to the pagod run,
And offer country, parent, wife, or son!
Hear her black trumpet thro' the land proclaim,
That not to be corrupted is the shame.
In Soldier, Churchman, Patriot, Man in Power,
'T is Av'rice all, Ambition is no more!
See all our nobles begging to be slaves!
See all our fools aspiring to be knaves!
The wit of cheats, the courage of a whore,
Are what ten thousand envy and adore:
All, all look up with reverential awe,
At crimes that 'scape, or triumph o'er the law:
While Truth, Worth, Wisdom, daily they decry —
'Nothing is sacred now but Villany.'
Yet may this verse (if such a verse remain)
Show there was one who held it in disdain.

DIALOGUE II

Fr. 'T is all a libel — Paxton, Sir, will say.
P. Not yet, my friend! to morrow 'faith it may;
And for that very cause I print to-day.

How should I fret to mangle ev'ry line
In rev'rence to the sins of Thirty-nine!
Vice with such giant strides comes on amain,
Invention strives to be before in vain;
Feign what I will, and paint it e'er so strong,
Some rising genius sins up to my song.
F. Yet none but you by name the guilty lash;
Ev'n Guthry saves half Newgate by a dash.
Spare then the Person, and expose the Vice.
P. How, Sir! not damn the Sharper, but the Dice?
Come on then, Satire! gen'ral, unconfin'd,
Spread thy broad wing, and souse on all the kind.
Ye statesmen, priests, of one religion all!
Ye tradesmen vile, in army, court, or hall!
Ye rev'rend atheists! *F.* Scandal! name them, who?
P. Why that 's the thing you bid me not to do.
Who starv'd a sister, who forswore a debt,
I never named; the town 's inquiring yet.
The pois'ning Dame — *F.* You mean — *P.* I don't. *F.* You do.
P. See, now I keep the secret, and not you!
The bribing Statesman — *F.* Hold, too high you go.
P. The bribed Elector — *F.* There you stoop too low.
P. I fain would please you, if I knew with what.
Tell me, which knave is lawful game, which not?
Must great offenders, once escaped the crown,
Like royal harts, be never more run down?
Admit your law to spare the Knight requires,
As beasts of Nature may we hunt the Squires?
Suppose I censure — you know what I mean —
To save a Bishop, may I name a Dean?
F. A Dean, sir? no: his fortune is not made;
You hurt a man that 's rising in the trade.
P. If not the tradesman who set up to-day,
Much less the 'prentice who to-morrow may.

Down, down, proud Satire! tho' a realm be spoil'd,
Arraign no mightier thief than wretched Wild;
Or, if a court or country 's made a job,
Go drench a pickpocket, and join the Mob.
But, Sir, I beg you — for the love of Vice —
The matter's weighty, pray consider twice —
Have you less pity for the needy cheat,
The poor and friendless villain, than the great?
Alas! the small discredit of a bribe
Scarce hurts the Lawyer, but undoes the Scribe.
Then better sure it charity becomes
To tax Directors, who (thank God!) have plums;
Still better Ministers, or if the thing
May pinch ev'n there — why, lay it on a King.
F. Stop! stop!
P. Must Satire then nor rise nor fall?
Speak out, and bid me blame no rogues at all.
F. Yes, strike that Wild, I 'll justify the blow.
P. Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years ago:
Who now that obsolete example fears?
Ev'n Peter trembles only for his ears.
F. What, always Peter? Peter thinks you mad;
You make men desp'rate, if they once are bad;
Else might he take to Virtue some years hence —
P. As S[elkir]k, if he lives, will love the Prince.
F. Strange spleen to S[elkir]k!
P. Do I wrong the man?
God knows I praise a Courtier where I can.
When I confess there is who feels for fame,
And melts to goodness, need I Scarb'row name?
Pleased let me own, in Esher's peaceful grove
(Where Kent and Nature vie for Pelham's love),
The scene, the master, opening to my view,
I sit and dream I see my Craggs anew!
Ev'n in a Bishop I can spy desert;
Secker is decent, Rundel has a heart;
Manners with candour are to Benson giv'n;
To Berkley ev'ry virtue under Heav'n.
But does the Court a worthy man remove?
That instant, I declare, he has my love:
I shun his zenith, court his mild decline.
Thus Somers once and Halifax were mine:
Oft in the clear still mirror of retreat
I studied Shrewsbury, the wise and great:
Carleton's calm sense and Stanhope's noble flame
Compared, and knew their gen'rous end the same;
How pleasing Atterbury's softer hour!
How shined the soul, unconquer'd, in the Tower!
How can I Pulteney, Chesterfield, forget,
While Roman Spirit charms, and Attic Wit?
Argyle, the state's whole thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the senate and the field?
Or Wyndham, just to freedom and the throne,
The Master of our Passions and his own?
Names which I long have lov'd, nor lov'd in vain,
Rank'd with their friends, not number'd with their train;
And if yet higher the proud list should end,
Still let me say, — no foll'wer, but a Friend.
Yet think not friendship only prompts my lays;
I follow Virtue; where she shines I praise,
Point she to priest or elder, Whig, or Tory,
Or round a quaker's beaver cast a glory.
I never (to my sorrow I declare)
Dined with the Man of Ross or my Lord Mayor.
Some in their choice of friends (nay, look not grave)
Have still a secret bias to a knave:
To find an honest man I beat about,
And love him, court him, praise him, in or out.
F. Then why so few commended?
P. Not so fierce;
Find you the Virtue, and I 'll find the Verse.
But random praise — the task can ne'er be done;
Each mother asks it for her booby son;
Each widow asks it for the best of men,
For him she weeps, for him she weds again.

Praise cannot stoop, like Satire, to the ground;
The number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.
Enough for half the greatest of these days
To 'scape my Censure, not expect my Praise.
Are they not rich? what more can they pretend?
Dare they to hope a poet for their friend? —
What Richelieu wanted, Louis scarce could gain,
And what young Ammon wish'd, but wish'd in vain.
No power the Muse's friendship can command;
No power, when Virtue claims it, can withstand.
To Cato, Virgil paid one honest line;
O let my country's friends illumine mine!
— What are you thinking? *F.* Faith, the thought 's no sin;
I think your friends are out, and would be in.
P. If merely to come in, Sir, they go out,
The way they take is strangely round about.
F. They too may be corrupted, you 'll allow?
P. I only call those knaves who are so now.
Is that too little? come, then, I 'll comply —
Spirit of Arnall, aid me while I lie!
Cobham 's a coward! Polworth is a slave!
And Lyttelton a dark designing knave!
St. John has ever been a wealthy fool! —
But let me add, Sir Robert 's mighty dull,
Has never made a friend in private life,
And was, besides, a tyrant to his wife!
But pray, when others praise him, do I blame?
Call Verres, Wolsey, any odious name?
Why rail they then if but a wreath of mine,
O all-accomplish'd St. John! deck thy shrine?
What! shall each spur-gall'd hackney of the day,
When Paxton gives him double pots and pay,
Or each new-pension'd Sycophant, pretend
To break my windows if I treat a friend;
Then, wisely plead, to me they meant no hurt,
But 't was my guest at whom they threw the dirt?
Sure if I spare the Minister, no rules
Of honour bind me not to maul his Tools;
Sure if they cannot cut, it may be said
His saws are toothless, and his hatchet 's lead.
It anger'd Turenne, once upon a day,
To see a footman kick'd that took his pay;
But when he heard th' affront the fellow gave,
Knew one a Man of Honour, one a Knave,
The prudent Gen'ral turn'd it to a jest,
And begg'd he 'd take the pains to kick the rest;
Which not at present having time to do —
F. Hold, Sir! for God's sake, where 's th' affront to you?
Against your worship when had S[herloc]k writ,
Or P[a]ge pour'd forth the torrent of his wit?
Or grant the bard whose distich all commend
('In power a servant, out of power a friend')
To W[alpo]le guilty of some venial sin,
What 's that to you who ne'er was out nor in?
The Priest whose flattery bedropp'd the crown,
How hurt he you? he only stain'd the gown.
And how did, pray, the florid youth offend,
Whose speech you took, and gave it to a friend?
P. Faith, it imports not much from whom it came;
Whoever borrow'd could not be to blame,
Since the whole House did afterwards the same.
Let courtly Wits to Wits afford supply,
As hog to hog in huts of Westphaly:
If one, thro' Nature's bounty or his Lord's
Has what the frugal dirty soil affords,
From him the next receives it, thick or thin,
As pure a mess almost as it came in;
The blessed benefit, not there confin'd,
Drops to the third, who nuzzles close behind;
From tail to mouth they feed and they carouse;
The last full fairly gives it to the House.
F. This filthy simile, this beastly line,
Quite turns my stomach — *P.* So does flatt'ry mine;

And all your courtly civet-cats can vent,
Perfume to you, to me is excrement.
But hear me further — Japhet, 't is agreed,
Writ not, and Chartres scarce could write or read
In all the courts of Pindus, guiltless quite;
But pens can forge, my friend, that cannot write,
And must no egg in Japhet's face be thrown,
Because the deed he forged was not my own?
Must never Patriot then declaim at Gin
Unless, good man! he has been fairly in?
No zealous Pastor blame a failing spouse
Without a staring reason on his brows?
And each blasphemer quite escape the rod,
Because the insult 's not on man but God?
Ask you what provocation I have had?
The strong antipathy of good to bad.
When Truth or Virtue an affront endures,
Th' affront is mine, my friend, and should be yours.
Mine, as a foe profess'd to false pretence,
Who think a coxcomb's honour like his sense;
Mine, as a friend to ev'ry worthy mind;
And mine as man, who feel for all mankind.
F. You 're strangely proud.
P. So proud, I am no slave;
So impudent, I own myself no knave;
So odd, my country's ruin makes me grave.
Yes, I am proud; I must be proud to see
Men, not afraid of God, afraid of me;
Safe from the Bar, the Pulpit, and the Throne,
Yet touch'd and shamed by Ridicule alone.
O sacred weapon! left for Truth's defence,
Sole dread of Folly, Vice, and Insolence,
To all but Heav'n-directed hands denied,
The Muse may give thee, but the Gods must guide!
Rev'rent I touch thee! but with honest zeal,
To rouse the watchmen of the public weal,
To Virtue's work provoke the tardy hall,
And goad the Prelate, slumb'ring in his stall.
Ye tinsel insects! whom a Court maintains,
That counts your beauties only by your stains,
Spin all your cobwebs o'er the eye of day!
The Muse's wing shall brush you all away.
All His Grace preaches, all His Lordship sings,
All that makes Saints of Queens, and Gods of Kings;
All, all but Truth, drops dead-born from the press,
Like the last Gazette, or the last Address.
When black Ambition stains a public cause,
A Monarch's sword when mad Vainglory draws,
Not Waller's wreath can hide the nation's scar,
Nor Boileau turn the feather to a star.
Not so when, diadem'd with rays divine,
Touch'd with the flame that breaks from Virtue's shrine,
Her priestess Muse forbids the good to die,
And opes the Temple of Eternity.
There other trophies deck the truly brave
Than such as Anstis casts into the grave;
Far other stars than [Kent] and [Grafton] wear,
And may descend to Mordington from Stair; —
Such as on Hough's unsullied mitre shine,
Or beam, good Digby! from a heart like thine.
Let envy howl, while heav'n's whole chorus sings,
And bark at honour not conferr'd by Kings;
Let Flatt'ry sick'ning see the incense rise,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies:
Truth guards the Poet, sanctifies the line,
And makes immortal, verse as mean as mine.
Yes, the last pen for Freedom let me draw,
When Truth stands trembling on the edge of law
Here, last of Britons! let your names be read;
Are none, none living? let me praise the dead;
And for that cause which made your fathers shine
Fall by the votes of their degen'rate line.
F. Alas! alas! pray end what you began,
And write next winter more Essays on Man.

THE SIXTH SATIRE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE

THE FIRST PART IMITATED IN THE YEAR 1714 BY DR. SWIFT; THE LATTER PART ADDED AFTERWARDS

Of the following *Imitations of Horace* the first two are rather imitations of Swift, Horace merely supplying the text for the travesty. For (as previous editors have not failed to point out) no styles could be found less like one another than the bland and polite style of Horace and the downright, and often cynically plain, manner of Swift. With Pope the attempt to write in Swift's style was a mere *tour de force*, which he could indeed carry out with success through a few lines, but not further, without relapsing into his own more elaborate manner. Swift's marvellous precision and *netteté* of expression are something very different from Pope's pointed and rhetorical elegance. The *Ode to Venus*, which was first published in 1737, more nearly approaches the character of a translation. (Ward.)

I 've often wish'd that I had clear
For life six hundred pounds a year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace walk, and half a rood
Of land set out to plant a wood.
  Well, now I have all this, and more,
I ask not to increase my store;
But here a grievance seems to lie,
All this is mine but till I die;
I can't but think 't would sound more clever,
To me and to my heirs for ever.
  If I ne'er got or lost a groat
By any trick or any fault;
And if I pray by Reason's rules,
And not like forty other fools,
As thus: 'Vouchsafe, O gracious Maker!
To grant me this and t' other acre;
Or, if it be thy will and pleasure,
Direct my plough to find a treasure;
But only what my station fits,
And to be kept in my right wits,
Preserve, almighty Providence!
Just what you gave me, Competence;
And let me in these shades compose
Something in verse as true as prose,
Remov'd from all th' ambitious scene,
Nor puff'd by Pride, nor sunk by Spleen.'
  In short, I 'm perfectly content,
Let me but live on this side Trent,
Nor cross the channel twice a year,
To spend six months with statesmen here.
  I must by all means come to town,
'T is for the service of the Crown;
'Lewis, the Dean will be of use;
Send for him up; take no excuse.'
  The toil, the danger of the seas,
Great ministers ne'er think of these;
Or, let it cost five hundred pound,
No matter where the money 's found;
It is but so much more in debt,
And that they ne'er consider'd yet.
  'Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown,
Let my Lord know you 're come to town.'
I hurry me in haste away,
Not thinking it is Levee day,
And find His Honour in a pound,
Hemm'd by a triple circle round,
Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green:
How should I thrust myself between?
Some wag observes me thus perplex'd,
And smiling, whispers to the next,
'I thought the Dean had been too proud
To jostle here among a crowd.'
Another, in a surly fit,
Tells me I have more zeal than wit;
'So eager to express your love,
You ne'er consider whom you shove,
But rudely press before a Duke.'
I own I 'm pleas'd with this rebuke,
And take it kindly meant, to show
What I desire the world should know.
  I get a whisper, and withdraw;
When twenty fools I never saw
Come with petitions fairly penn'd,
Desiring I would stand their friend.
  This humbly offers me his Case —
That begs my int'rest for a Place —
A hundred other men's affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears;
'To-morrow my appeal comes on,
Without your help the cause is gone.'
'The Duke expects my Lord and you
About some great affair at two.'
'Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind
To get my warrant quickly sign'd:
Consider, 't is my first request.' —
'Be satisfied, I 'll do my best:' —
Then presently he falls to tease,
'You may be certain, if you please;
I doubt not, if his Lordship knew —
And, Mr. Dean, one word from you.' —
'T is (let me see) three years and more
(October next it will be four)

Since Harley bid me first attend,
And chose me for an humble friend:
Would take me in his coach to chat,
And question me of this and that;
As, 'What 's o'clock?' and, 'How 's the wind?'
'Whose chariot 's that we left behind?'
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country signs;
Or, 'Have you nothing new to-day
From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?'
Such tattle often entertains
My Lord and me as far as Staines,
As once a week we travel down
To Windsor, and again to town,
Where all that passes *inter nos*
Might be proclaim'd at Charing-cross.
Yet some I know with envy swell
Because they see me used so well.
'How think you of our friend the Dean?
I wonder what some people mean;
My lord and he are grown so great,
Always together *tête-à-tête.*
What! they admire him for his jokes —
See but the fortune of some folks!'
There flies about a strange report
Of some express arrived at Court;
I 'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,
And catechised in every street.
'You, Mr. Dean, frequent the Great:
Inform us, will the Emp'ror treat?
Or do the prints and papers lie?'
'Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.'
'Ah, Doctor, how you love to jest!
'T is now no secret.' — 'I protest
'T is one to me.' — 'Then tell us, pray,
When are the troops to have their pay?'
And tho' I solemnly declare
I know no more than my Lord Mayor,
They stand amazed, and think me grown
The closest mortal ever known.
Thus in a sea of folly tost,
My choicest hours of life are lost;
Yet always wishing to retreat:
O, could I see my country-seat!
There leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruse some ancient book,
And there, in sweet oblivion drown
Those cares that haunt the Court and town.
O charming Noons! and Nights divine!
Or when I sup, or when I dine,
My friends above, my folks below,
Chatting and laughing all-a-row,
The beans and bacon set before 'em,
The grace-cup served with all decorum;
Each willing to be pleas'd, and please,
And ev'n the very dogs at ease!
Here no man prates of idle things,
How this or that Italian sings,
A Neighbour's madness, or his Spouse's,
Or what 's in either of the Houses;
But something much more our concern,
And quite a scandal not to learn;
Which is the happier or the wiser,
A man of merit, or a miser?
Whether we ought to choose our friends
For their own worth or our own ends?
What good, or better, we may call,
And what the very best of all?
Our friend Dan Prior told (you know)
A tale extremely *à-propos:*
Name a town life, and in a trice
He had a story of two mice.
Once on a time (so runs the Fable)
A Country Mouse right hospitable,
Received a Town Mouse at his board,
Just as a farmer might a Lord.
A frugal mouse, upon the whole,
Yet lov'd his friend, and had a soul;
Knew what was handsome, and would do 't,
On just occasion, *coûte qui coûte.*
He brought him bacon (nothing lean),
Pudding that might have pleas'd a Dean;
Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,
But wish'd it Stilton for his sake;
Yet, to his guest tho' no way sparing,
He ate himself the rind and paring.
Our Courtier scarce could touch a bit,
But show'd his breeding and his wit;
He did his best to seem to eat,
And cried, 'I vow you 're mighty neat:
But lord, my friend, this savage scene!
For God's sake come and live with men;
Consider, mice, like men, must die,
Both small and great, both you and I;
Then spend your life in joy and sport,
(This doctrine, friend, I learn'd at court).'
The veriest hermit in the nation
May yield, God knows, to strong temptation.
Away they came, thro' thick and thin,
To a tall house near Lincoln's-Inn
('T was on the night of a debate,
When all their Lordships had sat late).
Behold the place where if a poet
Shined in description he might show it;
Tell how the moonbeam trembling falls,
And tips with silver all the walls;
Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
Grotesco roofs. and stucco floors:

But let it (in a word) be said,
The moon was up, and men a-bed,
The napkins white, the carpet red:
The guests withdrawn had left the treat,
And down the Mice sat *tête-à-tête.*
Our Courtier walks from dish to dish,
Tastes for his friend of fowl and fish;
Tells all their names, lays down the law,
'*Que ça est bon! Ah, goutez ça!*
That Jelly 's rich, this Malmsey healing,
Pray, dip your whiskers and your tail in.'
Was ever such a happy swain!
He stuffs and swills, and stuffs again.
'I 'm quite ashamed — 't is mighty rude
To eat so much — but all 's so good —
I have a thousand thanks to give —
My Lord alone knows how to live.'
No sooner said, but from the hall
Rush chaplain, butler, dogs, and all:
'A rat, a rat! clap to the door' —
The cat comes bouncing on the floor.
O for the art of Homer's mice,
Or gods to save them in a trice!
(It was by Providence, they think,
For your damn'd stucco has no chink!)
'An 't please Your Honour,' quoth the peasant,
'This same dessert is not so pleasant:
Give me again my hollow tree,
A crust of bread and Liberty!'

THE SEVENTH EPISTLE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE

IN THE MANNER OF DR. SWIFT

'T is true, my Lord, I gave my word
I would be with you June the third;
Changed it to August, and (in short)
Have kept it — as you do at Court.
You humour me when I am sick,
Why not when I am splenetic?
In Town what objects could I meet?
The shops shut up in every street,
And funerals black'ning all the doors,
And yet more melancholy whores:
And what a dust in every place!
And a thin Court that wants your face,
And fevers raging up and down,
And W[ard] and H[enley] both in town!
'The dogdays are no more the case.'
'T is true, but winter comes apace:
Then southward let your bard retire,
Hold out some months 'twixt sun and fire,
And you shall see the first warm weather
Me and the butterflies together.
My Lord, your favours well I know;
'T is with distinction you bestow,
And not to every one that comes,
Just as a Scotchman does his plums.
'Pray take them, Sir — enough 's a feast:
Eat some, and pocket up the rest:'
What, rob your boys? those pretty rogues!
'No, Sir, you 'll leave them to the hogs.'
Thus fools with compliments besiege ye,
Contriving never to oblige ye.
Scatter your favours on a Fop,
Ingratitude 's the certain crop;
And 't is but just, I 'll tell ye wherefore,
You give the things you never care for.
A wise man always is, or should,
Be mighty ready to be good,
But makes a diff'rence in his thought
Betwixt a guinea and a groat.
Now this I 'll say, you 'll find in me
A safe companion, and a free;
But if you 'd have me always near,
A word, pray, in Your Honour's ear:
I hope it is your resolution
To give me back my constitution,
The sprightly wit, the lively eye,
Th' engaging smile, the gayety
That laugh'd down many a summer sun,
And kept you up so oft till one;
And all that voluntary vein,
As when Belinda rais'd my strain.
A Weasel once made shift to slink
In at a corn-loft thro' a chink,
But having amply stuff'd his skin,
Could not get out as he got in;
Which one belonging to the house
('T was not a man, it was a mouse)
Observing, cried, 'You 'scape not so;
Lean as you came, Sir, you must go.'
Sir, you may spare your application;
I 'm no such beast, nor his relation,
Nor one that Temperance advance,
Cramm'd to the throat with ortolans;
Extremely ready to resign
All that may make me none of mine.
South-Sea subscriptions take who please,
Leave me but liberty and ease:
'T was what I said to Craggs and Child,
Who praised my modesty, and smil'd.
'Give me,' I cried (enough for me)
'My bread and independency!'
So bought an annual rent or two,
And lived — just as you see I do;

Near fifty, and without a wife,
I trust that sinking fund, my life.
Can I retrench ? Yes, mighty well,
Shrink back to my paternal cell,
A little house, with trees a row,
And, like its master, very low;
There died my father, no man's debtor,
And there I 'll die, nor worse nor better.
To set this matter full before ye,
Our old friend Swift will tell his story.
'Harley, the nation's great support' —
But you may read it, I stop short.

THE FIRST ODE OF THE FOURTH BOOK OF HORACE

TO VENUS

Again ? new tumults in my breast ?
Ah, spare me, Venus ! let me, let me rest !
I am not now, alas ! the man
As in the gentle reign of my Queen Anne.
Ah ! sound no more thy soft alarms,
Nor circle sober fifty with thy charms.
Mother too fierce of dear desires !
Turn, turn to willing hearts your wanton fires:
To *number five* direct your doves,
There spread round Murray all your blooming Loves;
Noble and young, who strikes the heart
With ev'ry sprightly, ev'ry decent part;
Equal the injured to defend,
To charm the Mistress, or to fix the Friend.
He, with a hundred arts refin'd,
Shall stretch thy conquests over half the kind:
To him each rival shall submit,
Make but his Riches equal to his Wit.
Then shall thy form the marble grace,
(Thy Grecian form) and Chloe lend the face:
His house, embosom'd in the grove,
Sacred to social life and social love,
Shall glitter o'er the pendant green,
Where Thames reflects the visionary scene:
Thither, the silver-sounding lyres
Shall call the smiling Loves, and young Desires;
There, ev'ry Grace and Muse shall throng,
Exalt the dance, or animate the song;
There Youths and Nymphs, in concert gay,
Shall hail the rising, close the parting day.
With me, alas ! those joys are o'er;
For me, the vernal garlands bloom no more.
Adieu, fond hope of mutual fire,
The still-believing, still-renew'd desire;
Adieu, the heart-expanding bowl,
And all the kind deceivers of the soul !
But why ? ah tell me, ah too dear !
Steals down my cheek th' involuntary Tear ?
Why words so flowing, thoughts so free,
Stop, or turn nonsense, at one glance of thee ?
Thee, drest in Fancy's airy beam,
Absent I follow thro' th' extended Dream;
Now, now I seize, I clasp thy charms,
And now you burst (ah cruel !) from my arms;
And swiftly shoot along the Mall,
Or softly glide by the Canal,
Now, shown by Cynthia's silver ray,
And now, on rolling waters snatch'd away.

THE NINTH ODE OF THE FOURTH BOOK OF HORACE

A FRAGMENT

Lest you should think that verse shall die
Which sounds the silver Thames along,
Taught on the wings of truth to fly
Above the reach of vulgar song;

Tho' daring Milton sits sublime,
In Spenser native muses play;
Nor yet shall Waller yield to time,
Nor pensive Cowley's moral lay —

Sages and Chiefs long since had birth
Ere Cæsar was or Newton named;
These rais'd new empires o'er the earth,
And those new heav'ns and systems framed.

Vain was the Chief's, the Sage's Pride !
They had no Poet, and they died.
In vain they schemed, in vain they bled !
They had no Poet, and are dead.

THE DUNCIAD

IN FOUR BOOKS

The first edition of *The Dunciad* was published in the spring of 1728, and included the first three books. In 1729 an edition with notes and other illustrative matter appeared, the original frontispiece of the owl being superseded by a vignette of a donkey bearing a pile of books upon which an owl perched. In this edition appeared the Dedication to Swift and the Letter to the Publisher. William Cleland, whose name is signed to this letter, was a real person and an acquaintance of Pope's, but it is generally conceded that the letter is directly or indirectly the work of Pope himself. The fourth book, then called *The New Dunciad*, was published separately in 1742. In the complete edition of 1743, Cibber takes the place of Theobald as hero of the poem. During these fifteen years, public interest in the satire, which was undoubtedly great, was artificially stimulated by Pope. So subtle were his mystifications that the confusion into which he threw his commentators has only recently been set straight.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS OF THE POEM

This poem, as it celebrateth the most grave and ancient of things, Chaos, Night, and Dulness, so is it of the most grave and ancient kind. Homer (saith Aristotle) was the first who gave the form, and (saith Horace) who adapted the measure, to heroic poesy. But even before this may be rationally presumed, from what the ancients have left written, was a piece by Homer, composed of like nature and matter with this of our poet; for of epic sort it appeareth to have been, yet of matter surely not unpleasant; witness what is reported of it by the learned Archbishop Eustathius, in Odyssey X. And accordingly Aristotle, in his Poetic, chap. iv., doth further set forth, that as the Iliad and Odyssey gave an example to Tragedy, so did this poem to Comedy its first idea.

From these authors also it should seem that the hero, or chief personage of it, was no less obscure, and his understanding and sentiments no less quaint and strange (if indeed not more so) than any of the actors of our poem. Margites was the name of this personage, whom antiquity recordeth to have been Dunce the First; and surely, from what we hear of him, not unworthy to be the root of so spreading a tree, and so numerous a posterity. The poem, therefore, celebrating him, was properly and absolutely a Dunciad; which though now unhappily lost, yet is its nature sufficiently known by the infallible tokens aforesaid. And thus it doth appear that the first Dunciad was the first epic poem, written by Homer himself, and anterior even to the Iliad or Odyssey.

Now, forasmuch as our poet hath translated those two famous works of Homer which are yet left, he did conceive it in some sort his duty to imitate that also which was lost; and was therefore induced to bestow on it the same form which Homer's is reported to have had, namely, that of epic poem; with a title also framed after the ancient Greek manner, to wit, that of Dunciad.

Wonderful it is that so few of the moderns have been stimulated to attempt some Dunciad; since, in the opinion of the multitude, it might cost less pain and toil than an imitation of the greater epic. But possible it is also that, on due reflection, the maker might find it easier to paint a Charlemagne, a Brute, or a Godfrey, with just pomp and dignity heroic, than a Margites, a Codrus, or a Fleckno.

We shall next declare the occasion and the cause which moved our poet to this particular work. He lived in those days when (after Providence had permitted the invention of printing as a scourge for the sins of the learned) paper also became so cheap, and printers so numerous, that a deluge of authors covered the land: whereby not only the peace of the honest unwriting subject was daily molested, but unmerciful demands were made of his applause, yea, of his money, by such as would neither earn the one nor deserve the other. At the same time the license of the press was such, that it grew dangerous to refuse them either; for they would forthwith publish slanders unpunished, the authors being anonymous, and skulking under the wings of publishers, a set of men who never scrupled to vend either calumny or blasphemy, as long as the town would call for it.

[1] Now our author, living in those times, did conceive it an endeavour well worthy an honest satirist, to dissuade the dull, and punish the wicked, the only way that was left. In that public-spirited view he laid the Plan of this poem, as the greatest service he was

[1] Vide Bossu, du Poeme Epique, chap. viii.

capable (without much hurt, or being slain) to render his dear country. First, taking things from their original, he considereth the causes creative of such authors, namely, dulness and poverty; the one born with them, the other contracted by neglect of their proper talents, through self-conceit of greater abilities. This truth he wrappeth in an allegory [1] (as the construction of epic poesy requireth), and feigns that one of these goddesses had taken up her abode with the other, and that they jointly inspired all such writers and such works.[2] He proceedeth to show the qualities they bestow on these authors, and the effects they produce; [3] then the materials, or stock, with which they furnish them; [4] and (above all) that self-opinion [5] which causeth it to seem to themselves vastly greater than it is, and is the prime motive of their setting up in this sad and sorry merchandise. The great power of these goddesses acting in alliance (whereof as the one is the mother of industry, so is the other of plodding) was to be exemplified in some one great and remarkable action; [6] and none could be more so than that which our poet hath chosen, viz. the restoration of the reign of Chaos and Night, by the ministry of Dulness their daughter, in the removal of her imperial seat from the city to the polite world; as the action of the Æneid is the restoration of the empire of Troy, by the removal of the race from thence to Latium. But as Homer, singing only the wrath of Achilles, yet includes in his poem the whole history of the Trojan war; in like manner, our author has drawn into this single action the whole history of Dulness and her children.

A Person must next be fixed upon to support this action. This phantom, in the poet's mind, must have a name.[7] He finds it to be ——; and he becomes of course the hero of the poem.

The Fable being thus, according to the best example, one and entire, as contained in the proposition; the machinery is a continued chain of allegories, setting forth the whole power, ministry, and empire of Dulness, extended through her subordinate instruments, in all her various operations.

This is branched into Episodes, each of which hath its moral apart, though all conducive to the main end. The crowd assembled in the second Book demonstrates the design to be more extensive than to bad poets only, and that we may expect other episodes of the patrons, encouragers, or paymasters of such authors, as occasion shall bring them forth.

[1] Bossu, chap. vii.
[2] Book i. ver. 32, &c.
[3] Book i. ver. 45 to 54.
[4] Ver. 57 to 77.

And the third Book, if well considered, seemeth to embrace the whole world. Each of the games relateth to some or other vile class of writers. The first concerneth the plagiary, to whom he giveth the name of Moore; the second the libellous novelist, whom he styleth Eliza; the third, the flattering dedicator; the fourth, the bawling critic, or noisy poet; the fifth the dark and dirty party-writer; and so of the rest; assigning to each some proper name or other, such as he could find.

As for the Characters, the public hath already acknowledged how justly they are drawn. The manners are so depicted, and the sentiments so peculiar to those to whom applied, that surely to transfer them to any other or wiser personages would be exceeding difficult; and certain it is that every person concerned, being consulted apart, hath readily owned the resemblance of every portrait, his own excepted. So Mr. Cibber calls them 'a parcel of poor wretches, so many silly flies;' but adds, 'our author's wit is remarkably more bare and barren whenever it would fall foul on Cibber than upon any other person whatever.'

The Descriptions are singular, the comparisons very quaint, the narrations various, yet of one colour, the purity and chastity of diction is so preserved, that in the places most suspicious, not the words, but only the images, have been censured; and yet are those images no other than have been sanctified by ancient and classical authority (though, as was the manner of those good times, not so curiously wrapped up), yea, and commented upon by the most grave doctors and approved critics.

As it beareth the name of Epic, it is thereby subjected to such severe indispensable rules as are laid on all neoterics, a strict imitation of the ancients; insomuch that any deviation, accompanied with whatever poetic beauties, hath always been censured by the sound critic. How exact that imitation hath been in this piece, appeareth not only by its general structure, but by particular allusions infinite, many whereof have escaped both the commentator and poet himself; yea divers, by his exceeding diligence, are so altered and interwoven with the rest, that several have already been, and more will be, by the ignorant abused, as altogether and originally his own.

In a word, the whole Poem proveth itself to be the work of our author, when his faculties were in full vigour and perfection; at that exact time when years have ripened the judgment without diminishing the imagination;

[5] Ver. 80.
[6] Bossu, chap. vii., viii.
[7] Bossu, chap. viii. Vide Aristot. Poetic, cap. ix.

which, by good critics, is held to be punctually at forty: for at that season it was that Virgil finished his *Georgics;* and Sir Richard Blackmore, at the like age composing his *Arthurs*, declared the same to be the very acme and pitch of life for epic poesy; though, since, he hath altered it to sixty, the year in which he published his *Alfred*. True it is that the talents for criticism, namely, smartness, quick censure, vivacity of remark, certainty of asseveration, indeed all but acerbity, seem rather the gifts of youth than of riper age: but it is far otherwise in poetry; witness the works of Mr. Rymer and Mr. Dennis, who, beginning with criticism, became afterwards such poets as no age hath paralleled. With good reason, therefore, did our author choose to write his Essay on that subject at twenty, and reserve for his maturer years this great and wonderful work of THE DUNCIAD.

PREFACE

PREFIXED TO THE FIVE FIRST IMPERFECT EDITIONS OF THE DUNCIAD, IN THREE BOOKS, PRINTED AT DUBLIN AND LONDON, IN OCTAVO AND DUODECIMO, 1727.

THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER

It will be found a true observation, though somewhat surprising, that when any scandal is vented against a man of the highest distinction and character, either in the state or literature, the public in general afford it a most quiet reception, and the larger part accept it as favourably as if it were some kindness done to themselves: whereas, if a known scoundrel or blockhead but chance to be touched upon, a whole legion is up in arms, and it becomes the common cause of all scribblers, booksellers, and printers whatsoever.

Not to search too deeply into the reason hereof, I will only observe as a fact, that every week, for these two months past, the town has been persecuted with pamphlets, advertisements, letters, and weekly essays, not only against the wit and writings, but against the character and person of Mr. Pope; and that of all those men who have received pleasure from his works (which by modest computation may be about a hundred thousand in these kingdoms of England and Ireland, not to mention Jersey, Guernsey, the Orcades, those in the New World, and foreigners who have translated him into their languages), of all this number not a man hath stood up to say one word in his defence.

The only exception is the author of the following poem, who doubtless had either a better insight into the grounds of this clamour, or a better opinion of Mr. Pope's integrity, joined with a greater personal love for him than any other of his numerous friends and admirers.

Farther, that he was in his peculiar intimacy, appears from the knowledge he manifests of the most private authors of all the anonymous pieces against him, and from his having in this poem attacked no man living who had not before printed or published some scandal against this gentleman.

How I came possessed of it, is no concern to the reader; but it would have been a wrong to him had I detained the publication; since those names which are its chief ornaments die off daily so fast, as must render it too soon unintelligible. If it provoke the author to give us a more perfect edition, I have my end.

Who he is I cannot say, and (which is a great pity) there is certainly nothing in his style and manner of writing which can distinguish or discover him; for if it bears any resemblance to that of Mr. Pope, it is not improbable but it might be done on purpose, with a view to have it pass for his. But by the frequency of his allusions to Virgil, and a laboured (not to say affected) shortness in imitation of him, I should think him more an admirer of the Roman poet than of the Grecian, and in that not of the same taste with his friend.

I have been well informed that this work was the labour of full six years of his life, and that he wholly retired himself from all the avocations and pleasures of the world to attend diligently to its correction and perfection; and six years more he intended to bestow upon it, as it should seem by this verse of Statius, which was cited at the head of his manuscript: —

> 'Oh mihi bissenos multum vigilata per annos
> Duncia!'

Hence also we learn the true title of the poem; which, with the same certainty as we call that of Homer the Iliad, of Virgil the Æneid, of Camöens the Lusiad, we may pronounce could have been, and can be, no other than

THE DUNCIAD

It is styled heroic, as being doubly so; not only with respect to its nature, which, according to the best rules of the ancients, and strictest ideas of the moderns, is critically such; but also with regard to the heroical disposition and high courage of the writer, who dared to stir up such a formidable, irritable, and implacable race of mortals.

There may arise some obscurity in chronology from the names in the poem, by the

inevitable removal of some authors, and insertion of others in their niches: for, whoever will consider the unity of the whole design, will be sensible that the poem was not made for these authors, but these authors for the poem. I should judge that they were clapped in as they rose, fresh and fresh, and changed from day to day; in like manner as when the old boughs wither we thrust new ones into a chimney.

I would not have the reader too much troubled or anxious, if he cannot decipher them; since, when he shall have found them out, he will probably know no more of the persons than before.

Yet we judged it better to preserve them as they are, than to change them for fictitious names; by which the satire would only be multiplied, and applied to many instead of one. Had the hero, for instance, been called Codrus, how many would have affirmed him to have been Mr. T., Mr. E., Sir R. B. ? &c., but now all that unjust scandal is saved, by calling him by a name which, by good luck, happens to be that of a real person.

A LETTER TO THE PUBLISHER

OCCASIONED BY THE FIRST CORRECT EDITION OF THE DUNCIAD

It is with pleasure I hear that you have procured a correct copy of the Dunciad, which the many surreptitious ones have rendered so necessary; and it is yet with more, that I am informed it will be attended with a Commentary; a work so requisite, that I cannot think the author himself would have omitted it, had he approved of the first appearance of this poem.

Such Notes as have occurred to me I herewith send you: you will oblige me by inserting them amongst those which are, or will be, transmitted to you by others; since not only the author's friends, but even strangers, appear engaged by humanity, to take some care of an orphan of so much genius and spirit, which its parent seems to have abandoned from the very beginning, and suffered to step into the world naked, unguarded, and unattended.

It was upon reading some of the abusive papers lately published, that my great regard to a person whose friendship I esteem as one of the chief honours of my life, and a much greater respect to truth than to him or any man living, engaged me in inquiries of which the enclosed Notes are the fruit.

I perceived that most of these authors had been (doubtless very wisely) the first aggressors. They had tried, till they were weary, what was to be got by railing at each other: nobody was either concerned or surprised if this or that scribbler was proved a dunce, but every one was curious to read what could be said to prove Mr. Pope one, and was ready to pay something for such a discovery; a stratagem which, would they fairly own it, might not only reconcile them to me, but screen them from the resentment of their lawful superiors, whom they daily abuse, only (as I charitably hope) to get that by them, which they cannot get from them.

I found this was not all: ill success in that had transported them to personal abuse, either of himself, or (what I think he could less forgive) of his friends. They had called men of virtue and honour bad men, long before he had either leisure or inclination to call them bad writers; and some of them had been such old offenders, that he had quite forgotten their persons, as well as their slanders, till they were pleased to revive them.

Now what had Mr. Pope done before to incense them? He had published those works which are in the hands of every body, in which not the least mention is made of any of them. And what has he done since? He has laughed, and written the Dunciad. What has that said of them? A very serious truth, which the public had said before, that they were dull; and what it had no sooner said, but they themselves were at great pains to procure, or even purchase, room in the prints to testify under their hands to the truth of it.

I should still have been silent, if either I had seen any inclination in my friend to be serious with such accusers, or if they had only meddled with his writings; since whoever publishes, puts himself on his trial by his country: but when his moral character was attacked, and in a manner from which neither truth nor virtue can secure the most innocent; in a manner which, though it annihilates the credit of the accusation with the just and impartial, yet aggravates very much the guilt of the accusers — I mean by authors without names — then I thought, since the danger was common to all, the concern ought to be so; and that it was an act of justice to detect the authors, not only on this account, but as many of them are the same who, for several years past, have made free with the greatest names in church and state, exposed to the world the private misfortunes of families, abused all, even to women; and whose prostituted papers (for one or other party in the unhappy divisions of their country) have insulted the fallen, the friendless, the exiled, and the dead.

Besides this, which I take to be public concern, I have already confessed I had a private

one. I am one of that number who have long loved and esteemed Mr. Pope; and had often declared it was not his capacity or writings (which we ever thought the least valuable part of his character), but the honest, open, and beneficent man, that we most esteemed and loved in him. Now, if what these people say were believed, I must appear to all my friends either a fool or a knave; either imposed on myself, or imposing on them; so that I am as much interested in the confutation of these calumnies as he is himself.

I am no author, and consequently not to be suspected either of jealousy or resentment against any of the men, of whom scarce one is known to me by sight; and as for their writings, I have sought them (on this one occasion) in vain, in the closets and libraries of all my acquaintance. I had still been in the dark, if a gentleman had not procured me (I suppose from some of themselves, for they are generally much more dangerous friends than enemies) the passages I send you. I solemnly protest I have added nothing to the malice or absurdity of them; which it behoves me to declare, since the vouchers themselves will be so soon and so irrecoverably lost. You may, in some measure, prevent it, by preserving at least their titles, and discovering (as far as you can depend on the truth of your information) the names of the concealed authors.

The first objection I have heard made to the poem is, that the persons are too obscure for satire. The persons themselves, rather than allow the objection, would forgive the satire; and if one could be tempted to afford it a serious answer, were not all assassinates, popular insurrections, the insolence of the rabble without doors, and of domestics within, most wrongfully chastised, if the meanness of offenders indemnified them from punishment? On the contrary, obscurity renders them more dangerous, as less thought of: law can pronounce judgment only on open facts; morality alone can pass censure on intentions of mischief; so that for secret calumny, or the arrow flying in the dark, there is no public punishment left but what a good writer inflicts.

The next objection is, that these sort of authors are poor. That might be pleaded as an excuse at the Old Bailey for lesser crimes than defamation (for it is the case of almost all who are tried there), but sure it can be none here: for who will pretend that the robbing another of his reputation supplies the want of it in himself? I question not but such authors are poor, and heartily wish the objection were removed by any honest livelihood; but poverty is here the accident, not the subject. He who describes malice and villany to be pale and meagre, expresses not the least anger against paleness or leanness, but against malice and villany. The apothecary in Romeo and Juliet is poor; but is he therefore justified in vending poison? Not but poverty itself becomes a just subject of satire, when it is the consequence of vice, prodigality, or neglect of one's lawful calling; for then it increases the public burden, fills the streets and highways with robbers, and the garrets with clippers, coiners, and weekly journalists.

But admitting that two or three of these offend less in their morals than in their writings; must poverty make nonsense sacred? If so, the fame of bad authors would be much better consulted than that of all the good ones in the world; and not one of a hundred had ever been called by his right name.

They mistake the whole matter: it is not charity to encourage them in the way they follow, but to get them out of it; for men are not bunglers because they are poor, but they are poor because they are bunglers.

Is it not pleasant enough to hear our authors crying out on the one hand, as if their persons and characters were too sacred for satire; and the public objecting, on the other, that they are too mean even for ridicule? But whether bread or fame be their end, it must be allowed, our author, by and in this poem, has mercifully given them a little of both.

There are two or three who, by their rank and fortune, have no benefit from the former objections, supposing them good, and these I was sorry to see in such company: but if, without any provocation, two or three gentlemen will fall upon one, in an affair wherein his interest and reputation are equally embarked, they cannot, certainly, after they have been content to print themselves his enemies, complain of being put into the number of them.

Others, I am told, pretend to have been once his friends. Surely they are their enemies who say so, since nothing can be more odious than to treat a friend as they have done. But of this I cannot persuade myself, when I consider the constant and eternal aversion of all bad writers to a good one.

Such as claim a merit from being his admirers, I would gladly ask, if it lays him under a personal obligation. At that rate, he would be the most obliged humble servant in the world. I dare swear for these in particular, he never desired them to be his admirers, nor promised in return to be theirs: that had truly been a sign he was of their acquaintance; but would not the malicious world have suspected such an approbation of some motive worse than ignorance, in the author of the Essay on Criticism? Be it as it will, the reasons of their

admiration and of his contempt are equally subsisting, for his works and theirs are the very same that they were.

One, therefore, of their assertions I believe may be true, 'that he has a contempt for their writings:' and there is another which would probably be sooner allowed by himself than by any good judge beside, 'that his own have found too much success with the public.' But as it cannot consist with his modesty to claim this as a justice, it lies not on him, but entirely on the public, to defend its own judgment.

There remains, what, in my opinion, might seem a better plea for these people than any they have made use of: — If obscurity or poverty were to exempt a man from satire, much more should folly or dulness, which are still more involuntary; nay, as much so as personal deformity. But even this will not help them: deformity becomes an object of ridicule when a man sets up for being handsome; and so must dulness, when he sets up for a wit. They are not ridiculed because ridicule in itself is, or ought to be, a pleasure; but because it is just to undeceive and vindicate the honest and unpretending part of mankind from imposition; because particular interest ought to yield to general, and a great number, who are not naturally fools, ought never to be made so, in complaisance to those who are. Accordingly we find that in all ages all vain pretenders, were they ever so poor, or ever so dull, have been constantly the topics of the most candid satirists, from the Codrus of Juvenal to the Damon of Boileau.

Having mentioned Boileau, the greatest poet and most judicious critic of his age and country, admirable for his talents, and yet perhaps more admirable for his judgment in the proper application of them, I cannot help remarking the resemblance betwixt him and our author, in qualities, fame, and fortune; in the distinctions shown them by their superiors, in the general esteem of their equals, and in their extended reputation amongst foreigners; in the latter of which ours has met with the better fate, as he has had for his translators persons of the most eminent rank and abilities in their respective nations.[1] But the resemblance holds in nothing more than in their being equally abused by the ignorant pretenders to poetry of their times; of which not the least memory will remain but in their own writings, and in the notes made upon them. What Boileau has done in almost all his poems, our author has only in this. I dare answer for him he will do it in no more; and on this principle, of attacking few but who had slandered him, he could not have done it at all, had he been confined from censuring obscure and worthless persons: for scarce any other were his enemies. However, as the parity is so remarkable, I hope it will continue to the last; and if ever he should give us an edition of this poem himself, I may see some of them treated as gently, on their repentance or better merit, as Perrault and Quinault were at last by Boileau.

In one point I must be allowed to think the character of our English poet the more amiable; he has not been a follower of fortune or success; he has lived with the great without flattery; been a friend to men in power without pensions, from whom, as he asked, so he received, no favour, but what was done him in his friends. As his satires were the more just for being delayed, so were his panegyrics; bestowed only on such persons as he had familiarly known, only for such virtues as he had long observed in them, and only at such times as others cease to praise, if not begin to calumniate them — I mean when out of power, or out of fashion.[2] A satire, therefore, on writers so notorious for the contrary practice, became no man so well as himself; as none, it is plain, was so little in their friendships, or so much in that of those whom they had most abused; namely, the greatest and best of all parties. Let me add a further reason, that though engaged in their friendships, he never espoused their animosities; and can almost singly challenge this honour, not to have written a line of any man which, through guilt, through shame, or through fear, through variety of fortune, or change of interests, he was ever unwilling to own.

I shall conclude with remarking, what a pleasure it must be to every reader of humanity to see all along that our author, in his very laughter, is not indulging his own ill nature, but only punishing that of others. As to his poem, those alone are capable of doing it jus-

[1] *Essay on Criticism*, in French verse, by General Hamilton; the same, in verse also, by Monsieur Roboton, counsellor and privy secretary to King George I., after by the Abbé Resnel, in verse, with notes. *Rape of the Lock*, in French, by the Princess of Conti, Paris, 1728; and in Italian verse by the Abbé Conti, a noble Venetian; and by the Marquis Rangoni, envoy extraordinary from Modena to King George II. Others of his works by Salvini of Florence, &c. His *Essays and Dissertations on Homer*, several times translated into French. *Essay on Man*, by the Abbé Resnel, in verse, by Monsieur Silhouette, in prose, 1737; and since by others in French, Italian, and Latin.

[2] As Mr. Wycherley, at the time the town declaimed against his book of poems; Mr. Walsh, after his death; Sir William Trumbull, when he had resigned the office of Secretary of State; Lord Bolingbroke, at his leaving England, after the Queen's death; Lord Oxford, in his last decline of life; Mr. Secretary Craggs, at the end of the South-Sea year, and after his death; others only in Epitaphs.

tice who, to use the words of a great writer, know how hard it is (with regard both to his subject and his manner) *vetustis dare novitatem, obsoletis nitorem, obscuris lucem, fastiditis gratiam.* I am

Your most humble Servant,

WILLIAM CLELAND.[1]

St. James's, Dec. 22, 1728.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIRST EDITION WITH NOTES, QUARTO, 1729

It will be sufficient to say of this edition, that the reader has here a much more correct and complete copy of the Dunciad than has hitherto appeared. I cannot answer but some mistakes may have slipt into it, but a vast number of others will be prevented by the names being now not only set at length, but justified by the authorities and reasons given. I make no doubt the author's own motive to use real rather than feigned names, was his care to preserve the innocent from any false application; whereas, in the former editions, which had no more than the initial letters, he was made, by keys printed here, to hurt the inoffensive; and (what was worse) to abuse his friends, by an impression at Dublin.

The commentary which attends this poem was sent me from several hands, and consequently must be unequally written; yet will have one advantage over most commentaries, that it is not made upon conjectures, or at a remote distance of time: and the reader cannot but derive one pleasure from the very obscurity of the persons it treats of, that it partakes of the nature of a secret, which most people love to be let into, though the men or the things be ever so inconsiderable or trivial.

Of the persons, it was judged proper to give some account: for, since it is only in this monument that they must expect to survive (and here survive they will, as long as the English tongue shall remain such as it was in the reigns of Queen Anne and King George), it seemed but humanity to bestow a word or two upon each, just to tell what he was, what he writ, when he lived, and when he died.

If a word or two more are added upon the chief offenders, it is only as a paper pinned upon the breast to mark the enormities for which they suffered; lest the correction only should be remembered, and the crime forgotten.

In some articles it was thought sufficient barely to transcribe from Jacob, Curll, and other writers of their own rank, who were much better acquainted with them than any of the authors of this comment can pretend to be. Most of them had drawn each other's characters on certain occasions; but the few here inserted are all that could be saved from the general destruction of such works.

Of the part of Scriblerus I need say nothing: his manner is well enough known, and approved by all but those who are too much concerned to be judges.

The imitations of the ancients are added, to gratify those who either never read, or may have forgotten them; together with some of the parodies and allusions to the most excellent of the moderns. If, from the frequency of the former, any man think the poem too much a cento, our poet will but appear to have done the same thing in jest which Boileau did in earnest, and upon which Vida, Fracastorius, and many of the most eminent Latin poets, professedly valued themselves.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIRST EDITION OF THE FOURTH BOOK OF THE DUNCIAD, WHEN PRINTED SEPARATELY IN THE YEAR 1742

We apprehend it can be deemed no injury to the author of the three first books of the Dunciad that we publish this fourth. It was found merely by accident, in taking a survey of the library of a late eminent nobleman; but in so blotted a condition, and in so many detached pieces, as plainly showed it to be not only incorrect, but unfinished. That the author of the three first books had a design to extend and complete his poem in this manner, appears from the dissertation prefixed to it, where it is said, that 'The design is more extensive, and that we may expect other episodes to complete it;' and, from the declaration in the argument to the third book, that 'The accomplishment of the prophecies therein would be the theme hereafter of a greater Dunciad.' But whether or no he be the author of this, we declare ourselves ignorant. If he be, we are no more to be blamed for the publication of it, than Tucca and Varius for that of the last six books of

[1] This gentleman was of Scotland, and bred at the University of Utrecht with the Earl of Mar. He served in Spain under Earl Rivers. After the peace, he was made one of the commissioners of the customs in Scotland, and then of taxes in England; in which having shown himself for twenty years diligent, punctual, and incorruptible (though without any other assistance of fortune), he was suddenly displaced by the minister, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, and died two months after, in 1741. He was a person of universal learning, and an enlarged conversation; no man had a warmer heart for his friend, or a sincerer attachment to the constitution of his country; and yet, for all this, the public would never believe him to be the author of this Letter

the Æneid, though, perhaps, inferior to the former.

If any person be possessed of a more perfect copy of this work, or of any other fragments of it, and will communicate them to the publisher, we shall make the next edition more complete: in which we also promise to insert any criticisms that shall be published (if at all to the purpose), with the names of the authors; or any letters sent us (though not to the purpose) shall yet be printed, under the title of *Epistolæ obscurorum virorum;* which, together with some others of the same kind, formerly laid by for that end, may make no unpleasant addition to the future impressions of this poem.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE COMPLETE EDITION OF 1743

I have long had a design of giving some sort of notes on the works of this poet. Before I had the happiness of his acquaintance, I had written a commentary on his Essay on Man, and have since finished another on the Essay on Criticism. There was one already on the Dunciad, which had met with general approbation; but I still thought some additions were wanting (of a more serious kind) to the humorous notes of Scriblerus, and even to those written by Mr. Cleland, Dr. Arbuthnot, and others. I had lately the pleasure to pass some months with the author in the country, where I prevailed upon him to do what I had long desired, and favour me with his explanation of several passages in his works. It happened, that just at that juncture was published a ridiculous book against him, full of personal reflections, which furnished him with a lucky opportunity of improving this poem, by giving it the only thing it wanted, a more considerable hero. He was always sensible of its defect in that particular, and owned he had let it pass with the hero it had, purely for want of a better, not entertaining the least expectation that such a one was reserved for this post as has since obtained the laurel: but since that had happened, he could no longer deny this justice either to him or the Dunciad.

And yet I will venture to say, there was another motive which had still more weight with our author: this person was one who, from every folly (not to say vice) of which another would be ashamed, has constantly derived a vanity; and therefore was the man in the world who would least be hurt by it.

W. W.

BY AUTHORITY

By virtue of the Authority in us vested by the Act for subjecting Poets to the power of a Licenser, we have revised this Piece; where finding the style and appellation of KING to have been given to a certain *Pretender*, *Pseudopoet*, or *Phantom*, of the name of TIBBALD; and apprehending the same may be deemed in some sort a reflection on *Majesty*, or at least an insult on that Legal Authority which has bestowed on another person the Crown of Poesy: we have ordered the said *Pretender*, *Pseudopoet*, or *Phantom*, utterly to vanish and evaporate out of this work; and do declare the said Throne of Poesy from henceforth to be abdicated and vacant, unless duly and lawfully supplied by the LAUREATE himself. And it is hereby enacted that no other person do presume to fill the same.

X. CH.

THE DUNCIAD

TO DR. JONATHAN SWIFT

BOOK I

ARGUMENT

The Proposition, the Invocation, and the Inscription. Then the original of the great Empire of Dulness, and cause of the continuance thereof. The College of the Goddess in the city, with her private academy for Poets in particular; the Governors of it, and the four Cardinal Virtues. Then the poem hastes into the midst of things, presenting her, on the evening of a Lord Mayor's day, revolving the long succession of her sons, and the glories past and to come. She fixes her eye on Bayes, to be the Instrument of that great event which is the Subject of the poem. He is described pensive among his books, giving up the Cause, and apprehending the Period of her Empire. After debating whether to betake himself to the Church, or to Gaming, or to Party-writing, he raises an altar of proper books, and (making first his solemn prayer and declaration) purposes thereon to sacrifice all his unsuccessful writings. As the pile is kindled, the Goddess, beholding the flame from her seat, flies and puts it out, by casting upon it the poem of Thulé. She forthwith reveals herself to him, transports him to her Temple, unfolds her Arts, and initiates him into her Mysteries; then announcing the death of Eusden, the Poet Laureate, anoints him, carries him to Court, and proclaims him Successor.

THE Mighty Mother, and her son who brings
The Smithfield Muses to the ear of Kings,
I sing. Say you, her instruments the great!
Call'd to this work by Dulness, Jove, and Fate;
You by whose care, in vain decried and curst,
Still Dunce the second reigns like Dunce the first;
Say how the Goddess bade Britannia sleep,
And pour'd her Spirit, o'er the land and deep.
In eldest time, ere mortals writ or read,
Ere Pallas issued from the Thund'rer's head,
Dulness o'er all possess'd her ancient right,
Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night:
Fate in their dotage this fair idiot gave,
Gross as her sire, and as her mother grave;
Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind,
She ruled, in native anarchy, the mind.
Still her old empire to restore she tries,
For, born a Goddess, Dulness never dies.
O thou! whatever title please thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver!
Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair,
Or praise the Court, or magnify Mankind,
Or thy griev'd country's copper chains unbind;
From thy Bœotia tho' her power retires,
Mourn not, my Swift! at aught our realm requires.
Here pleas'd behold her mighty wings outspread
To hatch a new Saturnian age of Lead.
Close to those walls where Folly holds her throne,
And laughs to think Monroe would take her down,
Where o'er the gates, by his famed father's hand,
Great Cibber's brazen, brainless brothers stand;
One cell there is, conceal'd from vulgar eye,
The cave of Poverty and Poetry:
Keen hollow winds howl thro' the bleak recess,
Emblem of Music caus'd by Emptiness:
Hence bards, like Proteus long in vain tied down,
Escape in monsters, and amaze the town;
Hence Miscellanies spring, the weekly boast
Of Curll's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post;
Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines;
Hence Journals, Medleys, Mercuries, Magazines;
Sepulchral Lies, our holy walls to grace,
And new-year Odes, and all the Grub-street race.
In clouded majesty here Dulness shone,
Four guardian Virtues, round, support her throne:
Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no fears
Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears:
Calm Temperance, whose blessings those partake,
Who hunger and who thirst for scribbling sake:
Prudence, whose glass presents th' approaching jail:
Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale,
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
And solid pudding against empty praise.
Here she beholds the Chaos dark and deep,
Where nameless somethings in their causes sleep,
Till genial Jacob, or a warm third day,
Call forth each mass, a Poem or a Play:
How hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo lie,
How new-born nonsense first is taught to cry,
Maggots, half-form'd, in rhyme exactly meet,
And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.
Here one poor word a hundred clenches makes,
And ductile Dulness new meanders takes;
There motley images her fancy strike,
Figures ill pair'd, and Similes unlike.
She sees a Mob of Metaphors advance,
Pleas'd with the madness of the mazy dance;
How Tragedy and Comedy embrace;
How Farce and Epic get a jumbled race;
How Time himself stands still at her command,
Realms shift their place, and Ocean turns to land.
Here gay description Egypt glads with showers,
Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flowers;

Glitt'ring with ice here hoary hills are seen,
There painted valleys of eternal green;
In cold December fragrant chaplets blow,
And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.
All these, and more, the cloud-compelling Queen
Beholds thro' fogs that magnify the scene.
She, tinsel'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
With self-applause her wild creation views;
Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,
And with her own fools-colours gilds them all.
'T was on the day when Thorold, rich and grave,
Like Cimon, triumph'd both on land and wave
(Pomps without guilt, of bloodless swords and maces,
Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad faces):
Now Night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
But lived in Settle's numbers one day more.
Now Mayors and Shrieves all hush'd and satiate lay,
Yet eat, in dreams, the custard of the day;
While pensive Poets painful vigils keep,
Sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep.
Much to the mindful Queen the feast recalls
What city swans once sung within the walls;
Much she revolves their arts, their ancient praise,
And sure succession down from Heywood's days.
She saw with joy the line immortal run,
Each sire imprest and glaring in his son.
So watchful Bruin forms, with plastic care,
Each growing lump, and brings it to a bear.
She saw old Prynne in restless Daniel shine,
And Eusden eke out Blackmore's endless line;
She saw slow Philips creep like Tate's poor page,
And all the mighty mad in Dennis rage.
In each she marks her image full exprest,
But chief in Bayes's monster-breeding breast;
Bayes, form'd by nature stage and town to bless,
And act, and be, a coxcomb with success;
Dulness with transport eyes the lively dunce,
Rememb'ring she herself was Pertness once.
Now (shame to Fortune!) an ill run at play
Blank'd his bold visage, and a thin third day:
Swearing and supperless the hero sate,
Blasphemed his gods the dice, and damn'd his fate;
Then gnaw'd his pen, then dash'd it on the ground,
Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound!
Plunged for his sense, but found no bottom there,
Yet wrote and flounder'd on in mere despair.
Round him much Embryo, much Abortion lay,
Much future Ode, and abdicated Play;
Nonsense precipitate, like running lead,
That slipp'd thro' cracks and zigzags of the head;
All that on folly frenzy could beget,
Fruits of dull heat, and Sooterkins of wit.
Next o'er his books his eyes began to roll,
In pleasing memory of all he stole;
How here he sipp'd, how there he plunder'd snug,
And suck'd all o'er like an industrious bug.
Here lay poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes, and here
The frippery of crucified Molière;
There hapless Shakspeare, yet of Tibbald sore,
Wish'd he had blotted for himself before.
The rest on outside merit but presume,
Or serve (like other fools) to fill a room;
Such with their shelves as due proportion hold,
Or their fond parents dress'd in red and gold;
Or where the pictures for the page atone,
And Quarles is saved by beauties not his own.
Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the great;
There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete:
Here all his suff'ring brotherhood retire,
And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire:
A Gothic library! of Greece and Rome
Well purged, and worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.

But, high above, more solid Learning shone,
The classics of an age that heard of none;
There Caxton slept, with Wynkyn at his side,
One clasp'd in wood, and one in strong cow-hide;
There, saved by spice, like mummies, many a year,
Dry bodies of Divinity appear:
De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,
And here the groaning shelves Philemon bends.
Of these, twelve volumes, twelve of amplest size,
Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pies,
Inspired he seizes: these an altar raise;
A hecatomb of pure unsullied lays
That altar crowns; a folio Commonplace
Founds the whole pile, of all his works the base:
Quartos, octavos, shape the less'ning pyre,
A twisted Birth-day Ode completes the spire.
Then he: 'Great tamer of all human art!
First in my care, and ever at my heart;
Dulness! whose good old cause I yet defend,
With whom my Muse began, with whom shall end,
E'er since Sir Fopling's periwig was praise,
To the last honours of the Butt and Bays:
O thou! of bus'ness the directing soul
To this our head, like bias to the bowl,
Which, as more pond'rous, made its aim more true,
Obliquely waddling to the mark in view:
Oh! ever gracious to perplex'd mankind,
Still spread a healing mist before the mind;
And, lest we err by Wit's wild dancing light,
Secure us kindly in our native night.
Or, if to Wit a coxcomb make pretence,
Guard the sure barrier between that and Sense;
Or quite unravel all the reas'ning thread,
And hang some curious cobweb in its stead!
As, forced from wind-guns, lead itself can fly,
And pond'rous slugs cut swiftly thro' the sky;
As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
The wheels above urged by the load below;
Me Emptiness and Dulness could inspire,
And were my elasticity and fire.
Some Daemon stole my pen (forgive th' offence),
And once betray'd me into common sense:
Else all my prose and verse were much the same;
This prose on stilts, that poetry fall'n lame.
Did on the stage my fops appear confin'd?
My life gave ampler lessons to mankind.
Did the dead letter unsuccessful prove?
The brisk example never fail'd to move.
Yet sure, had Heav'n decreed to save the state,
Heav'n had decreed these works a longer date.
Could Troy be saved by any single hand,
This gray-goose weapon must have made her stand.
What can I now? my Fletcher cast aside,
Take up the Bible, once my better guide?
Or tread the path by venturous heroes trod,
This box my Thunder, this right hand my God?
Or chair'd at White's, amidst the doctors sit,
Teach oaths to Gamesters, and to Nobles Wit?
O bidd'st thou rather Party to embrace?
(A friend to party thou, and all her race;
'T is the same rope at diff'rent ends they twist;
To Dulness Ridpath is as dear as Mist;)
Shall I, like Curtius, desp'rate in my zeal,
O'er head and ears plunge for the Commonweal?
Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories,
And cackling save the monarchy of Tories?
Hold — to the Minister I more incline;
To serve his cause, O Queen! is serving thine.
And see! thy very Gazetteers give o'er,
Ev'n Ralph repents, and Henley writes no more.
What then remains? Ourself. Still, still remain
Cibberian forehead, and Cibberian brain;
This brazen brightness to the 'Squire so dear;
This polish'd hardness that reflects the Peer;
This arch absurd, that wit and fool delights;
This mess, toss'd up of Hockley-hole and White's;

Where dukes and butchers join to wreathe my crown,
At once the Bear and fiddle of the town.
'O born in sin, and forth in folly brought!
Works damn'd or to be damn'd (your father's fault)!
Go, purified by flames, ascend the sky,
My better and more Christian progeny!
Unstain'd, untouch'd, and yet in maiden sheets,
While all your smutty sisters walk the streets.
Ye shall not beg, like gratis-given Bland,
Sent with a pass and vagrant thro' the land;
Not sail with Ward to ape-and-monkey climes,
Where vile Mundungus trucks for viler rhymes;
Not sulphur-tipt, emblaze an alehouse fire!
Not wrap up oranges to pelt your sire!
O! pass more innocent, in infant state,
To the mild limbo of our Father Tate:
Or peaceably forgot, at once be blest
In Shadwell's bosom with eternal rest!
Soon to that mass of nonsense to return,
Where things destroy'd are swept to things unborn.'
With that, a tear (portentous sign of grace!)
Stole from the master of the sev'nfold face;
And thrice he lifted high the Birthday brand,
And thrice he dropt it from his quiv'ring hand;
Then lights the structure with averted eyes:
The rolling smoke involves the sacrifice.
The opening clouds disclose each work by turns,
Now flames the Cid, and now Perolla burns;
Great Cæsar roars and hisses in the fires;
King John in silence modestly expires:
No merit now the dear Nonjuror claims,
Molière's old stubble in a moment flames.
Tears gush'd again, as from pale Priam's eyes,
When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies.
Rous'd by the light, old Dulness heav'd the head,
Then snatch'd a sheet of Thulé from her bed:
Sudden she flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre:
Down sink the flames, and with a hiss expire.
Her ample presence fills up all the place;
A veil of fogs dilates her awful face:
Great in her charms! as when on Shrieves and Mayors
She looks, and breathes herself into their airs.
She bids him wait her to her sacred dome:
Well pleas'd he enter'd, and confess'd his home.
So spirits ending their terrestrial race
Ascend, and recognize their Native Place.
This the Great Mother dearer held than all
The clubs of Quidnuncs, or her own Guildhall:
Here stood her opium, here she nursed her owls,
And here she plann'd th' imperial seat of Fools.
Here to her chosen all her works she shows,
Prose swell'd to verse, verse loit'ring into prose:
How random thoughts now meaning chance to find,
Now leave all memory of sense behind:
How Prologues into Prefaces decay,
And these to Notes are fritter'd quite away:
How index-learning turns no student pale,
Yet holds the eel of science by the tail:
How, with less reading than makes felons scape,
Less human genius than God gives an ape,
Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or Greece,
A past, vamp'd future, old revived, new piece,
'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Shakspeare, and Corneille,
Can make a Cibber, Tibbald, or Ozell.
The Goddess then o'er his anointed head,
With mystic words, the sacred opium shed.
And lo! her bird (a monster of a fowl,
Something betwixt a heideggre and an owl)
Perch'd on his crown: — 'All hail! and hail again,
My son! the promised land expects thy reign.

Know Eusden thirsts no more for sack or praise;
He sleeps among the dull of ancient days;
Safe where no critics damn, no duns molest,
Where wretched Withers, Ward, and Gildon rest,
And high-born Howard, more majestic sire,
With fool of quality completes the quire.
Thou, Cibber! thou his laurel shalt support;
Folly, my son, has still a Friend at Court.
Lift up your gates, ye princes, see him come!
Sound, sound ye viols, be the cat-call dumb!
Bring, bring the madding Bay, the drunken Vine,
The creeping, dirty, courtly Ivy join.
And thou! his Aid-de-camp, lead on my sons,
Light-arm'd with Points, Antitheses, and Puns.
Let Bawdry, Billingsgate, my daughters dear,
Support his front, and Oaths bring up the rear:
And under his, and under Archer's wing,
Gaming and Grub-street skulk behind the King.
'Oh! when shall rise a monarch all our own,
And I, a nursing mother, rock the throne;
'Twixt Prince and People close the curtain draw,
Shade him from light, and cover him from law;
Fatten the Courtier, starve the learned band,
And suckle Armies, and dry-nurse the land;
Till Senates nod to lullabies divine,
And all be sleep, as at an Ode of thine?'
She ceas'd. Then swells the Chapel-royal throat;
'God save King Cibber!' mounts in every note.
Familiar White's, 'God save King Colley!' cries,
'God save King Colley!' Drury-lane replies.
To Needham's quick the voice triumphant rode,
But pious Needham dropt the name of God;
Back to the Devil the last echoes roll,
And 'Coll!' each butcher roars at Hockley-hole.
So when Jove's block descended from on high
(As sings thy great forefather Ogilby),
Loud thunder to its bottom shook the bog,
And the hoarse nation croak'd, 'God save King Log!'

BOOK II

ARGUMENT

The King being proclaimed, the solemnity is graced with public games and sports of various kinds; not instituted by the Hero, as by Æneas in Virgil, but for greater honour by the Goddess in person (in like manner as the games Pythia, Isthmia, &c. were anciently said to be ordained by the Gods, and as Thetis herself appearing, according to Homer, Odyssey xxiv. proposed the prizes in honour of her son Achilles). Hither flock the Poets and Critics, attended, as is but just, with their Patrons and Booksellers. The Goddess is first pleased, for her disport, to propose games to the Booksellers, and setteth up the phantom of a Poet, which they contend to overtake. The Races described, with their divers accidents. Next, the game for a Poetess. Then follow the exercises for the Poets, of tickling, vociferating, diving; the first holds forth the arts and practices of Dedicators, the second of Disputants and fustian Poets, the third of profound, dark, and dirty Party-writers. Lastly, for the Critics the Goddess proposes (with great propriety) an exercise, not of their parts, but their patience, in hearing the works of two voluminous authors, the one in verse and the other in prose, deliberately read, without sleeping; the various effects of which, with the several degrees and manners of their operation, are here set forth, till the whole number, not of Critics only, but of spectators, actors, and all present, fall fast asleep: which naturally and necessarily ends the games.

High on a gorgeous seat, that far outshone
Henley's gilt tub or Fleckno's Irish throne,
Or that whereon her Curlls the public pours,
All bounteous, fragrant grains and golden showers,

Great Cibber sate; the proud Parnassian sneer,
The conscious simper, and the jealous leer,
Mix on his look: all eyes direct their rays
On him, and crowds turn coxcombs as they gaze.
His peers shine round him with reflected grace,
New-edge their dulness, and new-bronze their face.
So from the sun's broad beam, in shallow urns,
Heav'n's twinkling sparks draw light, and point their horns.
Not with more glee, by hands pontific crown'd,
With scarlet hats wide-waving circled round,
Rome, in her capitol saw Querno sit,
Throned on sev'n hills, the Antichrist of wit.
And now the Queen, to glad her sons, proclaims
By herald hawkers, high heroic games.
They summon all her race: an endless band
Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land;
A motley mixture! in long wigs, in bags,
In silks, in crapes, in Garters, and in Rags,
From drawing rooms, from colleges, from garrets,
On horse, on foot, in hacks, and gilded chariots;
All who true Dunces in her cause appear'd,
And all who knew those Dunces to reward.
Amid that area wide they took their stand,
Where the tall Maypole once o'erlook'd the Strand,
But now (so ANNE and Piety ordain)
A Church collects the saints of Drury-lane.
With Authors, Stationers obey'd the call
(The field of glory is a field for all);
Glory and gain th' industrious tribe provoke,
And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke.
A poet's form she placed before their eyes,
And bade the nimblest racer seize the prize;
No meagre, Muse-rid Mope, adust and thin,
In a dun nightgown of his own loose skin,
But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise,
Twelve starveling bards of these degen'rate days.
All as a partridge plump, full fed and fair,
She form'd this image of well-bodied air;
With pert flat eyes she window'd well its head,
A brain of Feathers, and a heart of Lead;
And empty words she gave, and sounding strain,
But senseless, lifeless! idol void and vain!
Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit,
A Fool so just a copy of a Wit;
So like, that Critics said, and Courtiers swore,
A Wit it was, and call'd the phantom Moore.
All gaze with ardour: some a poet's name,
Others a swordknot and laced suit inflame.
But lofty Lintot in the circle rose:
'This prize is mine, who tempt it are my foes;
With me began this genius, and shall end.'
He spoke; and who with Lintot shall contend?
Fear held them mute. Alone untaught to fear,
Stood dauntless Curll: 'Behold that rival here!
The race by vigour, not by vaunts, is won;
So take the hindmost, Hell,' he said, and run.
Swift as a bard the bailiff leaves behind,
He left huge Lintot, and outstript the wind.
As when a dabchick waddles thro' the copse
On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops;
So lab'ring on, with shoulders, hands, and head,
Wide as a windmill all his figure spread,
With arms expanded Bernard rows his state,
And left-legg'd Jacob seems to emulate.
Full in the middle way there stood a lake,
Which Curll's Corinna chanced that morn to make
(Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop
Her ev'ning cates before his neighbour's shop):
Here fortuned Curll to slide; loud shout the band,
And 'Bernard! Bernard!' rings thro' all the Strand.

Obscene with filth the miscreant lies bewray'd,
Fall'n in the plash his wickedness had laid:
Then first (if Poets aught of truth declare)
The caitiff Vaticide conceiv'd a prayer.
'Hear, Jove! whose name my bards and I adore,
As much at least as any God's, or more;
And him and his, if more devotion warms,
Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's Arms.'
A place there is betwixt earth, air, and seas,
Where, from ambrosia, Jove retires for ease.
There in his seat two spacious vents appear,
On this he sits, to that he leans his ear,
And hears the various vows of fond Mankind;
Some beg an eastern, some a western wind:
All vain petitions, mounting to the sky,
With reams abundant this abode supply:
Amused he reads, and then returns the bills,
Sign'd with that ichor which from Gods distils.
In office here fair Cloacina stands,
And ministers to Jove with purest hands.
Forth from the heap she pick'd her vot'ry's prayer,
And placed it next him, a distinction rare!
Oft had the Goddess heard her servant's call,
From her black grottos near the temple wall,
List'ning delighted to the jest unclean
Of linkboys vile, and watermen obscene;
Where as he fish'd her nether realms for wit,
She oft had favour'd him, and favours yet.
Renew'd by ordure's sympathetic force,
As oil'd with magic juices for the course,
Vig'rous he rises; from th' effluvia strong;
Imbibes new life, and scours and stinks along;
Repasses Lintot, vindicates the race,
Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face.
And now the victor stretch'd his eager hand
Where the tall Nothing stood, or seem'd to stand;
A shapeless shade, it melted from his sight,
Like forms in clouds, or visions of the night.

To seize his papers, Curll, was next thy care;
His papers light, fly diverse, toss'd in air;
Songs, Sonnets, Epigrams, the winds uplift,
And whisk 'em back to Evans, Young, and Swift.
Th' embroider'd suit at least he deem'd his prey;
That suit an unpaid tailor snatch'd away.
No rag, no scrap, of all the Beau or Wit,
That once so flutter'd and that once so writ.
Heav'n rings with laughter: of the laughter vain,
Dulness, good Queen, repeats the jest again.
Three wicked imps of her own Grub-street choir,
She deck'd like Congreve, Addison, and Prior;
Mears, Warner, Wilkins, run; delusive thought!
Breval, Bond, Bezaleel, the varlets caught.
Curll stretches after Gay, but Gay is gone,
He grasps an empty Joseph for a John:
So Proteus, hunted in a nobler shape,
Became, when seized, a puppy or an ape.
To him the Goddess: 'Son! thy grief lay down,
And turn this whole illusion on the town.
As the sage dame, experienced in her trade,
By names of toasts retails each batter'd jade
(Whence hapless Monsieur much complains at Paris
Of wrongs from Duchesses and Lady Maries);
Be thine, my stationer! this magic gift;
Cook shall be Prior; and Concanen Swift;
So shall each hostile name become our own,
And we, too, boast our Garth and Addison.'
With that she gave him (piteous of his case,
Yet smiling at his rueful length of face)
A shaggy tap'stry, worthy to be spread
On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed;
Instructive work! whose wry-mouth'd portraiture
Display'd the fates her confessors endure.
Earless on high stood unabash'd De Foe,
And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge below:
There Ridpath, Roper, cudgell'd might ye view,
The very worsted still look'd black and blue:

Himself among the storied chiefs he spies,
As, from the blanket, high in air he flies,
And, 'Oh! (he cried) what street, what lane but knows
Our purgings, pumpings, blanketings and blows?
In every loom our labours shall be seen,
And the fresh vomit run for ever green!'
See in the circle next Eliza placed,
Two babes of love close clinging to her waist;
Fair as before her works she stands confess'd,
In flowers and pearls by bounteous Kirkall dress'd.
The Goddess then: 'Who best can send on high
The salient spout, far-streaming to the sky,
His be yon Juno of majestic size,
With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.
This China Jordan let the chief o'ercome
Replenish, not ingloriously, at home.'
Osborne and Curll accept the glorious strife
(Tho' this his son dissuades, and that his wife);
One on his manly confidence relies,
One on his vigour and superior size.
First Osborne lean'd against his letter'd post;
It rose, and labour'd to a curve at most:
So Jove's bright bow displays its wat'ry round
(Sure sign that no spectator shall be drown'd).
A second effort brought but new disgrace,
The wild mæander wash'd the Artist's face:
Thus the small jet, which hasty hands unlock,
Spirts in the gard'ner's eyes who turns the cock.
Not so from shameless Curll; impetuous spread
The stream, and smoking flourish'd o'er his head:
So (famed like thee for turbulence and horns)
Eridanus his humble fountain scorns;
Thro' half the heav'ns he pours th' exalted urn;
His rapid waters in their passage burn.
Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes;
Still happy Impudence obtains the prize.
Thou triumph'st, victor of the high-wrought day,
And the pleas'd dame, soft smiling, lead'st away.
Osborne, thro' perfect modesty o'ercome,
Crown'd with the Jordan, walks contented home.
But now for Authors nobler palms remain;
Room for my Lord! three jockeys in his train;
Six huntsmen with a shout precede his chair:
He grins, and looks broad nonsense with a stare.
His honour's meaning Dulness thus exprest,
'He wins this patron who can tickle best.'
He chinks his purse, and takes his seat of state;
With ready quills the dedicators wait;
Now at his head the dext'rous task commence,
And, instant, fancy feels th' imputed sense;
Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face,
He struts Adonis, and affects grimace;
Rolli the feather to his ear conveys,
Then his nice taste directs our operas;
Bentley his mouth with classic flatt'ry opes,
And the puff'd orator bursts out in tropes.
But Welsted most the poet's healing balm
Strives to extract from his soft, giving palm.
Unlucky Welsted! thy unfeeling master,
The more thou ticklest, gripes his fist the faster.
While thus each hand promotes the pleasing pain,
And quick sensations skip from vein to vein,
A youth unknown to Phœbus, in despair,
Puts his last refuge all in Heav'n and prayer.
What force have pious vows! The Queen of Love
Her sister sends, her vot'ress from above.
As taught by Venus, Paris learn'd the art
To touch Achilles' only tender part;
Secure, thro' her, the noble prize to carry,
He marches off, his Grace's Secretary.
'Now turn to diff'rent sports (the Goddess cries),
And learn, my sons, the wondrous power of Noise.

To move, to raise, to ravish ev'ry heart,
With Shakespeare's nature, or with Jonson's art,
Let others aim; 't is yours to shake the soul
With thunder rumbling from the mustard bowl;
With horns and trumpets now to madness swell,
Now sink in sorrow with a tolling bell!
Such happy arts attention can command
When Fancy flags, and Sense is at a stand.
Improve we these. Three Cat-calls be the bribe
Of him whose chatt'ring shames the monkey tribe;
And his this drum, whose hoarse heroic bass
Drowns the loud clarion of the braying ass.'
Now thousand tongues are heard in one loud din:
The monkey mimics rush discordant in;
'T was chatt'ring, grinning, mouthing, jabb'ring all,
And noise and Norton, brangling and Breval,
Dennis and dissonance, and captious art,
And snipsnap short, and interruption smart,
And demonstration thin, and theses thick,
And Major, Minor, and Conclusion quick.
'Hold (cried the Queen), a Cat-call each shall win;
Equal your merits! equal is your din!
But that this well-disputed game may end,
Sound forth, my Brayers, and the welkin rend.'
As when the long-ear'd milky mothers wait
At some sick miser's triple-bolted gate,
For their defrauded absent foals they make
A moan so loud, that all the guild awake;
Sore sighs Sir Gilbert, starting at the bray,
From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay,
So swells each windpipe; ass intones to ass,
Harmonic twang! of leather, horn, and brass;
Such as from lab'ring lungs th' Enthusiast blows,
High sound, attemper'd to the vocal nose;
Or such as bellow from the deep divine;
There Webster! peal'd thy voice, and, Whitefield! thine.
But far o'er all, sonorous Blackmore's strain;
Walls, steeples, skies, bray back to him again;
In Tot'nam Fields the brethren, with amaze,
Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze!
Long Chancery Lane retentive rolls the sound,
And courts to courts return it round and round;
Thames wafts it thence to Rufus' roaring hall,
And Hungerford reëchoes bawl for bawl.
All hail him victor in both gifts of song,
Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.
This labour past, by Bridewell all descend
(As morning prayer and flagellation end)
To where Fleet Ditch, with disemboguing streams,
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames;
The king of dykes! than whom no sluice of mud
With deeper sable blots the silver flood.
'Here strip, my children! here at once leap in;
Here prove who best can dash thro' thick and thin,
And who the most in love of dirt excel,
Or dark dexterity of groping well:
Who flings most filth, and wide pollutes around
The stream, be his the Weekly Journals bound;
A Pig of Lead to him who dives the best;
A Peck of Coals apiece shall glad the rest.'
In naked majesty Oldmixon stands,
And, Milo-like, surveys his arms and hands;
Then sighing, thus, 'And am I now threescore?
Ah, why, ye Gods! should two and two make four?'
He said, and climb'd a stranded lighter's height,
Shot to the black abyss, and plunged downright.
The senior's judgment all the crowd admire,
Who but to sink the deeper rose the higher.
Next Smedley dived; slow circles dimpled o'er
The quaking mud, that closed and oped no more.
All look, all sigh, and call on Smedley lost;
'Smedley!' in vain resounds thro' all the coast.

Then [Hill] essay'd; scarce vanish'd out of sight,
He buoys up instant, and returns to light;
He bears no tokens of the sabler streams,
And mounts far off among the swans of Thames.
True to the bottom, see Concanen creep,
A cold, long-winded native of the deep;
If perseverance gain the diver's prize,
Not everlasting Blackmore this denies:
No noise, no stir, no motion canst thou make;
Th' unconscious stream sleeps o'er thee like a lake.
Next plunged a feeble, but a desp'rate pack,
With each a sickly brother at his back:
Sons of a Day! just buoyant on the flood,
Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.
Ask ye their names? I could as soon disclose
The names of these blind puppies as of those.
Fast by, like Niobe (her children gone),
Sits mother Osborne, stupefied to stone!
And monumental brass this record bears,
'These are, ah no! these were the Gazetteers!'
Not so bold Arnall; with a weight of skull
Furious he dives, precipitately dull.
Whirlpools and storms his circling arms invest,
With all the might of gravitation blest.
No crab more active in the dirty dance,
Downward to climb, and backward to advance,
He brings up half the bottom on his head,
And loudly claims the Journals and the Lead.
The plunging Prelate, and his pond'rous Grace,
With holy envy gave one layman place.
When lo! a burst of thunder shook the flood,
Slow rose a form in majesty of mud;
Shaking the horrors of his sable brows,
And each ferocious feature grim with ooze.
Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares;
Then thus the wonders of the deep declares.
First he relates how, sinking to the chin,
Smit with his mien, the mud-nymphs suck'd him in:
How young Lutetia, softer than the down,
Nigrina black, and Merdamante brown,
Vied for his love in jetty bowers below,
As Hylas fair was ravish'd long ago.
Then sung, how shown him by the nut-brown maids
A branch of Styx here rises from the shades,
That tinctured as it runs with Lethe's streams,
And wafting vapours from the land of dreams
(As under seas Alpheus' secret sluice
Bears Pisa's offering to his Arethuse),
Pours into Thames; and hence the mingled wave
Intoxicates the pert, and lulls the grave:
Here, brisker vapours o'er the Temple creep;
There, all from Paul's to Algate drink and sleep.
Thence to the banks where rev'rend bards repose
They led him soft; each rev'rend bard arose;
And Milbourn chief, deputed by the rest,
Gave him the cassock, surcingle, and vest.
'Receive (he said) these robes which once were mine;
Dulness is sacred in a sound divine.'
He ceas'd, and spread the robe; the crowd confess
The rev'rend flamen in his lengthen'd dress.
Around him wide a sable army stand,
A low-born, cell-bred, selfish, servile band,
Prompt or to guard or stab, or saint or damn,
Heav'n's Swiss, who fight for any God or Man.
Thro' Lud's famed gates, along the well-known Fleet,
Rolls the black troop, and overshades the street,
Till showers of Sermons, Characters, Essays,
In circling fleeces whiten all the ways.
So clouds replenish'd from some bog below,
Mount in dark volumes, and descend in snow.
Here stopt the Goddess; and in pomp proclaims
A gentler exercise to close the games.
'Ye Critics! in whose heads, as equal scales,
I weigh what author's heaviness prevails;

Which most conduce to soothe the soul in slumbers,
My Henley's periods, or my Blackmore's numbers;
Attend the trial we propose to make:
If there be man who o'er such works can wake,
Sleep's all subduing charms who dares defy,
And boasts Ulysses' ear with Argus' eye;
To him we grant our amplest powers to sit
Judge of all present, past, and future wit;
To cavil, censure, dictate, right or wrong,
Full and eternal privilege of tongue.'
Three college Sophs, and three pert Templars came,
The same their talents, and their tastes the same!
Each prompt to query, answer, and debate,
And smit with love of Poesy and Prate.
The pond'rous books two gentle readers bring;
The heroes sit, the vulgar form a ring;
The clam'rous crowd is hush'd with mugs of mum,
Till all tuned equal send a gen'ral hum.
Then mount the clerks, and in one lazy tone
Thro' the long, heavy, painful page drawl on;
Soft creeping words on words the sense compose,
At ev'ry line they stretch, they yawn, they doze.
As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low
Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow,
Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,
As breathe, or pause, by fits, the airs divine;
And now to this side, now to that they nod,
As verse, or prose, infuse the drowsy God.
Thrice Budgell aim'd to speak, but thrice suppress
By potent Arthur, knock'd his chin and breast.
Toland and Tindal, prompt at priests to jeer,
Yet silent bow'd to 'Christ's no kingdom here.'
Who sat the nearest, by the words o'ercome,
Slept first; the distant nodded to the hum,
Then down are roll'd the books; stretch'd o'er 'em lies
Each gentle clerk, and mutt'ring seals his eyes.
As what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes,
One circle first and then a second makes,
What Dulness dropt among her sons imprest
Like motion from one circle to the rest:
So from the midmost the nutation spreads,
Round and more round, o'er all the sea of heads.
At last Centlivre felt her voice to fail;
Motteux himself unfinish'd left his tale;
Boyer the state, and Law the stage gave o'er;
Morgan and Mandeville could prate no more;
Norton, from Daniel and Ostrœa sprung,
Bless'd with his father's front and mother's tongue,
Hung silent down his never-blushing head,
And all was hush'd, as Folly's self lay dead.
Thus the soft gifts of sleep conclude the day,
And stretch'd on bulks, as usual Poets lay.
Why should I sing what bards the nightly Muse
Did slumb'ring visit, and convey to stews?
Who prouder march'd, with magistrates in state,
To some famed roundhouse, ever-open gate?
How Henley lay inspired beside a sink,
And to mere mortals seem'd a priest in drink,
While others, timely, to the neighb'ring Fleet
(Haunt of the Muses) made their safe retreat?

BOOK III

ARGUMENT

After the other persons are disposed in their proper places of rest, the Goddess transports the King to her Temple, and there lays him to slumber with his head on her lap; a position of marvellous virtue, which causes all the visions of wild enthusiasts, projectors, politicians, inamoratos, castle-builders, chymists, and poets. He is immediately carried on the wings of Fancy, and led by a mad poetical Sibyl, to the Elysian shade; where, on the banks of Lethe, the souls of the dull are dipped by Bavius, before their entrance into this world. There he is met by the ghost of Settle, and by him

made acquainted with the wonders of the place, and with those which he himself is destined to perform. He takes him to a Mount of Vision, from whence he shows him the past triumphs of the Empire of Dulness; then, the present; and, lastly, the future: how small a part of the world was ever conquered by Science, how soon those conquests were stopped, and these very nations again reduced to her dominion. Then distinguishing the island of Great Britain, shows by what aids, by what persons, and by what degrees, it shall be brought to her empire. Some of the persons he causes to pass in review before his eyes, describing each by his proper figure, character, and qualifications. On a sudden the scene shifts, and a vast number of miracles and prodigies appear, utterly surprising and unknown to the King himself, till they are explained to be the wonders of his own reign now commencing. On this subject Settle breaks into a congratulation, yet not unmixed with concern, that his own times were but the types of these. He prophesies how first the nation shall be overrun with Farces, Operas, and Shows; how the throne of Dulness shall be advanced over the Theatres, and set up even at Court; then how her sons shall preside in the seats of Arts and Sciences; giving a glimpse, or Pisgah-sight, of the future fulness of her glory, the accomplishment whereof is the subject of the fourth and last book.

But in her temple's last recess inclosed,
On Dulness' lap th' anointed head reposed.
Him close she curtains round with vapours blue,
And soft besprinkles with Cimmerian dew:
Then raptures high the seat of Sense o'erflow,
Which only heads refin'd from Reason know.
Hence from the straw where Bedlam's prophet nods,
He hears loud oracles, and talks with Gods;
Hence the fool's paradise, the statesman's scheme,
The air-built castle, and the golden dream,
The maid's romantic wish, the chymist's flame,
And poet's vision of eternal Fame.
And now, on Fancy's easy wing convey'd,
The king descending views th' Elysian shade.
A slipshod Sibyl led his steps along,
In lofty madness meditating song;
Her tresses staring from poetic dreams,
And never wash'd but in Castalia's streams.
Taylor, their better Charon, lends an oar
(Once swan of Thames, tho' now he sings no more);
Benlowes, propitious still to blockheads, bows;
And Shadwell nods, the poppy on his brows.
Here in a dusky vale, where Lethe rolls,
Old Bavius sits to dip poetic souls,
And blunt the sense, and fit it for a skull
Of solid proof, impenetrably dull.
Instant, when dipt, away they wing their flight,
Where Browne and Mears unbar the gates of light,
Demand new bodies, and in calf's array
Rush to the world, impatient for the day.
Millions and millions on these banks he views,
Thick as the stars of night or morning dews,
As thick as bees o'er vernal blossoms fly,
As thick as eggs at Ward in pillory.
Wond'ring he gazed: when, lo! a Sage appears,
By his broad shoulders known, and length of ears,
Known by the band and suit which Settle wore
(His only suit) for twice three years before:
All as the vest, appear'd the wearer's frame,
Old in new state — another, yet the same.
Bland and familiar, as in life, begun
Thus the great father to the greater son:
'Oh! born to see what none can see awake,
Behold the wonders of th' oblivious lake!
Thou, yet unborn, hast touch'd this sacred shore;
The hand of Bavius drench'd thee o'er and o'er.
But blind to former as to future fate,
What mortal knows his preëxistent state?
Who knows how long thy transmigrating soul
Might from Bœotian to Bœotian roll?
How many Dutchmen she vouchsafed to thrid?
How many stages thro' old monks she rid?
And all who since, in mild benighted days,
Mix'd the Owl's ivy with the Poet's bays?

As man's mæanders to the vital spring
Roll all their tides, then back their circles bring;
Or whirligigs, twirl'd round by skilful swain,
Suck the thread in, then yield it out again;
All nonsense thus, of old or modern date,
Shall in thee centre, from thee circulate.
For this our Queen unfolds to vision true
Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view:
Old scenes of glory, times long cast behind,
Shall, first recall'd, rush forward to thy mind:
Then stretch thy sight o'er all her rising reign,
And let the past and future fire thy brain.
'Ascend this hill, whose cloudy point commands
Her boundless empire over seas and lands.
See, round the poles where keener spangles shine,
Where spices smoke beneath the burning Line
(Earth's wide extremes), her sable flag display'd,
And all the nations cover'd in her shade!
'Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the sun
And orient Science their bright course begun:
One godlike monarch all that pride confounds,
He whose long wall the wand'ring Tartar bounds:
Heav'ns! what a pile! whole ages perish there,
And one bright blaze turns learning into air.
'Thence to the south extend thy gladden'd eyes;
There rival flames with equal glory rise;
From shelves to shelves see greedy Vulcan roll,
And lick up all their physic of the soul.
'How little, mark! that portion of the ball,
Where, faint at best, the beams of Science fall:
Soon as they dawn, from hyperborean skies
Embodied dark, what clouds of Vandals rise!
Lo! where Mæotis sleeps, and hardly flows
The freezing Tanais thro' a waste of snows,
The North by myriads pours her mighty sons,
Great nurse of Goths, of Alans, and of Huns!
See Alaric's stern port! the martial frame
Of Genseric! and Attila's dread name!
See the bold Ostrogoths on Latium fall!
See the fierce Visigoths on Spain and Gaul!
See where the morning gilds the palmy shore
(The soil that arts and infant letters bore),
His conqu'ring tribes th' Arabian prophet draws,
And saving Ignorance enthrones by laws!
See Christians, Jews, one heavy sabbath keep,
And all the western world believe and sleep!
'Lo! Rome herself, proud mistress now no more
Of arts, but thund'ring against heathen lore;
Her gray-hair'd synods damning books unread,
And Bacon trembling for his brazen head.
Padua, with sighs, beholds her Livy burn,
And ev'n th' Antipodes Virgilius mourn.
See the Cirque falls, th' unpillar'd Temple nods,
Streets paved with Heroes, Tiber choked with Gods;
Till Peter's keys some christen'd Jove adorn,
And Pan to Moses lends his Pagan horn.
See graceless Venus to a virgin turn'd,
Or Phidias broken, and Apelles burn'd!
'Behold yon isle, by Palmers, Pilgrims trod,
Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, shod, unshod,
Peel'd, patch'd, and piebald, linsey-woolsey brothers,
Grave Mummers! sleeveless some and shirtless others.
That once was Britain — Happy! had she seen
No fiercer sons, had Easter never been.
In peace, great Goddess, ever be ador'd;
How keen the war, if Dulness draw the sword!
Thus visit not thy own! on this bless'd age
O spread thy influence, but restrain thy rage.

'And see, my son! the hour is on its way
That lifts our Goddess to imperial sway;
This fav'rite isle, long sever'd from her reign,
Dove-like, she gathers to her wings again.
Now look thro' Fate! behold the scene she draws!
What aids, what armies, to assert her cause!
See all her progeny, illustrious sight!
Behold, and count them, as they rise to light.
As Berecynthia, while her offspring vie
In homage to the mother of the sky,
Surveys around her, in the bless'd abode,
A hundred sons, and every son a God,
Not with less glory mighty Dulness crown'd,
Shall take thro' Grub-street her triumphant round,
And her Parnassus glancing o'er at once,
Behold a hundred sons, and each a Dunce.
'Mark first that youth who takes the foremost place,
And thrusts his person full into your face.
With all thy father's virtues bless'd, be born!
And a new Cibber shall the stage adorn.
'A second see, by meeker manners known,
And modest as the maid that sips alone;
From the strong fate of drams if thou get free,
Another Durfey, Ward! shall sing in thee.
Thee shall each alehouse, thee each gill-house mourn,
And answering ginshops sourer sighs return.
'Jacob, the scourge of grammar, mark with awe;
Nor less revere him, blunderbuss of law.
Lo Popple's brow, tremendous to the town,
Horneck's fierce eye, and Roome's funereal frown.
Lo sneering Goode, half malice and half whim,
A fiend in glee, ridiculously grim.
Each cygnet sweet, of Bath and Tunbridge race,
Whose tuneful whistling makes the waters pass:
Each songster, riddler, ev'ry nameless name,
All crowd, who foremost shall be damn'd to Fame.
Some strain in rhyme: the Muses, on their racks,
Scream like the winding of ten thousand jacks:
Some free from rhyme or reason, rule or check,
Break Priscian's head, and Pegasus's neck;
Down, down they larum, with impetuous whirl,
The Pindars and the Miltons of a Curll.
'Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
And makes night hideous — Answer him, ye owls!
'Sense, speech, and measure, living tongues and dead,
Let all give way — and Morris may be read.
Flow, Welsted, flow! like thine inspirer, beer,
Tho' stale, not ripe, tho' thin, yet never clear;
So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull;
Heady, not strong; o'erflowing, tho' not full.
Ah, Dennis! Gildon, ah! what ill-starr'd rage
Divides a friendship long confirm'd by age?
Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor,
But fool with fool is barb'rous civil war.
Embrace, embrace, my sons! be foes no more!
Nor glad vile poets with true critics' gore.
'Behold yon pair, in strict embraces join'd;
How like in manners, and how like in mind!
Equal in wit, and equally polite
Shall this a Pasquin, that a Grumbler write;
Like are their merits, like rewards they share,
That shines a Consul, this Commissioner.'
'But who is he, in closet close y-pent,
Of sober face, with learned dust besprent?
Right well mine eyes arede the myster wight,
On parchment scraps y-fed and Wormius hight.
To future ages may thy dulness last,
As thou preserv'st the dulness of the past!
'There, dim in clouds, the poring scholiasts mark,
Wits, who, like owls, see only in the dark,

A lumberhouse of books in ev'ry head,
For ever reading, never to be read!
'But, where each science lifts its modern type,
Hist'ry her pot, Divinity her pipe,
While proud Philosophy repines to show,
Dishonest sight! his breeches rent below,
Imbrown'd with native bronze, lo! Henley stands,
Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands.
How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue!
How sweet the periods, neither said nor sung!
Still break the benches, Henley! with thy strain,
While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibson preach in vain.
O great restorer of the good old stage,
Preacher at once, and Zany of thy age!
O worthy thou of Egypt's wise abodes,
A decent priest where monkeys were the gods!
But fate with butchers placed thy priestly stall,
Meek modern faith to murder, hack, and maul;
And bade thee live, to crown Britannia's praise,
In Toland's, Tindal's, and in Woolston's days.
'Yet, oh, my sons! a father's words attend
(So may the Fates preserve the ears you lend):
'T is yours a Bacon or a Locke to blame,
A Newton's genius, or a Milton's flame:
But, oh! with One, immortal One, dispense,
The source of Newton's light, of Bacon's sense.
Content, each emanation of his fires
That beams on earth, each virtue he inspires,
Each art he prompts, each charm he can create,
Whate'er he gives, are giv'n for you to hate.
Persist, by all divine in man unawed,
But learn, ye Dunces! not to scorn your God.'
Thus he, for then a ray of Reason stole
Half thro' the solid darkness of his soul;
But soon the cloud return'd — and thus the sire:
'See now what Dulness and her sons admire!
See what the charms that smite the simple heart,
Not touch'd by Nature, and not reach'd by art.'
His never-blushing head he turn'd aside
(Not half so pleas'd when Goodman prophesied),
And look'd, and saw a sable sorcerer rise,
Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies:
All sudden, Gorgons hiss, and Dragons glare,
And ten-horn'd Fiends and Giants rush to war;
Hell rises, Heav'n descends, and dance on earth;
Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth,
A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
Till one wide conflagration swallows all.
Thence a new world, to Nature's laws unknown,
Breaks out refulgent, with a Heav'n its own:
Another Cynthia her new journey runs,
And other planets circle other suns.
The forests dance, the rivers upward rise,
Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies:
And last, to give the whole creation grace,
Lo! one vast egg produces human race.
Joy fills his soul, joy innocent of thought:
'What Power (he cries), what Power these wonders wrought?'
'Son, what thou seek'st is in thee! look and find
Each monster meets his likeness in thy mind.
Yet would'st thou more? in yonder cloud behold,
Whose sarsenet skirts are edged with flamy gold,
A matchless youth! his nod these worlds controls,
Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls.
Angel of Dulness, sent to scatter round
Her magic charms o'er all unclassic ground,
Yon stars, yon suns, he rears at pleasure higher,
Illumes their light, and sets their flames on fire.
Immortal Rich! how calm he sits at ease,
Midst snows of paper, and fierce hail of pease!

And proud his mistress' orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.
'But lo! to dark encounter in mid air
New wizards rise; I see my Cibber there!
Booth in his cloudy tabernacle shrined;
On grinning dragons thou shalt mount the wind.
Dire is the conflict, dismal is the din,
Here shouts all Drury, there all Lincoln's-inn;
Contending theatres our empire raise,
Alike their labours, and alike their praise.
'And are these wonders, Son, to thee unknown?
Unknown to thee! these wonders are thy own.
These Fate reserv'd to grace thy reign divine,
Foreseen by me, but ah! withheld from mine.
In Lud's old walls tho' long I ruled renown'd,
Far as loud Bow's stupendous bells resound;
Tho' my own aldermen conferr'd the bays,
To me committing their eternal praise,
Their full-fed heroes, their pacific mayors,
Their annual trophies, and their monthly wars;
Tho' long my party built on me their hopes,
For writing pamphlets, and for roasting Popes;
Yet lo! in me what authors have to brag on!
Reduced at last to hiss in my own dragon.
Avert it, Heav'n! that thou, my Cibber, e'er
Shouldst wag a serpent-tail in Smithfield fair!
Like the vile straw that 's blown about the streets,
The needy poet sticks to all he meets,
Coach'd, carted, trod upon, now loose, now fast,
And carried off in some dog's tail at last.
Happier thy fortunes! like a rolling stone,
Thy giddy dulness still shall lumber on;
Safe in its heaviness, shall never stray,
But lick up every blockhead in the way.
Thee shall the patriot, thee the courtier taste,
And ev'ry year be duller than the last;
Till raised from booths, to theatre, to Court,
Her seat imperial Dulness shall transport.
Already Opera prepares the way,
The sure forerunner of her gentle sway:
Let her thy heart (next Drabs and Dice) engage,
The third mad passion of thy doting age.
Teach thou the warbling Polypheme to roar,
And scream thyself as none e'er scream'd before!
To aid our cause, if Heav'n thou canst not bend,
Hell thou shalt move; for Faustus is our friend:
Pluto with Cato thou for this shalt join,
And link the Mourning Bride to Proserpine,
Grub-street! thy fall should men and Gods conspire,
Thy stage shall stand, insure it but from fire.
Another Æschylus appears! prepare
For new abortions, all ye pregnant fair!
In flames like Semele's, be brought to bed,
While opening Hell spouts wildfire at your head.
'Now, Bavius, take the poppy from thy brow,
And place it here! here, all ye heroes, bow!
This, this is he foretold by ancient rhymes,
Th' Augustus born to bring Saturnian times.
Signs foll'wing signs lead on the mighty year!
See the dull stars roll round and reappear!
See, see, our own true Phœbus wears the bays!
Our Midas sits Lord Chancellor of plays!
On poets' tombs see Benson's titles writ!
Lo! Ambrose Philips is preferr'd for wit!
See under Ripley rise a new Whitehall,
While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall;
While Wren with sorrow to the grave descends,
Gay dies unpension'd with a hundred friends,
Hibernian politics, O Swift! thy fate,
And Pope's, ten years to comment and translate!
'Proceed, great days! till learning fly the shore,
Till birch shall blush with noble blood no more;
Till Thames see Eton's sons for ever play,

Till Westminster's whole year be holiday;
Till Isis' elders reel, their pupils' sport,
And Alma Mater lie dissolv'd in port!'
'Enough! enough!' the raptured monarch cries,
And thro' the iv'ry gate the vision flies.

BOOK IV

ARGUMENT

The poet being, in this book, to declare the Completion of the Prophecies mentioned at the end of the former, makes a new Invocation; as the greater poets are wont, when some high and worthy matter is to be sung. He shows the Goddess coming in her majesty to destroy Order and Science, and to substitute the Kingdom of the Dull upon earth: how she leads captive the Sciences, and silences the Muses; and what they be who succeed in their stead. All her children, by a wonderful attraction, are drawn about her; and bear along with them divers others, who promote her empire by connivance, weak resistance, or discouragement of Arts; such as Half-wits, tasteless Admirers, vain Pretenders, the Flatterers of Dunces, or the Patrons of them. All these crowd round her; one of them offering to approach her, is driven back by a rival, but she commends and encourages both. The first who speak in form are the Geniuses of the Schools, who assure her of their care to advance her cause by confining youth to words, and keeping them out of the way of real knowledge. Their address, and her gracious answer; with her charge to them and the Universities. The Universities appear by their proper deputies, and assure her that the same method is observed in the progress of Education. The speech of Aristarchus on this subject. They are driven off by a band of young Gentlemen returned from travel with their tutors; one of whom delivers to the Goddess, in a polite oration, an account of the whole conduct and fruits of their travels; presenting to her at the same time a young Nobleman perfectly accomplished. She receives him graciously, and endues him with the happy quality of Want of Shame. She sees loitering about her a number of indolent persons abandoning all business and duty, and dying with laziness: to these approaches the antiquary Annius, entreating her to make them Virtuosos, and assign them over to him; but Mummius, another antiquary, complaining of his fraudulent proceeding, she finds a method to reconcile their difference. Then enter a troop of people fantastically adorned, offering her strange and exotic Presents: among them, one stands forth, and demands justice on another who had deprived him of one of the greatest curiosities in Nature; but he justifies himself so well, that the Goddess gives them both her approbation. She recommends to them to find proper employment for the Indolents before mentioned, in the study of Butterflies, Shells, Birds-nests, Moss, &c., but with particular caution not to proceed beyond trifles, to any useful or extensive views of Nature, or of the Author of Nature. Against the last of these apprehensions, she is secured by a hearty address from the Minute Philosophers and Freethinkers, one of whom speaks in the name of the rest. The Youth thus instructed and principled, are delivered to her in a body, by the hands of Silenus; and then admitted to taste the cup of the Magus, her high priest, which causes a total oblivion of all Obligations, divine, civil, moral, or rational. To these her adepts she sends Priests, Attendants, and Comforters, of various kinds; confers on them Orders and Degrees; and then dismissing them with a speech, confirming to each his privileges, and telling what she expects from each, concludes with a Yawn of extraordinary virtue: the Progress and Effects whereof on all orders of men, and the Consummation of all, in the restoration of Night and Chaos, conclude the Poem.

YET, yet a moment, one dim ray of light
Indulge, dread Chaos, and eternal Night!
Of darkness visible so much be lent,
As half to show, half veil the deep intent.
Ye Powers! Whose mysteries restor'd I sing,
To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing,
Suspend a while your force inertly strong,
Then take at once the Poet and the Song.
Now flamed the Dogstar's unpropitious ray,
Smote ev'ry brain, and wither'd ev'ry bay;
Sick was the sun, the owl forsook his bower,
The moon-struck prophet felt the madding hour:
Then rose the seed of Chaos, and of Night,
To blot out Order, and extinguish Light,
Of dull and venal a new world to mould,
And bring Saturnian days of Lead and Gold.
She mounts the Throne: her head a cloud conceal'd,
In broad effulgence all below reveal'd

('T is thus aspiring Dulness ever shines);
Soft on her lap her Laureate Son reclines:
Beneath her footstool Science groans in chains,
And Wit dreads exile, penalties, and pains.
There foam'd rebellious Logic, gagg'd and bound;
There, stript, fair Rhetoric languish'd on the ground;
His blunted arms by Sophistry are borne,
And shameless Billingsgate her robes adorn,
Morality, by her false guardians drawn,
Chicane in furs, and Casuistry in lawn,
Gasps, as they straiten at each end the cord,
And dies when Dulness gives her Page the word.
Mad Mathesis alone was unconfin'd,
Too mad for mere material chains to bind,
Now to pure Space lifts her ecstatic stare,
Now running round the Circle, finds it square.
But held in tenfold bonds the Muses lie,
Watch'd both by envy's and by flatt'ry's eye.
There to her heart sad Tragedy addrest
The dagger, wont to pierce the Tyrant's breast;
But sober History restrain'd her rage,
And promis'd vengeance on a barb'rous age.
There sunk Thalia, nerveless, cold, and dead,
Had not her sister Satire held her head:
Nor couldst thou, Chesterfield! a tear refuse,
Thou wept'st, and with thee wept each gentle Muse.
When lo! a harlot form soft sliding by,
With mincing step, small voice, and languid eye:
Foreign her air, her robe's discordant pride
In patchwork flutt'ring, and her head aside;
By singing peers upheld on either hand,
She tripp'd and laugh'd, too pretty much to stand;
Cast on the prostrate Nine a scornful look,
Then thus in quaint recitativo spoke:
'*O cara! cara!* silence all that train!
Joy to great Chaos! let Division reign!
Chromatic tortures soon shall drive them hence,
Break all their nerves, and fritter all their sense:
One Trill shall harmonize joy, grief, and rage,
Wake the dull Church, and lull the ranting Stage;
To the same notes thy sons shall hum, or snore,
And all thy yawning daughters cry *encore*.
Another Phœbus, thy own Phœbus, reigns,
Joys in my jigs, and dances in my chains.
But soon, ah, soon, rebellion will commence,
If Music meanly borrows aid from Sense:
Strong in new arms, lo! giant Handel stands,
Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands;
To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul he comes,
And Jove's own thunders follow Mars's drums.
Arrest him, Empress, or you sleep no more'——
She heard, and drove him to th' Hibernian shore.
And now had Fame's posterior trumpet blown,
And all the nations summon'd to the Throne:
The young, the old, who feel her inward sway,
One instinct seizes, and transports away.
None need a guide, by sure attraction led,
And strong impulsive gravity of head:
None want a place, for all their centre found,
Hung to the Goddess, and cohered around.
Not closer, orb in orb, conglobed are seen
The buzzing bees about their dusky queen.
The gath'ring number, as it moves along,
Involves a vast involuntary throng,
Who gently drawn, and struggling less and less,
Roll in her vortex, and her power confess.
Not those alone who passive own her laws,
But who, weak rebels, more advance her cause:
Whate'er of Dunce in College or in Town
Sneers at another, in toupee or gown;
Whate'er of mongrel no one class admits,
A Wit with Dunces, and a Dunce with Wits.
Nor absent they, no members of her state,
Who pay her homage in her sons, the Great;

Who, false to Phœbus, bow the knee to Baal,
Or impious, preach his word without a call:
Patrons, who sneak from living worth to dead,
Withhold the pension, and set up the head;
Or vast dull Flatt'ry in the sacred gown,
Or give from fool to fool the laurel crown;
And (last and worst) with all the cant of wit,
Without the soul, the Muse's hypocrite.
There march'd the Bard and Blockhead side by side,
Who rhymed for hire, and patronized for pride.
Narcissus, prais'd with all a parson's power,
Look'd a white lily sunk beneath a shower.
There moved Montalto with superior air;
His stretch'd-out arm display'd a volume fair;
Courtiers and Patriots in two ranks divide,
Thro' both he pass'd, and bow'd from side to side;
But as in graceful act, with awful eye,
Composed he stood, bold Benson thrust him by:
On two unequal crutches propt he came,
Milton's on this, on that one Johnston's name.
The decent knight retired with sober rage,
Withdrew his hand, and closed the pompous page:
But (happy for him as the times went then)
Appear'd Apollo's mayor and aldermen,
On whom three hundred gold-capp'd youths await,
To lug the pond'rous volume off in state.
When Dulness, smiling — 'Thus revive the Wits!
But murder first, and mince them all to bits;
As erst Medea (cruel, so to save!)
A new edition of old Æson gave;
Let standard authors thus, like trophies borne,
Appear more glorious as more hack'd and torn.
And you, my Critics! in the chequer'd shade,
Admire new light thro' holes yourselves have made.
Leave not a foot of verse, a foot of stone,
A page, a grave, that they can call their own;
But spread, my sons, your glory thin or thick,
On passive paper, or on solid brick.
So by each Bard an Alderman shall sit,
A heavy Lord shall hang at every Wit,
And while on Fame's triumphal car they ride,
Some slave of mine be pinion'd to their side.'
Now crowds on crowds around the Goddess press,
Each eager to present the first address.
Dunce scorning Dunce beholds the next advance,
But Fop shows Fop superior complaisance.
When lo! a spectre rose, whose index hand
Held forth the virtue of the dreadful wand;
His beaver'd brow a birchen garland wears,
Dropping with infants' blood and mothers' tears.
O'er ev'ry vein a shudd'ring horror runs,
Eton and Winton shake thro' all their sons.
All flesh is humbled, Westminster's bold race
Shrink, and confess the Genius of the place:
The pale boy-senator yet tingling stands,
And holds his breeches close with both his hands.
Then thus: 'Since man from beast by words is known,
Words are man's province, words we teach alone.
When reason doubtful, like the Samian letter,
Points him two ways, the narrower is the better.
Placed at the door of learning, youth to guide,
We never suffer it to stand too wide.
To ask, to guess, to know, as they commence,
As Fancy opens the quick springs of Sense,
We ply the Memory, we load the Brain,
Bind rebel wit, and double chain on chain,
Confine the thought, to exercise the breath,
And keep them in the pale of words till death.
Whate'er the talents, or howe'er design'd,
We hang one jingling padlock on the mind:
A poet the first day he dips his quill;
And what the last? a very poet still.

Pity! the charm works only in our wall,
Lost, lost too soon in yonder house or hall.
There truant Wyndham ev'ry Muse gave o'er,
There Talbot sunk, and was a Wit no more!
How sweet an Ovid, Murray was our boast!
How many Martials were in Pulteney lost!
Else sure some bard, to our eternal praise,
In twice ten thousand rhyming nights and days,
Had reach'd the work, the all that mortal can,
And South beheld that masterpiece of man.
'O (cried the Goddess) for some pedant reign!
Some gentle James, to bless the land again:
To stick the doctor's chair into the throne,
Give law to words, or war with words alone,
Senates and Courts with Greek and Latin rule,
And turn the Council to a grammar school!
For sure if Dulness sees a grateful day,
'T is in the shade of arbitrary sway.
O! if my sons may learn one earthly thing,
Teach but that one, sufficient for a King;
That which my priests, and mine alone, maintain,
Which, as it dies, or lives, we fall, or reign:
May you, may Cam, and Isis, preach it long!
'"The right divine of Kings to govern wrong."'
Prompt at the call, around the Goddess roll
Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a sable shoal:
Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,
A hundred head of Aristotle's friends.
Nor wert thou, Isis! wanting to the day
(Tho' Christ Church long kept prudishly away):
Each stanch polemic, stubborn as a rock,
Each fierce logician, still expelling Locke,
Came whip and spur, and dash'd thro' thin and thick,
On German Crousaz, and Dutch Burgersdyck.
As many quit the streams that murm'ring fall
To lull the sons of Marg'ret and Clare Hall,
Where Bentley late tempestuous wont to sport
In troubled waters, but now sleeps in port.
Before them march'd that awful Aristarch;
Plough'd was his front with many a deep remark;
His hat, which never veil'd to human pride,
Walker with rev'rence took, and laid aside.
Low bow'd the rest; he, kingly, did but nod;
So upright Quakers please both man and God.
'Mistress! dismiss that rabble from your throne;
Avaunt — is Aristarchus yet unknown?
Thy mighty scholiast, whose unwearied pains
Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains.
Turn what they will to verse, their toil is vain,
Critics like me shall make it prose again.
Roman and Greek grammarians! know your better;
Author of something yet more great than letter;
While tow'ring o'er your alphabet, like Saul,
Stands our Digamma, and o'ertops them all.
'T is true, on words is still our whole debate,
Disputes of *me* or *te*, of *aut* or *at*,
To sound or sink in *cano*, O or A,
Or give up Cicero to C or K.
Let Friend affect to speak as Terence spoke,
And Alsop never but like Horace joke:
For me what Virgil, Pliny, may deny,
Manilius or Solinus shall supply:
For Attic phrase in Plato let them seek,
I poach in Suidas for unlicens'd Greek.
In ancient sense if any needs will deal,
Be sure I give them fragments, not a meal;
What Gellius or Stobæus hash'd before,
Or chew'd by blind old scholiasts o'er and o'er.
The critic eye, that microscope of wit,
Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit.
How parts relate to parts, or they to whole,
The Body's harmony, the beaming Soul,
Are things which Kuster, Burman, Wasse shall see;
When man's whole frame is obvious to a flea.
'Ah, think not, Mistress! more true dulness lies
In Folly's cap, than Wisdom's grave disguise.

Like buoys, that never sink into the flood,
On learning's surface we but lie and nod.
Thine is the genuine head of many a house,
And much divinity without a *νοῦς*.
Nor could a Barrow work on ev'ry block,
Nor has one Atterbury spoil'd the flock!
See! still thy own, the heavy Canon roll,
And metaphysic smokes involve the pole.
For thee we dim the eyes, and stuff the head
With all such reading as was never read:
For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
And write about it, Goddess, and about it:
So spins the silkworm small its slender store,
And labours till it clouds itself all o'er.
'What tho' we let some better sort of fool
Thrid ev'ry science, run thro' ev'ry school?
Never by tumbler thro' the hoops was shown
Such skill in passing all, and touching none.
He may indeed (if sober all this time)
Plague with Dispute, or persecute with Rhyme.
We only furnish what he cannot use,
Or, wed to what he must divorce, a Muse:
Full in the midst of Euclid dip at once,
And petrify a Genius to a Dunce:
Or, set on metaphysic ground to prance,
Show all his paces, not a step advance.
With the same cement, ever sure to bind,
We bring to one dead level ev'ry mind:
Then take him to develop, if you can,
And hew the Block off, and get out the Man.
But wherefore waste I words? I see advance
Whore, pupil, and laced governor from France.
Walker! our hat!'—— nor more he deign'd to say,
But stern as Ajax' spectre strode away.
In flow'd at once a gay embroider'd race,
And titt'ring push'd the pedants off the place:
Some would have spoken, but the voice was drown'd
By the French horn or by the opening hound.
The first came forwards with as easy mien,
As if he saw St. James's and the Queen.
When thus th' attendant orator begun:
'Receive, great Empress! thy accomplish'd son;
Thine from the birth, and sacred from the rod,
A dauntless infant! never scared with God.
The sire saw, one by one, his Virtues wake;
The mother begg'd the blessing of a Rake.
Thou gavest that ripeness, which so soon began,
And ceas'd so soon, he ne'er was boy nor man.
Thro' school and college, thy kind cloud o'ercast,
Safe and unseen the young Æneas past:
Thence bursting glorious, all at once let down,
Stunn'd with his giddy larum half the town.
Intrepid then, o'er seas and lands he flew;
Europe he saw, and Europe saw him too.
There all thy gifts and graces we display,
Thou, only thou, directing all our way!
To where the Seine, obsequious as she runs,
Pours at great Bourbon's feet her silken sons;
Or Tyber, now no longer Roman, rolls,
Vain of Italian arts, Italian souls:
To happy convents, bosom'd deep in vines,
Where slumber abbots, purple as their wines:
To isles of fragrance, lily-silver'd vales,
Diffusing languor in the panting gales:
To lands of singing, or of dancing, slaves,
Love-whisp'ring woods, and lute-resounding waves.
But chief her shrine where naked Venus keeps,
And Cupids ride the lion of the deeps;
Where, eas'd of fleets, the Adriatic main
Wafts the smooth eunuch and enamour'd swain.
Led by my hand, he saunter'd Europe round,
And gather'd ev'ry vice on Christian ground;
Saw every Court, heard every King declare
His royal sense of Op'ras or the Fair;
The Stews and Palace equally explored,
Intrigued with glory, and with spirit whored;
Tried all hors-d'œuvres, all liqueurs defined,
Judicious drank, and greatly daring dined;
Dropp'd the dull lumber of the Latin store,
Spoil'd his own language, and acquired no more;
All classic learning lost on classic ground;
And last — turn'd Air, the Echo of a Sound!
See now, half-cured, and perfectly well-bred,
With nothing but a solo in his head;
As much estate, and principle, and wit,

As Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber shall think fit;
Stol'n from a Duel, follow'd by a Nun,
And, if a borough choose him not, undone;
See, to my country happy I restore
This glorious youth, and add one Venus more.
Her too receive (for her my soul adores);
So may the sons of sons of sons of whores
Prop thine, O Empress! like each neighbour Throne,
And make a long posterity thy own.'
Pleas'd, she accepts the Hero and the Dame,
Wraps in her veil, and frees from sense of shame:
Then look'd, and saw a lazy lolling sort,
Unseen at Church, at Senate, or at Court,
Of ever listless loit'rers, that attend
No cause, no trust, no duty, and no friend.
Thee, too, my Paridell! she mark'd thee there,
Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair,
And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
The pains and penalties of Idleness.
She pitied! but her pity only shed
Benigner influence on thy nodding head.
But Annius, crafty seer, with ebon wand,
And well-dissembled em'rald on his hand,
False as his gems, and canker'd as his coins,
Came, cramm'd with capon, from where Pollio dines.
Soft, as the wily fox is seen to creep,
Where bask on sunny banks the simple sheep,
Walk round and round, now prying here, now there,
So he, but pious, whisper'd first his prayer:
'Grant, gracious Goddess! grant me still to cheat!
O may thy cloud still cover the deceit!
Thy choicer mists on this assembly shed,
But pour them thickest on the noble head.
So shall each youth, assisted by our eyes,
See other Cæsars, other Homers rise;
Thro' twilight ages hunt th' Athenian fowl,
Which Chalcis, Gods, and Mortals call an owl;
Now see an Attys, now a Cecrops clear,
Nay, Mahomet! the pigeon at thine ear;
Be rich in ancient brass, tho' not in gold,
And keep his Lares, tho' his House be sold;
To heedless Phœbe his fair bride postpone,
Honour a Syrian prince above his own;
Lord of an Otho, if I vouch it true;
Bless'd in one Niger, till he knows of two.'
Mummius o'erheard him; Mummius, fool renown'd,
Who, like his Cheops, stinks above the ground,
Fierce as a startled adder, swell'd and said,
Rattling an ancient Sistrum at his head:
'Speak'st thou of Syrian Princes? traitor base!
Mine, Goddess! mine is all the horned race.
True, he had wit to make their value rise;
From foolish Greeks to steal them was as wise;
More glorious yet, from barb'rous hands to keep,
When Sallee rovers chased him on the deep.
Then taught by Hermes, and divinely bold,
Down his own throat he risk'd the Grecian gold,
Receiv'd each demigod, with pious care,
Deep in his entrails — I revered them there,
I bought them, shrouded in that living shrine,
And, at their second birth, they issue mine.'
'Witness, great Ammon! by whose horns I swore
(Replied soft Annius), this our paunch before
Still bears them, faithful; and that thus I eat,
Is to refund the Medals with the Meat.
To prove me, Goddess! clear of all design,
Bid me with Pollio sup as well as dine:
There all the learn'd shall at the labour stand,
And Douglas lend his soft obstetric hand.'
The Goddess, smiling, seem'd to give consent;
So back to Pollio hand in hand they went.
Then thick as locusts black'ning all the ground,
A tribe with weeds and shells fantastic crown'd,
Each with some wondrous gift approach'd the Power,
A nest, a toad, a fungus, or a flower.
By far the foremost two, with earnest zeal
And aspect ardent, to the throne appeal.
The first thus open'd: 'Hear thy suppliant's call,
Great Queen, and common Mother of us all!
Fair from its humble bed I rear'd this flower,
Suckled, and cheer'd, with air, and sun, and shower.

Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I spread,
Bright with the gilded button tipp'd its head,
Then throned in glass, and named it CAROLINE.
Each maid cried, "Charming!" and each youth, "Divine!"
Did Nature's pencil ever blend such rays,
Such varied light in one promiscuous blaze?
Now prostrate! dead! behold that Caroline:
No maid cries, "Charming!" and no youth, "Divine!"
And lo, the wretch! whose vile, whose insect lust
Laid this gay daughter of the spring in dust.
O punish him, or to th' Elysian shades
Dismiss my soul, where no Carnation fades.'
He ceas'd, and wept. With innocence of mien
Th' accused stood forth, and thus address'd the Queen:
'Of all th' enamell'd race, whose silv'ry wing
Waves to the tepid zephyrs of the spring,
Or swims along the fluid atmosphere,
Once brightest shined this child of Heat and Air.
I saw, and started from its vernal bower
The rising game, and chased from flower to flower.
It fled, I follow'd; now in hope, now pain;
It stopt, I stopt; it mov'd, I mov'd again.
At last it fix'd, 't was on what plant it pleas'd,
And where it fix'd the beauteous bird I seiz'd:
Rose or Carnation was below my care;
I meddle, Goddess! only in my sphere.
I tell the naked fact without disguise,
And, to excuse it, need but show the prize;
Whose spoils this paper offers to your eye,
Fair ev'n in death, this peerless butterfly!'
'My sons! (she answer'd) both have done your parts:
Live happy both, and long promote our Arts.
But hear a mother when she recommends
To your fraternal care our sleeping friends.
The common soul, of Heav'n's more frugal make,
Serves but to keep Fools pert, and Knaves awake;
A drowsy watchman, that just gives a knock,
And breaks our rest, to tell us what 's o'clock.
Yet by some object ev'ry brain is stirr'd;
The dull may waken to a Humming-bird;
The most recluse, discreetly open'd, find
Congenial matter in the Cockle kind;
The mind, in metaphysics at a loss,
May wander in a wilderness of Moss;
The head that turns at superlunar things
Pois'd with a tail, may steer on Wilkins' wings.
'O! would the sons of men once think their eyes
And Reason giv'n them but to study flies!
See Nature in some partial narrow shape,
And let the Author of the whole escape:
Learn but to trifle; or, who most observe,
To wonder at their Maker, not to serve!'
'Be that my task (replies a gloomy Clerk,
Sworn foe to myst'ry, yet divinely dark;
Whose pious hope aspires to see the day
When moral evidence shall quite decay,
And damns implicit faith, and holy lies;
Prompt to impose, and fond to dogmatize):
Let others creep by timid steps, and slow,
On plain Experience lay foundations low,
By common sense to common knowledge bred,
And last, to Nature's Cause thro' Nature led.
All-seeing in thy mists, we want no guide,
Mother of Arrogance, and source of pride!
We nobly take the high *priori* road,
And reason downward, till we doubt of God:
Make Nature still encroach upon his plan,
And shove him off as far as e'er we can:
Thrust some Mechanic Cause into his place,
Or bind in Matter, or diffuse in Space:
Or, at one bound o'erleaping all his laws,
Make God man's image; man, the final Cause;
Find Virtue local, all Relation scorn,
See all in self, and but for self be born:
Of nought so certain as our Reason still,
Of nought so doubtful as of Soul and Will.
O hide the God still more! and make us see
Such as Lucretius drew, a God like thee:
Wrapt up in self, a God without a thought,
Regardless of our merit or default.
Or that bright image to our fancy draw,
Which Theocles in raptured vision saw,
While thro' poetic scenes the Genius roves,
Or wanders wild in academic groves;
That Nature our society adores,
Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus snores!'
Rous'd at his name, up rose the bousy Sire,
And shook from out his pipe the seeds of fire;
Then snapt his box, and stroked his belly down;

Rosy and rev'rend, tho' without a gown.
Bland and familiar to the Throne he came,
Led up the youth, and call'd the Goddess Dame;
Then thus: 'From priestcraft happily set free,
Lo! every finish'd son returns to thee:
First slave to Words, then vassal to a Name,
Then dupe to Party; child and man the same;
Bounded by Nature, narrow'd still by Art,
A trifling head, and a contracted heart.
Thus bred, thus taught, how many have I seen,
Smiling on all, and smil'd on by a Queen!
Mark'd out for honours, honour'd for their birth,
To thee the most rebellious things on earth:
Now to thy gentle shadow all are shrunk,
All melted down in Pension or in Punk!
So K[ent] so B** sneak'd into the grave,
A monarch's half, and half a harlot's slave.
Poor W[harton] nipt in Folly's broadest bloom,
Who praises now? his chaplain on his tomb.
Then take them all, O take them to thy breast!
Thy Magus, Goddess! shall perform the rest.'
With that a wizard old his Cup extends,
Which whoso tastes, forgets his former Friends,
Sire, Ancestors, Himself. One casts his eyes
Up to a star, and like Endymion dies:
A feather, shooting from another's head,
Extracts his brain, and Principle is fled;
Lost is his God, his Country, everything,
And nothing left but homage to a King!
The vulgar herd turn off to roll with hogs,
To run with horses, or to hunt with dogs;
But, sad example! never to escape
Their infamy, still keep the human shape.
But she, good Goddess, sent to every child
Firm Impudence, or Stupefaction mild;
And straight succeeded, leaving shame no room,
Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.
Kind Self-conceit to some her glass applies,
Which no one looks in with another's eyes:
But as the Flatt'rer or Dependant paint,
Beholds himself a Patriot, Chief, or Saint.
On others Int'rest her gay liv'ry flings,
Int'rest, that waves on party-colour'd wings:
Turn'd to the sun, she casts a thousand dyes,
And, as she turns, the colours fall or rise.
Others the Syren Sisters warble round,
And empty heads console with empty sound.
No more, alas! the voice of Fame they hear,
The balm of Dulness trickling in their ear.
Great C**, H**, P**, R**, K*,
Why all your toils? your sons have learn'd to sing.
How quick Ambition hastes to Ridicule:
The sire is made a Peer, the son a Fool.
On some, a priest succinct in amice white
Attends; all flesh is nothing in his sight!
Beeves, at his touch, at once to jelly turn,
And the huge boar is shrunk into an urn:
The board with specious Miracles he loads,
Turns hares to larks, and pigeons into toads.
Another (for in all what one can shine?)
Explains the *sève* and *verdeur* of the Vine.
What cannot copious sacrifice atone?
Thy truffles, Périgord, thy hams, Bayonne,
With French libation, and Italian strain,
Wash Bladen white, and expiate Hays's stain,
Knight lifts the head; for, what are crowds undone,
To three essential partridges in one?
Gone ev'ry blush, and silent all reproach,
Contending Princes mount them in their coach.
Next bidding all draw near on bended knees,
The Queen confers her Titles and Degrees.
Her children first of more distinguish'd sort,
Who study Shakespeare at the Inns of Court,
Impale a glow-worm, or Vertù profess,
Shine in the dignity of F. R. S.
Some, deep Freemasons, join the silent race,
Worthy to fill Pythagoras's place:
Some Botanists, or florists at the least,
Or issue members of an annual feast.
Nor past the meanest unregarded; one
Rose a Gregorian, one a Gormogon.
The last, not least in honour or applause,
Isis and Cam made Doctors of her Laws.

Then, blessing all, 'Go children of my care!
To practice now from theory repair.
All my commands are easy, short and full:
My sons! be proud, be selfish, and be dull.
Guard my Prerogative, assert my Throne:
This nod confirms each privilege your own.
The cap and switch be sacred to His Grace;
With staff and pumps the Marquis leads the race;
From stage to stage the licens'd Earl may run,
Pair'd with his fellow charioteer, the sun;
The learned Baron butterflies design,
Or draw to silk Arachne's subtle line;
The Judge to dance his brother sergeant call;
The Senator at cricket urge the ball:
The Bishop stow (pontific luxury!)
A hundred souls of turkeys in a pie;
The sturdy Squire to Gallic masters stoop,
And drown his lands and manors in a soup.
Others import yet nobler arts from France,
Teach Kings to fiddle, and make Senates dance.
Perhaps more high some daring son may soar,
Proud to my list to add one monarch more;
And nobly-conscious, Princes are but things
Born for first Ministers, as slaves for Kings,
Tyrant supreme! shall three estates command,
And make one mighty Dunciad of the land!'
More she had spoke, but yawn'd — All nature nods:
What mortal can resist the yawn of Gods?
Churches and chapels instantly it reach'd
(St. James's first, for leaden Gilbert preach'd);
Then catch'd the Schools; the Hall scarce kept awake;
The Convocation gaped, but could not speak.
Lost was the Nation's sense, nor could be found,
While the long solemn unison went round:
Wide, and more wide, it spread o'er all the realm;
Ev'n Palinurus nodded at the helm:
The vapour mild o'er each committee crept;
Unfinish'd treaties in each office slept;
And chiefless armies dozed out the campaign;
And navies yawn'd for orders on the main.
O Muse! relate (for you can tell alone,
Wits have short memories, and Dunces none),
Relate who first, who last, resign'd to rest;
Whose heads she partly, whose completely blest;
What charms could Faction, what Ambition lull,
The venal quiet, and entrance the dull,
Till drown'd was Sense, and Shame, and Right, and Wrong;
O sing, and hush the nations with thy song!

. . . . . .

In vain, in vain — the all-composing hour
Resistless falls; the Muse obeys the power.
She comes! she comes! the sable throne behold
Of Night primeval, and of Chaos old!
Before her Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying rainbows die away.
Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
As one by one, at dread Medea's strain,
The sick'ning stars fade off th' ethereal plain;
As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand opprest,
Closed one by one to everlasting rest;
Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
Art after Art goes out, and all is night.
See skulking Truth to her old cavern fled,
Mountains of casuistry heap'd o'er her head!
Philosophy, that lean'd on Heaven before,
Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.
Physic of Metaphysic begs defence,
And Metaphysic calls for aid on Sense!
See Mystery to Mathematics fly!
In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
And unawares Morality expires.
Nor public flame, nor private, dares to shine;
Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine!
Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos! is restor'd;
Light dies before thy uncreating word:
Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall;
And universal Darkness buries all.

TRANSLATIONS FROM HOMER

THE ILIAD

POPE began the actual work of translating *The Iliad* in 1714. Swift not only strongly urged him to undertake the task, but by personal exertions secured for him a very large and distinguished list of subscribers. The first four books were published in 1715, and the succeeding books in 1717, 1718 and 1720.

POPE'S PREFACE

Homer is universally allowed to have had the greatest *Invention* of any writer whatever. The praise of judgment Virgil has justly contested with him, and others may have their pretensions as to particular excellencies; but his invention remains yet unrivalled. Nor is it a wonder if he has ever been acknowledged the greatest of poets, who most excelled in that which is the very foundation of poetry. It is the invention that in different degrees distinguishes all great geniuses: the utmost stretch of human study, learning, and industry, which masters everything besides, can never attain to this. It furnishes Art with all her materials, and without it, judgment itself can at best but *steal wisely:* for Art is only like a prudent steward, that lives on managing the riches of Nature. Whatever praises may be given to works of judgment, there is not even a single beauty in them but is owing to the invention: as in the most regular gardens, however Art may carry the greatest appearance, there is not a plant or flower but is the gift of Nature. The first can only reduce the beauties of the latter into a more obvious figure, which the common eye may better take in, and is therefore more entertained with them. And perhaps the reason why most critics are inclined to prefer a judicious and methodical genius to a great and fruitful one, is, because they find it easier for themselves to pursue their observations through an uniform and bounded walk of Art, than to comprehend the vast and various extent of Nature.

Our author's work is a wild paradise, where if we cannot see all the beauties so distinctly as in an ordered garden, it is only because the number of them is infinitely greater. It is like a copious nursery, which contains the seeds and first productions of every kind, out of which those who followed him have but selected some particular plants, each according to his fancy, to cultivate and beautify. If some things are too luxuriant, it is owing to the richness of the soil; and if others are not arrived to perfection or maturity, it is only because they are overrun and oppressed by those of a stronger nature.

It is to the strength of this amazing invention we are to attribute that unequalled fire and rapture, which is so forcible in Homer, that no man of a true poetical spirit is master of himself while he reads him. What he writes is of the most animated nature imaginable; everything moves, everything lives, and is put in action. If a council be called, or a battle fought, you are not coldly informed of what was said or done as from a third person; the reader is hurried out of himself by the force of the poet's imagination, and turns in one place to a hearer, in another to a spectator. The course of his verses resembles that of the army he describes,

Οἱ δ' ἀρ' ἴσαν, ὡσεί τε πυρὶ χθὼν πᾶσα νέμοιτο.

They pour along like a fire that sweeps the whole earth before it. It is, however, remarkable that his fancy, which is everywhere vigorous, is not discovered immediately at the beginning of his poem in its fullest splendour; it grows in the progress both upon himself and others, and becomes on fire, like a chariot-wheel, by its own rapidity. Exact disposition, just thought, correct elocution, polished numbers, may have been found in a thousand; but this poetical fire, this *vivida vis animi*, in a very few. Even in works where all those are imperfect or neglected, this can overpower criticism, and make us admire even while we disapprove. Nay, where this appears, though attended with absurdities, it brightens all the rubbish about it, till we see nothing but its own splendour. This *fire* is discerned in Virgil, but discerned as through a glass, reflected from Homer, more shining than fierce, but everywhere equal and constant: in Lucan and Statius, it bursts out in sudden, short, and interrupted flashes: in Milton, it glows like a furnace kept up to an uncommon ardour by the force of art: in Shakespeare, it strikes before we are aware, like an accidental fire from heaven: but in Homer, and in him only, it burns everywhere clearly, and everywhere irresistibly.

I shall here endeavour to show how this vast

invention exerts itself in a manner superior to that of any poet, through all the main constituent parts of his work, as it is the great and peculiar characteristic which distinguishes him from all other authors.

This strong and ruling faculty was like a powerful star, which, in the violence of its course, drew all things within its vortex. It seemed not enough to have taken in the whole circle of arts, and the whole compass of Nature, to supply his maxims and reflections; all the inward passions and affections of mankind, to furnish his characters; and all the outward forms and images of things for his descriptions; but wanting yet an ampler sphere to expatiate in, he opened a new and boundless walk for his imagination, and created a world for himself in the invention of *Fable*. That which Aristotle calls the *soul of poetry*, was first breathed into it by Homer. I shall begin with considering him in this part, as it is naturally the first; and I speak of it both as it means the design of a poem, and as it is taken for fiction.

Fable may be divided into the probable, the allegorical, and the marvellous. The *probable Fable* is the recital of such actions as, though they did not happen, yet might, in the common course of Nature; or of such as, though they did, become fables by the additional episodes and manner of telling them. Of this sort is the main story of an Epic poem, the return of Ulysses, the settlement of the Trojans in Italy, or the like. That of the *Iliad*, is the anger of Achilles, the most short and single subject that ever was chosen by any poet. Yet this he has supplied with a vaster variety of incidents and events, and crowded with a greater number of councils, speeches, battles, and episodes of all kinds, than are to be found even in those poems whose schemes are of the utmost latitude and irregularity. The action is hurried on with the most vehement spirit, and its whole duration employs not so much as fifty days. Virgil, for want of so warm a genius, aided himself by taking in a more extensive subject, as well as a greater length of time, and contracting the design of both Homer's poems into one, which is yet but a fourth part as large as his. The other Epic poets have used the same practice, but generally carried it so far as to superinduce a multiplicity of fables, destroy the unity of action, and lose their readers in an unreasonable length of time. Nor is it only in the main design that they have been unable to add to his invention, but they have followed him in every episode and part of story. If he has given a regular catalogue of an army, they all draw up their forces in the same order. If he has funeral games for Patroclus, Virgil has the same for Anchises, and Statius (rather than omit them) destroys the unity of his action for those of Archemorus. If Ulysses visit the shades, the Æneas of Virgil, and Scipio of Silius, are sent after him. If he be detained from his return by the allurements of Calypso, so is Æneas by Dido, and Rinaldo by Armida. If Achilles be absent from the army on the score of a quarrel through half the poem, Rinaldo must absent himself just as long, on the like account. If he gives his hero a suit of celestial armour, Virgil and Tasso make the same present to theirs. Virgil has not only observed this close imitation of Homer, but, where he had not led the way, supplied the want from other Greek authors. Thus the story of Sinon and the taking of Troy was copied (says Macrobius) almost word for word from Pisander, as the loves of Dido and Æneas are taken from those of Medea and Jason in Apollonius, and several others in the same manner.

To proceed to the *allegorical Fable*. If we reflect upon those innumerable knowledges, those secrets of Nature and Physical Philosophy, which Homer is generally supposed to have wrapped up in his *Allegories*, what a new and ample scene of wonder may this consideration afford us? How fertile will that imagination appear, which was able to clothe all the properties of elements, the qualifications of the mind, the virtues and vices, in forms and persons; and to introduce them into actions agreeable to the nature of the things they shadowed! This is a field in which no succeeding poets could dispute with Homer; and whatever commendations have been allowed them on this head, are by no means for their invention in having enlarged the circle, but for their judgment in having contracted it. For when the mode of learning changed in following ages, and Science was delivered in a plainer manner, it then became as reasonable in the more modern poets to lay it aside, as it was in Homer to make use of it. And perhaps it was no unhappy circumstance for Virgil, that there was not in his time that demand upon him of so great an invention, as might be capable of furnishing all those allegorical parts of a poem.

The *marvellous Fable* includes whatever is supernatural, and especially the machines of the Gods. If Homer was not the first who introduced the Deities (as Herodotus imagines) into the religion of Greece, he seems the first who brought them into a system of machinery for poetry, and such a one as makes its greatest importance and dignity. For we find those authors who have been offended at the literal notion of the Gods, constantly laying their accusation against Homer as the undoubted in-

ventor of it. But whatever cause there might be to blame his *Machines* in a philosophical or religious view, they are so perfect in the poetic, that mankind have been ever since contented to follow them: none have been able to enlarge the sphere of poetry beyond the limits he has set: every attempt of this nature has proved unsuccessful; and after all the various changes of times and religions, his Gods continue to this day the Gods of poetry.

We come now to the *Characters* of his persons; and here we shall find no author has ever drawn so many, with so visible and surprising a variety, or given us such lively and affecting impressions of them. Every one has something so singularly his own, that no painter could have distinguished them more by their features, than the poet has by their manners. Nothing can be more exact than the distinctions he has observed in the different degrees of virtues and vices. The single quality of *Courage* is wonderfully diversified in the several characters of *The Iliad*. That of Achilles is furious and untractable; that of Diomed forward, yet listening to advice, and subject to command; that of Ajax is heavy, and self-confiding; of Hector, active and vigilant: the courage of Agamemnon is inspirited by love of empire and ambition; that of Menelaus mixed with softness and tenderness for his people: we find in Idomeneus a plain direct soldier, in Sarpedon a gallant and generous one. Nor is this judicious and astonishing diversity to be found only in the principal quality which constitutes the main of each character, but even in the under-parts of it, to which he takes care to give a tincture of that principal one. For example, the main characters of Ulysses and Nestor consist in *Wisdom;* and they are distinct in this, that the wisdom of one is artificial and various, of the other natural, open, and regular. But they have, besides, characters of *Courage;* and this quality also takes a different turn in each from the difference of his prudence; for one in the war depends still upon *Caution*, the other upon *Experience*. It would be endless to produce instances of these kinds. The characters of Virgil are far from striking us in this open manner; they lie in a great degree hidden and undistinguished, and where they are marked most evidently, affect us not in proportion to those of Homer. His characters of valour are much alike; even that of Turnus seems no way peculiar, but as it is in a superior degree; and we see nothing that differences the courage of Mnestheus from that of Sergestus, Cloanthus, or the rest. In like manner it may be remarked of Statius's heroes, that an air of impetuosity runs through them all; the same horrid and savage courage appears in his Capaneus, Tydeus, Hippomedon, &c. They have a parity of character, which makes them seem brothers of one family. I believe when the reader is led into this track of reflection, if he will pursue it through the Epic and Tragic writers, he will be convinced how infinitely superior in this point the invention of Homer was to that of all others.

The *Speeches* are to be considered as they flow from the characters, being perfect or defective as they agree or disagree with the manners of those who utter them. As there is more variety of characters in *The Iliad*, so there is of speeches, than in any other poem. *Every thing in it has manners* (as Aristotle expresses it); that is, everything is acted or spoken. It is hardly credible in a work of such length, how small a number of lines are employed in narration. In Virgil, the dramatic part is less in proportion to the narrative; and the speeches often consist of general reflections or thoughts, which might be equally just in any person's mouth upon the same occasion. As many of his persons have no apparent characters, so many of his speeches escape being applied and judged by the rule of propriety. We oftener think of the author himself when we read Virgil than when we are engaged in Homer: all which are the effects of a colder invention, that interests us less in the action described: Homer makes us hearers, and Virgil leaves us readers.

If in the next place we take a view of the *Sentiments*, the same presiding faculty is eminent in the sublimity and spirit of his thoughts. Longinus has given his opinion, that it was in this part Homer principally excelled. What were alone sufficient to prove the grandeur and excellence of his sentiments in general, is, that they have so remarkable a parity with those of the Scripture: Duport, in his Gnomologia Homerica, has collected innumerable instances of this sort. And it is with justice an excellent modern writer allows, that if Virgil has not so many thoughts that are low and vulgar, he has not so many that are sublime and noble; and that the Roman author seldom rises into very astonishing sentiments where he is not fired by *The Iliad*.

If we observe his *Descriptions*, *Images*, and *Similes*, we shall find the invention still predominant. To what else can we ascribe that vast comprehension of images of every sort, where we see each circumstance of art and individual of nature summoned together, by the extent and fecundity of his imagination; to which all things, in their various views, presented themselves in an instant, and had their impressions taken off to perfection, at a heat? Nay, he not only gives us the full prospects of

things, but several unexpected peculiarities and side-views, unobserved by any painter but Homer. Nothing is so surprising as the description of his battles, which take up no less than half *The Iliad*, and are supplied with so vast a variety of incidents, that no one bears a likeness to another; such different kinds of deaths, that no two heroes are wounded in the same manner; and such a profusion of noble ideas, that every battle rises above the last in greatness, horror, and confusion. It is certain there is not near the number of images and descriptions in any Epic poet; though every one has assisted himself with a great quantity out of him: and it is evident of Virgil especially, that he has scarce any comparisons which are not drawn from his master.

If we descend from hence to the *Expression*, we see the bright imagination of Homer shining out in the most enlivened forms of it. We acknowledge him the father of poetical diction, the first who taught that language of the Gods to men. His expression is like the colouring of some great masters, which discovers itself to be laid on boldly, and executed with rapidity. It is indeed the strongest and most glowing imaginable, and touched with the greatest spirit. Aristotle had reason to say, he was the only poet who had found out living words; there are in him more daring figures and metaphors than in any good author whatever. An arrow is *impatient* to be on the wing, a weapon *thirsts* to drink the blood of an enemy, and the like. Yet his expression is never too big for the sense, but justly great in proportion to it. It is the sentiment that swells and fills out the diction, which rises with it, and forms itself about it; and in the same degree that a thought is warmer, an expression will be brighter; as that is more strong, this will become more perspicuous: like glass in the furnace, which grows to a greater magnitude, and refines to a greater clearness, only as the breath within is more powerful, and the heat more intense.

To throw his language more out of prose, Homer seems to have affected the *compound epithets*. This was a sort of composition peculiarly proper to poetry, not only as it heightened the diction, but as it assisted and filled the numbers with greater sound and pomp, and likewise conduced in some measure to thicken the images. On this last consideration I cannot but attribute these also to the fruitfulness of his invention; since (as he has managed them) they are a sort of supernumerary pictures of the persons or things to which they are joined. We see the motion of Hector's plumes in the epithet Κορυθαίολος, the landscape of Mount Neritus in that of Εἰνοσίφυλλος, and so of others; which particular images could not have been insisted upon so long as to express them in a description (though but of a single line), without diverting the reader too much from the principal action or figure. As a metaphor is a short simile, one of these epithets is a short description.

Lastly, if we consider his *Versification*, we shall be sensible what a share of praise is due to his invention in that. He was not satisfied with his language as he found it settled in any one part of Greece, but searched through its differing dialects with this particular view, to beautify and perfect his numbers: he considered these as they had a greater mixture of vowels or consonants, and accordingly employed them as the verse required either a greater smoothness or strength. What he most affected was the Ionic, which has a peculiar sweetness from its never using contractions, and from its custom of resolving the diphthongs into two syllables; so as to make the words open themselves with a more spreading and sonorous fluency. With this he mingled the Attic contractions, the broader Doric, and the feebler Æolic, which often rejects its aspirate, or takes off its accent; and completed this variety by altering some letters with the license of poetry. Thus his measures, instead of being fetters to his sense, were always in readiness to run along with the warmth of his rapture, and even to give a farther representation of his notions, in the correspondence of their sounds to what they signified. Out of all these he has derived that harmony, which makes us confess he had not only the richest head, but the finest ear, in the world. This is so great a truth, that whoever will but consult the tune of his verses, even without understanding them (with the same sort of diligence as we daily see practised in the case of Italian operas), will find more sweetness, variety, and majesty of sound than in any other language or poetry. The beauty of his numbers is allowed by the critics to be copied but faintly by Virgil himself, though they are so just to ascribe it to the nature of the Latin tongue: indeed, the Greek has some advantages both from the natural sound of its words, and the turn and cadence of its verse, which agree with the genius of no other language. Virgil was very sensible of this, and used the utmost diligence in working up a more intractable language to whatsoever graces it was capable of; and in particular never failed to bring the sound of his line to a beautiful agreement with its sense. If the Grecian poet has not been so frequently celebrated on this account as the Roman, the only reason is, that fewer critics have understood one language than the other. Dionysius of Halicarnassus has pointed out

many of our author's beauties in this kind, in his treatise of the *Composition of Words*, and others will be taken notice of in the course of my notes. It suffices at present to observe of his numbers, that they flow with so much ease, as to make one imagine Homer had no other care than to transcribe as fast as the Muses dictated; and at the same time with so much force and inspiriting vigour, that they awaken and raise us like the sound of a trumpet. They roll along as a plentiful river, always in motion, and always full; while we are borne away by a tide of verse, the most rapid, and yet the most smooth imaginable.

Thus, on whatever side we contemplate Homer, what principally strikes us is his *Invention*. It is that which forms the character of each part of his work; and accordingly we find it to have made his fable more extensive and copious than any other; his manners more lively and strongly marked, his speeches more affecting and transported, his sentiments more warm and sublime, his images and descriptions more full and animated, his expression more raised and daring, and his numbers more rapid and various. I hope, in what has been said of Virgil with regard to any of these heads, I have no way derogated from his character. Nothing is more absurd or endless, than the common method of comparing eminent writers by an opposition of particular passages in them, and forming a judgment from thence of their merit upon the whole. We ought to have a certain knowledge of the principal character and distinguishing excellence of each: it is in that we are to consider him, and in proportion to his degree in that we are to admire him. No author or man ever excelled all the world in more than one faculty, and as Homer has done this in *Invention*, Virgil has in *Judgment*. Not that we are to think Homer wanted Judgment, because Virgil had it in a more eminent degree; or that Virgil wanted Invention, because Homer possessed a larger share of it; each of these great authors had more of both than perhaps any man besides, and are only said to have less in comparison with one another. Homer was the greater genius, Virgil the better artist. In one we most admire the man, in the other the work. Homer hurries and transports us with a commanding impetuosity, Virgil leads us with an attractive majesty: Homer scatters with a generous profusion, Virgil bestows with a careful magnificence: Homer, like the Nile, pours out his riches with a boundless overflow; Virgil, like a river in its banks, with a gentle and constant stream. When we behold their battles, methinks the two poets resemble the heroes they celebrate: Homer, boundless and irresistible as Achilles, bears all before him, and shines more and more as the tumult increases; Virgil, calmly daring like Æneas, appears undisturbed in the midst of the action, disposes all about him, and conquers with tranquillity. And when we look upon their machines, Homer seems like his own Jupiter in his terrors, shaking Olympus, scattering the lightnings, and firing the heavens; Virgil, like the same power in his benevolence, counselling with the Gods, laying plans for empires, and regularly ordering his whole creation.

But, after all, it is with great parts, as with great virtues; they naturally border on some imperfection; and it is often hard to distinguish exactly where the virtue ends, or the fault begins. As prudence may sometimes sink to suspicion, so may a great judgment decline to coldness; and as magnanimity may run up to profusion or extravagance, so may a great invention to redundancy or wildness. If we look upon Homer in this view, we shall perceive the chief objections against him to proceed from so noble a cause as the excess of this faculty.

Among these we may reckon some of his marvellous fictions, upon which so much criticism has been spent, as surpassing all the bounds of probability. Perhaps it may be with great and superior souls as with gigantic bodies, which, exerting themselves with unusual strength, exceed what is commonly thought the due proportion of parts, to become miracles in the whole; and, like the old heroes of that make, commit something near extravagance, amidst a series of glorious and inimitable performances. Thus Homer has his speaking horses, and Virgil his myrtles distilling blood; where the latter has not so much as contrived the easy intervention of a deity to save the probability.

It is owing to the same vast invention, that his *Similes* have been thought too exuberant and full of circumstances. The force of this faculty is seen in nothing more, than in its inability to confine itself to that single circumstance upon which the comparison is grounded: it runs out into embellishments of additional images, which, however, are so managed as not to overpower the main one. His similes are like pictures, where the principal figure has not only its proportion given agreeable to the original, but is also set off with occasional ornaments and prospects. The same will account for his manner of heaping a number of comparisons together in one breath, when his fancy suggested to him at once so many various and corresponding images. The reader will easily extend this observation to more objections of the same kind.

If there are others which seem rather to charge him with a defect or narrowness of genius, than an excess of it, those seeming defects will be found upon examination to proceed wholly from the nature of the times he lived in. Such are his grosser representations of the Gods, and the vicious and imperfect manners of his heroes; but I must here speak a word of the latter, as it is a point generally carried into extremes, both by the censurers and defenders of Homer. It must be a strange partiality to antiquity, to think with Madame Dacier, 'that those times and manners are so much the more excellent, as they are more contrary to ours.' Who can be so prejudiced in their favour as to magnify the felicity of those ages, when a spirit of revenge and cruelty, joined with the practice of rapine and robbery, reigned through the world; when no mercy was shewn for the sake of lucre; when the greatest princes were put to the sword, and their wives and daughters made slaves and concubines? On the other side, I would not be so delicate as those modern critics, who are shocked at the servile offices and mean employments in which we sometimes see the heroes of Homer engaged. There is a pleasure in taking a view of that simplicity, in opposition to the luxury of succeeding ages; in beholding monarchs without their guards, princes tending their flocks, and princesses drawing water from the springs. When we read Homer, we ought to reflect that we are reading the most ancient author in the heathen world; and those who consider him in this light, will double their pleasure in the perusal of him. Let them think they are growing acquainted with nations and people that are now no more; that they are stepping almost three thousand years back into the remotest antiquity, and entertaining themselves with a clear and surprising vision of things nowhere else to be found, the only true mirror of that ancient world. By this means alone their greatest obstacles will vanish; and what usually creates their dislike will become a satisfaction.

This consideration may farther serve to answer for the constant use of the same Epithets to his Gods and Heroes, such as the far-darting Phœbus, the blue-eyed Pallas, the swift-footed Achilles, &c., which some have censured as impertinent and tediously repeated. Those of the Gods depended upon the powers and offices then believed to belong to them, and had contracted a weight and veneration from the rites and solemn devotions in which they were used: they were a sort of attributes with which it was a matter of religion to salute them on all occasions, and which it was an irreverence to omit. As for the epithets of great men, Mons. Boileau is of opinion, that they were in the nature of *surnames*, and repeated as such; for the Greeks, having no names derived from their fathers, were obliged to add some other distinction of each person; either naming his parents expressly, or his place of birth, profession, or the like: as Alexander, the son of Philip, Herodotus of Halicarnassus, Diogenes the Cynic, &c. Homer, therefore, complying with the custom of his country, used such distinctive additions as better agreed with poetry. And indeed we have something parallel to these in modern times, such as the names of Harold Harefoot, Edmund Ironside, Edward Longshanks, Edward the Black Prince, &c. If yet this be thought to account better for the propriety than for the repetition, I shall add a farther conjecture. Hesiod, dividing the world into its different ages, has placed a fourth age between the brazen and the iron one, of 'heroes distinct from other men, a divine race, who fought at Thebes and Troy, are called demi-gods, and live by the care of Jupiter in the islands of the blessed.'[1] Now among the divine honours which were paid them, they might have this also in common with the Gods, not to be mentioned without the solemnity of an epithet, and such as might be acceptable to them by its celebrating their families, actions, or qualities.

What other cavils have been raised against Homer, are such as hardly deserve a reply, but will yet be taken notice of as they occur in the course of the work. Many have been occasioned by an injudicious endeavour to exalt Virgil; which is much the same, as if one should think to raise the superstructure by undermining the foundation: one would imagine by the whole course of their parallels, that these critics never so much as heard of Homer's having written first; a consideration which whoever compares these two poets ought to have always in his eye. Some accuse him for the same things which they overlook or praise him in the other; as when they prefer the fable and moral of the *Æneis* to those of the *Iliad*, for the same reasons which might set the *Odyssey* above the *Æneis;* as that the hero is a wiser man and the action of the one more beneficial to his country than that of the other: or else they blame him for not doing what he never designed; as because Achilles is not as good and perfect a prince as Æneas, when the very moral of his poem required a contrary character; it is thus that Rapin judges in his comparison of Homer and Virgil. Others select those particular passages of Homer, which are not so laboured as some that Virgil drew out of them: this is the whole management of

[1] Hesiod, lib. i. ver. 155, &c.

Scaliger in his *Poetics*. Others quarrel with what they take for low and mean expressions, sometimes through a false delicacy and refinement, oftener from an ignorance of the graces of the original; and then triumph in the awkwardness of their own translations: this is the conduct of Perrault in his *Parallels*. Lastly, there are others, who, pretending to a fairer proceeding, distinguish between the personal merit of Homer, and that of his work; but when they come to assign the causes of the great reputation of the *Iliad*, they found it upon the ignorance of his times, and the prejudice of those that followed; and in pursuance of this principle, they make those accidents (such as the contention of the cities, &c.) to be the causes of his fame, which were in reality the consequences of his merit. The same might as well be said of Virgil, or any great author, whose general character will infallibly raise many casual additions to their reputation. This is the method of Mons. de la Motte; who yet confesses upon the whole, that in whatever age Homer had lived, he must have been the greatest poet of his nation, and that he may be said in this sense to be the master even of those who surpassed him.

In all these objections we see nothing that contradicts his title to the honour of the chief *Invention;* and as long as this (which is indeed the characteristic of poetry itself) remains unequalled by his followers, he still continues superior to them. A cooler judgment may commit fewer faults, and be more approved in the eyes of one sort of critics: but that warmth of fancy will carry the loudest and most universal applauses, which holds the heart of a reader under the strongest enchantment. Homer not only appears the inventor of poetry, but excels all the inventors of other arts in this, that he has swallowed up the honour of those who succeeded him. What he has done admitted no increase, it only left room for contraction or regulation. He showed all the stretch of fancy at once; and if he has failed in some of his flights, it was but because he attempted every thing. A work of this kind seems like a mighty tree which rises from the most vigorous seed, is improved with industry, flourishes, and produces the finest fruit; nature and art conspire to raise it; pleasure and profit join to make it valuable; and they who find the justest faults, have only said, that a few branches (which run luxuriant through a richness of Nature) might be lopped into form to give it a more regular appearance.

Having now spoken of the beauties and defects of the Original, it remains to treat of the Translation, with the same view to the chief characteristic. As far as that is seen in the main parts of the poem, such as the Fable, Manners, and Sentiments, no translator can prejudice it but by wilful omissions or contractions. As it also breaks out in every particular image, description, and simile; whoever lessens or too much softens those, takes off from this chief character. It is the first grand duty of an interpreter to give his author entire and unmaimed; and for the rest, the diction and versification only are his proper province; since these must be his own, but the others he is to take as he finds them.

It should then be considered what methods may afford some equivalent in our language for the graces of these in the Greek. It is certain no literal translation can be just to an excellent original in a superior language: but it is a great mistake to imagine (as many have done) that a rash paraphrase can make amends for this general defect: which is no less in danger to lose the spirit of an ancient, by deviating into the modern manners of expression. If there be sometimes a darkness, there is often a light in antiquity, which nothing better preserves than a version almost literal. I know no liberties one ought to take, but those which are necessary for transfusing the spirit of the original, and supporting the poetical style of the translation: and I will venture to say there have not been more men misled in former times by a servile dull adherence to the letter, than have been deluded in ours by a chimerical insolent hope of raising and improving their author. It is not to be doubted that the *fire* of the poem is what a translator should principally regard, as it is most likely to expire in his managing: however, it is his safest way to be content with preserving this to his utmost in the whole, without endeavouring to be more than he finds his author is, in any particular place. It is a great secret in writing to know when to be plain, and when poetical and figurative; and it is what Homer will teach us, if we will but follow modestly in his footsteps. Where his diction is bold and lofty, let us raise ours as high as we can; but where his is plain and humble, we ought not to be deterred from imitating him by the fear of incurring the censure of a mere English critic. Nothing that belongs to Homer seems to have been more commonly mistaken than the just pitch of his style: some of his translators having swelled into fustian in a proud confidence of the *Sublime;* others sunk into flatness in a cold and timorous notion of *Simplicity*. Methinks I see these different followers of Homer, some sweating and straining after him by violent leaps and bounds (the certain signs of false mettle); others slowly and servilely creeping in his

train, while the poet himself is all the time proceeding with an unaffected and equal majesty before them. However, of the two extremes one could sooner pardon frenzy than frigidity: no author is to be envied for such commendations as he may gain by that character of style, which his friends must agree together to call Simplicity, and the rest of the world will call Dulness. There is a graceful and dignified simplicity, as well as a bald and sordid one, which differ as much from each other as the air of a plain man from that of a sloven: it is one thing to be tricked up, and another not to be dressed at all. Simplicity is the mean between ostentation and rusticity.

This pure and noble simplicity is nowhere in such perfection as in the *Scripture* and our Author. One may affirm, with all respect to the inspired writings, that the divine Spirit made use of no other words but what were intelligible and common to men at that time, and in that part of the world; and as Homer is the author nearest to those, his style must of course bear a greater resemblance to the sacred books than that of any other writer. This consideration (together with what has been observed of the parity of some of his thoughts) may, methinks, induce a translator on the one hand to give into several of those general phrases and manners of expression, which have attained a veneration even in our language from being used in the Old Testament; as, on the other, to avoid those which have been appropriated to the Divinity, and in a manner consigned to mystery and religion.

For a farther preservation of this air of simplicity, a particular care should be taken to express with all plainness those moral sentences and proverbial speeches which are so numerous in this poet. They have something venerable, and, as I may say, oracular, in that unadorned gravity and shortness with which they are delivered: a grace which would be utterly lost by endeavouring to give them what we call a more ingenious (that is, a more modern) turn in the paraphrase.

Perhaps the mixture of some Græcisms and old words after the manner of Milton, if done without too much affectation, might not have an ill effect in a version of this particular work, which most of any other seems to require a venerable antique cast. But certainly the use of modern terms of war and government, such as *platoon*, *campaign*, *junto*, or the like (into which some of his translators have fallen), cannot be allowable; those only excepted, without which it is impossible to treat the subjects in any living language.

There are two peculiarities in Homer's diction which are a sort of marks, or moles, by which every common eye distinguishes him at first sight: those who are not his greatest admirers look upon them as defects, and those who are, seem pleased with them as beauties. I speak of his Compound Epithets, and of his Repetitions. Many of the former cannot be done literally into English without destroying the purity of our language. I believe such should be retained as slide easily of themselves into an English compound, without violence to the ear or to the received rules of composition: as well as those which have received a sanction from the authority of our best poet, and are become familiar through their use of them; such as 'the cloud-compelling Jove,' &c. As for the rest, whenever they can be as fully and significantly expressed in a single word as in a compound one, the course to be taken is obvious.

Some that cannot be so turned as to preserve their full image by one or two words, may have justice done them by circumlocution; as the epithet *εἰνοσίφυλλος* to a mountain, would appear little or ridiculous translated literally 'leaf-shaking,' but affords a majestic idea in the periphrasis: 'The lofty mountain shakes his waving woods.' Others that admit of differing significations, may receive an advantage by a judicious variation according to the occasions on which they are introduced. For example, the epithet of Apollo, *ἑκηβόλος*, or 'far-shooting,' is capable of two explications; one literal in respect of the darts and bow, the ensigns of that God; the other allegorical, with regard to the rays of the sun: therefore in such places where Apollo is represented as a God in person, I would use the former interpretation, and where the effects of the sun are described, I would make choice of the latter. Upon the whole, it will be necessary to avoid that perpetual repetition of the same epithets which we find in Homer, and which, though it might be accommodated (as has been already shewn) to the ear of those times, is by no means so to ours: but one may wait for opportunities of placing them where they derive an additional beauty from the occasions on which they are employed; and in doing this properly, a translator may at once shew his fancy and his judgment.

As for Homer's Repetitions, we may divide them into three sorts; of whole narrations and speeches, of single sentences, and of one verse or hemistich. I hope it is not impossible to have such a regard to these, as neither to lose so known a mark of the author on the one hand, nor to offend the reader too much on the other. The repetition is not ungraceful in those speeches where the dignity of the speaker renders it a sort of insolence to alter his words;

as in the messages from Gods to men, or from higher powers to inferiors in concerns of state, or where the ceremonial of religion seems to require it, in the solemn forms of prayers, oaths, or the like. In other cases, I believe the best rule is to be guided by the nearness or distance at which the repetitions are placed in the original: when they follow too close, one may vary the expression, but it is a question whether a professed translator be authorized to omit any; if they be tedious, the author is to answer for it.

It only remains to speak of the *Versification*. Homer (as has been said) is perpetually applying the sound to the sense, and varying it on every new subject. This is indeed one of the most exquisite beauties of poetry, and attainable by very few: I know only of Homer eminent for it in the Greek, and Virgil in Latin. I am sensible it is what may sometimes happen by chance, when a writer is warm, and fully possessed of his image: however, it may reasonably be believed they designed this, in whose verse it so manifestly appears in a superior degree to all others. Few readers have the ear to be judges of it, but those who have, will see I have endeavoured at this beauty.

Upon the whole, I must confess myself utterly incapable of doing justice to Homer. I attempt him in no other hope but that which one may entertain without much vanity, of giving a more tolerable copy of him than any entire translation in verse has yet done. We have only those of Chapman, Hobbes, and Ogilby. Chapman has taken the advantage of an immeasurable length of verse, notwithstanding which, there is scarce any paraphrase more loose and rambling than his. He has frequent interpolations of four or six lines, and I remember one in the thirteenth book of the *Odyssey*, ver. 312, where he has spun twenty verses out of two. He is often mistaken in so bold a manner, that one might think he deviated on purpose, if he did not in other places of his notes insist so much upon verbal trifles. He appears to have had a strong affectation of extracting new meanings out of his author, insomuch as to promise, in his rhyming preface, a poem of the mysteries he had revealed in Homer; and perhaps he endeavoured to strain the obvious sense to this end. His expression is involved in fustian; a fault for which he was remarkable in his original writings, as in the tragedy of Bussy d'Amboise, &c. In a word, the nature of the man may account for his whole performance; for he appears from his preface and remarks to have been of an arrogant turn, and an enthusiast in poetry. His own boast of having finished half the *Iliad* in less than fifteen weeks, shews with what negligence his version was performed. But that which is to be allowed him, and which very much contributed to cover his defects, is a daring fiery spirit that animates his translation, which is something like what one might imagine Homer himself would have writ before he arrived to years of discretion.

Hobbes has given us a correct explanation of the sense in general; but for particulars and circumstances, he continually lops them, and often omits the most beautiful. As for its being esteemed a close translation, I doubt not many have been led into that error by the shortness of it, which proceeds not from his following the original line by line, but from the contractions above mentioned. He sometimes omits whole similes and sentences, and is now and then guilty of mistakes, into which no writer of his learning could have fallen, but through carelessness. His poetry, as well as Ogilby's, is too mean for criticism.

It is a great loss to the poetical world that Mr. Dryden did not live to translate the *Iliad*. He has left us only the first book, and a small part of the sixth; in which if he has in some places not truly interpreted the sense, or preserved the antiquities, it ought to be excused on account of the haste he was obliged to write in. He seems to have had too much regard to Chapman, whose words he sometimes copies, and has unhappily followed him in passages where he wanders from the original. However, had he translated the whole work, I would no more have attempted Homer after him than Virgil, his version of whom (notwithstanding some human errors) is the most noble and spirited translation I know in any language. But the fate of great geniuses is like that of great ministers: though they are confessedly the first in the commonwealth of letters, they must be envied and calumniated only for being at the head of it.

That which in my opinion ought to be the endeavour of any one who translates Homer, is above all things to keep alive that spirit and fire which makes his chief character: in particular places, where the sense can bear any doubt, to follow the strongest and most poetical, as most agreeing with that character; to copy him in all the variations of his style, and the different modulations of his numbers; to preserve, in the more active or descriptive parts, a warmth and elevation; in the more sedate or narrative, a plainness and solemnity; in the speeches, a fulness and perspicuity; in the sentences, a shortness and gravity: not to neglect even the little figures and turns on the words, nor sometimes the very cast of the periods; neither to omit nor confound any rites or customs of antiquity: perhaps, too, he

ought to conclude the whole in a shorter compass than has hitherto been done by any translator who has tolerably preserved either the sense or poetry. What I would farther recommend to him, is to study his author rather from his own text, than from any commentaries, how learned soever, or whatever figure they may make in the estimation of the world; to consider him attentively in comparison with Virgil above all the ancients, and with Milton above all the moderns. Next these, the Archbishop of Cambray's Telemachus may give him the truest idea of the spirit and turn of our author, and Bossu's admirable treatise of the Epic Poem the justest notion of his design and conduct. But, after all, with whatever judgment and study a man may proceed, or with whatever happiness he may perform such a work, he must hope to please but a few; those only who have at once a taste of poetry, and competent learning. For to satisfy such as want either, is not in the nature of this undertaking; since a mere modern Wit can like nothing that is not *modern*, and a Pedant nothing that is not *Greek*.

What I have done is submitted to the public, from whose opinions I am prepared to learn; though I fear no judges so little as our best poets, who are most sensible of the weight of this task. As for the worst, whatever they shall please to say, they may give me some concern as they are unhappy men, but none as they are malignant writers. I was guided in this translation by judgments very different from theirs, and by persons for whom they can have no kindness, if an old observation be true, that the strongest antipathy in the world is that of fools to men of wit. Mr. Addison was the first whose advice determined me to undertake this task; who was pleased to write to me upon that occasion in such terms as I cannot repeat without vanity. I was obliged to Sir Richard Steele for a very early recommendation of my undertaking to the public. Dr. Swift promoted my interest with that warmth with which he always serves his friend. The humanity and frankness of Sir Samuel Garth are what I never knew wanting on any occasion. I must also acknowledge, with infinite pleasure, the many friendly offices, as well as sincere criticisms, of Mr. Congreve, who had led me the way in translating some parts of Homer. I must add the names of Mr. Rowe and Dr. Parnell, though I shall take a farther opportunity of doing justice to the last, whose goodnature (to give it a great panegyric) is no less extensive than his learning. The favour of these gentlemen is not entirely undeserved by one who bears them so true an affection. But what can I say of the honour so many of the *great* have done me, while the *first names* of the age appear as my subscribers, and the most distinguished patrons and ornaments of learning, as my chief encouragers? Among these it is a particular pleasure to me to find, that my highest obligations are to such who have done most honour to the name of poet: That his grace the Duke of Buckingham was not displeased I should undertake the author to whom he has given (in his excellent *Essay*) so complete a praise:

> Read Homer once, and you can read no more;
> For all books else appear so mean, so poor,
> Verse will seem prose; but still persist to read
> And Homer will be all the books you need:

That the Earl of Halifax was one of the first to favour me, of whom it is hard to say whether the advancement of the Polite Arts is more owing to his generosity or his example: That such a genius as my Lord Bolingbroke, not more distinguished in the great scenes of business, than in all the useful and entertaining parts of learning, has not refused to be the critic of these sheets, and the patron of their writer: and that the noble author[1] of the tragedy of *Heroic Love* has continued his partiality to me, from my writing Pastorals, to my attempting the *Iliad*. I cannot deny myself the pride of confessing, that I have had the advantage not only of their advice for the conduct in general, but their correction of several particulars of this translation.

I could say a great deal of the pleasure of being distinguished by the Earl of Carnarvon, but it is almost absurd to particularize any one generous action in a person whose whole life is a continued series of them. Mr. Stanhope, the present secretary of state, will pardon my desire of having it known that he was pleased to promote this affair. The particular zeal of Mr. Harcourt (the son of the late Lord Chancellor) gave me a proof how much I am honoured in a share of his friendship. I must attribute to the same motive that of several others of my friends, to whom all acknowledgments are rendered unnecesary by the privileges of a familiar correspondence; and I am satisfied I can no way better oblige men of their turn than by my silence.

In short, I have found more patrons than ever Homer wanted. He would have thought himself happy to have met the same favour at Athens, that has been shown me by its learned rival, the university of Oxford. And I can hardly envy him those pompous honours he received after death, when I reflect on the enjoyment of so many agreeable obligations, and easy friendships, which make the satisfaction of life. This distinction is the more to be ac-

[1] George Granville, Lord Lansdowne.

knowledged, as it is shewn to one whose pen has never gratified the prejudices of particular *parties*, or the vanities of particular *men*. Whatever the success may prove, I shall never repent of an undertaking in which I have experienced the candour and friendship of so many persons of merit; and in which I hope to pass some of those years of youth that are generally lost in a circle of follies, after a manner neither wholly unuseful to others, nor disagreeable to myself.

BOOK I

THE CONTENTION OF ACHILLES AND AGAMEMNON

THE ARGUMENT

In the war of Troy, the Greeks having sacked some of the neighbouring towns, and taking from thence two beautiful captives, Chryseïs and Briseïs, allotted the first to Agamemnon, and the last to Achilles. Chryses, the father of Chryseïs, and priest of Apollo, comes to the Grecian camp to ransom her; with which the action of the poem opens, in the tenth year of the siege. The priest being refused and insolently dismissed by Agamemnon, entreats for vengeance from his god, who inflicts a pestilence on the Greeks. Achilles calls a council, and encourages Chalcas to declare the cause of it, who attributes it to the refusal of Chryseïs. The king being obliged to send back his captive, enters into a furious contest with Achilles, which Nestor pacifies; however, as he had the absolute command of the army, he seizes on Briseïs in revenge. Achilles in discontent withdraws himself and his forces from the rest of the Greeks; and complaining to Thetis, she supplicates Jupiter to render them sensible of the wrong done to her son, by giving victory to the Trojans. Jupiter granting her suit, incenses Juno, between whom the debate runs high, till they are reconciled by the address of Vulcan.

The time of two-and-twenty days is taken up in this book; nine during the plague, one in the council and quarrel of the Princes, and twelve for Jupiter's stay with the Ethiopians, at whose return Thetis prefers her petition. The scene lies in the Grecian camp, then changes to Chrysa, and lastly to Olympus.

ACHILLES' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumber'd, heav'nly Goddess, sing!
That wrath which hurl'd to Pluto's gloomy reign
The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain:
Whose limbs, unburied on the naked shore,
Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore:
Since great Achilles and Atrides strove,
Such was the Sov'reign doom, and such the will of Jove!
Declare, O Muse! in what ill-fated hour
Sprung the fierce strife, from what offended power?
Latona's son a dire contagion spread,
And heap'd the camp with mountains of the dead;
The King of Men his rev'rend priest defied,
And for the King's offence, the people died.
For Chryses sought with costly gifts to gain
His captive daughter from the victor's chain.
Suppliant the venerable father stands;
Apollo's awful ensigns grace his hands:
By these he begs: and, lowly bending down,
Extends the sceptre and the laurel crown.
He sued to all, but chief implored for grace
The brother-kings of Atreus' royal race:
'Ye Kings and Warriors! may your vows be crown'd,
And Troy's proud walls lie level with the ground;
May Jove restore you, when your toils are o'er,
Safe to the pleasures of your native shore.
But oh! relieve a wretched parent's pain,
And give Chryseïs to these arms again;
If mercy fail, yet let my presents move,
And dread avenging Phœbus, son of Jove.'
The Greeks in shouts their joint assent declare,
The Priest to rev'rence and release the Fair.
Not so Atrides: he, with kingly pride,
Repuls'd the sacred sire, and thus replied:
'Hence on thy life, and fly these hostile plains,
Nor ask, presumptuous, what the King detains:
Hence, with thy laurel crown, and golden rod,
Nor trust too far those ensigns of thy God.
Mine is thy daughter, Priest, and shall remain;
And prayers, and tears, and bribes, shall plead in vain;

Till time shall rifle ev'ry youthful grace,
And age dismiss her from my cold embrace,
In daily labours of the loom employ'd,
Or doom'd to deck the bed she once enjoy'd.
Hence then! to Argos shall the maid retire,
Far from her native soil, and weeping sire.'
The trembling priest along the shore return'd,
And in the anguish of a father mourn'd.
Disconsolate, not daring to complain,
Silent he wander'd by the sounding main:
Till, safe at distance, to his God he prays,
The God who darts around the world his rays.
'O Smintheus! sprung from fair Latona's line,
Thou guardian power of Cilla the divine,
Thou source of light! whom Tenedos adores,
And whose bright presence gilds thy Chrysa's shores;
If e'er with wreaths I hung thy sacred fane,
Or fed the flames with fat of oxen slain,
God of the silver bow! thy shafts employ,
Avenge thy servant, and the Greeks destroy.'
Thus Chryses pray'd: the fav'ring power attends,
And from Olympus' lofty tops descends.
Bent was his bow, the Grecian hearts to wound;
Fierce, as he mov'd, his silver shafts resound.
Breathing revenge, a sudden night he spread,
And gloomy darkness roll'd around his head.
The fleet in view, he twang'd his deadly bow,
And hissing fly the feather'd fates below.
On mules and dogs th' infection first began;
And last, the vengeful arrows fix'd in man.
For nine long nights, thro' all the dusky air
The pyres thick-flaming shot a dismal glare.
But ere the tenth revolving day was run,
Inspired by Juno, Thetis' god-like son
Convened to council all the Grecian train;
For much the Goddess mourn'd her heroes slain.

Th' assembly seated, rising o'er the rest,
Achilles thus the King of Men address'd:
'Why leave we not the fatal Trojan shore,
And measure back the seas we cross'd before?
The Plague destroying whom the Sword would spare,
'T is time to save the few remains of war.
But let some prophet or some sacred sage
Explore the cause of great Apollo's rage;
Or learn the wasteful vengeance to remove
By mystic dreams, for dreams descend from Jove.
If broken vows this heavy curse have laid,
Let altars smoke, and hecatombs be paid.
So Heav'n atoned shall dying Greece restore,
And Phœbus dart his burning shafts no more.'
He said, and sat: when Chalcas thus replied:
Chalcas the wise, the Grecian priest and guide,
That sacred seer, whose comprehensive view
The past, the present, and the future knew;
Uprising slow, the venerable sage
Thus spoke the prudence and the fears of age:
'Belov'd of Jove, Achilles! would'st thou know
Why angry Phœbus bends his fatal bow?
First give thy faith, and plight a Prince's word
Of sure protection, by thy power and sword,
For I must speak what wisdom would conceal,
And truths invidious to the great reveal.
Bold is the task, when subjects, grown too wise,
Instruct a monarch where his error lies;
For tho' we deem the short-lived fury past,
'T is sure, the mighty will revenge at last.'
To whom Pelides: 'From thy inmost soul
Speak what thou know'st, and speak without control.
Ev'n by that God I swear, who rules the day,
To whom thy hands the vows of Greece convey,
And whose blest oracles thy lips declare;
Long as Achilles breathes this vital air,

No daring Greek, of all the numerous band,
Against his priest shall lift an impious hand:
Not ev'n the Chief by whom our hosts are led,
The King of Kings, shall touch that sacred head.'
Encouraged thus, the blameless man replies:
'Nor vows unpaid, nor slighted sacrifice,
But he, our Chief, provoked the raging pest,
Apollo's vengeance for his injured priest.
Nor will the God's awaken'd fury cease,
But plagues shall spread, and funeral fires increase,
Till the great King, without a ransom paid,
To her own Chrysa send the black-eyed maid.
Perhaps, with added sacrifice and prayer,
The Priest may pardon, and the God may spare.'
The prophet spoke; when, with a gloomy frown,
The Monarch started from his shining throne;
Black choler fill'd his breast that boil'd with ire,
And from his eyeballs flash'd the living fire.
'Augur accurs'd! denouncing mischief still,
Prophet of plagues, for ever boding ill!
Still must that tongue some wounding message bring,
And still thy priestly pride provoke thy King?
For this are Phœbus' oracles explor'd,
To teach the Greeks to murmur at their lord?
For this with falsehoods is my honour stain'd;
Is Heav'n offended, and a priest profaned,
Because my prize, my beauteous maid, I hold,
And heav'nly charms prefer to proffer'd gold?
A maid, unmatch'd in manners as in face,
Skill'd in each art, and crown'd with ev'ry grace:
Not half so dear were Clytæmnestra's charms,
When first her blooming beauties bless'd my arms.
Yet, if the Gods demand her, let her sail;
Our cares are only for the public weal:
Let me be deem'd the hateful cause of all,
And suffer, rather than my people fall.
The prize, the beauteous prize, I will resign,
So dearly valued, and so justly mine.
But since for common good I yield the Fair,
My private loss let grateful Greece repair;
Nor unrewarded let your Prince complain,
That he alone has fought and bled in vain.'
'Insatiate King!' (Achilles thus replies)
'Fond of the Power, but fonder of the Prize!
Wouldst thou the Greeks their lawful prey should yield,
The due reward of many a well-fought field?
The spoils of cities razed, and warriors slain,
We share with justice, as with toil we gain:
But to resume whate'er thy av'rice craves
(That trick of tyrants) may be borne by slaves.
Yet if our Chief for plunder only fight,
The spoils of Ilion shall thy loss requite,
Whene'er, by Jove's decree, our conquering powers
Shall humble to the dust her lofty towers.'
Then thus the King: 'Shall I my prize resign
With tame content, and thou possess'd of thine?
Great as thou art, and like a God in fight,
Think not to rob me of a soldier's right.
At thy demand shall I restore the maid?
First let the just equivalent be paid;
Such as a King might ask; and let it be
A treasure worthy her, and worthy me.
Or grant me this, or with a monarch's claim
This hand shall seize some other captive dame.
The mighty Ajax shall his prize resign,
Ulysses' spoils, or ev'n thy own be mine.
The man who suffers, loudly may complain;
And rage he may, but he shall rage in vain.
But this when time requires: It now remains
We launch a bark to plough the wat'ry plains,
And waft the sacrifice to Chrysa's shores,
With chosen pilots, and with lab'ring oars.

Soon shall the Fair the sable ship ascend,
And some deputed prince the charge attend.
This Creta's king, or Ajax shall fulfil,
Or wise Ulysses see perform'd our will;
Or, if our royal pleasure shall ordain,
Achilles' self conduct her o'er the main;
Let fierce Achilles, dreadful in his rage,
The God propitiate, and the pest assuage.'
At this, Pelides, frowning stern, replied:
'O tyrant, arm'd with insolence and pride!
Inglorious slave to int'rest, ever join'd
With fraud unworthy of a royal mind!
What gen'rous Greek, obedient to thy word,
Shall form an ambush, or shall lift the sword?
What cause have I to war at thy decree?
The distant Trojans never injured me;
To Phthia's realms no hostile troops they led;
Safe in her vales my warlike coursers fed;
Far hence remov'd, the hoarse-resounding main,
And walls of rocks, secure my native reign,
Whose fruitful soil luxuriant harvests grace,
Rich in her fruits, and in her martial race.
Hither we sail'd, a voluntary throng,
T' avenge a private, not a public wrong:
What else to Troy th' assembled nations draws,
But thine, ungrateful, and thy brother's cause?
Is this the pay our blood and toils deserve,
Disgraced and injured by the man we serve?
And darest thou threat to snatch my prize away,
Due to the deeds of many a dreadful day?
A prize as small, O tyrant! match'd with thine,
As thy own actions if compared to mine.
Thine in each conquest is the wealthy prey,
Tho' mine the sweat and danger of the day.
Some trivial present to my ships I bear,
Or barren praises pay the wounds of war.
But know, proud Monarch, I 'm thy slave no more:
My fleet shall waft me to Thessalia's shore.
Left by Achilles on the Trojan plain,
What spoils, what conquests, shall Atrides gain?'
To this the King: 'Fly, mighty warrior! fly,
Thy aid we need not, and thy threats defy:
There want not chiefs in such a cause to fight,
And Jove himself shall guard a Monarch's right.
Of all the Kings (the Gods' distinguish'd care)
To pow'r superior none such hatred bear;
Strife and debate thy restless soul employ,
And wars and horrors are thy savage joy.
If thou hast strength, 't was Heav'n that strength bestow'd,
For know, vain man! thy valour is from God.
Haste, launch thy vessels, fly with speed away,
Rule thy own realms with arbitrary sway:
I heed thee not, but prize at equal rate
Thy short-lived friendship, and thy groundless hate.
Go, threat thy earth-born Myrmidons; but here
'T is mine to threaten, Prince, and thine to fear.
Know, if the God the beauteous dame demand,
My bark shall waft her to her native land;
But then prepare, imperious Prince! prepare,
Fierce as thou art, to yield thy captive fair:
Ev'n in thy tent I 'll seize the blooming prize,
Thy loved Briseïs, with the radiant eyes.
Hence shalt thou prove my might, and curse the hour,
Thou stood'st a rival of imperial power;
And hence to all our host it shall be known
That Kings are subject to the Gods alone.'
Achilles heard, with grief and rage oppress'd;
His heart swell'd high, and labour'd in his breast.
Distracting thoughts by turns his bosom ruled,
Now fired by wrath, and now by reason cool'd:
That prompts his hand to draw the deadly sword,
Force thro' the Greeks, and pierce their haughty lord;
This whispers soft, his vengeance to control,
And calm the rising tempest of his soul.
Just as in anguish of suspense he stay'd,
While half unsheathed appear'd the glitt'ring blade,

Minerva swift descended from above,
Sent by the sister and the wife of Jove
(For both the princes claim'd her equal care);
Behind she stood, and by the golden hair
Achilles seized; to him alone confess'd,
A sable cloud conceal'd her from the rest.
He sees, and sudden to the Goddess cries
(Known by the flames that sparkle from her eyes):
'Descends Minerva, in her guardian care,
A heav'nly witness of the wrongs I bear
From Atreus' son? Then let those eyes that view
The daring crime, behold the vengeance too.'
'Forbear!' (the progeny of Jove replies)
'To calm thy fury I forsake the skies:
Let great Achilles, to the Gods resign'd,
To reason yield the empire o'er his mind.
By awful Juno this command is giv'n;
The King and you are both the care of Heav'n.
The force of keen reproaches let him feel,
But sheathe, obedient, thy revenging steel.
For I pronounce (and trust a heav'nly Power)
Thy injured honour has its fated hour,
When the proud monarch shall thy arms implore,
And bribe thy friendship with a boundless store.
Then let revenge no longer bear the sway,
Command thy passions, and the Gods obey.'
To her Pelides: 'With regardful ear,
'T is just, O Goddess! I thy dictates hear.
Hard as it is, my vengeance I suppress:
Those who revere the Gods, the Gods will bless.'
He said, observant of the blue-eyed maid;
Then in the sheath return'd the shining blade.
The Goddess swift to high Olympus flies,
And joins the sacred senate of the skies.
Nor yet the rage his boiling breast forsook;
Which thus redoubling on Atrides broke:
'O monster! mix'd of insolence and fear,
Thou dog in forehead, but in heart a deer!
When wert thou known in ambush'd fights to dare,
Or nobly face the horrid front of war?
'T is ours, the chance of fighting fields to try,
'Thine to look on, and bid the valiant die.
So much 't is safer thro' the camp to go,
And rob a subject, than despoil a foe.
Scourge of thy people, violent and base!
Sent in Jove's anger on a slavish race,
Who, lost to sense of gen'rous freedom past,
Are tamed to wrongs, or this had been thy last.
Now by this sacred sceptre hear me swear,
Which never more shall leaves or blossoms bear,
Which, sever'd from the trunk (as I from thee)
On the bare mountains left its parent tree;
This sceptre, form'd by temper'd steel to prove
An ensign of the delegates of Jove,
From whom the power of laws and justice springs
(Tremendous oath! inviolate to Kings):
By this I swear, when bleeding Greece again
Shall call Achilles, she shall call in vain.
When, flush'd with slaughter, Hector comes to spread
The purpled shore with mountains of the dead,
Then shalt thou mourn th' affront thy madness gave,
Forced to deplore, when impotent to save:
Then rage in bitterness of soul, to know
This act has made the bravest Greek thy foe.'
He spoke; and furious hurl'd against the ground
His sceptre starr'd with golden studs around;
Then sternly silent sat. With like disdain,
The raging King return'd his frowns again.
To calm their passion with the words of age,
Slow from his seat arose the Pylian sage.
Experienced Nestor, in persuasion skill'd;
Words sweet as honey from his lips distill'd:
Two generations now had pass'd away,
Wise by his rules, and happy by his sway;
Two ages o'er his native realm he reign'd,
And now th' example of the third remain'd.
All view'd with awe the venerable man;
Who thus, with mild benevolence, began:
'What shame, what woe is this to Greece! what joy
To Troy's proud monarch, and the friends of Troy!

That adverse Gods commit to stern debate
The best, the bravest of the Grecian state.
Young as you are, this youthful heat restrain,
Nor think your Nestor's years and wisdom vain.
A godlike race of heroes once I knew,
Such as no more these aged eyes shall view!
Lives there a chief to match Pirithous' fame,
Dryas the bold, or Ceneus' deathless name;
Theseus, endued with more than mortal might,
Or Polyphemus, like the Gods in fight?
With these of old to toils of battle bred,
In early youth my hardy days I led;
Fired with the thirst which virtuous envy breeds,
And smit with love of honourable deeds.
Strongest of men, they pierc'd the mountain boar,
Ranged the wild deserts red with monsters' gore,
And from their hills the shaggy Centaurs tore.
Yet these with soft persuasive arts I sway'd;
When Nestor spoke, they listen'd and obey'd.
If in my youth, ev'n these esteem'd me wise,
Do you, young warriors, hear my age advise.
Atrides, seize not on the beauteous slave;
That prize the Greeks by common suffrage gave:
Nor thou, Achilles, treat our Prince with pride;
Let Kings be just; and sov'reign power preside.
Thee, the first honours of the war adorn,
Like Gods in strength, and of a Goddess born;
Him, awful majesty exalts above
The powers of earth, and sceptred sons of Jove.
Let both unite with well-consenting mind,
So shall authority with strength be join'd.
Leave me, O King! to calm Achilles' rage;
Rule thou thyself, as more advanced in age.
Forbid it, Gods! Achilles should be lost,
The pride of Greece, and bulwark of our host.'
This said, he ceas'd: the King of Men replies:
'Thy years are awful, and thy words are wise.
But that imperious, that unconquer'd soul,
No laws can limit, no respect control:
Before his pride must his superiors fall,
His word the law, and he the lord of all?
Him must our hosts, our chiefs, ourself, obey?
What King can bear a rival in his sway?
Grant that the Gods his matchless force have giv'n;
Has foul reproach a privilege from Heav'n?'
Here on the Monarch's speech Achilles broke,
And furious, thus, and interrupting, spoke:
'Tyrant, I well deserv'd thy galling chain,
To live thy slave, and still to serve in vain,
Should I submit to each unjust decree:
Command thy vassals, but command not me.
Seize on Briseïs, whom the Grecians doom'd
My prize of war, yet tamely see resumed;
And seize secure; no more Achilles draws
His conquering sword in any woman's cause.
The Gods command me to forgive the past;
But let this first invasion be the last:
For know, thy blood, when next thou darest invade,
Shall stream in vengeance on my reeking blade.'
At this they ceas'd; the stern debate expired:
The Chiefs in sullen majesty retired.
Achilles with Patroclus took his way,
Where near his tents his hollow vessels lay.
Meantime Atrides launch'd with numerous oars
A well-rigg'd ship for Chrysa's sacred shores:
High on the deck was fair Chryseïs placed,
And sage Ulysses with the conduct graced:
Safe in her sides the hecatomb they stow'd,
Then, swiftly sailing, cut the liquid road.
The host to expiate, next the King prepares,
With pure lustrations and with solemn prayers.
Wash'd by the briny wave, the pious train
Are cleans'd; and cast th' ablutions in the main.
Along the shores whole hecatombs were laid,
And bulls and goats to Phœbus' altars paid.
The sable fumes in curling spires arise,
And waft their grateful odours to the skies.

The army thus in sacred rites engaged,
Atrides still with deep resentment raged.
To wait his will two sacred heralds stood,
Talthybius and Eurybates the good.
'Haste to the fierce Achilles' tent' (he cries),
'Thence bear Briseïs as our royal prize:
Submit he must; or, if they will not part,
Ourself in arms shall tear her from his heart.'
Th' unwilling heralds act their lord's commands;
Pensive they walk along the barren sands:
Arrived, the hero in his tent they find,
With gloomy aspect, on his arm reclin'd.
At awful distance long they silent stand,
Loth to advance, or speak their hard command;
Decent confusion! This the godlike man
Perceiv'd, and thus with accent mild began:
'With leave and honour enter our abodes,
Ye sacred ministers of men and Gods!
I know your message; by constraint you came;
Not you, but your imperious lord, I blame.
Patroclus, haste, the fair Briseïs bring;
Conduct my captive to the haughty King.
But witness, Heralds, and proclaim my vow,
Witness to Gods above, and men below!
But first, and loudest, to your Prince declare,
That lawless tyrant whose commands you bear;
Unmov'd as death Achilles shall remain,
Tho' prostrate Greece should bleed at ev'ry vein:
The raging Chief in frantic passion lost,
Blind to himself, and useless to his host,
Unskill'd to judge the future by the past,
In blood and slaughter shall repent at last.'
Patroclus now th' unwilling beauty brought;
She, in soft sorrows, and in pensive thought,
Pass'd silent, as the heralds held her hand,
And oft look'd back, slow-moving o'er the strand.
Not so his loss the fierce Achilles bore;
But sad retiring to the sounding shore,
O'er the wild margin of the deep he hung,
That kindred deep from whence his mother sprung;
There, bathed in tears of anger and disdain,
Thus loud lamented to the stormy main:

'O parent Goddess! since in early bloom
Thy son must fall, by too severe a doom;
Sure, to so short a race of glory born,
Great Jove in justice should this span adorn.
Honour and Fame at least the Thund'rer owed;
And ill he pays the promise of a God,
If yon proud monarch thus thy son defies,
Obscures my glories, and resumes my prize.'
Far in the deep recesses of the main,
Where aged Ocean holds his wat'ry reign,
The Goddess-mother heard. The waves divide;
And like a mist she rose above the tide;
Beheld him mourning on the naked shores,
And thus the sorrows of his soul explores:
'Why grieves my son? thy anguish let me share,
Reveal the cause, and trust a parent's care.'
He deeply sighing said: 'To tell my woe,
Is but to mention what too well you know.
From Thebe, sacred to Apollo's name
(Eëtion's realm), our conquering army came,
With treasure loaded and triumphant spoils,
Whose just division crown'd the soldier's toils;
But bright Chryseïs, heav'nly prize! was led
By vote selected to the gen'ral's bed.
The priest of Phœbus sought by gifts to gain
His beauteous daughter from the victor's chain;
The fleet he reach'd, and, lowly bending down,
Held forth the sceptre and the laurel crown,
Entreating all; but chief implor'd for grace
The brother-kings of Atreus' royal race:
The gen'rous Greeks their joint consent declare,
The Priest to rev'rence, and release the Fair.
Not so Atrides: he, with wonted pride,
The sire insulted, and his gifts denied:
Th' insulted sire (his God's peculiar care)
To Phœbus pray'd, and Phœbus heard the prayer:
A dreadful plague ensues; th' avenging darts
Incessant fly, and pierce the Grecian hearts,

A prophet then, inspired by Heav'n, arose,
And points the crime, and thence derives the woes:
Myself the first th' assembled chiefs incline
T' avert the vengeance of the Power divine;
Then, rising in his wrath, the Monarch storm'd;
Incens'd he threaten'd, and his threats perform'd:
The fair Chryseïs to her sire was sent,
With offer'd gifts to make the God relent;
But now he seized Briseïs' heav'nly charms,
And of my valour's prize defrauds my arms,
Defrauds the votes of all the Grecian train;
And Service, Faith, and Justice, plead in vain.
But, Goddess! thou thy suppliant son attend,
To high Olympus' shining court ascend,
Urge all the ties to former service owed,
And sue for vengeance to the thund'ring God.
Oft hast thou triumph'd in the glorious boast
That thou stood'st forth, of all th' ethereal host,
When bold rebellion shook the realms above,
Th' undaunted guard of cloud-compelling Jove.
When the bright partner of his awful reign,
The warlike maid, and Monarch of the Main,
The Traitor-gods, by mad ambition driv'n,
Durst threat with chains th' omnipotence of Heav'n,
Then call'd by thee, the monster Titan came
(Whom Gods Briareus, men Ægeon name);
Thro' wond'ring skies enormous stalk'd along;
Not he that shakes the solid earth so strong:
With giant pride at Jove's high throne he stands,
And brandish'd round him all his hundred hands.
Th' affrighted Gods confess'd their awful lord,
They dropp'd the fetters, trembled and adored.
This, Goddess, this to his rememb'rance call,
Embrace his knees, at his tribunal fall;
Conjure him far to drive the Grecian train,
To hurl them headlong to their fleet and main,
To heap the shores with copious death, and bring
The Greeks to know the curse of such a King:
Let Agamemnon lift his haughty head
O'er all his wide dominion of the dead,
And mourn in blood, that e'er he durst disgrace
The boldest warrior of the Grecian race.'
'Unhappy son!' (fair Thetis thus replies,
While tears celestial trickle from her eyes)
'Why have I borne thee with a mother's throes,
To fates averse, and nurs'd for future woes?
So short a space the light of Heav'n to view!
So short a space! and fill'd with sorrow too!
O might a parent's careful wish prevail,
Far, far from Ilion should thy vessels sail,
And thou, from camps remote, the danger shun,
Which now, alas! too nearly threats my son.
Yet (what I can) to move thy suit I 'll go
To great Olympus crown'd with fleecy snow.
Meantime, secure within thy ships from far
Behold the field, nor mingle in the war.
The Sire of Gods, and all th' ethereal train,
On the warm limits of the farthest main,
Now mix with mortals, nor disdain to grace
The feasts of Æthiopia's blameless race:
Twelve days the Powers indulge the genial rite,
Returning with the twelfth revolving light.
Then will I mount the brazen dome, and move
The high tribunal of immortal Jove.'
The Goddess spoke: the rolling waves unclose;
Then down the deep she plunged, from whence she rose,

And left him sorrowing on the lonely coast
In wild resentment for the Fair he lost.
In Chrysa's port now sage Ulysses rode;
Beneath the deck the destin'd victims stow'd:
The sails they furl'd, they lash'd the mast aside,
And dropp'd their anchors, and the pinnace tied.
Next on the shore their hecatomb they land,
Chryseïs last descending on the strand.
Her, thus returning from the furrow'd main,
Ulysses led to Phœbus' sacred fane;
Where at his solemn altar, as the maid
He gave to Chryses, thus the hero said:
'Hail, rev'rend Priest! to Phœbus' awful dome
A suppliant I from great Atrides come:
Unransom'd here receive the spotless Fair;
Accept the hecatomb the Greeks prepare;
And may thy God who scatters darts around,
Atoned by sacrifice, desist to wound.'
At this the sire embraced the maid again,
So sadly lost, so lately sought in vain.
Then near the altar of the darting King
Disposed in rank their hecatomb they bring:
With water purify their hands, and take
The sacred off'ring of the salted cake;
While thus with arms devoutly raised in air,
And solemn voice, the priest directs his prayer:
'God of the Silver Bow, thy ear incline,
Whose power encircles Cilla the divine;
Whose sacred eye thy Tenedos surveys,
And gilds fair Chrysa with distinguish'd rays!
If, fired to vengeance at thy priest's request,
Thy direful darts inflict the raging pest;
Once more attend! avert the wasteful woe,
And smile propitious, and unbend thy bow.'
So Chryses pray'd, Apollo heard his prayer:
And now the Greeks their hecatomb prepare;
Between their horns the salted barley threw,
And with their heads to Heav'n the victims slew:
The limbs they sever from th' inclosing hide;
The thighs, selected to the Gods, divide:
On these, in double cauls involv'd with art,
The choicest morsels lay from every part.
The priest himself before his altar stands,
And burns the off'ring with his holy hands,
Pours the black wine, and sees the flames aspire;
The youths with instruments surround the fire:
The thighs thus sacrificed, and entrails drest,
Th' assistants part, transfix, and roast the rest:
Then spread the tables, the repast prepare,
Each takes his seat, and each receives his share.
When now the rage of hunger was repress'd,
With pure libations they conclude the feast:
The youths with wine the copious goblets crown'd,
And, pleas'd, dispense the flowing bowls around.
With hymns divine the joyous banquet ends,
The Pæans lengthen'd till the sun descends:
The Greeks, restor'd, the grateful notes prolong:
Apollo listens, and approves the song.
'T was night; the chiefs beside their vessel lie,
Till rosy morn had purpled o'er the sky:
Then launch, and hoist the mast; indulgent gales,
Supplied by Phœbus, fill the swelling sails;
The milk-white canvas bellying as they blow,
The parted ocean foams and roars below:
Above the bounding billows swift they flew,
Till now the Grecian camp appear'd in view.
Far on the beach they haul their barks to land,
(The crooked keel divides the yellow sand),
Then part, where stretch'd along the winding bay
The ships and tents in mingled prospect lay.

But, raging still, amidst his navy sate
The stern Achilles, steadfast in his hate;
Nor mix'd in combat, nor in council join'd;
But wasting cares lay heavy on his mind:
In his black thoughts revenge and slaughter roll,
And scenes of blood rise dreadful in his soul.
Twelve days were past, and now the dawning light
The Gods had summon'd to th' Olympian height:
Jove, first ascending from the wat'ry bowers,
Leads the long order of ethereal Powers.
When like the morning mist, in early day,
Rose from the flood the Daughter of the Sea;
And to the seats divine her flight address'd.
There, far apart, and high above the rest,
The Thund'rer sat; where old Olympus shrouds
His hundred heads in Heav'n, and props the clouds.
Suppliant the Goddess stood: one hand she placed
Beneath his beard, and one his knees embraced.
'If e'er, O father of the Gods!' she said,
'My words could please thee, or my actions aid;
Some marks of honour on thy son bestow,
And pay in glory what in life you owe.
Fame is at least by heav'nly promise due
To life so short, and now dishonour'd too.
Avenge this wrong, oh ever just and wise!
Let Greece be humbled, and the Trojans rise;
Till the proud King, and all th' Achaian race
Shall heap with honours him they now disgrace.'
Thus Thetis spoke, but Jove in silence held
The sacred councils of his breast conceal'd.
Not so repuls'd, the Goddess closer press'd,
Still grasp'd his knees, and urged the dear request.
'O Sire of Gods and men! thy suppliant hear,
Refuse, or grant; for what has Jove to fear?
Or, oh! declare, of all the Powers above,
Is wretched Thetis least the care of Jove?'
She said, and sighing thus the God replies,
Who rolls the thunder o'er the vaulted skies:
'What hast thou ask'd? Ah, why should Jove engage
In foreign contests, and domestic rage,
The Gods' complaints, and Juno's fierce alarms,
While I, too partial, aid the Trojan arms?
Go, lest the haughty partner of my sway
With jealous eyes thy close access survey;
But part in peace, secure thy prayer is sped:
Witness the sacred honours of our head,
The nod that ratifies the will divine,
The faithful, fix'd, irrevocable sign;
This seals thy suit, and this fulfils thy vows —'
He spoke, and awful bends his sable brows,
Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod;
The stamp of Fate, and sanction of the God:
High Heav'n with trembling the dread signal took,
And all Olympus to the centre shook.
Swift to the seas profound the Goddess flies,
Jove to his starry mansion in the skies.
The shining Synod of th' Immortals wait
The coming God, and from their thrones of state
Arising silent, rapt in holy fear,
Before the Majesty of Heav'n appear.
Trembling they stand, while Jove assumes the throne,
All, but the God's imperious Queen alone:
Late had she view'd the silver-footed dame,
And all her passions kindled into flame.
'Say, artful manager of Heav'n' (she cries),
'Who now partakes the secrets of the skies?
Thy Juno knows not the decrees of Fate,
In vain the partner of imperial state.
What fav'rite Goddess then those cares divides,
Which Jove in prudence from his consort hides?'
To this the Thund'rer: 'Seek not thou to find
The sacred counsels of almighty mind:
Involved in darkness lies the great decree,
Nor can the depths of Fate be pierc'd by thee.

What fits thy knowledge, thou the first shalt know:
The first of Gods above and men below:
But thou, nor they, shall search the thoughts that roll
Deep in the close recesses of my soul.'
Full on the Sire, the Goddess of the skies
Roll'd the large orbs of her majestic eyes,
And thus return'd: 'Austere Saturnius, say,
From whence this wrath, or who controls thy sway?
Thy boundless will, for me, remains in force,
And all thy counsels take the destin'd course.
But 't is for Greece I fear: for late was seen
In close consult the Silver-footed Queen.
Jove to his Thetis nothing could deny,
Nor was the signal vain that shook the sky.
What fatal favour has the Goddess won,
To grace her fierce inexorable son?
Perhaps in Grecian blood to drench the plain,
And glut his vengeance with my people slain.'
Then thus the God: 'Oh restless fate of pride,
That strives to learn what Heav'n resolves to hide;
Vain is the search, presumptuous and abhorr'd,
Anxious to thee, and odious to thy Lord.
Let this suffice: th' immutable decree
No force can shake: what *is*, that *ought* to be.
Goddess, submit, nor dare our will withstand,
But dread the power of this avenging hand;
Th' united strength of all the Gods above
In vain resist th' omnipotence of Jove.'
The Thund'rer spoke, nor durst the Queen reply;
A rev'rend horror silenced all the sky.
The feast disturb'd, with sorrow Vulcan saw
His mother menaced, and the Gods in awe;
Peace at his heart, and pleasure his design,
Thus interposed the architect divine:
'The wretched quarrels of the mortal state
Are far unworthy, Gods! of your debate:
Let men their days in senseless strife employ,
We, in eternal peace, and constant joy.
Thou, Goddess-mother, with our sire comply,
Nor break the sacred union of the sky:
Lest, rous'd to rage, he shake the blest abodes,
Launch the red lightning, and dethrone the Gods.
If you submit, the Thund'rer stands appeas'd;
The gracious Power is willing to be pleas'd.'
Thus Vulcan spoke; and, rising with a bound,
The double bowl with sparkling nectar crown'd,
Which held to Juno in a cheerful way,
'Goddess' (he cried), 'be patient and obey.
Dear as you are, if Jove his arm extend,
I can but grieve, unable to defend.
What God so daring in your aid to move,
Or lift his hand against the force of Jove?
Once in your cause I felt his matchless might,
Hurl'd headlong downward from th' ethereal height;
Toss'd all the day in rapid circles round;
Nor, till the sun descended, touch'd the ground:
Breathless I fell, in giddy motion lost;
The Sinthians rais'd me on the Lemnian coast.'
He said, and to her hands the goblet heav'd,
Which, with a smile, the white-arm'd Queen receiv'd.
Then to the rest he fill'd; and, in his turn,
Each to his lips applied the nectar'd urn.
Vulcan with awkward grace his office plies,
And unextinguish'd laughter shakes the skies.
Thus the blest Gods the genial day prolong,
In feasts ambrosial, and celestial song.
Apollo tuned the lyre; the Muses round
With voice alternate aid the silver sound.
Meantime the radiant sun, to mortal sight
Descending swift, roll'd down the rapid light.
Then to their starry domes the Gods depart,
The shining monuments of Vulcan's art:
Jove on his couch reclin'd his awful head,
And Juno slumber'd on the golden bed.

BOOK II

THE TRIAL OF THE ARMY AND CATALOGUE OF THE FORCES

THE ARGUMENT

Jupiter, in pursuance of the request of Thetis, sends a deceitful vision to Agamemnon, persuading him to lead the army to battle; in order to make the Greeks sensible of their want of Achilles. The general, who is deluded with the hopes of taking Troy without his assistance, but fears the army was discouraged by his absence and the late plague, as well as by length of time, contrives to make trial of their disposition by a stratagem. He first communicates his design to the Princes in council, that he would propose a return to the soldiers, and that they should put a stop to them if the proposal was embraced. Then he assembles the whole host, and upon moving for a return to Greece, they unanimously agree to it, and run to prepare the ships. They are detained by the management of Ulysses, who chastises the insolence of Thersites. The assembly is recalled, several speeches made on the occasion, and at length the advice of Nestor followed, which was to make a general muster of the troops, and to divide them into their several nations, before they proceeded to battle. This gives occasion to the poet to enumerate all the forces of the Greeks and Trojans, in a large catalogue.

The time employed in this book consists not entirely of one day. The scene lies in the Grecian camp and upon the seashore; toward the end it removes to Troy.

Now pleasing sleep had seal'd each mortal eye,
Stretch'd in the tents the Grecian leaders lie,
Th' immortal slumber'd on their thrones above;
All but the ever-wakeful eyes of Jove.
To honour Thetis' son he bends his care,
And plunge the Greeks in all the woes of war:
Then bids an empty Phantom rise to sight,
And thus commands the Vision of the night:
'Fly hence, deluding Dream! and, light as air,
To Agamemnon's ample tent repair.
Bid him in arms draw forth th' embattled train,
Lead all his Grecians to the dusty plain.
Declare, ev'n now 't is given him to destroy
The lofty towers of wide-extended Troy.
For now no more the Gods with Fate contend,
At Juno's suit the heav'nly factions end.
Destruction hangs o'er yon devoted wall,
And nodding Ilion waits th' impending fall.'

Swift as the word the vain Illusion fled,
Descends, and hovers o'er Atrides' head;
Clothed in the figure of the Pylian sage,
Renown'd for wisdom, and revered for age;
Around his temples spreads his golden wing,
And thus the flatt'ring Dream deceives the King:
'Canst thou, with all a Monarch's cares oppress'd,
O Atreus' son! canst thou indulge thy rest?
Ill fits a chief who mighty nations guides,
Directs in council, and in war presides,
To whom its safety a whole people owes,
To waste long nights in indolent repose.
Monarch, awake! 't is Jove's command I bear,
Thou and thy glory claim his heav'nly care.
In just array draw forth th' embattled train,
Lead all thy Grecians to the dusty plain;
Ev'n now, O King! 't is given thee to destroy
The lofty towers of wide-extended Troy.
For now no more the Gods with Fate contend,
At Juno's suit the heav'nly factions end.
Destruction hangs o'er yon devoted wall,
And nodding Ilion waits th' impending fall,
Awake, but, waking, this advice approve,
And trust the vision that descends from Jove.'

The Phantom said; then vanish'd from his sight,
Resolves to air, and mixes with the night.
A thousand schemes the Monarch's mind employ;
Elate in thought, he sacks untaken Troy;
Vain as he was, and to the future blind;
Nor saw what Jove and secret Fate design'd;
What mighty toils to either host remain,
What scenes of grief, and numbers of the slain!

Eager he rises, and in fancy hears
The voice celestial murm'ring in his ears.
First on his limbs a slender vest he drew,
Around him next the regal mantle threw,
Th' embroider'd sandals on his feet were tied;
The starry falchion glitter'd at his side:
And last his arm the massy sceptre loads,
Unstain'd, immortal, and the gift of Gods.
Now rosy Morn ascends the court of Jove,
Lifts up her light, and opens day above.
The King dispatch'd his heralds with commands
To range the camp and summon all the bands:
The gath'ring hosts the Monarch's word obey;
While to the fleet Atrides bends his way.
In his black ship the Pylian Prince he found;
There calls a senate of the peers around:
Th' assembly placed, the King of Men express'd
The counsels lab'ring in his artful breast:
'Friends and confed'rates! with attentive ear
Receive my words, and credit what you hear.
Late as I slumber'd in the shades of night,
A Dream divine appear'd before my sight;
Whose visionary form like Nestor came,
The same in habit, and in mien the same.
The heav'nly Phantom hover'd o'er my head,
And, "Dost thou sleep, O Atreus' son?" (he said)
"Ill fits a chief who mighty nations guides,
Directs in council, and in war presides,
To whom its safety a whole people owes,
To waste long nights in indolent repose.
Monarch, awake! 't is Jove's command I bear,
Thou and thy glory claim his heav'nly care;
In just array draw forth th' embattled train,
And lead the Grecians to the dusty plain.
Ev'n now, O King! 't is giv'n thee to destroy
The lofty towers of wide-extended Troy.
For now no more the Gods with Fate contend,
At Juno's suit the heav'nly factions end.
Destruction hangs o'er yon devoted wall,
And nodding Ilion waits th' impending fall.
This hear observant, and the Gods obey!"
The Vision spoke, and pass'd in air away.
Now, valiant chiefs! since Heav'n itself alarms,
Unite, and rouse the sons of Greece to arms.
But first, with caution, try what yet they dare,
Worn with nine years of unsuccessful war.
To move the troops to measure back the main,
Be mine; and yours the province to detain.'
He spoke, and sat; when Nestor rising said
(Nestor, whom Pylos' sandy realms obey'd):
'Princes of Greece, your faithful ears incline,
Nor doubt the Vision of the Powers divine;
Sent by great Jove to him who rules the host,
Forbid it, Heav'n! this warning should be lost!
Then let us haste, obey the God's alarms,
And join to rouse the sons of Greece to arms.'
Thus spoke the sage: the Kings without delay
Dissolve the council, and their Chief obey:
The sceptred rulers lead; the foll'wing host,
Pour'd forth by thousands, darkens all the coast.
As from some rocky cleft the shepherd sees
Clust'ring in heaps on heaps the driving bees,
Rolling and black'ning, swarms succeeding swarms
With deeper murmurs and more hoarse alarms;
Dusky they spread, a close-embodied crowd,
And o'er the vale descends the living cloud.
So, from the tents and ships, a length'ning train
Spreads all the beach, and wide o'ershades the plain;
Along the region runs a deaf'ning sound;
Beneath their footsteps groans the trembling ground.
Fame flies before, the messenger of Jove,
And shining soars, and claps her wings above.

Nine sacred heralds now proclaiming loud
The Monarch's will, suspend the list'ning crowd.
Soon as the throngs in order ranged appear,
And fainter murmurs died upon the ear,
The King of Kings his awful figure raised;
High in his hand the golden sceptre blazed:
The golden sceptre, of celestial frame,
By Vulcan form'd, from Jove to Hermes came:
To Pelops he th' immortal gift resign'd;
Th' immortal gift great Pelops left behind,
In Atreus' hand, which not with Atreus ends,
To rich Thyestes next the prize descends;
And now, the mark of Agamemnon's reign,
Subjects all Argos, and controls the main.
On this bright sceptre now the King reclin'd,
And artful thus pronounced the speech design'd;
'Ye sons of Mars! partake your leader's care,
Heroes of Greece, and brothers of the war!
Of partial Jove with justice I complain,
And heav'nly oracles believ'd in vain.
A safe return was promis'd to our toils,
Renown'd, triumphant, and enrich'd with spoils.
Now shameful flight alone can save the host,
Our blood, our treasure, and our glory lost.
So Jove decrees, resistless Lord of all!
At whose command whole empires rise or fall:
He shakes the feeble props of human trust,
And towns and armies humbles to the dust.
What shame to Greece a fruitless war to wage,
Oh lasting shame in ev'ry future age!
Once great in arms, the common scorn we grow,
Repuls'd and baffled by a feeble foe.
So small their number, that, if wars were ceas'd,
And Greece triumphant held a gen'ral feast,
All rank'd by tens; whole decades, when they dine,
Must want a Trojan slave to pour the wine.
But other forces have our hopes o'erthrown,
And Troy prevails by armies not her own.
Now nine long years of mighty Jove are run,
Since first the labours of this war begun;
Our cordage torn, decay'd our vessels lie,
And scarce ensure the wretched power to fly.
Haste then, for ever leave the Trojan wall!
Our weeping wives, our tender children call;
Love, Duty, Safety, summon us away,
'T is Nature's voice, and Nature we obey.
Our shatter'd barks may yet transport us o'er,
Safe and inglorious, to our native shore.
Fly, Grecians, fly! your sails and oars employ,
And dream no more of Heav'n-defended Troy.'
His deep design unknown, the hosts approve
Atrides' speech. The mighty numbers move.
So roll the billows to th' Icarian shore,
From east and south when winds begin to roar,
Burst their dark mansions in the clouds, and sweep
The whitening surface of the ruffled deep:
And as on corn when western gusts descend,
Before the blast the lofty harvests bend;
Thus o'er the field the moving host appears,
With nodding plumes and groves of waving spears,
The gath'ring murmur spreads, their trampling feet
Beat the loose sands, and thicken to the fleet.
With long-resounding cries they urge the train
To fit the ships, and launch into the main.
They toil, they sweat, thick clouds of dust arise,
The doubling clamours echo thro' the skies.
Ev'n then the Greeks had left the hostile plain,
And Fate decreed the fall of Troy in vain;
But Jove's imperial Queen their flight survey'd,
And sighing thus bespoke the blue-eyed maid:
'Shall then the Grecians fly? O dire disgrace!
And leave unpunish'd this perfidious race?

Shall Troy, shall Priam, and the adult'rous spouse,
In peace enjoy the fruits of broken vows?
And bravest chiefs, in Helen's quarrel slain,
Lie unavenged on yon detested plain?
No: let my Greeks, unmov'd by vain alarms,
Once more refulgent shine in brazen arms.
Haste, Goddess, haste! the flying host detain,
Nor let one sail be hoisted on the main.'
Pallas obeys, and from Olympus' height
Swift to the ships precipitates her flight;
Ulysses, first in public cares, she found,
For prudent counsel like the Gods renown'd;
Oppress'd with gen'rous grief the hero stood;
Nor drew his sable vessels to the flood.
'And is it thus, divine Laertes' son!
Thus fly the Greeks?' (the Martial Maid begun)
'Thus to their country bear their own disgrace,
And Fame eternal leave to Priam's race?
Shall beauteous Helen still remain unfreed,
Still unrevenged a thousand heroes bleed?
Haste, gen'rous Ithacus! prevent the shame,
Recall your armies, and your chiefs reclaim.
Your own resistless eloquence employ,
And to th' immortals trust the fall of Troy.'
The voice divine confess'd the Warlike Maid,
Ulysses heard, nor uninspired obey'd:
Then, meeting first Atrides, from his hand
Receiv'd th' imperial sceptre of command.
Thus graced, attention and respect to gain,
He runs, he flies thro' all the Grecian train,
Each Prince of name, or Chief in arms approv'd,
He fired with praise, or with persuasion mov'd:
'Warriors like you, with strength and wisdom blest,
By brave examples should confirm the rest.
The Monarch's will not yet reveal'd appears;
He tries our courage, but resents our fears.
Th' unwary Greeks his fury may provoke;
Not thus the King in secret council spoke.
Jove loves our Chief, from Jove his honour springs,
Beware! for dreadful is the wrath of Kings.'
But if a clam'rous vile plebeian rose,
Him with reproof he check'd or tamed with blows.
'Be still, thou slave, and to thy betters yield;
Unknown alike in council and in field:
Ye Gods, what dastards would our host command?
Swept to the war, the number of a land.
Be silent, wretch, and think not here allow'd
That worst of tyrants, an usurping crowd.
To one sole monarch Jove commits the sway;
His are the laws, and him let all obey.'
With words like these the troops Ulysses ruled,
The loudest silenc'd, and the fiercest cool'd.
Back to th' assembly roll the thronging train,
Desert the ships, and pour upon the plain.
Murm'ring they move, as when old Ocean roars,
And heaves huge surges to the trembling shores:
The groaning banks are burst with bellowing sound,
The rocks remurmur, and the deeps rebound.
At length the tumult sinks, the noises cease,
And a still silence lulls the camp to peace.
Thersites only clamour'd in the throng,
Loquacious, loud, and turbulent of tongue:
Awed by no shame, by no respect controll'd,
In scandal busy, in reproaches bold;
With witty malice studious to defame;
Scorn all his joy, and laughter all his aim.
But chief he gloried with licentious style
To lash the great, and monarchs to revile.
His figure such as might his soul proclaim:
One eye was blinking, and one leg was lame:
His mountain-shoulders half his breast o'erspread;
Thin hairs bestrew'd his long misshapen head.
Spleen to mankind his envious heart possess'd,
And much he hated all, but most the best.

Ulysses or Achilles still his theme;
But royal scandal his delight supreme.
Long had he lived the scorn of ev'ry Greek;
Vex'd when he spoke, yet still they heard him speak.
Sharp was his voice; which, in the shrillest tone,
Thus with injurious taunts attack'd the throne:
'Amidst the glories of so bright a reign,
What moves the great Atrides to complain?
'Tis thine whate'er the warrior's breast inflames,
The golden spoil, and thine the lovely dames.
With all the wealth our wars and blood bestow,
Thy tents are crowded, and thy chests o'erflow.
Thus at full ease, in heaps of riches roll'd,
What grieves the Monarch? Is it thirst of gold?
Say, shall we march with our unconquer'd powers
(The Greeks and I), to Ilion's hostile towers,
And bring the race of royal bastards here,
For Troy to ransom at a price too dear?
But safer plunder thy own host supplies;
Say, wouldst thou seize some valiant leader's prize?
Or, if thy heart to gen'rous love be led,
Some captive fair, to bless thy kingly bed?
Whate'er our master craves, submit we must,
Plagued with his pride, or punish'd for his lust.
Oh, women of Achaia! men no more!
Hence let us fly, and let him waste his store
In loves and pleasures on the Phrygian shore.
We may be wanted on some busy day,
When Hector comes: so great Achilles may:
From him be forced the prize we jointly gave,
From him, the fierce, the fearless, and the brave:
And durst he, as he ought, resent that wrong,
This mighty tyrant were no tyrant long.'

Fierce from his seat, at this, Ulysses springs
In gen'rous vengeance of the King of Kings.
With indignation sparkling in his eyes,
He views the wretch, and sternly thus replies:
'Peace, factious monster! born to vex the state,
With wrangling talents form'd for foul debate:
Curb that impetuous tongue, nor, rashly vain
And singly mad, asperse the sov'reign reign.
Have we not known thee, Slave! of all our host,
The man who acts the least, upbraids the most?
Think not the Greeks to shameful flight to bring,
Nor let those lips profane the name of King.
For our return we trust the heav'nly powers;
Be that their care; to fight like men be ours.
But grant the host with wealth the gen'ral load,
Except detraction, what hast thou bestow'd?
Suppose some hero should his spoils resign,
Art thou that hero, could those spoils be thine?
Gods! let me perish on this hateful shore,
And let these eyes behold my son no more;
If, on thy next offence, this hand forbear
To strip those arms thou ill deserv'st to wear,
Expel the council where our Princes meet,
And send thee scourged, and howling thro' the fleet.'
He said, and cow'ring as the dastard bends,
The weighty sceptre on his back descends,
On the round bunch the bloody tumours rise;
The tears spring starting from his haggard eyes:
Trembling he sat, and, shrunk in abject fears,
From his vile visage wiped the scalding tears.
While to his neighbour each express'd his thought:
'Ye Gods! what wonders has Ulysses wrought!

What fruits his conduct and his courage yield,
Great in the council, glorious in the field!
Gen'rous he rises in the Crown's defence,
To curb the factious tongue of insolence.
Such just examples on offenders shewn
Sedition silence, and assert the throne.'
'T was thus the gen'ral voice the hero praised
Who, rising high, th' imperial sceptre rais'd:
The blue-eyed Pallas, his celestial friend
(In form a herald), bade the crowds attend;
Th' expecting crowds in still attention hung,
To hear the wisdom of his heav'nly tongue.
Then, deeply thoughtful, pausing ere he spoke,
His silence thus the prudent hero broke:
'Unhappy Monarch! whom the Grecian race,
With shame deserting, heap with vile disgrace,
Not such at Argos was their gen'rous vow,
Once all their voice, but ah! forgotten now:
Ne'er to return, was then the common cry,
Till Troy's proud structures should in ashes lie.
Behold them weeping for their native shore!
What could their wives or helpless children more?
What heart but melts to leave the tender train,
And, one short month, endure the wintry main?
Few leagues remov'd, we wish our peaceful seat,
When the ship tosses and the tempests beat:
Then well may this long stay provoke their tears,
The tedious length of nine revolving years.
Not for their grief the Grecian host I blame;
But vanquish'd! baffled! oh eternal shame!
Expect the time to Troy's destruction giv'n,
And try the faith of Calchas and of Heav'n.
What pass'd at Aulis, Greece can witness bear,
And all who live to breathe this Phrygian air.
Beside a fountain's sacred brink we rais'd
Our verdant altars, and the victims blazed
('T was where the plane-tree spread its shades around);
The altars heav'd; and from the crumbling ground
A mighty dragon shot, of dire portent;
From Jove himself the dreadful sign was sent.
Straight to the tree his sanguine spires he roll'd,
And curl'd around in many a winding fold.
The topmost branch a mother-bird possess'd;
Eight callow infants fill'd the mossy nest;
Herself the ninth: the serpent, as he hung,
Stretch'd his black jaws, and crash'd the crying young;
While hov'ring near, with miserable moan,
The drooping mother wail'd her children gone.
The mother last, as round the nest she flew,
Seiz'd by the beating wing, the monster slew:
Nor long survived; to marble turn'd he stands
A lasting prodigy on Aulis' sands,
Such was the will of Jove; and hence we dare
Trust in his omen, and support the war.
For while around we gazed with wond'ring eyes,
And trembling sought the Powers with sacrifice,
Full of his God, the rev'rend Calchas cried;
"Ye Grecian warriors! lay your fears aside:
This wondrous signal Jove himself displays,
Of long, long labours, but eternal praise,
As many birds as by the snake were slain,
So many years the toils of Greece remain;
But wait the tenth, for Ilion's fall decreed:"
Thus spoke the prophet, thus the Fates succeed.
Obey, ye Grecians, with submission wait,
Nor let your flight avert the Trojan fate.'
He said: the shores with loud applauses sound,
The hollow ships each deaf'ning shout rebound.
Then Nestor thus: 'These vain debates forbear:
Ye talk like children, not like heroes dare.
Where now are all your high resolves at last?
Your leagues concluded, your engagements past?

Vow'd with libations and with victims then,
Now vanish'd like their smoke: the faith of men!
While useless words consume th' unactive hours,
No wonder Troy so long resists our powers.
Rise, great Atrides! and with courage sway;
We march to war, if thou direct the way.
But leave the few that dare resist thy laws,
The mean deserters of the Grecian cause,
To grudge the conquests mighty Jove prepares,
And view, with envy, our successful wars.
On that great day when first the martial train,
Big with the fate of Ilion, plough'd the main;
Jove on the right a prosp'rous signal sent,
And thunder rolling shook the firmament.
Encouraged hence, maintain the glorious strife,
Till ev'ry soldier grasp a Phrygian wife,
Till Helen's woes at full revenged appear,
And Troy's proud matrons render tear for tear.
Before that day, if any Greek invite
His country's troops to base, inglorious flight,
Stand forth that Greek! and hoist his sail to fly;
And die the dastard first, who dreads to die.
But now, O monarch! all thy Chiefs advise:
Nor what they offer, thou thyself despise.
Among those counsels, let not mine be vain;
In tribes and nations to divide thy train:
His sep'rate troops let ev'ry leader call,
Each strengthen each, and all encourage all.
What Chief, or soldier, of the numerous band,
Or bravely fights, or ill obeys command,
When thus distinct they war, shall soon be known,
And what the cause of Ilion not o'erthrown;
If Fate resists, or if our arms are slow,
If Gods above prevent, or men below.'
To him the King: 'How much thy years excel
In arts of council, and in speaking well!
Oh would the Gods, in love to Greece, decree
But ten such sages as they grant in thee;
Such wisdom soon should Priam's force destroy,
And soon should fall the haughty towers of Troy!
But Jove forbids, who plunges those he hates
In fierce contention and in vain debates.
Now great Achilles from our aid withdraws,
By me provoked; a captive maid the cause:
If e'er as friends we join, the Trojan wall
Must shake, and heavy will the vengeance fall!
But now, ye warriors, take a short repast;
And, well-refresh'd, to bloody conflict haste.
His sharpen'd spear let every Grecian wield
And every Grecian fix his brazen shield;
Let all excite the fiery steeds of war,
And all for combat fit the rattling car.
This day, this dreadful day, let each contend;
No rest, no respite, till the shades descend;
Till darkness, or till death shall cover all,
Let the war bleed, and let the mighty fall;
Till bathed in sweat be ev'ry manly breast,
With the huge shield each brawny arm depress'd,
Each aching nerve refuse the lance to throw,
And each spent courser at the chariot blow.
Who dares, inglorious, in his ships to stay,
Who dares to tremble on this signal day,
That wretch, too mean to fall by martial power,
The birds shall mangle and the dogs devour.'
The Monarch spoke: and straight a murmur rose,
Loud as the surges when the tempest blows,
That dash'd on broken rocks tumultuous roar,
And foam and thunder on the stony shore.
Straight to the tents the troops dispersing bend,
The fires are kindled, and the smokes ascend;
With hasty feasts they sacrifice, and pray
T' avert the dangers of the doubtful day.
A steer of five years' age, large limb'd, and fed,
To Jove's high altars Agamemnon led:
There bade the noblest of the Grecian peers,
And Nestor first, as most advanc'd in years.

Next came Idomeneus and Tydeus' son,
Ajax the less, and Ajax Telamon;
Then wise Ulysses in his rank was placed;
And Menelaus came unbid, the last.
The Chiefs surround the destin'd beast, and take
The sacred off'ring of the salted cake:
When thus the King prefers his solemn prayer:
'Oh thou! whose thunder rends the clouded air,
Who in the Heav'n of Heav'ns hast fix'd thy throne,
Supreme of Gods! unbounded and alone!
Hear, and before the burning sun descends,
Before the night her gloomy veil extends,
Low in the dust be laid yon hostile spires,
Be Priam's palace sunk in Grecian fires,
In Hector's breast be plunged this shining sword,
And slaughter'd heroes groan around their lord!'
Thus pray'd the Chief: his unavailing prayer
Great Jove refused, and toss'd in empty air:
The God, averse, while yet the fumes arose,
Prepar'd new toils, and doubled woes on woes.
Their prayers perform'd, the Chiefs the rites pursue,
The barley sprinkled, and the victim slew.
The limbs they sever from th' enclosing hide,
The thighs, selected to the Gods, divide.
On these, in double cauls involv'd with art,
The choicest morsels lie from every part.
From the cleft wood the crackling flames aspire,
While the fat victim feeds the sacred fire.
The thighs thus sacrificed and entrails dress'd,
Th' assistants part, transfix, and roast the rest;
Then spread the tables, the repast prepare,
Each takes his seat, and each receives his share.
Soon as the rage of hunger was suppress'd,
The gen'rous Nestor thus the Prince address'd:
'Now bid thy heralds sound the loud alarms,
And call the squadrons sheathed in brazen arms:
Now seize th' occasion, now the troops survey,
And lead to war when Heav'n directs the way.'
He said; the Monarch issued his commands;
Straight the loud heralds call the gath'ring bands.
The Chiefs enclose their King: the hosts divide,
In tribes and nations rank'd on either side.
High in the midst the blue-eyed Virgin flies;
From rank to rank she darts her ardent eyes:
The dreadful ægis, Jove's immortal shield,
Blazed on her arm, and lighten'd all the field:
Round the vast orb a hundred serpents roll'd,
Form'd the bright fringe, and seem'd to burn in gold.
With this each Grecian's manly breast she warms,
Swells their bold hearts, and strings their nervous arms;
No more they sigh inglorious to return,
But breathe revenge, and for the combat burn.
As on some mountain, thro' the lofty grove,
The crackling flames ascend and blaze above,
The fires, expanding as the winds arise,
Shoot their long beams, and kindle half the skies,
So from the polish'd arms, and brazen shields,
A gleamy splendour flash'd along the fields.
Not less their number than th' embodied cranes,
Or milk-white swans in Asius' wat'ry plains,
That o'er the windings of Cayster's springs
Stretch their long necks, and clap their rustling wings,
Now tower aloft, and course in airy rounds;
Now light with noise; with noise the field resounds.
Thus numerous and confused, extending wide,
The legions crowd Scamander's flow'ry side;
With rushing troops the plains are cover'd o'er,
And thund'ring footsteps shake the sounding shore;

Along the river's level meads they stand,
Thick as in spring the flowers adorn the land,
Or leaves the trees; or thick as insects play,
The wand'ring nation of a summer's day,
That, drawn by milky steams, at ev'ning hours,
In gather'd swarms surround the rural bowers;
From pail to pail with busy murmur run
The gilded legions, glitt'ring in the sun.
So throng'd, so close, the Grecian squadrons stood
In radiant arms, and thirst for Trojan blood.
Each leader now his scatter'd force conjoins
In close array, and forms the deep'ning lines.
Not with more ease the skilful shepherd swain
Collects his flock from thousands on the plain.
The King of Kings, majestically tall,
Towers o'er his armies, and outshines them all:
Like some proud bull that round the pastures leads
His subject-herds, the monarch of the meads.
Great as the Gods th' exalted Chief was seen,
His strength like Neptune, and like Mars his mien;
Jove o'er his eyes celestial glories spread,
And dawning conquest play'd around his head.

Say, Virgins, seated round the throne divine,
All-knowing Goddesses! immortal Nine!
Since earth's wide regions, Heav'n's unmeasured height,
And Hell's abyss, hide nothing from your sight
(We, wretched mortals! lost in doubts below,
But guess by rumour, and but boast we know),
Oh say what heroes, fired by thirst of fame,
Or urged by wrongs, to Troy's destruction came?
To count them all, demands a thousand tongues,
A throat of brass, and adamantine lungs;
Daughters of Jove, assist! inspired by you,
The mighty labour dauntless I pursue:
What crowded armies, from what climes, they bring,
Their names, their numbers, and their Chiefs, I sing.

The hardy warriors whom Bœotia bred,
Peneleus, Leitus, Prothoënor led:
With these Arcesilaus and Clonius stand,
Equal in arms, and equal in command.
These head the troops that rocky Aulis yields,
And Eteon's hills, and Hyrie's wat'ry fields,
And Schœnos, Scolos, Græa near the main,
And Mycalessia's ample piny plain.
Those who in Peteon or Ilesion dwell,
Or Harma, where Apollo's prophet fell;
Heleon and Hyle, which the springs o'erflow;
And Medeon lofty, and Ocalea low;
Or in the meads of Haliartus stray,
Or Thespia, sacred to the God of Day.
Onchestus, Neptune's celebrated groves;
Copæ, and Thisbè, famed for silver doves,
For flocks Erythræ, Glissa for the vine;
Platæa green, and Nisa the divine.
And they whom Thebes' well-built walls enclose,
Where Myde, Eutresis, Coronè rose;
And Arne rich, with purple harvests crown'd;
And Anthedon, Bœotia's utmost bound.
Full fifty ships they send, and each conveys
Twice sixty warriors thro' the foaming seas.

To these succeed Asplendon's martial train,
Who plough the spacious Orchomenian plain.
Two valiant brothers rule th' undaunted throng,
Iälmen and Ascalaphus the strong,
Sons of Astyoche, the heav'nly Fair,
Whose virgin charms subdued the God of War
(In Actor's court as she retired to rest,
The strength of Mars the blushing maid compress'd):
Their troops in thirty sable vessels sweep,
With equal oars, the hoarse-resounding deep.

The Phocians next in forty barks repair.
Epistrophus and Schedius head the war;

From those rich regions where Cephissus leads
His silver current thro' the flowery meads;
From Panopea, Chrysa the divine,
Where Anemoria's stately turrets shine,
Where Pytho, Daulis, Cyparissus stood,
And fair Lilæa views the rising flood.
These, ranged in order on the floating tide,
Close, on the left, the bold Bœotians' side.
Fierce Ajax led the Locrian squadrons on,
Ajax the less, Oïleus' valiant son;
Skill'd to direct the flying dart aright;
Swift in pursuit, and active in the fight.
Him, as their chief, the chosen troops attend,
Which Bessa, Thronus, and rich Cynos send;
Opus, Calliarus, and Scarphe's bands;
And those who dwell where pleasing Augia stands,
And where Boägrius floats the lowly lands,
Or in fair Tarphe's sylvan seats reside;
In forty vessels cut the yielding tide.
Eubœa next her martial sons prepares,
And sends the brave Abantes to the wars;
Breathing revenge, in arms they take their way
From Chalcis' walls, and strong Eretria;
Th' Isteian fields for gen'rous vines renown'd,
The fair Carystos, and the Styrian ground;
Where Dios from her towers o'erlooks the plain,
And high Cerinthus views the neighb'ring main,
Down their broad shoulders falls a length of hair;
Their hands dismiss not the long lance in air:
But with portended spears, in fighting fields,
Pierce the tough corselets and the brazen shields.
Twice twenty ships transport the warlike bands,
Which bold Elphenor, fierce in arms, commands.
Full fifty more from Athens stem the main,
Led by Menestheus thro' the liquid plain
(Athens the fair, where great Erectheus sway'd,
That owed his nurture to the blue-eyed maid,
But from the teeming furrow took his birth,
The mighty offspring of the foodfull earth.
Him Pallas placed amidst her wealthy fane,
Ador'd with sacrifice and oxen slain;
Where as the years revolve her altars blaze,
And all the tribes resound the Goddess' praise).
No Chief like thee, Menestheus! Greece could yield,
To marshal armies in the dusty field,
Th' extended wings of battle to display,
Or close th' embodied host in firm array.
Nestor alone, improv'd by length of days,
For martial conduct bore an equal praise.
With these appear the Salaminian bands,
Whom the gigantic Telamon commands;
In twelve black ships to Troy they steer their course,
And with the great Athenians join their force.
Next move to war the gen'rous Argive train
From high Trœzene, and Maseta's plain,
And fair Ægina circled by the main:
Whom strong Tirynthe's lofty walls surround,
And Epidaure with viny harvests crown'd:
And where fair Asinen and Hermion shew
Their cliffs above, and ample bay below.
These by the brave Euryalus were led,
Great Sthenelus, and greater Diomed,
But Chief Tydides bore the sov'reign sway;
In fourscore barks they plough the wat'ry way.
The proud Mycene arms her martial powers,
Cleone, Corinth, with imperial towers,
Fair Aræthyrea, Ornia's fruitful plain,
And Ægion, and Adrastus' ancient reign;
And those who dwell along the sandy shore,
And where Pellene yields her fleecy store,
Where Helice and Hyperesia lie,
And Gonoëssa's spires salute the sky.
Great Agamemnon rules the numerous band,
A hundred vessels in long order stand,
And crowded nations wait his dread command.

High on the deck the King of men appears,
And his refulgent arms in triumph wears;
Proud of his host, unrivall'd in his reign,
In silent pomp he moves along the main.
His brother follows, and to vengeance warms
The hardy Spartans, exercised in arms:
Phares and Brysia's valiant troops, and those
Whom Lacedæmon's lofty hills enclose:
Or Messe's towers for silver doves renown'd,
Amyclæ, Laäs, Augia's happy ground,
And those whom Œtylos' low walls contain,
And Helos on the margin of the main:
These o'er the bending ocean, Helen's cause
In sixty ships with Menelaus draws:
Eager and loud, from man to man he flies,
Revenge and fury flaming in his eyes;
While, vainly fond, in fancy oft he hears
The fair one's grief, and sees her falling tears.
In ninety sail, from Pylos' sandy coast,
Nestor the sage conducts his chosen host:
From Amphigenia's ever-fruitful land;
Where Æpy high, and little Pteleon stand:
Where beauteous Arene her structures shows,
And Thryon's walls Alpheüs' streams enclose:
And Dorion, famed for Thamyris' disgrace,
Superior once of all the tuneful race,
Till, vain of mortal's empty praise, he strove
To match the seed of cloud-compelling Jove!
Too daring bard! whose unsuccessful pride
Th' immortal Muses in their art defied.
Th' avenging Muses of the light of day
Deprived his eyes, and snatch'd his voice away;
No more his heav'nly voice was heard to sing;
His hand no more awaked the silver string.
Where under high Cyllenè, crown'd with wood,
The shaded tomb of old Æpytus stood;
From Ripè, Stratie, Tegea's bord'ring towns,
The Phenean fields, and Orchomenian downs,
Where the fat herds in plenteous pasture rove;
And Stymphelus with her surrounding grove,
Parrhasia, on her snowy cliffs reclin'd,
And high Enispè shook by wintry wind,
And fair Mantinea's ever-pleasing site;
In sixty sail th' Arcadian bands unite.
Bold Agapenor, glorious at their head
(Ancæus' son), the mighty squadron led.
Their ships, supplied by Agamemnon's care,
Thro' roaring seas the wond'ring warriors bear;
The first to battle on th' appointed plain,
But new to all the dangers of the main.
Those, where fair Elis and Buprasium join;
Whom Hyrmin, here, and Myrsinus confine,
And bounded there, where o'er the valleys rose
Th' Olenian rock; and where Alisium flows;
Beneath four Chiefs (a numerous army) came:
The strength and glory of th' Epean name.
In sep'rate squadrons these their train divide,
Each leads ten vessels thro' the yielding tide.
One was Amphimachus, and Thalpius one;
(Eurytus' this, and that Teätus' son):
Diores sprung from Amarynceus' line;
And great Polyxenus, of force divine.
But those who view fair Elis o'er the seas
From the blest islands of th' Echinades,
In forty vessels under Meges move,
Begot by Phyleus, the belov'd of Jove.
To strong Dulichium from his sire he fled,
And thence to Troy his hardy warriors led.
Ulysses follow'd thro' the wat'ry road,
A Chief, in wisdom equal to a God.
With those whom Cephallenia's isle enclosed,
Or till their fields along the coast opposed;
Or where fair Ithaca o'erlooks the floods,
Where high Neritos shakes his waving woods,
Where Ægilipa's rugged sides are seen,
Crocylia rocky, and Zacynthus green.
These, in twelve galleys with vermillion prores,
Beneath his conduct sought the Phrygian shores.

Thoas came next, Andræmon's valiant son,
From Pleuron's walls and chalky Calydon,
And rough Pylenè, and th' Olenian steep,
And Chalcis, beaten by the rolling deep.
He led the warriors from th' Ætolian shore,
For now the sons of Œneus were no more!
The glories of the mighty race were fled!
Œneus himself, and Meleager dead!
To Thoas' care now trust the martial train:
His forty vessels follow thro' the main.
Next eighty barks the Cretan King commands,
Of Gnossus, Lyctus, and Gortyna's bands,
And those who dwell where Rhytion's domes arise,
Or white Lycastus glitters to the skies,
Or where by Phæstus silver Jardan runs;
Crete's hundred cities pour forth all her sons.
These march'd, Idomeneus, beneath thy care,
And Merion, dreadful as the God of War.
Tlepolemus, the son of Hercules,
Led nine swift vessels thro' the foamy seas;
From Rhodes, with everlasting sunshine bright,
Jalyssus, Lindus and Camirus white.
His captive mother fierce Alcides bore
From Ephyr's walls, and Sellè's winding shore,
Where mighty towns in ruins spread the plain,
And saw their blooming warriors early slain.
The hero, when to manly years he grew,
Alcides' uncle, old Licymnius, slew;
For this constrain'd to quit his native place,
And shun the vengeance of th' Herculean race,
A fleet he built, and with a numerous train
Of willing exiles, wander'd o'er the main;
Where, many seas and many suff'rings past,
On happy Rhodes the Chief arrived at last:
There in three tribes divides his native band,
And rules them peaceful in a foreign land;
Increas'd and prosper'd in their new abodes
By mighty Jove, the sire of men and Gods:
With joy they saw the growing empire rise,
And showers of wealth descending from the skies.
Three ships with Nireus sought the Trojan shore,
Nireus, whom Aglaë to Charopus bore,
Nireus, in faultless shape, and blooming grace,
The loveliest youth of all the Grecian race;
Pelides only match'd his early charms;
But few his troops, and small his strength in arms.
Next thirty galleys cleave the liquid plain,
Of those Calydnæ's sea-girt isles contain;
With them the youth of Nisyrus repair,
Casus the strong, and Crapathus the fair;
Cos, where Eurypylus possess'd the sway,
Till great Alcides made the realms obey:
These Antiphus and bold Phidippus bring,
Sprung from the God by Thessalus the King.
Now, Muse, recount Pelasgic Argos' powers,
From Alos, Alopè, and Trechin's towers;
From Phthia's spacious vales; and Hella. bless'd
With female beauty far beyond the rest.
Full fifty ships beneath Achilles' care
Th' Achaians, Myrmidons, Hellenians bear;
Thessalians all, tho' various in their name,
The same their nation, and their Chief the same.
But now inglorious, stretch'd along the shore,
They hear the brazen voice of war no more;
No more the foe they face in dire array:
Close in his fleet their angry leader lay;
Since fair Briseïs from his arms was torn,
The noblest spoil from sack'd Lyrnessus borne,
Then, when the Chief the Theban walls o'erthrew,
And the bold sons of great Evenus slew.
There mourn'd Achilles, plunged in depth of care,
But soon to rise in slaughter, blood, and war.
To these the youth of Phylacè succeed,
Itona, famous for her fleecy breed,
And grassy Pteleon deck'd with cheerful greens,
The bowers of Ceres, and the sylvan scenes,

Sweet Pyrrhasus, with blooming flowerets crown'd,
And Antron's wat'ry dens, and cavern'd ground.
These own'd as Chief Protesilas the brave,
Who now lay silent in the gloomy grave:
The first who boldly touch'd the Trojan shore,
And dyed a Phrygian lance with Grecian gore;
There lies, far distant from his native plain;
Unfinish'd his proud palaces remain,
And his sad consort beats her breast in vain.
His troops in forty ships Podarces led,
Iphiclus' son, and brother to the dead;
Nor he unworthy to command the host;
Yet still they mourn'd their ancient leader lost.
The men who Glaphyra's fair soil partake,
Where hills encircle Bœbe's lowly lake,
Where Pheræ hears the neighb'ring waters fall,
Or proud Iolcus lifts her airy wall,
In ten black ships embark'd for Ilion's shore,
With bold Eumelus, whom Alcestè bore:
All Pelias' race Alcestè far outshined,
The grace and glory of the beauteous kind.
The troops Methonè, or Thaumacia yields,
Olizon's rocks, or Melibœa's fields,
With Philoctetes sail'd, whose matchless art
From the tough bow directs the feather'd dart.
Seven were his ships: each vessel fifty row,
Skill'd in his science of the dart and bow.
But he lay raging on the Lemnian ground;
A pois'nous Hydra gave the burning wound;
There groan'd the Chief in agonizing pain,
Whom Greece at length shall wish, nor wish in vain.
His forces Medon led from Lemnos' shore,
Oïleus' son, whom beauteous Rhena bore.
Th' Œchalian race, in those high towers contain'd,
Where once Eurytus in proud triumph reign'd,
Or where her humbler turrets Tricca rears,
Or where Ithomè, rough with rocks, appears;
In thirty sail the sparkling waves divide,
Which Podalirius and Machaon guide.
To these his skill their Parent-god imparts,
Divine professors of the healing arts.
The bold Ormenian and Asterian bands
In forty barks Eurypylus commands,
Where Titan hides his hoary head in snow,
And where Hyperia's silver fountains flow.
Thy troops, Argissa, Polypœtes leads,
And Eleon, shelter'd by Olympus' shades,
Grytonè's warriors; and where Orthè lies,
And Oloösson's chalky cliffs arise.
Sprung from Pirithoüs of immortal race,
The fruit of fair Hippodame's embrace
(That day, when, hurl'd from Pelion's cloudy head,
To distant dens the shaggy Centaurs fled),
With Polypœtes join'd in equal sway,
Leonteus leads, and forty ships obey.
In twenty sail the bold Perrhæbians came
From Cyphus, Guneus was their leader's name.
With these the Enians join'd, and those who freeze
Where cold Dodona lifts her holy trees;
Or where the pleasing Titaresius glides,
And into Peneus rolls his easy tides;
Yet o'er the silver surface pure they flow,
The sacred stream unmix'd with streams below,
Sacred and awful! From the dark abodes
Styx pours them forth, the dreadful oath of Gods!
Last under Prothous the Magnesians stood,
Prothous the swift, of old Tenthredon's blood;
Who dwell where Pelion, crown'd with piny boughs,
Obscures the glade, and nods his shaggy brows:
Or where thro' flowery Tempè Peneus stray'd
(The region stretch'd beneath his mighty shade):
In forty sable barks they stemm'd the main;
Such were the Chiefs, and such the Grecian train.
Say next, O Muse! of all Achaia breeds,
Who bravest fought, or rein'd the noblest steeds?
Eumelus' mares were foremost in the chase,
As eagles fleet, and of Pheretian race;
Bred where Pieria's fruitful fountains flow,
And train'd by him who bears the silver bow.

Fierce in the fight, their nostrils breathed a flame,
Their height, their colour, and their age, the same;
O'er fields of death they whirl the rapid car,
And break the ranks, and thunder thro' the war.
Ajax in arms the first renown acquired,
While stern Achilles in his wrath retired
(His was the strength that mortal might exceeds,
And his th' unrivall'd race of heav'nly steeds):
But Thetis' son now shines in arms no more;
His troops, neglected on the sandy shore,
In empty air their sportive jav'lins throw,
Or whirl the disk, or bend an idle bow:
Unstain'd with blood his cover'd chariots stand;
Th' immortal coursers graze along the strand;
But the brave Chiefs th' inglorious life deplor'd,
And, wand'ring o'er the camp, required their lord.
Now, like a deluge, cov'ring all around,
The shining armies swept along the ground;
Swift as a flood of fire, when storms arise,
Floats the wide field, and blazes to the skies.
Earth groan'd beneath them; as when angry Jove
Hurls down the forky lightning from above,
On Arimè when he the thunder throws,
And fires Typhœus with redoubled blows,
Where Typhon, press'd beneath the burning load,
Still feels the fury of th' avenging God.
But various Iris, Jove's commands to bear,
Speeds on the wings of winds thro' liquid air;
In Priam's porch the Trojan Chiefs she found,
The old consulting, and the youths around.
Polites' shape, the monarch's son, she chose,
Who from Æsetes' tomb observ'd the foes,
High on the mound; from whence in prospect lay
The fields, the tents, the navy, and the bay.
In this dissembled form she hastes to bring
Th' unwelcome message to the Phrygian King:

'Cease to consult, the time for action calls,
War, horrid war, approaches to your walls!
Assembled armies oft have I beheld,
But ne'er till now such numbers charged a field.
Thick as autumnal leaves, or driving sand,
The moving squadrons blacken all the strand.
Thou, godlike Hector! all thy force employ,
Assemble all th' united bands of Troy;
In just array let every leader call
The foreign troops: this day demands them all.'
The voice divine the mighty Chief alarms;
The council breaks, the warriors rush to arms.
The gates unfolding pour forth all their train,
Nations on nations fill the dusky plain,
Men, steeds, and chariots, shake the trembling ground;
The tumult thickens, and the skies resound.
Amidst the plain in sight of Ilion stands
A rising mount, the work of human hands
(This for Myrinne's tomb th' immortals know,
Tho' call'd Bateia in the world below);
Beneath their Chiefs in martial order here
Th' auxiliar troops and Trojan hosts appear.
The godlike Hector, high above the rest,
Shakes his huge spear, and nods his plumy crest:
In throngs around his native bands appear,
And groves of lances glitter in the air.
Divine Æneas brings the Dardan race,
Anchises' son, by Venus' stol'n embrace,
Born in the shades of Ida's secret grove
(A mortal mixing with the Queen of Love);
Archilochus and Acamas divide
The warrior's toils, and combat by his side.
Who fair Zeleia's wealthy valleys till,
Fast by the foot of Ida's sacred hill;
Or drink, Æsepus, of thy sable flood;
Were led by Pandarus, of royal blood.
To whom his art Apollo deign'd to shew,
Graced with the present of his shafts and bow.
From rich Apæsus and Adrestia's towers,
High Teree's summits, and Pityea's bowers;
From these the congregated troops obey
Young Amphius and Adrastus' equal sway;

Old Merops' sons; whom, skill'd in fates to come,
The sire forewarn'd, and prophesied their doom:
Fate urged them on! the sire forewarn'd in vain,
They rush'd to war, and perish'd on the plain.
From Practius' stream, Percotè's pasture lands,
And Sestos and Abydos' neighb'ring strands,
From great Arisba's walls and Sellè's coast,
Asius Hyrtacides conducts his host:
High on his car he shakes the flowing reins,
His fiery coursers thunder o'er the plains.
The fierce Pelasgi next, in war renown'd,
March from Larissa's ever-fertile ground:
In equal arms their brother leaders shine,
Hippothous bold, and Pyleus the divine.
Next Acamas and Pyroüs lead their hosts
In dread array, from Thracia's wintry coasts;
Round the black realms where Hellespontus roars,
And Boreas beats the hoarse-resounding shores.
With great Euphemus the Ciconians move,
Sprung from Trœzenian Ceüs, lov'd by Jove.
Pyræchmes the Pæonian troops attend,
Skill'd in the fight their crooked bows to bend;
From Axius' ample bed he leads them on,
Axius, that laves the distant Amydon,
Axius, that swells with all his neighb'ring rills,
And wide around the floating region fills.
The Paphlagonians Pylæmenes rules,
Where rich Henetia breeds her savage mules,
Where Erythinus' rising cliffs are seen,
Thy groves of box, Cytorus! ever green;
And where Ægialus and Cromna lie,
And lofty Sesamus invades the sky;
And where Parthenius roll'd thro' banks of flowers,
Reflects her bord'ring palaces and bowers.
Here march'd in arms the Halizonian band,
Whom Odius and Epistrophus command,
From those far regions where the sun refines
The ripening silver in Alybean mines.
There, mighty Chromis led the Mysian train,
And augur Ennomus, inspired in vain,
For stern Achilles lopp'd his sacred head,
Roll'd down Scamander with the vulgar dead.
Phorcys and brave Ascanius here unite
Th' Ascanian Phrygians, eager for the fight.
Of those who round Mæonia's realms reside,
Or whom the vales in shade of Tmolus hide,
Mestles and Antiphus the charge partake;
Born on the banks of Gyges' silent lake.
There, from the fields where wild Mæander flows,
High Mycalè, and Latmos' shady brows,
And proud Miletus, came the Carian throngs,
With mingled clamours, and with barb'rous tongues:
Amphimachus and Naustes guide the train,
Naustes the bold, Amphimachus the vain,
Who, trick'd with gold, and glitt'ring on his car,
Rode like a woman to the field of war.
Fool that he was! by fierce Achilles slain,
The river swept him to the briny main:
There whelm'd with waves the gaudy warrior lies;
The valiant victor seiz'd the golden prize.
The forces last in fair array succeed,
Which blameless Glaucus and Sarpedon lead;
The warlike bands that distant Lycia yields
Where gulfy Xanthus foams along the fields.

BOOK III

THE DUEL OF MENELAUS AND PARIS

THE ARGUMENT

The armies being ready to engage, a single combat is agreed upon between Menelaus and Paris (by the intervention of Hector) for the determination of the war. Iris is sent to call Helena to behold the fight. She leads her to the walls of Troy, where Priam sat with his counsellors, observing the Grecian leaders on the plain below, to whom Helen gives an account of the chief of them. The Kings on either part take the solemn oath

for the conditions of the combat. The duel ensues, wherein Paris, being overcome, is snatched away in a cloud by Venus, and transported to his apartment. She then calls Helen from the walls, and brings the lovers together. Agamemnon, on the part of the Grecians, demands the restoration of Helen, and the performance of the articles.

The three-and-twentieth day still continues throughout this book. The scene is sometimes in the field before Troy, and sometimes in Troy itself.

THUS by their leader's care each martial band
Moves into ranks, and stretches o'er the land.
With shouts the Trojans, rushing from afar,
Proclaim their motions, and provoke the war:
So when inclement winters vex the plain
With piercing frosts, or thick-descending rain,
To warmer seas the cranes embodied fly,
With noise, and order, thro' the midway sky;
To pigmy nations wounds and death they bring,
And all the war descends upon the wing.
But silent, breathing rage, resolv'd, and skill'd
By mutual aids to fix a doubtful field,
Swift march the Greeks: the rapid dust around
Dark'ning arises from the labour'd ground.
Thus from his flaggy wings when Notus sheds
A night of vapours round the mountain-heads,
Swift-gliding mists the dusky fields invade,
To thieves more grateful than the midnight shade;
While scarce the swains their feeding flocks survey,
Lost and confused amidst the thicken'd day:
So, wrapt in gath'ring dust, the Grecian train,
A moving cloud, swept on, and hid the plain.
Now front to front the hostile armies stand,
Eager of fight, and only wait command:
When, to the van, before the sons of fame
Whom Troy sent forth, the beauteous Paris came:
In form a God! the panther's speckled hide
Flow'd o'er his armour with an easy pride;
His bended bow across his shoulders flung,
His sword beside him negligently hung;
Two pointed spears he shook with gallant grace,
And dared the bravest of the Grecian race.
As thus, with glorious air and proud disdain,
He boldly stalk'd, the foremost on the plain,
Him Menelaus, loved of Mars, espies,
With heart elated, and with joyful eyes:
So joys a lion, if the branching deer
Or mountain goat, his bulky prize, appear;
In vain the youths oppose, the mastiffs bay,
The lordly savage rends the panting prey.
Thus, fond of vengeance, with a furious bound,
In clanging arms he leaps upon the ground
From his high chariot: him, approaching near,
The beauteous champion views with marks of fear,
Smit with a conscious sense, retires behind,
And shuns the fate he well deserv'd to find.
As when some shepherd, from the rustling trees
Shot forth to view, a scaly serpent sees:
Trembling and pale, he starts with wild affright,
And, all confused, precipitates his flight:
So from the King the shining warrior flies,
And plunged amid the thickest Trojans lies.
As godlike Hector sees the Prince retreat,
He thus upbraids him with a gen'rous heat:
'Unhappy Paris! but to women brave!
So fairly form'd, and only to deceive!
Oh, hadst thou died when first thou saw'st the light,
Or died at least before thy nuptial rite!
A better fate, than vainly thus to boast,
And fly, the scandal of thy Trojan host.
Gods! how the scornful Greeks exult to see
Their fears of danger undeceiv'd in thee!
Thy figure promis'd with a martial air,
But ill thy soul supplies a form so fair.
In former days, in all thy gallant pride,
When thy tall ships triumphant stemm'd the tide,

When Greece beheld thy painted canvas flow,
And crowds stood wond'ring at the passing show;
Say, was it thus, with such a baffled mien,
You met th' approaches of the Spartan Queen,
Thus from her realm convey'd the beauteous prize,
And both her warlike lords outshined in Helen's eyes?
This deed, thy foes' delight, thy own disgrace,
Thy father's grief, and ruin of thy race;
This deed recalls thee to the proffer'd flight;
Or hast thou injured whom thou dar'st not right?
Soon to thy cost the field would make thee know
Thou keep'st the consort of a braver foe.
Thy graceful form instilling soft desire,
Thy curling tresses, and thy silver lyre,
Beauty and youth, in vain to these you trust,
When youth and beauty shall be laid in dust:
Troy yet may wake, and one avenging blow
Crush the dire author of his country's woe.'
His silence here, with blushes, Paris breaks:
''Tis just, my brother, what your anger speaks:
But who like thee can boast a soul sedate,
So firmly proof to all the shocks of Fate?
Thy force, like steel, a temper'd hardness shews,
Still edged to wound, and still untired with blows,
Like steel, uplifted by some strenuous swain,
With falling woods to strow the wasted plain.
Thy gifts I praise; nor thou despise the charms
With which a lover golden Venus arms;
Soft moving speech, and pleasing outward show,
No wish can gain them, but the Gods bestow.
Yet wouldst thou have the proffer'd combat stand,
The Greeks and Trojans seat on either hand;
Then let a mid-way space our hosts divide,
And on that stage of war the cause be tried:
By Paris there the Spartan King be fought,
For beauteous Helen and the wealth she brought;
And who his rival can in arms subdue,
His be the fair, and his the treasure too.
Thus with a lasting league your toils may cease,
And Troy possess her fertile fields in peace;
Thus may the Greeks review their native shore,
Much famed for gen'rous steeds, for beauty more.'
He said. The challenge Hector heard with joy,
Then with his spear restrain'd the youth of Troy,
Held by the midst, athwart; and near the foe
Advanced with steps majestically slow;
While round his dauntless head the Grecians pour
Their stones and arrows in a mingled shower.
Then thus the Monarch, great Atrides, cried:
'Forbear, ye warriors! lay the darts aside:
A parley Hector asks, a message bears;
We know him by the various plume he wears.'
Awed by his high command the Greeks attend,
The tumult silence, and the fight suspend.
While from the centre Hector rolls his eyes
On either host, and thus to both applies:
'Hear, all ye Trojan, all ye Grecian bands!
What Paris, author of the war, demands.
Your shining swords within the sheath restrain,
And pitch your lances in the yielding plain.
Here, in the midst, in either army's sight,
He dares the Spartan King to single fight;
And wills, that Helen and the ravish'd spoil,
That caus'd the contest, shall reward the toil.
Let these the brave triumphant victor grace,
And diff'ring nations part in leagues of peace.'
He spoke: in still suspense on either side
Each army stood. The Spartan Chief replied:

'Me too, ye warriors, hear, whose fatal right
A world engages in the toils of fight —
To me the labour of the field resign;
Me Paris injured; all the war be mine.
Fall he that must, beneath his rival's arms,
And live the rest secure of future harms.
Two lambs, devoted by your country's rite,
To Earth a sable, to the Sun a white,
Prepare, ye Trojans! while a third we bring
Select to Jove, th' inviolable King.
Let rev'rend Priam in the truce engage,
And add the sanction of consid'rate age;
His sons are faithless, headlong in debate,
And youth itself an empty wav'ring state:
Cool age advances venerably wise,
Turns on all hands its deep-discerning eyes;
Sees what befell, and what may yet befall,
Concludes from both, and best provides for all.'
The nations hear, with rising hopes possess'd,
And peaceful prospects dawn in every breast.
Within the lines they drew their steeds around,
And from their chariots issued on the ground:
Next all, unbuckling the rich mail they wore,
Laid their bright arms along the sable shore.
On either side the meeting hosts are seen
With lances fix'd, and close the space between.
Two heralds now, despatch'd to Troy, invite
The Phrygian monarch to the peaceful rite;
Talthybius hastens to the fleet, to bring
The lamb for Jove, th' inviolable King.
Meantime, to beauteous Helen, from the skies
The various Goddess of the Rainbow flies
(Like fair Laödicè in form and face,
The loveliest nymph of Priam's royal race);
Her in the palace, at her loom she found;
The golden web her own sad story crown'd.
The Trojan wars she weav'd (herself the prize),
And the dire triumphs of her fatal eyes.
To whom the Goddess of the Painted Bow:
'Approach, and view the wondrous scene below!
Each hardy Greek, and valiant Trojan knight,
So dreadful late, and furious for the fight,
Now rest their spears, or lean upon their shields;
Ceas'd is the war, and silent all the fields.
Paris alone and Sparta's King advance,
In single fight to toss the beamy lance;
Each met in arms, the fate of combat tries,
Thy love the motive, and thy charms the prize.'
This said, the many-colour'd maid inspires
Her husband's love, and wakes her former fires;
Her country, parents, all that once were dear,
Rush to her thought, and force a tender tear.
O'er her fair face a snowy veil she threw
And, softly sighing, from the loom withdrew.
Her handmaids Clymenè and Æthra wait
Her silent footsteps to the Scæan gate.
There sat the seniors of the Trojan race
(Old Priam's Chiefs, and most in Priam's grace);
The King the first; Thymœtes at his side;
Lampus and Clytius, long in council tried;
Panthus, and Hicetaön, once the strong;
And next the wisest of the rev'rend throng,
Antenor grave, and sage Ucalegon,
Lean'd on the walls, and bask'd before the sun.
Chiefs, who no more in bloody fights engage,
But, wise thro' time, and narrative with age,
In summer-days like grasshoppers rejoice,
A bloodless race, that send a feeble voice.
These, when the Spartan Queen approach'd the tower,
In secret own'd resistless Beauty's power:
They cried, 'No wonder, such celestial charms
For nine long years have set the world in arms!
What winning graces! what majestic mien!
She moves a Goddess, and she looks a Queen.
Yet hence, oh Heav'n! convey that fatal face,
And from destruction save the Trojan race.'

The good old Priam welcom'd her, and cried,
'Approach, my child, and grace thy father's side.
See on the plain thy Grecian spouse appears,
The friends and kindred of thy former years.
No crime of thine our present suff'rings draws,
Not thou, but Heav'n's disposing will, the cause;
The Gods these armies and this force employ,
The hostile Gods conspire the fate of Troy.
But lift thine eyes, and say, what Greek is he
(Far as from hence these aged orbs can see),
Around whose brow such martial graces shine,
So tall, so awful, and almost divine?
Tho' some of larger stature tread the green,
None match his grandeur and exalted mien:
He seems a monarch and his country's pride.'
Thus ceas'd the King, and thus the Fair replied:
'Before thy presence, father, I appear
With conscious shame and reverential fear,
Ah! had I died, ere to these walls I fled,
False to my country, and my nuptial bed,
My brothers, friends, and daughter left behind,
False to them all, to Paris only kind!
For this I mourn, till grief or dire disease
Shall waste the form whose crime it was to please!
The King of Kings, Atrides, you survey,
Great in the war, and great in arts of sway:
My brother once, before my days of shame:
And oh! that still he bore a brother's name!'
With wonder Priam view'd the godlike man,
Extoll'd the happy Prince, and thus began:
'O blest Atrides! born to prosp'rous fate,
Successful monarch of a mighty state!
How vast thy empire! Of yon matchless train
What numbers lost, what numbers yet remain!
In Phrygia once were gallant armies known,
In ancient time, when Otreus fill'd the throne;
When godlike Mygdon led their troops of horse,
And I, to join them, rais'd the Trojan force;
Against the manlike Amazons we stood,
And Sangar's stream ran purple with their blood.
But far inferior those, in martial grace
And strength of numbers, to this Grecian race.'
This said, once more he view'd the warrior train:
'What 's he, whose arms lie scatter'd on the plain?
Broad is his breast, his shoulders larger spread,
Tho' great Atrides overtops his head.
Nor yet appear his care and conduct small;
From rank to rank he moves, and orders all.
The stately ram thus measures o'er the ground,
And, master of the flocks, surveys them round.'
Then Helen thus: 'Whom your discerning eyes
Have singled out, is Ithacus the wise:
A barren island boasts his glorious birth;
His fame for wisdom fills the spacious earth.'
Antenor took the word, and thus began:
'Myself, O King! have seen that wondrous man;
When, trusting Jove and hospitable laws,
To Troy he came, to plead the Grecian cause
(Great Menelaus urged the same request);
My house was honour'd with each royal guest:
I knew their persons, and admired their parts,
Both brave in arms, and both approv'd in arts.
Erect, the Spartan most engaged our view,
Ulysses seated greater rev'rence drew.
When Atreus' son harangued the list'ning train,
Just was his sense, and his expression plain,
His words succinct, yet full, without a fault;
He spoke no more than just the thing he ought.
But when Ulysses rose, in thought profound,
His modest eyes he fix'd upon the ground;

As one unskill'd or dumb, he seem'd to stand,
Nor rais'd his head, nor stretch'd his sceptred hand;
But when he speaks, what elocution flows!
Soft as the fleeces of descending snows,
The copious accents fall, with easy art;
Melting they fall, and sink into the heart!
Wond'ring we hear, and, fix'd in deep surprise,
Our ears refute the censure of our eyes.'
The King then ask'd (as yet the camp he view'd),
'What Chief is that, with giant strength endued,
Whose brawny shoulders, and whose swelling chest,
And lofty stature, far exceed the rest?'
'Ajax the great' (the beauteous Queen replied),
'Himself a host: the Grecian strength and pride.
See! bold Idomeneus superior towers
Amidst yon circle of his Cretan powers,
Great as a God! I saw him once before,
With Menelaus on the Spartan shore.
The rest I know, and could in order name;
All valiant Chiefs, and men of mighty fame.
Yet two are wanting of the numerous train,
Whom long my eyes have sought, but sought in vain;
Castor and Pollux, first in martial force,
One bold on foot, and one renown'd for horse.
My brothers these; the same our native shore,
One house contain'd us, as one mother bore.
Perhaps the Chiefs, from warlike toils at ease,
For distant Troy refused to sail the seas:
Perhaps their sword some nobler quarrel draws,
Ashamed to combat in their sister's cause.'
So spoke the Fair, nor knew her brothers' doom,
Wrapt in the cold embraces of the tomb;
Adorn'd with honours in their native shore,
Silent they slept, and heard of wars no more.
Meantime, the heralds thro' the crowded town
Bring the rich wine and destin'd victims down.
Idæus' arms the golden goblets press'd,
Who thus the venerable King address'd:
'Arise, O father of the Trojan state!
The nations call, thy joyful people wait,
To seal the truce, and end the dire debate.
Paris, thy son, and Sparta's King advance,
In measured lists to toss the weighty lance;
And who his rival shall in arms subdue,
His be the dame, and his the treasure too.
Thus with a lasting league our toils may cease,
And Troy possess her fertile fields in peace:
So shall the Greeks review their native shore,
Much famed for gen'rous steeds, for beauty more.'
With grief he heard, and bade the Chiefs prepare
To join his milk-white coursers to the car:
He mounts the seat, Antenor at his side;
The gentle steeds thro' Scæa's gates they guide:
Next from the car, descending on the plain,
Amid the Grecian host and Trojan train
Slow they proceed: the sage Ulysses then
Arose, and with him rose the King of men.
On either side a sacred herald stands;
The wine they mix, and on each monarch's hands
Pour the full urn; then draws the Grecian lord
His cutlass, sheathed beside his pond'rous sword;
From the sign'd victims crops the curling hair,
The heralds part it, and the Princes share;
Then loudly thus before th' attentive bands
He calls the Gods, and spreads his lifted hands:
'O first and greatest Power! whom all obey,
Who high on Ida's holy mountain sway,
Eternal Jove! and you bright Orb that roll
From east to west, and view from pole to pole!
Thou mother Earth! and all ye living Floods!
Infernal Furies, and Tartarean Gods,
Who rule the dead, and horrid woes prepare
For perjured Kings, and all who falsely swear!
Hear, and be witness. If, by Paris slain,
Great Menelaus press the fatal plain;

The dame and treasures let the Trojan keep;
And Greece returning plough the wat'ry deep.
If by my brother's lance the Trojan bleed,
Be his the wealth and beauteous dame decreed:
Th' appointed fine let Ilion justly pay,
And age to age record the signal day.
This if the Phrygians shall refuse to yield,
Arms must revenge, and Mars decide the field.'
With that the Chief the tender victims slew,
And in the dust their bleeding bodies threw:
The vital spirit issued at the wound,
And left the members quiv'ring on the ground.
From the same urn they drink the mingled wine,
And add libations to the Powers divine.
While thus their prayers united mount the sky:
'Hear, mighty Jove! and hear, ye Gods on high!
And may their blood, who first the league confound,
Shed like this wine, disdain the thirsty ground;
May all their consorts serve promiscuous lust,
And all their race be scatter'd as the dust!'
Thus either host their imprecations join'd,
Which Jove refused, and mingled with the wind.
The rites now finish'd, rev'rend Priam rose,
And thus express'd a heart o'ercharged with woes:
'Ye Greeks and Trojans, let the Chiefs engage,
But spare the weakness of my feeble age:
In yonder walls that object let me shun,
Nor view the danger of so dear a son.
Whose arms shall conquer, and what Prince shall fall,
Heav'n only knows, for Heav'n disposes all.'
This said, the hoary King no longer stay'd,
But on his car the slaughter'd victims laid;
Then seiz'd the reins his gentle steeds to guide,
And drove to Troy, Antenor at his side.

Bold Hector and Ulysses now dispose
The lists of combat, and the ground enclose;
Next to decide by sacred lots prepare,
Who first shall lance his pointed spear in air.
The people pray with elevated hands,
And words like these are heard thro' all the bands:
'Immortal Jove! high Heav'n's superior lord,
On lofty Ida's holy mount ador'd!
Whoe'er involv'd us in this dire debate,
Oh give that author of the war to Fate
And shades eternal! let division cease,
And joyful nations join in leagues of peace.'
With eyes averted Hector hastes to turn
The lots of fight, and shakes the brazen urn.
Then, Paris, thine leap'd forth; by fatal chance
Ordain'd the first to whirl the mighty lance.
Both armies sat, the combat to survey,
Beside each Chief his azure armour lay,
And round the lists the gen'rous coursers neigh.
The beauteous warrior now arrays for fight,
In gilded arms magnificently bright:
The purple cuishes clasp his thighs around,
With flowers adorn'd, with silver buckles bound:
Lycaön's corslet his fair body dress'd,
Braced in, and fitted to his softer breast;
A radiant baldric, o'er his shoulder tied,
Sustain'd the sword that glitter'd at his side:
His youthful face a polish'd helm o'erspread;
The waving horse-hair nodded on his head:
His figured shield, a shining orb, he takes,
And in his hand a pointed jav'lin shakes.
With equal speed, and fired by equal charms,
The Spartan hero sheathes his limbs in arms.
Now round the lists th' admiring armies stand,
With jav'lins fix'd, the Greek and Trojan band.
Amidst the dreadful vale the Chiefs advance,
All pale with rage, and shake the threat'ning lance.
The Trojan first his shining jav'lin threw:
Full on Atrides' ringing shield it flew,

Nor pierc'd the brazen orb, but with a bound
Leap'd from the buckler blunted on the ground.
Atrides then his massy lance prepares,
In act to throw, but first prefers his prayers:
'Give me, great Jove! to punish lawless lust,
And lay the Trojan gasping in the dust;
Destroy th' aggressor, aid my righteous cause,
Avenge the breach of hospitable laws!
Let this example future times reclaim,
And guard from wrong fair friendship's holy name.'
He said, and, pois'd in air, the jav'lin sent;
Thro' Paris' shield the forceful weapon went,
His corslet pierces, and his garment rends,
And, glancing downward, near his flank descends.
The wary Trojan, bending from the blow,
Eludes the death, and disappoints his foe:
But fierce Atrides waved his sword, and struck
Full on his casque; the crested helmet shook;
The brittle steel, unfaithful to his hand,
Broke short: the fragments glitter'd on the sand;
The raging warrior to the spacious skies
Rais'd his upbraiding voice, and angry eyes:
'Then is it vain in Jove himself to trust?
And is it thus the Gods assist the just?
When crimes provoke us, Heav'n success denies:
The dart falls harmless, and the falchion flies.'
Furious he said, and toward the Grecian crew
(Seiz'd by the crest) th' unhappy warrior drew;
Struggling he follow'd, while th' embroider'd thong,
That tied his helmet, dragg'd the Chief along.
Then had his ruin crown'd Atrides' joy,
But Venus trembled for the Prince of Troy:
Unseen she came, and burst the golden band;
And left an empty helmet in his hand.
The casque, enraged, amidst the Greeks he threw;
The Greeks with smiles the polish'd trophy view.
Then, as once more he lifts the deadly dart,
In thirst of vengeance, at his rival's heart,
The Queen of Love her favour'd champion shrouds
(For Gods can all things) in a veil of clouds.
Rais'd from the field the panting youth she led,
And gently laid him on the bridal bed,
With pleasing sweets his fainting sense renews,
And all the dome perfumes with heav'nly dews.
Meantime the brightest of the female kind,
The matchless Helen, o'er the walls reclin'd:
To her, beset with Trojan beauties, came,
In borrow'd form, the laughter-loving dame
(She seem'd an ancient maid, well skill'd to cull
The snowy fleece, and wind the twisted wool).
The Goddess softly shook her silken vest
That shed perfumes, and whisp'ring thus address'd:
'Haste, happy nymph! for thee thy Paris calls
Safe from the fight, in yonder lofty walls,
Fair as a God! with odours round him spread
He lies, and waits thee on the well-known bed,
Not like a warrior parted from the foe,
But some gay dancer in the public show.'
She spoke, and Helen's secret soul was mov'd;
She scorn'd the champion, but the man she lov'd.
Fair Venus' neck, her eyes that sparkled fire,
And breast, reveal'd the Queen of soft desire.
Struck with her presence, straight the lively red
Forsook her cheek; and trembling thus she said:
'Then is it still thy pleasure to deceive?
And woman's frailty always to believe?

Say, to new nations must I cross the main,
Or carry wars to some soft Asian plain?
For whom must Helen break her second vow?
What other Paris is thy darling now?
Left to Atrides (victor in the strife)
An odious conquest and a captive wife,
Hence let me sail: and, if thy Paris bear
My absence ill, let Venus ease his care.
A handmaid Goddess at his side to wait,
Renounce the glories of thy heav'nly state,
Be fix'd for ever to the Trojan shore,
His spouse, or slave; and mount the skies no more.
For me, to lawless love no longer led,
I scorn the coward, and detest his bed;
Else should I merit everlasting shame,
And keen reproach from every Phrygian dame:
Ill suits it now the joys of love to know,
Too deep my anguish, and too wild my woe.'
Then thus, incens'd, the Paphian Queen replies:
'Obey the power from whom thy glories rise:
Should Venus leave thee, ev'ry charm must fly,
Fade from thy cheek, and languish in thy eye.
Cease to provoke me, lest I make thee more
The world's aversion, than their love before;
Now the bright prize for which mankind engage,
Then, the sad victim of the public rage.'
At this, the fairest of her sex obey'd,
And veil'd her blushes in a silken shade;
Unseen, and silent, from the train she moves,
Led by the Goddess of the smiles and loves.
Arrived, and enter'd at the palace gate,
The maids officious round their mistress wait:
Then all, dispersing, various tasks attend;
The Queen and Goddess to the Prince ascend.
Full in her Paris' sight the Queen of Love
Had placed the beauteous progeny of Jove;
Where, as he view'd her charms, she turn'd away
Her glowing eyes, and thus began to say:
'Is this the Chief, who, lost to sense of shame,
Late fled the field, and yet survives his fame?
Oh hadst thou died beneath the righteous sword
Of that brave man whom once I call'd my lord!
The boaster Paris oft desired the day
With Sparta's King to meet in single fray:
Go now, once more thy rival's rage excite,
Provoke Atrides, and renew the fight:
Yet Helen bids thee stay, lest thou unskill'd
Shouldst fall an easy conquest on the field.'
The Prince replies: 'Ah cease, divinely fair,
Nor add reproaches to the wounds I bear;
This day the foe prevail'd by Pallas' power;
We yet may vanquish in a happier hour:
There want not Gods to favour us above;
But let the bus'ness of our life be love:
These softer moments let delights employ,
And kind embraces snatch the hasty joy.
Not thus I lov'd thee, when from Sparta's shore
My forced, my willing, heav'nly prize I bore,
When first entranc'd in Cranae's isle I lay,
Mix'd with thy soul, and all dissolv'd away!'
Thus having spoke, th' enamour'd Phrygian boy
Rush'd to the bed, impatient for the joy.
Him Helen follow'd slow with bashful charms,
And clasp'd the blooming hero in her arms.
While these to love's delicious rapture yield,
The stern Atrides rages round the field:
So some fell lion whom the woods obey,
Roars thro' the desert, and demands his prey.
Paris he seeks, impatient to destroy,
But seeks in vain along the troops of Troy;
Ev'n those had yielded to a foe so brave
The recreant warrior, hateful as the grave.
Then speaking thus, the King of Kings arose:
'Ye Trojans, Dardans, all our gen'rous foes!
Hear and attest! from Heav'n with conquest crown'd,
Our brother's arms the just success have found.
Be therefore now the Spartan wealth restor'd,
Let Argive Helen own her lawful lord;
Th' appointed fine let Ilion justly pay,
And age to age record this signal day.'

He ceas'd; his army's loud applauses rise,
And the long shout runs echoing thro' the skies.

BOOK IV

THE BREACH OF THE TRUCE, AND THE FIRST BATTLE

THE ARGUMENT

The Gods deliberate in council concerning the Trojan war: they agree upon the continuation of it, and Jupiter sends down Minerva to break the truce. She persuades Pandarus to aim an arrow at Menelaus, who is wounded, but cured by Machaon. In the mean time some of the Trojan troops attack the Greeks. Agamemnon is distinguished in all the parts of a good general; he reviews the troops, and exhorts the leaders, some by praises, and others by reproofs. Nestor is particularly celebrated for his military discipline. The battle joins, and great numbers are slain on both sides.

The same day continues through this, as through the last book; as it does also through the two following, and almost to the end of the seventh book. The scene is wholly in the field before Troy.

And now Olympus' shining gates unfold;
The Gods, with Jove, assume their thrones of gold:
Immortal Hebè, fresh with bloom divine,
The golden goblet crowns with purple wine:
While the full bowls flow round, the Powers employ
Their careful eyes on long-contended Troy.
When Jove, disposed to tempt Saturnia's spleen,
Thus waked the fury of his partial Queen:
'Two Powers divine the son of Atreus aid,
Imperial Juno, and the Martial Maid:
But high in Heav'n they sit, and gaze from far,
The tame spectators of his deeds of war.
Not thus fair Venus helps her favour'd knight,
The Queen of Pleasures shares the toils of fight,
Each danger wards, and, constant in her care,
Saves in the moment of the last despair.
Her act has rescued Paris' forfeit life,
Tho' great Atrides gain'd the glorious strife
Then say, ye Powers! what signal issue waits
To crown this deed, and finish all the Fates?
Shall Heav'n by peace the bleeding kingdoms spare,
Or rouse the Furies, and awake the war?
Yet, would the Gods for human good provide,
Atrides soon might gain his beauteous bride,
Still Priam's walls in peaceful honours grow,
And thro' his gates the crowding nations flow.'
Thus while he spoke, the Queen of Heav'n, enraged,
And Queen of War, in close consult engaged:
Apart they sit, their deep designs employ,
And meditate the future woes of Troy.
Tho' secret anger swell'd Minerva's breast,
The prudent Goddess yet her wrath suppress'd;
But Juno, impotent of passion, broke
Her sullen silence, and with fury spoke:
'Shall then, O Tyrant of th' ethereal reign!
My schemes, my labours, and my hopes, be vain?
Have I, for this, shook Ilion with alarms,
Assembled nations, set two worlds in arms?
To spread the war, I flew from shore to shore;
Th' immortal coursers scarce the labour bore.
At length ripe vengeance o'er their heads impends,
But Jove himself the faithless race defends;
Loth as thou art to punish lawless lust,
Not all the Gods are partial and unjust.'
The Sire whose thunder shakes the cloudy skies,
Sighs from his inmost soul, and thus replies:
'Oh lasting rancour! oh insatiate hate
To Phrygia's monarch and the Phrygian state!
What high offence has fired the wife of Jove?
Can wretched mortals harm the Powers above?
That Troy and Troy's whole race thou wouldst confound,
And yon fair structures level with the ground?

Haste, leave the skies, fulfil thy stern desire,
Burst all her gates, and wrap her walls in fire!
Let Priam bleed! if yet thou thirst for more,
Bleed all his sons, and Ilion float with gore,
To boundless vengeance the wide realm be giv'n
Till vast destruction glut the Queen of Heav'n!
So let it be, and Jove his peace enjoy,
When Heav'n no longer hears the name of Troy.
But should this arm prepare to wreak our hate
On thy lov'd realms, whose guilt demands their fate,
Presume not thou the lifted bolt to stay,
Remember Troy, and give the vengeance way,
For know, of all the numerous towns that rise
Beneath the rolling sun, and starry skies,
Which Gods have rais'd, or earth-born men enjoy;
None stands so dear to Jove as sacred Troy.
No mortals merit more distinguish'd grace
Than godlike Priam, or than Priam's race:
Still to our name their hecatombs expire,
And altars blaze with unextinguish'd fire.'
At this the Goddess roll'd her radiant eyes,
Then on the Thund'rer fix'd them, and replies:
'Three towns are Juno's on the Grecian plains,
More dear than all th' extended earth contains,
Mycenæ, Argos, and the Spartan wall;
These thou may'st raze, nor I forbid their fall:
'T is not in me the vengeance to remove;
The crime 's sufficient that they share my love.
Of power superior, why should I complain?
Resent I may, but must resent in vain.
Yet some distinction Juno might require,
Sprung with thyself from one celestial sire,
A Goddess born to share the realms above,
And styled the consort of the thund'ring Jove:
Nor thou a wife and sister's right deny;
Let both consent, and both by turns comply;
So shall the Gods our joint decrees obey,
And Heav'n shall act as we direct the way.
See ready Pallas waits thy high commands.
To raise in arms the Greek and Phrygian bands;
Their sudden friendship by her arts may cease.
And the proud Trojans first infringe the peace'
The Sire of men, and Monarch of the sky,
Th' advice approv'd, and bade Minerva fly,
Dissolve the league, and all her arts employ
To make the breach the faithless act of Troy.
Fired with the charge, she headlong urged her flight
And shot like lightning from Olympus' height.
As the red comet, from Saturnius sent
To fright the nations with a dire portent
(A fatal sign to armies on the plain,
Or trembling sailors on the wintry main),
With sweeping glories glides along in air,
And shakes the sparkles from its blazing hair;
Between both armies thus, in open sight,
Shot the bright Goddess in a trail of light.
With eyes erect, the gazing hosts admire
The Power descending, and the Heav'ns on fire!
'The Gods' (they cried), 'the Gods this signal sent,
And Fate now labours with some vast event:
Jove seals the league, or bloodier scenes prepares;
Jove, the great arbiter of peace and wars!'
They said, while Pallas thro' the Trojan throng
(In shape a mortal) pass'd disguised along.
Like bold Laödocus, her course she bent,
Who from Antenor traced his high descent.
Amidst the ranks Lycaön's son she found,
The warlike Pandarus, for strength renown'd;
Whose squadrons, led from black Æsepus' flood,
With flaming shields in martial circle stood.

To him the Goddess: 'Phrygian! canst thou hear
A well-timed counsel with a willing ear?
What praise were thine, could'st thou direct thy dart,
Amidst his triumph, to the Spartan's heart?
What gifts from Troy, from Paris, wouldst thou gain,
Thy country's foe, the Grecian glory, slain?
Then seize th' occasion, dare the mighty deed,
Aim at his breast, and may that aim succeed!
But first, to speed the shaft, address thy vow
To Lycian Phœbus with the silver bow,
And swear the firstlings of thy flock to pay
On Zelia's altars, to the God of Day.'
He heard, and madly at the motion pleas'd,
His polish'd bow with hasty rashness seiz'd.
'T was form'd of horn, and smooth'd with artful toil;
A mountain goat resign'd the shining spoil,
Who pierc'd long since beneath his arrows bled;
The stately quarry on the cliffs lay dead,
And sixteen palms his brow's large honours spread:
The workman join'd, and shaped the bended horns,
And beaten gold each taper point adorns.
This, by the Greeks unseen, the warrior bends,
Screen'd by the shields of his surrounding friends.
There meditates the mark, and, crouching low,
Fits the sharp arrow to the well-strung bow.
One, from a hundred feather'd deaths he chose,
Fated to wound, and cause of future woes.
Then offers vows with hecatombs to crown
Apollo's altars in his native town.
Now with full force the yielding horn he bends,
Drawn to an arch, and joins the doubling ends;
Close to his breast he strains the nerve below,
Till the barb'd point approach the circling bow;
Th' impatient weapon whizzes on the wing;
Sounds the tough horn, and twangs the quiv'ring string.
But thee, Atrides! in that dangerous hour
The Gods forget not, nor thy guardian Power.
Pallas assists, and (weaken'd in its force)
Diverts the weapon from its destin'd course:
So from her babe, when slumber seals his eye,
The watchful mother wafts th' envenom'd fly.
Just where his belt with golden buckles join'd,
Where linen folds the double corslet lin'd,
She turn'd the shaft, which, hissing from above,
Pass'd the broad belt, and thro' the corslet drove;
The folds it pierc'd, the plaited linen tore,
And razed the skin, and drew the purple gore.
As when some stately trappings are decreed
To grace a monarch on his bounding steed,
A nymph, in Caria or Mæönia bred,
Stains the pure iv'ry with a lively red;
With equal lustre various colours vie,
The shining whiteness, and the Tyrian dye:
So, great Atrides! shew'd thy sacred blood,
As down thy snowy thigh distill'd the streaming flood.
With horror seiz'd, the King of men descried
The shaft infix'd, and saw the gushing tide:
Nor less the Spartan fear'd, before he found
The shining barb appear above the wound.
Then, with a sigh that heav'd his manly breast,
The royal brother thus his grief express'd,
And grasp'd his hand; while all the Greeks around
With answering sighs return'd the plaintive sound:
'Oh dear as life! did I for this agree
The solemn truce, a fatal truce to thee!

Wert thou exposed to all the hostile train,
To fight for Greece, and conquer to be slain?
The race of Trojans in thy ruin join,
And faith is scorn'd by all the perjured line.
Not thus our vows, confirm'd with wine and gore,
Those hands we plighted, and those oaths we swore,
Shall all be vain: when Heav'n's revenge is slow,
Jove but prepares to strike the fiercer blow.
The day shall come, the great avenging day,
Which Troy's proud glories in the dust shall lay,
When Priam's powers and Priam's self shall fall,
And one prodigious ruin swallow all.
I see the God, already, from the pole,
Bare his red arm, and bid the thunder roll;
I see th' Eternal all his fury shed,
And shake his ægis o'er their guilty head.
Such mighty woes on perjured Princes wait;
But thou, alas! deserv'st a happier fate.
Still must I mourn the period of thy days,
And only mourn, without my share of praise?
Deprived of thee, the heartless Greeks no more
Shall dream of conquests on the hostile shore;
Troy seized of Helen, and our glory lost,
Thy bones shall moulder on a foreign coast:
While some proud Trojan thus insulting cries
(And spurns the dust where Menelaus lies):
"Such are the trophies Greece from Ilion brings,
And such the conquest of her King of Kings!
Lo his proud vessels scatter'd o'er the main,
And unrevenged his mighty brother slain."
Oh, ere that dire disgrace shall blast my fame,
O'erwhelm me, earth! and hide a monarch's shame.'
He said: a leader's and a brother's fears
Possess his soul, which thus the Spartan cheers:
'Let not thy words the warmth of Greece abate;
The feeble dart is guiltless of my fate:
Stiff with the rich embroider'd work around,
My varied belt repell'd the flying wound.'
To whom the King: 'My brother and my friend,
Thus, always thus, may Heav'n thy life defend!
Now seek some skilful hand, whose powerful art
May stanch th' effusion, and extract the dart.
Herald, be swift, and bid Machaon bring
His speedy succour to the Spartan King;
Pierced with a winged shaft (the deed of Troy),
The Grecian's sorrow and the Dardan's joy.'
With hasty zeal the swift Talthybius flies;
Thro' the thick files he darts his searching eyes,
And finds Machaon, where sublime he stands
In arms encircled with his native bands.
Then thus: 'Machaon, to the King repair,
His wounded brother claims thy timely care;
Pierced by some Lycian or Dardanian bow,
A grief to us, a triumph to the foe.'
The heavy tidings grieved the godlike man;
Swift to his succour through the ranks he ran:
The dauntless King yet standing firm he found,
And all the Chiefs in deep concern around.
Where to the steely point the reed was join'd,
The shaft he drew, but left the head behind.
Straight the broad belt, with gay embroid'ry graced,
He loosed: the corslet from his breast unbraced;
Then suck'd the blood, and sov'reign balm infused,
Which Chiron gave, and Æsculapius used.
While round the Prince the Greeks employ their care,
The Trojans rush tumultuous to the war;
Once more they glitter in refulgent arms.
Once more the fields are fill'd with dire alarms.

Nor had you seen the King of Men appear
Confused, inactive, or surprised with fear;
But fond of glory, with severe delight,
His beating bosom claim'd the rising fight.
No longer with his warlike steeds he stay'd,
Or press'd the car with polish'd brass inlaid,
But left Eurymedon the reins to guide;
The fiery coursers snorted at his side.
On foot thro' all the martial ranks he moves,
And these encourages, and those reproves.
'Brave men!' he cries (to such who boldly dare
Urge their swift steeds to face the coming war),
'Your ancient valour on the foes approve;
Jove is with Greece, and let us trust in Jove.
'T is not for us, but guilty Troy, to dread,
Whose crimes sit heavy on her perjured head:
Her sons and matrons Greece shall lead in chains,
And her dread warriors strew the mournful plains.'
Thus with new ardour he the brave inspires;
Or thus the fearful with reproaches fires:
'Shame to your country, scandal of your kind!
Born to the fate ye well deserve to find;
Why stand ye gazing round the dreadful plain,
Prepared for flight, but doom'd to fly in vain?
Confused and panting, thus the hunted deer
Falls as he flies, a victim to his fear.
Still must ye wait the foes, and still retire,
Till yon tall vessels blaze with Trojan fire?
Or trust ye, Jove a valiant foe shall chase,
To save a trembling, heartless, dastard race?'
This said, he stalk'd with ample strides along,
To Crete's brave monarch and his martial throng;
High at their head he saw the Chief appear,
And bold Meriones excite the rear.
At this the King his gen'rous joy express'd,
And clasp'd the warrior to his armèd breast:
'Divine Idomeneus! what thanks we owe
To worth like thine? what praise shall we bestow?
To thee the foremost honours are decreed,
First in the fight, and ev'ry graceful deed.
For this, in banquets, when the gen'rous bowls
Restore our blood, and raise the warriors' souls,
Tho' all the rest with stated rules we bound,
Unmix'd, unmeasured are thy goblets crown'd.
Be still thyself; in arms a mighty name;
Maintain thy honours, and enlarge thy fame.'
To whom the Cretan thus his speech address'd:
'Secure of me, O King! exhort the rest:
Fix'd to thy side, in ev'ry toil I share,
Thy firm associate in the day of war.
But let the signal be this moment giv'n;
To mix in fight is all I ask of Heav'n.
The field shall prove how perjuries succeed,
And chains or death avenge their impious deed.'
Charm'd with this heat, the King his course pursues,
And next the troops of either Ajax views:
In one firm orb the bands were ranged around,
A cloud of heroes blacken'd all the ground.
Thus from the lofty promontory's brow
A swain surveys the gath'ring storm below;
Slow from the main the heavy vapours rise,
Spread in dim streams, and sail along the skies,
Till black as night the swelling tempest shews,
The cloud condensing as the west-wind blows:
He dreads th' impending storm, and drives his flock
To the close covert of an arching rock.
Such, and so thick, th' embattled squadrons stood,
With spears erect, a moving iron wood;
A shady light was shot from glimm'ring shields,
And their brown arms obscured the dusky fields.
'O Heroes! worthy such a dauntless train,
Whose godlike virtue we but urge in vain'

(Exclaim'd the King), 'who raise your eager bands
With great examples, more than loud commands.
Ah would the Gods but breathe in all the rest
Such souls as burn in your exalted breast!
Soon should our arms with just success be crown'd,
And Troy's proud walls lie smoking on the ground.'
Then to the next the gen'ral bends his course
(His heart exults, and glories in his force);
There rev'rend Nestor ranks his Pylian bands,
And with inspiring eloquence commands;
With strictest order sets his train in arms,
The Chiefs advises, and the soldiers warms.
Alastor, Chromius, Hæmon, round him wait,
Bias the good, and Pelagon the great.
The horse and chariots to the front assign'd,
The foot (the strength of war) he ranged behind:
The middle space suspected troops supply,
Enclosed by both, nor left the power to fly:
He gives command to curb the fiery steed,
Nor cause confusion, nor the ranks exceed:
'Before the rest let none too rashly ride;
No strength nor skill, but just in time, be tried:
The charge once made, no warrior turn the rein,
But fight, or fall; a firm, embodied train.
He whom the fortune of the field shall cast
From forth his chariot, mount the next in haste;
Nor seek unpractis'd to direct the car,
Content with jav'lins to provoke the war.
Our great forefathers held this prudent course,
Thus ruled their ardour, thus preserv'd their force,
By laws like these immortal conquests made,
And earth's proud tyrants low in ashes laid.'
So spoke the master of the martial art,
And touch'd with transport great Atrides' heart.
'Oh! hadst thou strength to match thy brave desires,
And nerves to second what thy soul inspires!
But wasting years that wither human race,
Exhaust thy spirits, and thy arms unbrace.
What once thou wert, oh ever might'st thou be!
And age the lot of any Chief but thee.'
Thus to th' experienc'd Prince Atrides cried;
He shook his hoary locks, and thus replied:
'Well might I wish, could mortal wish renew
That strength which once in boiling youth I knew;
Such as I was, when Ereuthalion slain
Beneath this arm fell prostrate on the plain.
But Heav'n its gifts not all at once bestows,
These years with wisdom crowns, with action those:
The field of combat fits the young and bold,
The solemn council best becomes the old:
To you the glorious conflict I resign,
Let sage advice, the palm of age, be mine.'
He said. With joy the Monarch march'd before
And found Menestheus on the dusty shore,
With whom the firm Athenian phalanx stands;
And next Ulysses, with his subject bands.
Remote their forces lay, nor knew so far
The peace infringed, nor heard the sounds of war;
The tumult late begun, they stood intent
To watch the motion, dubious of th' event.
The King, who saw their squadrons yet unmov'd,
With hasty ardour thus the Chiefs reprov'd:
'Can Peteus' son forget a warrior's part,
And fears Ulysses, skill'd in every art?
Why stand you distant, and the rest expect
To mix in combat which yourselves neglect?
From you 't was hoped among the first to dare
The shock of armies, and commence the war.
For this your names are call'd before the rest,
To share the pleasures of the genial feast:
And can you, Chiefs! without a blush survey
Whole troops before you lab'ring in the fray?

Say, is it thus those honours you requite?
'The first in banquets, but the last in fight.'
Ulysses heard: the hero's warmth o'erspread
His cheek with blushes; and, severe, he said:
'Take back th' unjust reproach! Behold we stand
Sheathed in bright arms, and but expect command.
If glorious deeds afford thy soul delight,
Behold me plunging in the thickest fight.
Then give thy warrior-chief a warrior's due,
Who dares to act whate'er thou darest to view.'
Struck with his gen'rous wrath, the King replies:
'Oh great in action, and in council wise!
With ours, thy care and ardour are the same,
Nor need I to command, nor ought to blame.
Sage as thou art, and learn'd in human kind,
Forgive the transport of a martial mind.
Haste to the fight, secure of just amends;
The Gods that make shall keep the worthy friends.'
He said, and pass'd where great Tydides lay,
His steeds and chariots wedg'd in firm array
(The warlike Sthenelus attends his side);
To whom with stern reproach the Monarch cried:
'Oh son of Tydeus' (he whose strength could tame
The bounding steed, in arms a mighty name),
'Canst thou, remote, the mingling hosts decry,
With hands inactive, and a careless eye?
Not thus thy sire the fierce encounter fear'd;
Still first in front the matchless Prince appear'd:
What glorious toils, what wonders they recite,
Who view'd him lab'ring thro' the ranks of fight!
I saw him once, when, gath'ring martial powers,
A peaceful guest he sought Mycenæ's towers;
Armies he ask'd, and armies had been giv'n,
Not we denied, but Jove forbade from Heav'n;
While dreadful comets glaring from afar
Forewarn'd the horrors of the Theban war.
Next, sent by Greece from where Asopus flows,
A fearless envoy, he approach'd the foes;
Thebes' hostile walls, unguarded and alone,
Dauntless he enters and demands the throne.
The tyrant, feasting with his Chiefs he found,
And dared to combat all those Chiefs around;
Dared and subdued, before their haughty lord;
For Pallas strung his arm, and edg'd his sword.
Stung with the shame, within the winding way,
To bar his passage fifty warriors lay;
Two heroes led the secret squadron on,
Mæon the fierce, and hardy Lycophon;
Those fifty slaughter'd in the gloomy vale,
He spared but one to bear the dreadful tale.
Such Tydeus was, and such his martial fire;
Gods! how the son degen'rates from the sire!'
No words the godlike Diomed return'd,
But heard respectful, and in secret burn'd:
Not so fierce Capaneus' undaunted son;
Stern as his sire, the boaster thus begun:
'What needs, O Monarch, this invidious praise,
Ourselves to lessen, while our sires you raise?
Dare to be just, Atrides! and confess
Our valour equal, tho' our fury less.
With fewer troops we storm'd the Theban wall,
And, happier, saw the sev'nfold city fall.
In impious acts the guilty fathers died;
The sons subdued, for Heav'n was on their side.
Far more than heirs of all our parents' fame,
Our glories darken their diminish'd name.'
To him Tydides thus: 'My friend, forbear,
Suppress thy passion, and the King revere:

His high concern may well excuse this rage,
Whose cause we follow, and whose war we wage;
His the first praise, were Ilion's towers o'erthrown,
And, if we fail, the chief disgrace his own.
Let him the Greeks to hardy toils excite,
'T is ours to labour in the glorious fight.'
He spoke, and ardent on the trembling ground
Sprung from his car; his ringing arms resound.
Dire was the clang, and dreadful from afar,
Of arm'd Tydides rushing to the war.
As when the winds, ascending by degrees,
First move the whitening surface of the seas,
The billows float in order to the shore,
The wave behind rolls on the wave before;
Till, with the growing storm, the deeps arise,
Foam o'er the rocks, and thunder to the skies:
So to the fight the thick battalions throng,
Shields urged on shields, and men drove men along.
Sedate and silent move the numerous bands;
No sound, no whisper, but their Chief's commands.
Those only heard; with awe the rest obey,
As if some God had snatch'd their voice away.
Not so the Trojans; from their host ascends
A gen'ral shout that all the region rends.
As when the fleecy flocks unnumber'd stand
In wealthy folds, and wait the milker's hand,
The hollow vales incessant bleating fills,
The lambs reply from all the neighb'ring hills:
Such clamours rose from various nations round,
Mix'd was the murmur, and confused the sound.
Each host now joins, and each a God inspires,
These Mars incites, and those Minerva fires.
Pale Flight around, and dreadful Terror reign;
And Discord raging bathes the purple plain:
Discord! dire sister of the slaught'ring Power,
Small at her birth, but rising ev'ry hour;
While scarce the skies her horrid head can bound,
She stalks on earth, and shakes the world around;
The nations bleed, where'er her steps she turns;
The groan still deepens, and the combat burns.
Now shield with shield, with helmet helmet closed,
To armour armour, lance to lance opposed,
Host against host with shadowy squadrons drew,
The sounding darts in iron tempests flew.
Victors and vanquish'd join promiscuous cries,
And shrilling shouts and dying groans arise;
With streaming blood the slipp'ry fields are dyed,
And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide.
As torrents roll, increas'd by numerous rills,
With rage impetuous down their echoing hills;
Rush to the vales, and, pour'd along the plain,
Roar thro' a thousand channels to the main;
The distant shepherd trembling hears the sound:
So mix both hosts, and so their cries rebound.
The bold Antilochus the slaughter led,
The first who struck a valiant Trojan dead:
At great Echepolus the lance arrives,
Razed his high crest and thro' his helmet drives;
Warm'd in the brain the brazen weapon lies,
And shades eternal settle o'er his eyes.
So sinks a tower that long assaults had stood
Of force and fire, its walls besmear'd with blood.
Him, the bold leader of th' Abantian throng
Seized to despoil, and dragg'd the corpse along:
But, while he strove to tug th' inserted dart,
Agenor's jav'lin reach'd the hero's heart.

His flank, unguarded by his ample shield,
Admits the lance: he falls, and spurns the field;
The nerves unbraced support his limbs no more:
The soul comes floating in a tide of gore.
Trojans and Greeks now gather round the slain;
The war renews, the warriors bleed again;
As o'er their prey rapacious wolves engage,
Man dies on man, and all is blood and rage.
In blooming youth fair Simoïsius fell,
Sent by great Ajax to the shades of Hell:
Fair Simoïsius, whom his mother bore
Amid the flocks, on silver Simoïs' shore:
The nymph, descending from the hills of Ide,
To seek her parents on his flowery side,
Brought forth the babe, their common care and joy,
And thence from Simoïs named the lovely boy.
Short was his date! by dreadful Ajax slain
He falls, and renders all their cares in vain!
So falls a poplar, that in wat'ry ground
Rais'd high the head, with stately branches crown'd
(Fell'd by some artist with his shining steel,
To shape the circle of the bending wheel);
Cut down it lies, tall, smooth, and largely spread,
With all its beauteous honours on its head;
There, left a subject to the wind and rain,
And scorch'd by suns, it withers on the plain.
Thus, pierc'd by Ajax, Simoïsius lies
Stretch'd on the shore, and thus neglected dies.
At Ajax, Antiphus his jav'lin threw:
The pointed lance with erring fury flew,
And Leucus, loved by wise Ulysses, slew.
He drops the corpse of Simoïsius slain,
And sinks a breathless carcass on the plain.
This saw Ulysses, and, with grief enraged,
Strode where the foremost of the foes engaged;
Arm'd with his spear, he meditates the wound,
In act to throw; but, cautious, look'd around.
Struck at his sight the Trojans backward drew,
And trembling heard the jav'lin as it flew.
A Chief stood nigh, who from Abydos came,
Old Priam's son, Democoön was his name;
The weapon enter'd close above his ear,
Cold thro' his temples glides the whizzing spear;
With piercing shrieks the youth resigns his breath,
His eye-balls darken with the shades of death;
Pond'rous he falls; his clanging arms resound;
And his broad buckler rings against the ground.
Seiz'd with affright the boldest foes appear;
Ev'n godlike Hector seems himself to fear;
Slow he gave way, the rest tumultuous fled;
The Greeks with shouts press on, and spoil the dead.
But Phœbus now from Ilion's tow'ring height
Shines forth reveal'd, and animates the fight.
'Trojans, be bold, and force with force oppose;
Your foaming steeds urge headlong on the foes!
Nor are their bodies rocks, nor ribb'd with steel;
Your weapons enter, and your strokes they feel.
Have you forgot what seem'd your dread before?
The great, the fierce Achilles fights no more.'
Apollo thus from Ilion's lofty towers,
Array'd in terrors, rous'd the Trojan powers:
While war's fierce Goddess fires the Grecian foe,
And shouts and thunders in the fields below.
Then great Diores fell, by doom divine;
In vain his valour and illustrious line.
A broken rock the force of Pirus threw
(Who from cold Ænus led the Thracian crew);
Full on his ankle dropp'd the pond'rous stone,
Burst the strong nerves, and crash'd the solid bone:
Supine he tumbles on the crimson sands,
Before his helpless friends, and native bands,
And spreads for aid his unavailing hands.

The foe rush'd furious as he pants for breath,
And thro' his navel drove the pointed death:
His gushing entrails smoked upon the ground,
And the warm life came issuing from the wound.
His lance bold Thoas at the conqu'ror sent,
Deep in his breast above the pap it went,
Amid the lungs was fix'd the winged wood,
And quiv'ring in his heaving bosom stood:
Till from the dying Chief, approaching near,
Th' Ætolian warrior tugg'd his weighty spear:
Then sudden waved his flaming falchion round,
And gash'd his belly with a ghastly wound.
The corpse now breathless on the bloody plain,
To spoil his arms the victor strove in vain;
The Thracian bands against the victor press'd;
A grove of lances glitter'd at his breast.
Stern Thoas, glaring with revengeful eyes,
In sullen fury slowly quits the prize.
Thus fell two heroes, one the pride of Thrace,
And one the leader of th' Epeian race;
Death's sable shade at once o'ercast their eyes,
In dust the vanquish'd and the victor lies.
With copious slaughter all the fields are red,
And heap'd with growing mountains of the dead.
Had some brave Chief this martial scene beheld,
By Pallas guarded thro' the dreadful field,
Might darts be bid to turn their points away,
And swords around him innocently play,
The war's whole art with wonder had he seen,
And counted heroes where he counted men.
So fought each host, with thirst of glory fired,
And crowds on crowds triumphantly expired.

OBSERVATIONS ON HOMER'S BATTLES

It may be necessary, at the opening of Homer's battles, to give some explanatory observations upon them. When we reflect that no less than the compass of twelve books is taken up in these, we shall have reason to wonder by what method the author could prevent descriptions of such a length from being tedious. It is not enough to say, that though the subject itself be the same, the actions are always different; that we have now distinct combats, now promiscuous fights, now single duels, now general engagements; or that the scenes are perpetually varied; we are now in the fields, now at the fortification of the Greeks, now at the ships, now at the gates of Troy, now at the river Scamander: but we must look farther into the art of the poet to find the reasons of this astonishing variety.

We first observe that diversity in the deaths of his warriors, which he has supplied by the vastest fertility of invention. These he distinguishes several ways: sometimes by the *Characters* of the men, their *age*, *office*, *profession*, *nation*, *family*, *etc.* One is a blooming Youth, whose father dissuaded him from the war; one is a Priest, whose piety could not save him: one is a Sportsman, whom Diana taught in vain; one is the native of a far distant country, who is never to return; one is descended from a Noble Line, which ends in his death; one is made remarkable by his Boasting; another by his Beseeching; and another, who is distinguished no way else, is marked by his Habit, and the singularity of his armour.

Sometimes he varies these by the several *Postures* in which his heroes are represented either fighting or falling. Some of these are so exceedingly exact, that one may guess, from the very position of the combatant, whereabouts the wound will light: others so very peculiar and uncommon, that they could only be the effect of an imagination which had searched through all the ideas of nature. Such is that picture of Mydon in the fifth book, whose arm being numbed by a blow on the elbow, drops the reins, that trail on the ground; and then being suddenly struck on the temples, falls headlong from the chariot, in a soft and deep place, where he sinks up to the shoulders in the sands, and continues a while fixed by the weight of his armour, with his legs quivering in the air, till he is trampled down by his horses.

Another cause of this variety is the difference of the *Wounds* that are given in the *Iliad:* they are by no means like the wounds described by most other poets, which are commonly made in the self-same obvious places; the heart and

head serve for all those in general who understand no anatomy, and sometimes, for variety, they kill men by wounds that are nowhere mortal but in their poems. As the whole human body is the subject of these, so nothing is more necessary to him who would describe them well, than a thorough knowledge of its structure, even though the poet is not professedly to write of them as an anatomist; in the same manner as an exact skill in anatomy is necessary to those painters that would excel in drawing the naked body, though they are not to make every muscle as visible as in a book of chirurgery. It appears from so many passages in Homer, that he was perfectly master of this science, that it would be needless to cite any in particular.

It may be necessary to take notice of some customs of antiquity relating to the Arms and Art Military of those times, which are proper to be known, in order to form a right notion of our author's descriptions of war.

That Homer copied the manners and customs of the age he wrote of, rather than of that he lived in, has been observed in some instances. As that he nowhere represents Cavalry or Trumpets to have been used in the Trojan wars, though they apparently were in his own time. It is not therefore impossible but there may be found in his works some deficiencies in the art of war, which are not to be imputed to his ignorance, but to his judgment.

Horses had not been brought into Greece long before the siege of Troy. They were originally eastern animals, and if we find at that very period so great a number of them reckoned up in the wars of the Israelites, it is the less a wonder, considering they came from Asia. The practice of riding them was so little known in Greece a few years before, that they looked upon the Centaurs who first used it, as monsters compounded of men and horses. Nestor, in the first *Iliad*, says he had seen these Centaurs in his youth, and Polypœtes in the second is said to have been born on the day that his father expelled them from Pelion to the deserts of Æthica. They had no other use of horses than to draw their chariots in battle, so that whenever Homer speaks of *fighting from a horse. taming a horse*, or the like, it is constantly to be understood of fighting from a chariot, or taming horses to that service. This was a piece of decorum in the poet; for in his own time they were arrived to such a perfection in horsemanship, that in the fifteenth *Iliad*, ver. 822, we have a simile taken from an extraordinary feat of activity, where one man manages four horses at once, and leaps from the back of one to another at full speed.

If we consider in what high esteem among warriors these noble animals must have been at their first coming into Greece, we shall the less wonder at the frequent occasions Homer has taken to describe and celebrate them. It is not so strange to find them set almost upon a level with men, at the time when a horse in the prizes was of equal value with a captive.

The Chariots were in all probability very low. For we frequently find in the *Iliad*, that a person who stands erect on a chariot is killed (and sometimes by a stroke on the head), by a foot soldier with a sword. This may farther appear from the ease and readiness with which they alight or mount on every occasion, to facilitate which, the chariots were made open behind. That the wheels were but small, may be guessed from a custom they had of taking them off and setting them on as they were laid by, or made use of. Hebe in the fifth book puts on the wheels of Juno's chariot when she calls for it in haste: and it seems to be with allusion to the same practice that it is said in *Exodus*, ch. xiv., *The Lord took off their chariot-wheels, so that they drove them heavily.* The sides were also low; for whoever is killed in his chariot throughout the poem, constantly falls to the ground, as having nothing to support him. That the whole machine was very small and light, is evident from a passage in the tenth *Iliad*, where Diomed debates whether he shall draw the chariot of Rhesus out of the way, or carry it on his shoulders to a place of safety. All the particulars agree with the representations of the chariots on the most ancient Greek coins; where the tops of them reached not so high as the backs of the horses; the wheels are yet lower, and the heroes who stand in them are seen from the knee upwards.

There were generally two persons in each chariot, one of whom was wholly employed in guiding the horses. They used, indifferently, two, three, or four horses: from whence it happens, that sometimes when a horse is killed, the hero continues the fight with the two or more that remain; and at other times a warrior retreats upon the loss of one; not that he had less courage than the other, but that he has fewer horses.

Their Swords were all broad cutting swords, for we find they never stab but with their spears. The Spears were used two ways, either to push with, or to cast from them, like the missive javelins. It seems surprising, that a man should throw a dart or spear with such force, as to pierce through both sides of the armour and the body (as is often described in Homer): for if the strength of the men was gigantic, the armour must have been strong in proportion. Some solution might be given for

this, if we imagined the armour was generally brass, and the weapons pointed with iron; and if we could fancy that Homer called the spears and swords *brazen*, in the same manner that he calls the reins of a bridle *ivory*, only from the ornaments about them. But there are passages where the point of the spear is expressly said to be of brass, as in the description of that of Hector in *Iliad* vi. Pausanias (Laconicis) takes it for granted, that the arms, as well offensive as defensive, were brass. He says the spear of Achilles was kept in his time in the temple of Minerva, the top and point of which were of brass; and the sword of Merionēs, in that of Æsculapius among the Nicomedians, was entirely of the same metal. But be it as it will, there are examples even at this day of such a prodigious force in casting darts, as almost exceeds credibility. The Turks and Arabs will pierce through thick planks with darts of hardened wood; which can only be attributed to their being bred (as the ancients were) to that exercise, and to the strength and agility acquired by a constant practice of it.

We may ascribe to the same cause their power of casting stones of a vast weight, which appears a common practice in these battles. It is an error to imagine this to be only a fictitious embellishment of the poet, which was one of the exercises of war among the ancient Greeks and Orientals. St. Jerome tells us, it was an old custom in Palestine, and in use in his own time, to have round stones of a great weight kept in the castles and villages, for the youth to try their strength with.

BOOK V

THE ACTS OF DIOMED

THE ARGUMENT

Diomed, assisted by Pallas, performs wonders in this day's battle. Pandarus wounds him with an arrow, but the Goddess cures him, enables him to discern Gods from mortals, and prohibits him from contending with any of the former, excepting Venus. Æneas joins Pandarus to oppose him. Pandarus is killed, and Æneas in great danger but for the assistance of Venus; who, as she is removing her son from the fight, is wounded on the hand by Diomed. Apollo seconds her in his rescue, and, at length, carries off Æneas to Troy, where he is healed in the temple of Pergamus. Mars rallies the Trojans, and assists Hector to make a stand. In the mean time Æneas is restored to the field, and they overthrow several of the Greeks; among the rest Tlepolemus is slain by Sarpedon. Juno and Minerva descend to resist Mars; the latter incites Diomed to go against that God; he wounds him, and sends him groaning to Heaven.

The first battle continues through this book. The scene is the same as in the former.

But Pallas now Tydides' soul inspires,
Fills with her force, and warms with all her fires,
Above the Greeks his deathless fame to raise,
And crown her hero with distinguish'd praise.
High on his helm celestial lightnings play,
His beamy shield emits a living ray;
Th' unwearied blaze incessant streams supplies,
Like the red star that fires th' autumnal skies,
When fresh he rears his radiant orb to sight,
And bathed in Ocean shoots a keener light.
Such glories Pallas on the Chief bestow'd,
Such, from his arms, the fierce effulgence flow'd:
Onward she drives him, furious to engage,
Where the fight burns, and where the thickest rage.
The sons of Dares first the combat sought,
A wealthy priest, but rich without a fault;
In Vulcan's fane the father's days were led;
The sons to toils of glorious battle bred;
These, singled from their troops, the fight maintain;
These from their steeds, Tydides on the plain.
Fierce for renown the brother Chiefs draw near,
And first bold Phegeus casts his sounding spear,
Which o'er the warrior's shoulder took its course,
And spent in empty air its erring force.
Not so, Tydides, flew thy lance in vain,
But pierced his breast, and stretch'd him on the plain.
Seiz'd with unusual fear, Idæus fled,
Left the rich chariot, and his brother dead;
And had not Vulcan lent celestial aid,
He too had sunk to death's eternal shade;
But in a smoky cloud the God of Fire
Preserv'd the son, in pity to the sire.

The steeds and chariot, to the navy led,
Increas'd the spoils of gallant Diomed.
Struck with amaze and shame, the Trojan crew
Or slain, or fled, the sons of Dares view;
When by the blood-stain'd hand Minerva press'd
The God of Battles, and this speech address'd:
'Stern Power of War! by whom the mighty fall,
Who bathe in blood, and shake the lofty wall!
Let the brave Chiefs their glorious toils divide;
And whose the conquest mighty Jove decide:
While we from interdicted fields retire,
Nor tempt the wrath of Heav'n's avenging Sire.'
Her words allay th' impetuous warrior's heat,
The God of Arms and Martial Maid retreat;
Remov'd from fight, on Xanthus' flowery bounds
They sat, and listen'd to the dying sounds.
Meantime, the Greeks the Trojan race pursue,
And some bold chieftain every leader slew:
First Odius falls and bites the bloody sand,
His death ennobled by Atrides' hand;
As he to flight his wheeling car address'd,
The speedy jav'lin drove from back to breast.
In dust the mighty Halizonian lay,
His arms resound, the spirit wings its way.
Thy fate was next, O Phæstus! doom'd to feel
The great Idomeneus' protended steel;
Whom Borus sent (his son and only joy)
From fruitful Tarne to the fields of Troy.
The Cretan jav'lin reach'd him from afar,
And pierc'd his shoulder as he mounts his car;
Back from the car he tumbles to the ground,
And everlasting shades his eyes surround.
Then died Scamandrius, expert in the chase,
In woods and wilds to wound the savage race;
Diana taught him all her sylvan arts,
To bend the bow, and aim unerring darts;
But vainly here Diana's arts he tries,
The fatal lance arrests him as he flies;
From Menelaus' arm the weapon sent,
Thro' his broad back and heaving bosom went:
Down sinks the warrior with a thund'ring sound,
His brazen armour rings against the ground.
Next artful Phereclus untimely fell;
Bold Merion sent him to the realms of Hell.
Thy father's skill, O Phereclus, was thine,
The graceful fabric and the fair design;
For, lov'd by Pallas, Pallas did impart
To him the shipwright's and the builder's art.
Beneath his hand the fleet of Paris rose,
The fatal cause of all his country's woes;
But he, the mystic will of Heav'n unknown,
Nor saw his country's peril, nor his own.
The hapless artist, while confused he fled,
The spear of Merion mingled with the dead.
Thro' his right hip, with forceful fury cast,
Between the bladder and the bone it pass'd;
Prone on his knees he falls with fruitless cries,
And death in lasting slumber seals his eyes.
From Meges' force the swift Pedæus fled,
Antenor's offspring from a foreign bed;
Whose gen'rous spouse, Theano, heav'nly fair,
Nurs'd the young stranger with a mother's care.
How vain those cares! when Meges in the rear
Full in his nape infix'd the fatal spear;
Swift thro' his crackling jaws the weapon glides,
And the cold tongue and grinning teeth divides.
Then died Hypsenor, gen'rous and divine,
Sprung from the brave Dolopion's mighty line,
Who near ador'd Scamander made abode,
Priest of the stream, and honour'd as a God.
On him, amidst the flying numbers found,
Eurypylus inflicts a deadly wound;
On his broad shoulder fell the forceful brand,
Thence glancing downward lopp'd his holy hand,

Which stain'd with sacred blood the blushing sand.
Down sunk the priest: the purple hand of death
Closed his dim eye, and Fate suppress'd his breath.
Thus toil'd the Chiefs, in diff'rent parts engaged,
In ev'ry quarter fierce Tydides raged,
Amid the Greek, amid the Trojan train,
Rapt thro' the ranks he thunders o'er the plain;
Now here, now there, he darts from place to place,
Pours on the rear, or lightens in their face.
Thus from high hills the torrents swift and strong
Deluge whole fields, and sweep the trees along;
Thro' ruin'd moles the rushing wave resounds,
O'erwhelms the bridge, and bursts the lofty bounds;
The yellow harvests of the ripen'd year,
And flatted vineyards, one sad waste appear!
While Jove descends in sluicy sheets of rain,
And all the labours of mankind are vain.
So raged Tydides, boundless in his ire,
Drove armies back, and made all Troy retire.
With grief the leader of the Lycian band
Saw the wide waste of his destructive hand:
His bended bow against the Chief he drew;
Swift to the mark the thirsty arrow flew,
Whose forky point the hollow breastplate tore,
Deep in his shoulder pierc'd, and drank the gore;
The rushing stream his brazen armour dyed,
While the proud archer thus exulting cried:
'Hither, ye Trojans, hither drive your steeds!
Lo! by our hand the bravest Grecian bleeds.
Not long the deathful dart he can sustain;
Or Phœbus urged me to these fields in vain.'
So spoke he, boastful; but the winged dart
Stopp'd short of life, and mock'd the shooter's art.
The wounded Chief, behind his car retired,
The helping hand of Sthenelus required;
Swift from his seat he leap'd upon the ground,
And tugg'd the weapon from the gushing wound;
When thus the King his guardian Power address'd,
The purple current wand'ring o'er his vest:
'O progeny of Jove! unconquer'd maid!
If e'er my godlike sire deserv'd thy aid,
If e'er I felt thee in the fighting field;
Now, Goddess, now, thy sacred succour yield.
Oh give my lance to reach the Trojan knight,
Whose arrow wounds the Chief thou guard'st in fight;
And lay the boaster grov'ling on the shore,
That vaunts these eyes shall view the light no more.'
Thus pray'd Tydides, and Minerva heard,
His nerves confirm'd, his languid spirits cheer'd;
He feels each limb with wonted vigour light;
His beating bosom claims the promis'd fight.
'Be bold' (she cried), 'in every combat shine,
War be thy province, thy protection mine;
Rush to the fight, and every foe control;
Wake each paternal virtue in thy soul:
Strength swells thy boiling breast infused by me,
And all thy godlike father breathes in thee!
Yet more, from mortal mists I purge thy eyes,
And set to view the warring deities.
These see thou shun, thro' all th' embattled plain,
Nor rashly strive where human force is vain.
If Venus mingle in the martial band,
Her shalt thou wound: so Pallas gives command.'
With that, the Blue-eyed Virgin wing'd her flight;
The hero rush'd impetuous to the fight;
With tenfold ardour now invades the plain,
Wild with delay, and more enraged by pain.
As on the fleecy flocks, when hunger calls,
Amidst the field a brindled lion falls:

If chance some shepherd with a distant dart
The savage wound, he rouses at the smart,
He foams, he roars; the shepherd dares not stay,
But trembling leaves the scatt'ring flocks a prey.
Heaps fall on heaps; he bathes with blood the ground,
Then leaps victorious o'er the lofty mound.
Not with less fury stern Tydides flew,
And two brave leaders at an instant slew;
Astynous breathless fell, and by his side
His people's pastor, good Hypenor, died;
Astynous' breast the deadly lance receives,
Hypenor's shoulder his broad falchion cleaves.
Those slain he left; and sprung with noble rage
Abas and Polyïdus to engage;
Sons of Eurydamas, who, wise and old,
Could fates foresee, and mystic dreams unfold;
The youths return'd not from the doubtful plain,
And the sad father tried his arts in vain;
No mystic dream could make their fates appear,
Tho' now determin'd by Tydides' spear.
Young Xanthus next, and Thoön felt his rage,
The joy and hope of Phænops' feeble age;
Vast was his wealth, and these the only heirs
Of all his labours, and a life of cares.
Cold death o'ertakes them in their blooming years,
And leaves the father unavailing tears:
To strangers now descends his heapy store,
The race forgotten, and the name no more.
Two sons of Priam in one chariot ride,
Glitt'ring in arms, and combat side by side.
As when the lordly lion seeks his food
Where grazing heifers range the lonely wood,
He leaps amidst them with a furious bound,
Bends their strong necks, and tears them to the ground:
So from their seats the brother Chiefs are torn,
Their steeds and chariots to the navy borne.
With deep concern divine Æneas view'd
The foe prevailing and his friends pursued;
Thro' the thick storm of singing spears he flies,
Exploring Pandarus with careful eyes.
At length he found Lycaön's mighty son;
To whom the Chief of Venus' race begun:
'Where, Pandarus, are all thy honours now,
Thy winged arrows and unerring bow,
Thy matchless skill, thy yet unrivall'd fame,
And boasted glory of the Lycian name?
Oh pierce that mortal! if we mortal call
That wondrous force by which whole armies fall;
Or God incens'd, who quits the distant skies
To punish Troy for slighted sacrifice;
(Which oh avert from our unhappy state!
For what so dreadful as celestial hate)?
Whoe'er he be, propitiate Jove with prayer;
If man, destroy; if God, entreat to spare.'
To him the Lycian: 'Whom your eyes behold,
If right I judge, is Diomed the bold.
Such coursers whirl him o'er the dusty field,
So towers his helmet, and so flames his shield.
If 't is a God, he wears that Chief's disguise;
Or if that Chief, some guardian of the skies,
Involv'd in clouds, protects him in the fray,
And turns unseen the frustrate dart away.
I wing'd an arrow, which not idly fell;
The stroke had fix'd him to the gates of Hell;
And, but some God, some angry God withstands,
His fate was due to these unerring hands.
Skill'd in the bow, on foot I sought the war,
Nor join'd swift horses to the rapid car.
Ten polish'd chariots I possess'd at home,
And still they grace Lycaön's princely dome:
There veil'd in spacious coverlets they stand;
And twice ten coursers wait their lord's command.
The good old warrior bade me trust to these,
When first for Troy I sail'd the sacred seas.

In fields, aloft, the whirling car to guide,
And thro' the ranks of death triumphant ride.
But vain with youth, and yet to thrift inclin'd,
I heard his counsels with unheedful mind,
And thought the steeds (your large supplies unknown)
Might fail of forage in the straiten'd town;
So took my bow and pointed darts in hand,
And left the chariots in my native land.
'Too late, O friend! my rashness I deplore;
These shafts, once fatal, carry death no more.
Tydeus' and Atreus' sons their points have found,
And undissembled gore pursued the wound.
In vain they bled: this unavailing bow
Serves not to slaughter, but provoke the foe.
In evil hour these bended horns I strung,
And seiz'd the quiver where it idly hung.
Curs'd be the fate that sent me to the field,
Without a warrior's arms, the spear and shield!
If e'er with life I quit the Trojan plain,
If e'er I see my spouse and sire again,
This bow, unfaithful to my glorious aims,
Broke by my hand, shall feed the blazing flames.'
To whom the leader of the Dardan race:
'Be calm, nor Phœbus' honour'd gift disgrace.
The distant dart be prais'd, tho' here we need
The rushing chariot, and the bounding steed.
Against yon hero let us bend our course,
And, hand to hand, encounter force with force.
Now mount my seat, and from the chariot's height
Observe my father's steeds, renown'd in fight;
Practis'd alike to turn, to stop, to chase,
To dare the shock, or urge the rapid race:
Secure with these, thro' fighting fields we go,
Or safe to Troy, if Jove assist the foe.
Haste, seize the whip, and snatch the guiding rein;
The warrior's fury let this arm sustain:
Or if to combat thy bold heart incline,
Take thou the spear; the chariot's care be mine.'
'O Prince' (Lycaön's valiant son replied),
'As thine the steeds, be thine the task to guide.
The horses, practis'd to their lord's command,
Shall hear the rein and answer to thy hand.
But if, unhappy, we desert the fight,
Thy voice alone can animate their flight:
Else shall our fates be number'd with the dead,
And these, the victor's prize, in triumph led.
Thine be the guidance then: with spear and shield
Myself will charge this terror of the field.'
And now both heroes mount the glitt'ring car;
The bounding coursers rush amidst the war.
Their fierce approach bold Sthenelus espied,
Who thus, alarm'd, to great Tydides cried:
'O friend! two Chiefs of force immense I see,
Dreadful they come, and bend their rage on thee:
Lo the brave heir of old Lycaön's line,
And great Æneas, sprung from race divine!
Enough is giv'n to Fame. Ascend thy car;
And save a life, the bulwark of our war.'
At this the hero cast a gloomy look,
Fix'd on the Chief with scorn, and thus he spoke:
'Me dost thou bid to shun the coming fight?
Me wouldst thou move to base, inglorious flight?
Know, 't is not honest in my soul to fear,
Nor was Tydides born to tremble here
I hate the cumbrous chariot's slow advance,
And the long distance of the flying lance:
But while my nerves are strong, my force entire,
Thus front the foe, and emulate my sire.
Nor shall yon steeds, that fierce to fight convey
Those threat'ning heroes, bear them both away;
One Chief at least beneath this arm shall die;
So Pallas tells me, and forbids to fly.
But if she dooms, and if no God withstand,
That both shall fall by one victorious hand;

Then heed my words: my horses here detain,
Fix'd to the chariot by the straiten'd rein;
Swift to Æneas' empty seat proceed,
And seize the coursers of ethereal breed,
The race of those, which once the Thund'ring God
For ravish'd Ganymede on Tros bestow'd,
The best that e'er on earth's broad surface run
Beneath the rising or the setting sun.
Hence great Anchises stole a breed, unknown
By mortal mares, from fierce Laömedon:
Four of this race his ample stalls contain,
And two transport Æneas o'er the plain.
These, were the rich immortal prize our own,
Thro' the wide world should make our glory known.'
Thus while they spoke, the foe came furious on,
And stern Lycaön's warlike race begun:
'Prince, thou art met. Tho' late in vain assail'd,
The spear may enter where the arrow fail'd.'
He said, then shook the pond'rous lance, and flung;
On his broad shield the sounding weapon rung,
Pierc'd the tough orb, and in his cuirass hung.
'He bleeds! the pride of Greece' (the boaster cries),
'Our triumph now the mighty warrior lies!'
'Mistaken vaunter!' Diomed replied;
'Thy dart has err'd, and now my spear be tried:
Ye 'scape not both; one headlong from his car,
With hostile blood shall glut the God of War.'
He spoke, and, rising, hurl'd his forceful dart,
Which, driv'n by Pallas, pierc'd a vital part;
Full in his face it enter'd, and betwixt
The nose and eyeball the proud Lycian fix'd:
Crash'd all his jaws, and cleft the tongue within,
Till the bright point look'd out beneath the chin.
Headlong he falls, his helmet knocks the ground;
Earth groans beneath him, and his arms resound;
The starting coursers tremble with affright;
The soul indignant seeks the realms of night.
To guard his slaughter'd friend, Æneas flies,
His spear extending where the carcass lies,
Watchful he wheels, protects it every way,
As the grim lion stalks around his prey.
O'er the fall'n trunk his ample shield display'd,
He hides the hero with his mighty shade,
And threats aloud: the Greeks with longing eyes
Behold at distance, but forbear the prize.
Then fierce Tydides stoops; and, from the fields
Heav'd with vast force, a rocky fragment wields.
Not two strong men th' enormous weight could raise,
Such men as live in these degen'rate days.
He swung it round; and, gath'ring strength to throw,
Discharged the pond'rous ruin at the foe.
Where to the hip th' inserted thigh unites,
Full on the bone the pointed marble lights;
Thro' both the tendons broke the rugged stone.
And stripp'd the skin, and crack'd the solid bone.
Sunk on his knees, and stagg'ring with his pains,
His falling bulk his bended arms sustains;
Lost in a dizzy mist the warrior lies;
A sudden cloud comes swimming o'er his eyes.
There the brave Chief, who mighty numbers sway'd,
Oppress'd had sunk to death's eternal shade:
But heav'nly Venus, mindful of the love
She bore Anchises in th' Idæan grove,
His danger views with anguish and despair,
And guards her offspring with a mother's care.
About her much-lov'd son her arms she throws,
Her arms whose whiteness match the falling snows.

Screen'd from the foe behind her shining veil,
The swords wave harmless, and the jav'lins fail:
Safe thro' the rushing horse, and feather'd flight
Of sounding shafts, she bears him from the fight.
Nor Sthenelus, with unassisting hands,
Remain'd unheedful of his lord's commands:
His panting steeds, remov'd from out the war,
He fix'd with straiten'd traces to the car.
Next, rushing to the Dardan spoil, detains
The heav'nly coursers with the flowing manes:
These, in proud triumph to the fleet convey'd,
No longer now a Trojan lord obey'd.
That charge to bold Deïpylus he gave
(Whom most he lov'd, as brave men love the brave),
Then, mounting on his car, resumed the rein,
And follow'd where Tydides swept the plain.
Meanwhile (his conquest ravish'd from his eyes)
The raging Chief in chase of Venus flies:
No Goddess she commission'd to the field,
Like Pallas dreadful with her sable shield,
Or fierce Bellona thund'ring at the wall,
While flames ascend, and mighty ruins fall;
He knew soft combats suit the tender dame,
New to the field, and still a foe to fame.
Thro' breaking ranks his furious course he bends,
And at the Goddess his broad lance extends;
Thro' her bright veil the daring weapon drove,
Th' ambrosial veil, which all the Graces wove:
Her snowy hand the razing steel profaned,
And the transparent skin with crimson stain'd.
From the clear vein a stream immortal flow'd,
Such stream as issues from a wounded God;
Pure emanation! uncorrupted flood;
Unlike our gross, diseas'd, terrestrial blood;
(For not the bread of man their life sustains,
Nor wine's inflaming juice supplies their veins).
With tender shrieks the Goddess fill'd the place;
And dropp'd her offspring from her weak embrace.
Him Phœbus took: he casts a cloud around
The fainting Chief, and wards the mortal wound.
Then with a voice that shook the vaulted skies,
The King insults the Goddess as she flies:
'Ill with Jove's daughter bloody fights agree,
The field of combat is no scene for thee:
Go, let thy own soft sex employ thy care,
Go, lull the coward, or delude the fair.
Taught by this stroke, renounce the war's alarms,
And learn to tremble at the name of arms.'
Tydides thus. The Goddess, seiz'd with dread,
Confused, distracted, from the conflict fled.
To aid her, swift the winged Iris flew,
Wrapt in a mist above the warring crew.
The Queen of Love with faded charms she found,
Pale was her cheek, and livid look'd the wound.
To Mars, who sat remote, they bent their way;
Far on the left, with clouds involv'd he lay;
Beside him stood his lance, distain'd with gore,
And, rein'd with gold, his foaming steeds before:
Low at his knee, she begg'd, with streaming eyes,
Her brother's car, to mount the distant skies,
And shew'd the wound by fierce Tydides giv'n,
A mortal man, who dares encounter Heav'n.
Stern Mars attentive hears the Queen complain,
And to her hand commits the golden rein:
She mounts the seat, oppress'd with silent woe,
Driv'n by the Goddess of the Painted Bow.
The lash resounds, the rapid chariot flies,
And in a moment scales the lofty skies.

There stopp'd the car, and there the coursers stood,
Fed by fair Iris with ambrosial food.
Before her mother, Love's bright Queen appears,
O'erwhelm'd with anguish and dissolv'd in tears;
She rais'd her in her arms, beheld her bleed,
And ask'd what God had wrought this guilty deed?
Then she: 'This insult from no God I found,
An impious mortal gave the daring wound!
Behold the deed of haughty Diomed!
'T was in the son's defence the mother bled.
The war with Troy no more the Grecians wage;
But with the Gods (th' immortal Gods) engage.'
Dione then: 'Thy wrongs with patience bear,
And share those griefs inferior Powers must share;
Unnumber'd woes mankind from us sustain,
And men with woes afflict the Gods again.
The mighty Mars, in mortal fetters bound,
And lodg'd in brazen dungeons under ground,
Full thirteen moons imprison'd roar'd in vain;
Otus and Ephialtes held the chain;
Perhaps had perish'd, had not Hermes' care
Restored the groaning God to upper air.
Great Juno's self has borne her weight of pain,
Th' imperial partner of the heav'nly reign;
Amphitryon's son infix'd the deadly dart,
And fill'd with anguish her immortal heart.
Ev'n Hell's grim King Alcides' power confess'd,
The shaft found entrance in his iron breast;
To Jove's high palace for a cure he fled,
Pierc'd in his own dominions of the dead;
Where Pæon, sprinkling heav'nly balm around,
Assuaged the glowing pangs and closed the wound.
Rash, impious man! to stain the bless'd abodes,
And drench his arrows in the blood of Gods!
But thou (tho' Pallas urged thy frantic deed),
Whose spear ill-fated makes a Goddess bleed,
Know thou, whoe'er with heav'nly power contends,
Short is his date, and soon his glory ends;
From fields of death when late he shall retire,
No infant on his knees shall call him sire.
Strong as thou art, some God may yet be found,
To stretch thee pale and gasping on the ground;
Thy distant wife, Ægiale the fair,
Starting from sleep with a distracted air,
Shall rouse thy slaves, and her lost lord deplore,
The brave, the great, the glorious, now no more!'
This said, she wiped from Venus' wounded palm
The sacred ichor, and infused the balm.
Juno and Pallas with a smile survey'd,
And thus to Jove began the Blue-eyed Maid:
'Permit thy daughter, gracious Jove! to tell
How this mischance the Cyprian Queen befel.
As late she tried with passion to inflame
The tender bosom of a Grecian dame,
Allured the Fair with moving thoughts of joy,
To quit her country for some youth of Troy;
The clasping zone, with golden buckles bound,
Razed her soft hand with this lamented wound.'
The Sire of Gods and men superior smiled,
And, calling Venus, thus address'd his child:
'Not these, O daughter, are thy proper cares,
Thee milder arts befit, and softer wars;
Sweet smiles are thine, and kind endearing charms;
To Mars and Pallas leave the deeds of arms.'
Thus they in Heav'n. While on the plain below
The fierce Tydides charged his Dardan foe,

Flush'd with celestial blood pursued his way,
And fearless dared the threat'ning God of Day;
Already in his hopes he saw him kill'd,
Tho' screen'd behind Apollo's mighty shield.
Thrice, rushing furious, at the Chief he struck;
His blazing buckler thrice Apollo shook:
He tried the fourth: when, breaking from the cloud,
A more than mortal voice was heard aloud:
'O son of Tydeus, cease! be wise, and see
How vast the diff'rence of the Gods and thee;
Distance immense! between the Powers that shine
Above, eternal, deathless, and divine,
And mortal man! a wretch of humble birth,
A short-lived reptile in the dust of earth.'
So spoke the God who darts celestial fires;
He dreads his fury, and some steps retires.
Then Phœbus bore the chief of Venus' race
To Troy's high fane, and to his holy place;
Latona there and Phœbe heal'd the wound;
With vigour arm'd him, and with glory crown'd.
This done, the patron of the silver bow
A phantom rais'd, the same in shape and show
With great Æneas; such the form he bore,
And such in fight the radiant arms he wore.
Around the spectre bloody wars are waged,
And Greece and Troy with clashing shields engaged.
Meantime on Ilion's tower Apollo stood,
And, calling Mars, thus urged the raging God:
'Stern Power of Arms, by whom the mighty fall,
Who bathe in blood, and shake th' embattled wall!
Rise in thy wrath! to Hell's abhorr'd abodes
Despatch yon Greek, and vindicate the Gods.
First rosy Venus felt his brutal rage;
Me next he charged, and dares all Heav'n engage:
The wretch would brave high Heav'n's immortal Sire,
His triple thunder, and his bolts of fire.'
The God of Battles issues on the plain,
Stirs all the ranks, and fires the Trojan train:
In form like Acamas, the Thracian guide,
Enraged, to Troy's retiring Chiefs he cried:
'How long, ye sons of Priam! will ye fly,
And unrevenged see Priam's people die?
Still unresisted shall the foe destroy,
And stretch the slaughter to the gates of Troy?
Lo, brave Æneas sinks beneath his wound,
Not godlike Hector more in arms renown'd:
Haste all, and take the gen'rous warrior's part.'
He said; new courage swell'd each hero's heart.
Sarpedon first his ardent soul express'd,
And, turn'd to Hector, these bold words address'd:
'Say, Chief, is all thy ancient valour lost?
Where are thy threats, and where thy glorious boast,
That, propp'd alone by Priam's race should stand
Troy's sacred walls, nor need a foreign hand?
Now, now thy country calls her wanted friends,
And the proud vaunt in just derision ends.
Remote they stand, while alien troops engage,
Like trembling hounds before the lion's rage.
Far distant hence I held my wide command,
Where foaming Xanthus laves the Lycian land,
With ample wealth (the wish of mortals) bless'd,
A beauteous wife, and infant at her breast;
With those I left whatever dear could be;
Greece, if she conquers, nothing wins from me.
Yet first in fight my Lycian bands I cheer,
And long to meet this mighty man ye fear;
While Hector idle stands, nor bids the brave
Their wives, their infants, and their altars, save.
Haste, Warrior, haste! preserve thy threaten'd state;
Or one vast burst of all-involving Fate

Full o'er your towers shall fall, and sweep away
Sons, sires, and wives, an undistinguish'd prey.
Rouse all thy Trojans, urge thy aids to fight;
These claim thy thoughts by day, thy watch by night:
With force incessant the brave Greece oppose;
Such care thy friends deserve, and such thy foes.'
Stung to the heart the gen'rous Hector hears,
But just reproof with decent silence bears.
From his proud car the Prince impetuous springs;
On earth he leaps; his brazen armour rings.
Two shining spears are brandish'd in his hands;
Thus arm'd, he animates his drooping bands,
Revives their ardour, turns their steps from flight,
And wakes anew the dying flames of fight.
They turn, they stand: the Greeks their fury dare,
Condense their powers, and wait the growing war.
As when, on Ceres' sacred floor, the swain
Spreads the wide fan to clear the golden grain,
And the light chaff, before the breezes borne,
Ascends in clouds from off the heapy corn;
The grey dust, rising with collected winds,
Drives o'er the barn, and whitens all the hinds:
So, white with dust, the Grecian host appears,
From trampling steeds, and thund'ring charioteers
The dusky clouds from labour'd earth arise,
And roll in smoking volumes to the skies.
Mars hovers o'er them with his sable shield,
And adds new horrors to the darken'd field;
Pleas'd with this charge, and ardent to fulfil,
In Troy's defence, Apollo's heav'nly will:
Soon as from fight the Blue-eyed Maid retires,
Each Trojan bosom with new warmth he fires.
And now the God, from forth his sacred fane,
Produced Æneas to the shouting train;
Alive, unharm'd, with all his peers around,
Erect he stood, and vig'rous from his wound:
Inquiries none they made; the dreadful day
No pause of words admits, no dull delay;
Fierce Discord storms, Apollo loud exclaims,
Fame calls, Mars thunders, and the field 's in flames.
Stern Diomed with either Ajax stood,
And great Ulysses, bathed in hostile blood.
Embodied close, the lab'ring Grecian train
The fiercest shock of charging hosts sustain;
Unmov'd and silent, the whole war they wait,
Serenely dreadful, and as fix'd as Fate.
So, when th' embattled clouds in dark array
Along the skies their gloomy lines display,
When now the North his boist'rous rage has spent,
And peaceful sleeps the liquid element,
The low-hung vapours, motionless and still,
Rest on the summits of the shaded hill;
Till the mass scatters as the winds arise,
Dispers'd and broken thro' the ruffled skies.
Nor was the Gen'ral wanting to his train;
From troop to troop he toils thro' all the plain:
'Ye Greeks, be men! the charge of battle bear;
Your brave associates and yourselves revere!
Let glorious acts more glorious acts inspire,
And catch from breast to breast the noble fire!
On valour's side the odds of combat lie,
The brave live glorious, or lamented die:
The wretch who trembles in the field of fame,
Meets death, and worse than death, eternal shame.'
These words he seconds with his flying lance,
To meet whose point was strong Deicoön's chance:
Æneas' friend, and in his native place
Honour'd and lov'd like Priam's royal race:

Long had he fought, the foremost in the field;
But now the monarch's lance transpierc'd his shield:
His shield too weak the furious dart to stay,
Thro' his broad belt the weapon forced its way;
The grisly wound dismiss'd his soul to Hell,
His arms around him rattled as he fell.
Then fierce Æneas, brandishing his blade,
In dust Orsilochus and Crethon laid,
Whose sire Diocleus, wealthy, brave, and great,
In well-built Pheræ held his lofty seat:
Sprung from Alpheus, plenteous stream! that yields
Increase of harvests to the Pylian fields:
He got Orsilochus, Diocleus he,
And these descended in the third degree.
Too early expert in the martial toil,
In sable ships they left their native soil,
T' avenge Atrides; now, untimely slain,
They fell with glory on the Phrygian plain.
So two young mountain lions, nurs'd with blood
In deep recesses of the gloomy wood,
Rush fearless to the plains, and uncontroll'd
Depopulate the stalls and waste the fold;
Till, pierc'd at distance from their native den,
O'erpower'd they fall beneath the force of men.
Prostrate on earth their beauteous bodies lay,
Like mountain firs, as tall and straight as they.
Great Menelaus views with pitying eyes,
Lifts his bright lance, and at the victor flies;
Mars urged him on; yet, ruthless in his hate,
The God but urged him to provoke his fate.
He thus advancing, Nestor's valiant son
Shakes for his danger, and neglects his own;
Struck with the thought, should Helen's lord be slain,
And all his country's glorious labours vain.
Already met, the threat'ning heroes stand;
The spears already tremble in their hand;
In rush'd Antilochus, his aid to bring,
And fall or conquer by the Spartan King.
These seen, the Dardan backward turn'd his course,
Brave as he was, and shunn'd unequal force.
The breathless bodies to the Greeks they drew;
Then mix in combat, and their toils renew.
First Pylæmenes, great in battle, bled,
Who, sheathed in brass, the Paphlagonians led.
Atrides mark'd him where sublime he stood;
Fix'd in his throat, the jav'lin drank his blood.
The faithful Mydon, as he turn'd from fight
His flying coursers, sunk to endless night:
A broken rock by Nestor's son was thrown;
His bended arm receiv'd the falling stone;
From his numb'd hand the ivory-studded reins,
Dropp'd in the dust, are trail'd along the plains:
Meanwhile his temples feel a deadly wound;
He groans in death, and pond'rous sinks to ground:
Deep drove his helmet in the sands, and there
The head stood fix'd, the quiv'ring legs in air,
Till trampled flat beneath the coursers' feet:
The youthful victor mounts his empty seat,
And bears the prize in triumph to the fleet.
Great Hector saw, and, raging at the view,
Pours on the Greeks; the Trojan troops pursue
He fires his host with animating cries,
And brings along the furies of the skies.
Mars, stern destroyer! and Bellona dread,
Flame in the front, and thunder at their head:
This swells the tumult and the rage of fight;
That shakes a spear that casts a dreadful light;
Where Hector march'd, the God of Battles shined,
Now storm'd before him, and now raged behind.
Tydides paus'd amidst his full career;
Then first the hero's manly breast knew fear.
As when some simple swain his cot forsakes,
And wide thro' fens an unknown journey takes;

If chance a swelling brook his passage stay,
And foam impervious cross the wand'rer's way,
Confused he stops, a length of country past,
Eyes the rough waves, and, tired, returns at last:
Amazed no less the great Tydides stands;
He stay'd, and, turning, thus address'd his bands:
'No wonder, Greeks, that all to Hector yield:
Secure of fav'ring Gods, he takes the field;
His strokes they second, and avert our spears:
Behold where Mars in mortal arms appears!
Retire then, warriors, but sedate and slow;
Retire, but with your faces to the foe.
Trust not too much your unavailing might;
'T is not with Troy, but with the Gods, ye fight.'
Now near the Greeks the black battalions drew;
And first, two leaders valiant Hector slew:
His force Anchialus and Mnesthes found,
In ev'ry art of glorious war renown'd:
In the same car the Chiefs to combat ride,
And fought united, and united died.
Struck at the sight, the mighty Ajax glows
With thirst of vengeance, and assaults the foes.
His massy spear, with matchless fury sent,
Thro' Amphius' belt and heaving belly went:
Amphius Apæsus' happy soil possess'd,
With herds abounding, and with treasure bless'd;
But fate resistless from his country led
The Chief, to perish at his people's head.
Shook with his fall, his brazen armour rung,
And fierce, to seize it, conqu'ring Ajax sprung;
Around his head an iron tempest rain'd;
A wood of spears his ample shield sustain'd;
Beneath one foot the yet warm corpse he press'd,
And drew his jav'lin from the bleeding breast:
He could no more; the show'ring darts denied
To spoil his glitt'ring arms, and plumy pride.
Now foes on foes came pouring on the fields,
With bristling lances, and compacted shields;
Till, in the steely circle straiten'd round,
Forc'd he gives way, and sternly quits the ground.
While thus they strive, Tlepolemus the great,
Urged by the force of unresisted Fate,
Burns with desire Sarpedon's strength to prove;
Alcides' offspring meets the son of Jove.
Sheathed in bright arms each adverse Chief came on,
Jove's great descendant, and his greater son.
Prepared for combat, ere the lance he toss'd,
The daring Rhodian vents his haughty boast:
'What brings this Lycian counsellor so far,
To tremble at our arms, not mix in war?
Know thy vain self; nor let their flatt'ry move,
Who style thee son of cloud-compelling Jove.
How far unlike those Chiefs of race divine!
How vast the diff'rence of their deeds and thine!
Jove got such heroes as my sire, whose soul
No fear could daunt, nor Earth nor Hell control.
Troy felt his arm, and yon proud ramparts stand.
Rais'd on the ruins of his vengeful hand:
With six small ships, and but a slender train.
He left the town a wide deserted plain.
But what art thou, who deedless look'st around,
While unrevenged thy Lycians bite the ground?
Small aid to Troy thy feeble force can be;
But wert thou greater, thou must yield to me,
Pierc'd by my spear, to endless darkness go!
I make this present to the shades below.'
The son of Hercules, the Rhodian guide,
Thus haughty spoke. The Lycian King replied:

'Thy sire, O Prince! o'erturn'd the Trojan state,
Whose perjured monarch well deserv'd his fate;
Those heav'nly steeds the hero sought so far,
False he detain'd, the just reward of war:
Nor so content, the gen'rous Chief defied,
With base reproaches and unmanly pride.
But you, unworthy the high race you boast,
Shall raise my glory when thy own is lost:
Now meet thy fate, and, by Sarpedon slain,
Add one more ghost to Pluto's gloomy reign.'
He said: both jav'lins at an instant flew:
Both struck, both wounded, but Sarpedon's slew:
Full in the boaster's neck the weapon stood,
Transfix'd his throat, and drank the vital blood;
The soul disdainful seeks the caves of night,
And his seal'd eyes for ever lose the light.
Yet not in vain, Tlepolemus, was thrown
Thy angry lance; which, piercing to the bone
Sarpedon's thigh, had robb'd the Chief of breath,
But Jove was present, and forbade the death.
Borne from the conflict by his Lycian throng,
The wounded hero dragg'd the lance along
(His friends, each busied in his sev'ral part,
Thro' haste, or danger, had not drawn the dart).
The Greeks with slain Tlepolemus retired;
Whose fall Ulysses view'd, with fury fired;
Doubtful if Jove's great son he should pursue,
Or pour his vengeance on the Lycian crew.
But Heav'n and Fate the first design withstand,
Nor this great death must grace Ulysses' hand.
Minerva drives him on the Lycian train;
Alastor, Cromius, Halius, strew'd the plain,
Albander, Prytanis, Noëmon fell;
And numbers more his sword had sent to Hell,
But Hector saw; and, furious at the sight,
Rush'd terrible amidst the ranks of fight.
With joy Sarpedon view'd the wish'd relief,
And faint, lamenting, thus implored the Chief:
'Oh, suffer not the foe to bear away
My helpless corpse, an unassisted prey!
If I, unbless'd, must see my son no more,
My much-lov'd consort, and my native shore,
Yet let me die in Ilion's sacred wall;
Troy, in whose cause I fell, shall mourn my fall.'
He said, nor Hector to the Chief replies,
But shakes his plume, and fierce to combat flies,
Swift as a whirlwind drives the scatt'ring foes,
And dyes the ground with purple as he goes.
Beneath a beech, Jove's consecrated shade,
His mournful friends divine Sarpedon laid:
Brave Pelagon, his fav'rite Chief, was nigh,
Who wrench'd the jav'lin from his sinewy thigh.
The fainting soul stood ready wing'd for flight,
And o'er his eyeballs swam the shades of night;
But Boreas rising fresh, with gentle breath,
Recall'd his spirit from the gates of death.
The gen'rous Greeks recede with tardy pace,
Tho' Mars and Hector thunder in their face;
None turn their backs to mean ignoble flight,
Slow they retreat, and, ev'n retreating, fight.
Who first, who last, by Mars' and Hector's hand,
Stretch'd in their blood, lay gasping on the sand?
Teuthras the great, Orestes the renown'd
For managed steeds, and Trechus, press'd the ground;
Next Œnomaus, and Œnops' offspring died;
Oresbius last fell groaning at their side:
Oresbius, in his painted mitre gay,
In fat Bœotia held his wealthy sway;

Where lakes surround low Hyle's wat'ry plain;
A Prince and people studious of their gain.
The carnage Juno from the skies survey'd,
And touch'd with grief, bespoke the Blue-eyed Maid:
'Oh sight accurs'd! shall faithless Troy prevail,
And shall our promise to our people fail?
How vain the word to Menelaus giv'n
By Jove's great daughter and the Queen of Heav'n,
Beneath his arms that Priam's towers should fall,
If warring Gods for ever guard the wall!
Mars, red with slaughter, aids our hated foes:
Haste, let us arm, and force with force oppose!'
She spoke; Minerva burns to meet the war:
And now Heav'n's Empress calls her blazing car.
At her command rush forth the steeds divine;
Rich with immortal gold their trappings shine.
Bright Hebe waits; by Hebe, ever young,
The whirling wheels are to the chariot hung.
On the bright axle turns the bidden wheel
Of sounding brass; the polish'd axle steel.
Eight brazen spokes in radiant order flame;
The circles gold, of uncorrupted frame,
Such as the Heav'ns produce: and round the gold
Two brazen rings of work divine were roll'd.
The bossy naves of solid silver shone;
Braces of gold suspend the moving throne:
The car behind an arching figure bore;
The bending concave form'd an arch before.
Silver the beam, th' extended yoke was gold,
And golden reins th' immortal coursers hold.
Herself, impatient, to the ready car
The coursers joins, and breathes revenge and war.
Pallas disrobes; her radiant veil untied,
With flowers adorn'd, with art diversified
(The labour'd veil her heav'nly fingers wove),
Flows on the pavement of the court of Jove.
Now Heav'n's dread arms her mighty limbs invest,
Jove's cuirass blazes on her ample breast;
Deck'd in sad triumph for the mournful field,
O'er her broad shoulders hangs his horrid shield,
Dire, black, tremendous! round the margin roll'd,
A fringe of serpents hissing guards the gold:
Here all the terrors of grim war appear,
Here rages Force, here tremble Flight and Fear,
Here storm'd Contention, and here Fury frown'd,
And the dire orb portentous Gorgon crown'd.
The massy golden helm she next assumes,
That dreadful nods with four o'ershading plumes:
So vast, the broad circumference contains
A hundred armies on a hundred plains.
The Goddess thus th' imperial car ascends;
Shook by her arm the mighty jav'lin bends,
Pond'rous and huge; that, when her fury burns,
Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns.
Swift at the scourge th' ethereal coursers fly,
While the smooth chariot cuts the liquid sky:
Heav'n's gates spontaneous open to the Powers,
Heav'n's golden gates, kept by the winged Hours;
Commission'd in alternate watch they stand,
The sun's bright portals and the skies command,
Involve in clouds th' eternal gates of day,
Or the dark barrier roll with ease away.
The sounding hinges ring: on either side
The gloomy volumes, pierc'd with light, divide.
The chariot mounts, where deep in ambient skies
Confused, Olympus' hundred heads arise;
Where far apart the Thund'rer fills his throne,
O'er all the Gods, superior and alone.
There with her snowy hand the Queen restrains
The fiery steeds, and thus to Jove complains:

'O Sire! can no resentment touch thy soul?
Can Mars rebel, and does no thunder roll?
What lawless rage on yon forbidden plain!
What rash destruction! and what heroes slain!
Venus, and Phœbus with the dreadful bow,
Smile on the slaughter, and enjoy my woe.
Mad, furious Power! whose unrelenting mind
No God can govern, and no justice bind.
Say, mighty Father! shall we scourge his pride,
And drive from fight th' impetuous homicide?'
To whom assenting, thus the Thund'rer said:
'Go! and the great Minerva be thy aid.
To tame the monster-God Minerva knows,
And oft afflicts his brutal breast with woes.'
He said: Saturnia, ardent to obey,
Lash'd her white steeds along th' aërial way.
Swift down the steep of Heav'n the chariot rolls,
Between th' expanded earth and starry poles.
Far as a shepherd from some point on high,
O'er the wide main extends his boundless eye;
Thro' such a space of air, with thund'ring sound,
At ev'ry leap th' immortal coursers bound.
Troy now they reach'd, and touch'd those banks divine
Where silver Simoïs and Scamander join.
There Juno stopp'd, and (her fair steeds unloos'd)
Of air condensed a vapour circumfused:
For these, impregnate with celestial dew,
On Simoïs' brink ambrosial herbage grew.
Thence to relieve the fainting Argive throng,
Smooth as the sailing doves, they glide along.
The best and bravest of the Grecian band
(A warlike circle) round Tydides stand:
Such was their look as lions bathed in blood,
Or foaming boars, the terror of the wood.
Heav'n's Empress mingles with the mortal crowd,
And shouts, in Stentor's sounding voice, aloud:
Stentor the strong, endued with brazen lungs,
Whose throat surpass'd the force of fifty tongues:
'Inglorious Argives! to your race a shame,
And only men in figure and in name!
Once from the walls your tim'rous foes engaged,
While fierce in war divine Achilles raged;
Now, issuing fearless, they possess the plain,
Now win the shores, and scarce the seas remain.'
Her speech new fury to their hearts convey'd;
While near Tydides stood th' Athenian Maid:
The King beside his panting steeds she found,
O'erspent with toil, reposing on the ground:
To cool his glowing wound he sat apart
(The wound inflicted by the Lycian dart);
Large drops of sweat from all his limbs descend,
Beneath his pond'rous shield his sinews bend,
Whose ample belt, that o'er his shoulder lay,
He eased; and wash'd the clotted gore away.
The Goddess, leaning o'er the bending yoke
Beside his coursers, thus her silence broke:
'Degen'rate Prince! and not of Tydeus' kind:
Whose little body lodg'd a mighty mind;
Foremost he press'd in glorious toils to share,
And scarce refrain'd when I forbade the war.
Alone, unguarded, once he dared to go,
And feast encircled by the Theban foe;
There braved and vanquish'd many a hardy knight;
Such nerves I gave him, and such force in fight.
Thou too no less hast been my constant care;
Thy hands I arm'd, and sent thee forth to war:
But thee or fear deters or sloth detains;
No drop of all thy father warms thy veins.'
The Chief thus answer'd mild: 'Immortal Maid!
I own thy presence, and confess thy aid.

Not fear, thou know'st, withholds me from the plains,
Nor sloth hath seiz'd me, but thy word restrains:
From warring Gods thou bad'st me turn my spear,
And Venus only found resistance here.
Hence, Goddess! heedful of thy high commands,
Loth I gave way, and warn'd our Argive bands:
For Mars, the homicide, these eyes beheld,
With slaughter red, and raging round the field.'
Then thus Minerva: 'Brave Tydides, hear!
Not Mars himself, nor aught immortal, fear.
Full on the God impel thy foaming horse:
Pallas commands, and Pallas lends thee force.
Rash, furious, blind, from these to those he flies,
And ev'ry side of wavering combat tries:
Large promise makes, and breaks the promise made;
Now gives the Grecians, now the Trojans aid.'
She said, and to the steeds approaching near,
Drew from his seat the martial charioteer.
The vig'rous Power the trembling car ascends,
Fierce for revenge; and Diomed attends.
The groaning axle bent beneath the load;
So great a Hero, and so great a God.
She snatch'd the reins, she lash'd with all her force,
And full on Mars impell'd the foaming horse:
But first to hide her heav'nly visage spread
Black Orcus' helmet o'er her radiant head.
Just then gigantic Periphas lay slain,
The strongest warrior of th' Ætolian train;
The God who slew him leaves his prostrate prize
Stretch'd where he fell, and at Tydides flies.
Now rushing fierce, in equal arms, appear
The daring Greek, the dreadful God of War!
Full at the Chief, above his courser's head,
From Mars's arm th' enormous weapon fled:
Pallas opposed her hand, and caus'd to glance
Far from the car the strong immortal lance.
Then threw the force of Tydeus' warlike son;
The jav'lin hiss'd; the Goddess urged it on:
Where the broad cincture girt his armour round,
It pierc'd the God: his groin receiv'd the wound.
From the rent skin the warrior tugs again
The smoking steel. Mars bellows with the pain:
Loud, as the roar encount'ring armies yield,
When shouting millions shake the thund'ring field.
Both armies start, and trembling gaze around;
And Earth and Heaven rebellow to the sound.
As vapours blown by Auster's sultry breath,
Pregnant with plagues and shedding seeds of death,
Beneath the rage of burning Sirius rise,
Choke the parch'd earth, and blacken all the skies;
In such a cloud the God, from combat driv'n,
High o'er the dusty whirlwind scales the Heav'n.
Wild with his pain, he sought the bright abodes,
There sullen sat beneath the Sire of Gods,
Shew'd the celestial blood, and with a groan
Thus pour'd his plaints before th' immortal throne:
'Can Jove, supine, flagitious facts survey,
And brook the furies of this daring day?
For mortal men celestial Powers engage,
And Gods on Gods exert eternal rage.
From thee, O Father! all these ills we bear,
And thy fell daughter with the shield and spear:
Thou gavest that fury to the realms of light,
Pernicious, wild, regardless of the right.
All Heav'n beside reveres thy sov'reign sway,
Thy voice we hear, and thy behests obey:
'T is hers t' offend, and ev'n offending, share
Thy breast, thy counsels, thy distinguish'd care.

So boundless she, and thou so partial grown,
Well may we deem the wondrous birth thy own.
Now frantic Diomed, at her command,
Against th' immortals lifts his raging hand:
The heav'nly Venus first his fury found,
Me next encount'ring, me he dared to wound;
Vanquish'd I fled: ev'n I, the God of Fight,
From mortal madness scarce was saved by flight.
Else hadst thou seen me sink on yonder plain,
Heap'd round, and heaving under loads of slain;
Or, pierc'd with Grecian darts, for ages lie,
Condemn'd to pain, tho' fated not to die.'
Him thus upbraiding, with a wrathful look
The Lord of Thunders view'd, and stern bespoke:
'To me, perfidious! this lamenting strain?
Of lawless force shall lawless Mars complain?
Of all the Gods who tread the spangled skies,
Thou most unjust, most odious in our eyes!
Inhuman discord is thy dire delight,
The waste of slaughter, and the rage of fight:
No bound, no law, thy fiery temper quells,
And all thy mother in thy soul rebels.
In vain our threats, in vain our power, we use:
She gives th' example, and her son pursues.
Yet long th' inflicted pangs thou shalt not mourn,
Sprung since thou art from Jove, and heav'nly born.
Else, singed with lightning, hadst thou hence been thrown,
Where chain'd on burning rocks the Titans groan.'
Thus he who shakes Olympus with his nod;
Then gave to Pæon's care the bleeding God.
With gentle hand the balm he pour'd around,
And heal'd th' immortal flesh, and closed the wound.
As when the fig's press'd juice, infused in cream,
To curds coagulates the liquid stream,
Sudden the fluids fix, the parts combin'd;
Such and so soon th' ethereal texture join'd.
Cleans'd from the dust and gore, fair Hebe dress'd
His mighty limbs in an immortal vest.
Glorious he sat, in majesty restor'd,
Fast by the throne of Heav'n's superior Lord.
Juno and Pallas mount the blest abodes,
Their task perform'd, and mix among the Gods.

BOOK VI

THE EPISODES OF GLAUCUS AND DIOMED, AND OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE

THE ARGUMENT

The Gods having left the field, the Grecians prevail. Helenus, the chief augur of Troy, commands Hector to return to the city, in order to appoint a solemn procession of the Queen and the Trojan matrons to the temple of Minerva, to entreat her to remove Diomed from the fight. The battle relaxing during the absence of Hector, Glaucus and Diomed have an interview between the two armies; where, coming to the knowledge of the friendship and hospitality past between their ancestors, they make exchange of their arms. Hector, having performed the orders of Helenus, prevailed upon Paris to return to the battle, and taken a tender leave of his wife Andromache, hastens again to the field.

The scene is first in the field of battle, between the river Simoïs and Scamander, and then changes to Troy.

Now Heav'n forsakes the fight; th' immortals yield
To human force and human skill the field:
Dark showers of jav'lins fly from foes to foes;
Now here, now there, the tide of combat flows;
While Troy's famed streams, that bound the deathful plain,
On either side run purple to the main.
Great Ajax first to conquest led the way,
Broke the thick ranks, and turn'd the doubtful day.
The Thracian Acamas his falchion found,
And hew'd th' enormous giant to the ground;

His thund'ring arm a deadly stroke impress'd
Where the black horse-hair nodded o'er his crest:
Fix'd in his front the brazen weapon lies,
And seals in endless shades his swimming eyes.
Next Teuthras' son distain'd the sands with blood,
Axylus, hospitable, rich, and good:
In fair Arisba's walls (his native place)
He held his seat; a friend to human race.
Fast by the road, his ever-open door
Obliged the wealthy, and reliev'd the poor.
To stern Tydides now he falls a prey,
No friend to guard him in the dreadful day!
Breathless the good man fell, and by his side
His faithful servant, Old Calesius, died.
By great Euryalus was Dresus slain,
And next he laid Opheltius on the plain.
Two twins were near, bold, beautiful, and young,
From a fair Naiad and Bucolion sprung
(Laömedon's white flocks Bucolion fed,
That monarch's first-born by a foreign bed;
In secret woods he won the Naiad's grace,
And two fair infants crown'd his strong embrace):
Here dead they lay in all their youthful charms;
The ruthless victor stripp'd their shining arms.
Astyalus by Polypœtes fell;
Ulysses' spear Pidytes sent to Hell;
By Teucer's shaft brave Aretaön bled,
And Nestor's son laid stern Ablerus dead;
Great Agamemnon, leader of the brave,
The mortal wound of rich Elatus gave,
Who held in Pedasus his proud abode,
And till'd the banks where silver Satnio flow'd.
Melanthius by Eurypylus was slain;
And Phylacus from Leitus flies in vain.
Unbless'd Adrastus next at mercy lies
Beneath the Spartan spear, a living prize.
Scared with the din and tumult of the fight,
His headlong steeds, precipitate in flight,
Rush'd on a tamarisk's strong trunk, and broke
The shatter'd chariot from the crooked yoke:
Wide o'er the field, resistless as the wind,
For Troy they fly, and leave their lord behind.
Prone on his face he sinks beside the wheel:
Atrides o'er him shakes his vengeful steel;
The fallen Chief in suppliant posture press'd
The victor's knees, and thus his prayer address'd:
'Oh spare my youth, and for the life I owe
Large gifts of price my father shall bestow:
When Fame shall tell, that not in battle slain
Thy hollow ships his captive son detain,
Rich heaps of brass shall in thy tent be told,
And steel well-temper'd, and persuasive gold.'
He said: compassion touch'd the hero's heart;
He stood suspended with the lifted dart:
As pity pleaded for his vanquish'd prize,
Stern Agamemnon swift to vengeance flies,
And furious thus: 'Oh impotent of mind!
Shall these, shall these, Atrides' mercy find?
Well hast thou known proud Troy's perfidious land,
And well her natives merit at thy hand!
Not one of all the race, nor sex, nor age,
Shall save a Trojan from our boundless rage:
Ilion shall perish whole, and bury all;
Her babes, her infants at the breast, shall fall.
A dreadful lesson of exampled fate,
To warn the nations, and to curb the great.'
The Monarch spoke; the words, with warmth address'd,
To rigid justice steel'd his brother's breast.
Fierce from his knees the hapless Chief he thrust;
The Monarch's jav'lin stretch'd him in the dust.
Then, pressing with his foot his panting heart,
Forth from the slain he tugg'd the reeking dart.
Old Nestor saw, and rous'd the warriors' rage;
'Thus, heroes! thus the vig'rous combat wage!
No son of Mars descend, for servile gains,
To touch the booty, while a foe remains.

Behold yon glitt'ring host, your future spoil!
First gain the conquest, then reward the toil.'
And now had Greece eternal Fame acquired,
And frighted Troy within her walls retired;
Had not sage Helenus her state redress'd,
Taught by the Gods that mov'd his sacred breast:
Where Hector stood, with great Æneas join'd,
The seer reveal'd the counsels of his mind:
'Ye gen'rous Chief! on whom th' immortals lay
The cares and glories of this doubtful day,
On whom your aids, your country's hopes depend,
Wise to consult, and active to defend!
Here, at our gates, your brave efforts unite,
Turn back the routed, and forbid the flight;
Ere yet their wives' soft arms the cowards gain,
The sport and insult of the hostile train.
When your commands have hearten'd ev'ry band,
Ourselves, here fix'd, will make the dangerous stand;
Press'd as we are, and sore of former fight,
These straits demand our last remains of might.
Meanwhile, thou, Hector, to the town retire
And teach our mother what the Gods require:
Direct the Queen to lead th' assembled train
Of Troy's chief matrons to Minerva's fane;
Unbar the sacred gates, and seek the Power
With offer'd vows, in Ilion's topmost tower.
The largest mantle her rich wardrobes hold,
Most prized for art, and labour'd o'er with gold,
Before the Goddess' honour'd knees be spread;
And twelve young heifers to her altars led.
If so the Power atoned by fervent prayer,
Our wives, our infants, and our city spare,
And far avert Tydides' wasteful ire,
That mows whole troops, and makes all Troy retire.
Not thus Achilles taught our hosts to dread,
Sprung tho' he was from more than mortal bed;
Not thus resistless ruled the stream of fight,
In rage unbounded, and unmatch'd in might.'
Hector obedient heard; and, with a bound,
Leap'd from his trembling chariot to the ground;
Thro' all his host, inspiring force, he flies,
And bids the thunder of the battle rise.
With rage recruited the bold Trojans glow,
And turn the tide of conflict on the foe:
Fierce in the front he shakes two dazzling spears;
All Greece recedes, and 'midst her triumph fears:
Some God, they thought, who ruled the fate of wars,
Shot down avenging from the vault of stars.
Then thus, aloud: 'Ye dauntless Dardans, hear!
And you whom distant nations send to war;
Be mindful of the strength your fathers bore;
Be still yourselves, and Hector asks no more.
One hour demands me in the Trojan wall,
To bid our altars flame, and victims fall:
Nor shall, I trust, the matrons' holy train,
And rev'rend elders, seek the Gods in vain.'
This said, with ample strides the hero pass'd;
The shield's large orb behind his shoulder cast,
His neck o'ershading, to his ankle hung;
And as he march'd the brazen buckler rung.
Now paus'd the battle (godlike Hector gone),
When daring Glaucus and great Tydeus' son
Between both armies met; the Chiefs from far
Observ'd each other, and had mark'd for war.

Near as they drew, Tydides thus began:
'What art thou, boldest of the race of man?
Our eyes, till now, that aspect ne'er beheld,
Where fame is reap'd amid th' embattled field;
Yet far before the troops thou darest appear,
And meet a lance the fiercest heroes fear.
Unhappy they, and born of luckless sires,
Who tempt our fury when Minerva fires!
But if from Heav'n, celestial, thou descend,
Know, with immortals we no more contend.
Not long Lycurgus view'd the golden light,
That daring man who mix'd with Gods in fight;
Bacchus, and Bacchus' votaries, he drove
With brandish'd steel from Nyssa's sacred grove;
Their consecrated spears lay scatter'd round,
With curling vines and twisted ivy bound;
While Bacchus headlong sought the briny flood,
And Thetis' arms received the trembling God.
Nor fail'd the crime th' immortals' wrath to move
(Th' immortals bless'd with endless ease above);
Deprived of sight, by their avenging doom,
Cheerless he breathed, and wander'd in the gloom:
Then sunk unpitied to the dire abodes,
A wretch accurs'd, and hated by the Gods!
I brave not Heav'n; but if the fruits of earth
Sustain thy life, and human be thy birth,
Bold as thou art, too prodigal of breath,
Approach, and enter the dark gates of death.'
'What, or from whence I am, or who my sire'
(Replied the Chief), 'can Tydeus' son inquire?
Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now with'ring on the ground:
Another race the foll'wing spring supplies,
They fall successive, and successive rise;
So generations in their course decay,
So flourish these, when those are past away.
But if thou still persist to search my birth,
Then hear a tale that fills the spacious earth:
'A city stands on Argos' utmost bound
(Argos the fair, for warlike steeds renown'd);
Æolian Sisyphus, with wisdom bless'd,
In ancient time the happy walls possess'd,
Then call'd Ephyre: Glaucus was his son;
Great Glaucus, father of Bellerophon,
Who o'er the sons of men in beauty shined,
Loved for that valour which preserves mankind.
Then mighty Prœtus Argos' sceptre sway'd,
Whose hard commands Bellerophon obey'd.
With direful jealousy the monarch raged,
And the brave Prince in numerous toils engaged,
For him, Antea burn'd with lawless flame,
And strove to tempt him from the paths of fame:
In vain she tempted the relentless youth,
Endued with wisdom, sacred fear, and truth.
Fired at his scorn, the Queen to Prœtus fled,
And begg'd revenge for her insulted bed:
Incens'd he heard, resolving on his fate;
But hospitable laws restrain'd his hate:
To Lycia the devoted youth he sent,
With tablets seal'd, that told his dire intent.
Now, bless'd by ev'ry Power who guards the good,
The Chief arrived at Xanthus' silver flood:
There Lycia's Monarch paid him honours due;
Nine days he feasted, and nine bulls he slew.
But when the tenth bright morning orient glow'd
The faithful youth his Monarch's mandate shew'd:
The fatal tablets, till that instant seal'd,
The deathful secret to the King reveal'd.
First, dire Chimæra's conquest was enjoin'd;
A mingled monster, of no mortal kind;
Behind, a dragon's fiery tail was spread;
A goat's rough body bore a lion's head;

Her pitchy nostrils flaky flames expire;
Her gaping throat emits infernal fire.
'This pest he slaughter'd (for he read the skies,
And trusted Heav'n's informing prodigies);
Then met in arms the Solymæan crew
(Fiercest of men), and those the warrior slew.
Next the bold Amazons' whole force defied;
And conquer'd still, for Heav'n was on his side.
'Nor ended here his toils: his Lycian foes,
At his return, a treach'rous ambush rose,
With levell'd spears along the winding shore:
There fell they breathless, and return'd no more.
'At length the Monarch with repentant grief
Confess'd the Gods, and god-descended Chief;
His daughter gave, the stranger to detain,
With half the honours of his ample reign.
The Lycians grant a chosen space of ground,
With woods, with vineyards, and with harvests crown'd.
There long the Chief his happy lot possess'd,
With two brave sons and one fair daughter bless'd:
(Fair ev'n in heav'nly eyes; her fruitful love
Crown'd with Sarpedon's birth th' embrace of Jove).
But when at last, distracted in his mind,
Forsook by Heav'n, forsaking human kind,
Wide o'er th' Aleian field he chose to stray,
A long, forlorn, uncomfortable way!
Woes heap'd on woes consumed his wasted heart;
His beauteous daughter fell by Phœbe's dart;
His eldest-born by raging Mars was slain,
In combat on the Solymæan plain.
Hippolochus survived; from him I came,
The honour'd author of my birth and name;
By his decree I sought the Trojan town,
By his instructions learn to win renown;
To stand the first in worth as in command,
To add new honours to my native land;
Before my eyes my mighty sires to place,
And emulate the glories of our race.'
He spoke, and transport fill'd Tydides' heart;
In earth the gen'rous warrior fix'd his dart,
Then friendly, thus, the Lycian prince address'd:
'Welcome, my brave hereditary guest!
Thus ever let us meet with kind embrace,
Nor stain the sacred friendship of our race.
Know, Chief, our grandsires have been guests of old,
Œneus the strong, Bellerophon the bold;
Our ancient seat his honour'd presence graced,
Where twenty days in genial rites he pass'd.
The parting heroes mutual presents left;
A golden goblet was thy grandsire's gift;
Œneus a belt of matchless work bestow'd,
That rich with Tyrian dye refulgent glow'd
(This from his pledge I learn'd, which, safely stored
Among my treasures, still adorns my board:
For Tydeus left me young, when Thebes' wall
Beheld the sons of Greece untimely fall).
Mindful of this, in friendship let us join;
If Heav'n our steps to foreign lands incline,
My guest in Argos thou, and I in Lycia thine.
Enough of Trojans to this lance shall yield,
In the full harvest of yon ample field;
Enough of Greeks shall dye thy spear with gore;
But thou and Diomed be foes no more.
Now change we arms, and prove to either host
We guard the friendship of the line we boast.'
Thus having said, the gallant Chiefs alight,
Their hands they join, their mutual faith they plight;
Brave Glaucus then each narrow thought resign'd
(Jove warm'd his bosom and enlarged his mind);

For Diomed's brass arms, of mean device,
For which nine oxen paid (a vulgar price),
He gave his own, of gold divinely wrought;
A hundred beeves the shining purchase bought.
Meantime the guardian of the Trojan state,
Great Hector, enter'd at the Scæan gate.
Beneath the beech-trees' consecrated shades,
The Trojan matrons and the Trojan maids
Around him flock'd, all press'd with pious care
For husbands, brothers, sons, engaged in war.
He bids the train in long procession go,
And seek the Gods, t' avert th' impending woe.
And now to Priam's stately courts he came,
Rais'd on arch'd columns of stupendous frame;
O'er these a range of marble structure runs;
The rich pavilions of his fifty sons,
In fifty chambers lodg'd: and rooms of state
Opposed to those, where Priam's daughters sate:
Twelve domes for them and their lov'd spouses shone,
Of equal beauty, and of polish'd stone.
Hither great Hector pass'd, nor pass'd unseen
Of royal Hecuba, his mother Queen
(With her Laödicè, whose beauteous face
Surpass'd the nymphs of Troy's illustrious race).
Long in a strict embrace she held her son,
And press'd his hand, and tender thus begun:
'O Hector! say, what great occasion calls
My son from fight, when Greece surrounds our walls?
Com'st thou to supplicate th' almighty Power,
With lifted hands from Ilion's lofty tower?
Stay, till I bring the cup with Bacchus crown'd,
In Jove's high name, to sprinkle on the ground,
And pay due vows to all the Gods around.
Then with a plenteous draught refresh thy soul,
And draw new spirits from the gen'rous bowl;
Spent as thou art with long laborious fight,
The brave defender of thy country's right.'
'Far hence be Bacchus' gifts' (the Chief rejoin'd);
'Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind,
Unnerves the limbs, and dulls the noble mind.
Let Chiefs abstain, and spare the sacred juice,
To sprinkle to the Gods, its better use.
By me that holy office were profaned;
Ill fits it me, with human gore distain'd,
To the pure skies these horrid hands to raise,
Or offer Heav'n's great Sire polluted praise.
You with your matrons, go, a spotless train!
And burn rich odours in Minerva's fane.
The largest mantle your full wardrobes hold,
Most prized for art, and labour'd o'er with gold,
Before the Goddess' honour'd knees be spread,
And twelve young heifers to her altar led.
So may the Power, atoned by fervent prayer,
Our wives, our infants, and our city spare,
And far avert Tydides' wasteful ire,
Who mows whole troops, and makes all Troy retire.
Be this, O mother, your religious care;
I go to rouse soft Paris to the war;
If yet, not lost to all the sense of shame,
The recreant warrior hear the voice of Fame.
Oh would kind earth the hateful wretch embrace,
That pest of Troy, that ruin of our race!
Deep to the dark abyss might he descend,
Troy yet should flourish, and my sorrows end.'
This heard, she gave command; and summon'd came
Each noble matron, and illustrious dame.
The Phrygian Queen to her rich wardrobe went,
Where treasured odours breathed a costly scent.

There lay the vestures of no vulgar art,
Sidonian maids embroider'd ev'ry part,
Whom from soft Sidon youthful Paris bore,
With Helen touching on the Tyrian shore.
Here as the Queen revolv'd with careful eyes
The various textures and the various dyes.
She chose a veil that shone superior far,
And glowed refulgent as the morning star,
Herself with this the long procession leads;
The train majestically slow proceeds.
Soon as to Ilion's topmost tower they come,
And awful reach the high Palladian dome,
Antenor's consort, fair Theano, waits
As Pallas' priestess, and unbars the gates.
With hands uplifted, and imploring eyes,
They fill the dome with supplicating cries.
The priestess then the shining veil displays,
Placed on Minerva's knees, and thus she prays:
'Oh awful Goddess! ever-dreadful Maid,
Troy's strong defence, unconquer'd Pallas, aid!
Break thou Tydides' spear, and let him fall
Prone on the dust before the Trojan wall.
So twelve young heifers, guiltless of the yoke,
Shall fill thy temple with a grateful smoke.
But thou, atoned by penitence and prayer,
Ourselves, our infants, and our city spare!'
So pray'd the priestess in her holy fane;
So vow'd the matrons, but they vow'd in vain.
While these appear before the Power with prayers,
Hector to Paris' lofty dome repairs.
Himself the mansion rais'd, from every part
Assembling architects of matchless art.
Near Priam's court and Hector's palace stands
The pompous structure, and the town commands.
A spear the hero bore of wondrous strength,
Of full ten cubits was the lance's length;
The steely point with golden ringlets join'd,
Before him brandish'd, at each motion shined.
Thus ent'ring, in the glitt'ring rooms he found
His brother-Chief, whose useless arms lay round.
His eyes delighting with their splendid show,
Bright'ning the shield, and polishing the bow.
Beside him Helen with her virgins stands,
Guides their rich labours, and instructs their hands.
Him thus inactive, with an ardent look
The Prince beheld, and high resenting spoke:
'Thy hate to Troy is this the time to shew?
(Oh wretch ill-fated, and thy country's foe!)
Paris and Greece against us both conspire,
Thy close resentment, and their vengeful ire.
For thee great Ilion's guardian heroes fall,
Till heaps of dead alone defend her wall;
For thee the soldier bleeds, the matron mourns,
And wasteful war in all its fury burns.
Ungrateful man! deserves not this thy care,
Our troops to hearten, and our toils to share?
Rise, or behold the conqu'ring flames ascend,
And all the Phrygian glories at an end.'
'Brother, 't is just' (replied the beauteous youth),
'Thy free remonstrance proves thy worth and truth:
Yet charge my absence less, oh gen'rous Chief!
On hate to Troy, than conscious shame and grief.
Here, hid from human eyes, thy brother sate,
And mourn'd in secret his and Ilion's fate.
'T is now enough: now glory spreads her charms,
And beauteous Helen calls her Chief to arms.
Conquest to-day my happier sword may bless,
'T is man's to fight, but Heav'n's to give success.
But while I arm, contain thy ardent mind;
Or go, and Paris shall not lag behind.'

He said, nor answer'd Priam's warlike son;
When Helen thus with lowly grace begun:
'Oh gen'rous brother! if the guilty dame
That caus'd these woes deserves a sister's name!
Would Heav'n, ere all these dreadful deeds were done,
The day that shew'd me to the golden sun
Had seen my death! Why did not whirlwinds bear
The fatal infant to the fowls of air?
Why sunk I not beneath the whelming tide,
And midst the roarings of the waters died?
Heav'n fill'd up all my ills, and I accurst
Bore all, and Paris of those ills the worst.
Helen at least a braver spouse might claim,
Warm'd with some Virtue, some regard of Fame!
Now, tired with toils, thy fainting limbs recline,
With toils sustain'd for Paris' sake and mine:
The Gods have link'd our miserable doom,
Our present woe and infamy to come:
Wide shall it spread, and last thro' ages long,
Example sad! and theme of future song.'
The Chief replied: 'This Time forbids to rest:
The Trojan bands, by hostile fury press'd,
Demand their Hector, and his arm requires;
The combat urges, and my soul 's on fire.
Urge thou thy knight to march where glory calls,
And timely join me, ere I leave the walls.
Ere yet I mingle in the direful fray,
My wife, my infant, claim a moment's stay:
This day (perhaps the last that sees me here)
Demands a parting word, a tender tear:
This day some God, who hates our Trojan land,
May vanquish Hector by a Grecian hand.'
He said, and pass'd with sad presaging heart
To seek his spouse, his soul's far dearer part;
At home he sought her, but he sought in vain:
She, with one maid of all her menial train,
Had thence retired; and, with her second joy,
The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy,
Pensive she stood on Ilion's tow'ry height,
Beheld the war, and sicken'd at the sight;
There her sad eyes in vain her lord explore,
Or weep the wounds her bleeding country bore.
But he who found not whom his soul desired,
Whose virtue charm'd him as her beauty fired,
Stood in the gates, and asked what way she bent
Her parting steps? If to the fane she went,
Where late the mourning matrons made resort;
Or sought her sisters in the Trojan court?
'Not to the court' (replied th' attendant train),
'Nor, mixed with matrons, to Minerva's fane:
To Ilion's steepy tower she bent her way,
To mark the fortunes of the doubtful day.
Troy fled, she heard, before the Grecian sword:
She heard, and trembled for her distant lord;
Distracted with surprise, she seemed to fly,
Fear on her cheek, and sorrow in her eye.
The nurse attended with her infant boy,
The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy.'
Hector, this heard, return'd without delay;
Swift thro' the town he trod his former way,
Thro' streets of palaces and walks of state;
And met the mourner at the Scæan gate.
With haste to meet him sprung the joyful fair,
His blameless wife, Eëtion's wealthy heir
(Cicilian Thebé great Eëtion sway'd,
And Hippoplacus' wide-extended shade):
The nurse stood near, in whose embraces press'd,
His only hope hung smiling at her breast,

Whom each soft charm and early grace adorn,
Fair as the new-born star that gilds the morn.
To this lov'd infant Hector gave the name
Scamandrius, from Scamander's honour'd stream:
Astyanax the Trojans call'd the boy,
From his great father, the defence of Troy.
Silent the warrior smil'd, and, pleas'd, resign'd
To tender passions all his mighty mind:
His beauteous Princess cast a mournful look,
Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke;
Her bosom labour'd with a boding sigh,
And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.
'Too daring Prince! ah, whither dost thou run?
Ah too forgetful of thy wife and son!
And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,
A widow I, a helpless orphan he!
For sure such courage length of life denies,
And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice.
Greece in her single heroes strove in vain;
Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain!
Oh grant me, Gods! ere Hector meets his doom,
All I can ask of Heav'n, an early tomb!
So shall my days in one sad tenor run,
And end with sorrows as they first begun.
No parent now remains, my griefs to share,
No father's aid, no mother's tender care.
The fierce Achilles wrapt our walls in fire,
Laid Thebé waste, and slew my warlike sire!
His fate compassion in the victor bred;
Stern as he was, he yet revered the dead,
His radiant arms preserv'd from hostile spoil,
And laid him decent on the funeral pile;
Then raised a mountain where his bones were burn'd;
The mountain nymphs the rural tomb adorn'd;
Jove's sylvan daughters bade their elms bestow
A barren shade, and in his honour grow.
'By the same arm my sev'n brave brothers fell;
In one sad day beheld the gates of Hell;
While the fat herds and snowy flocks they fed,
Amid their fields the hapless heroes bled!
My mother lived to bear the victor's bands,
The Queen of Hippoplacia's sylvan lands:
Redeem'd too late, she scarce beheld again
Her pleasing empire and her native plain,
When, ah! oppress'd by life-consuming woe,
She fell a victim to Diana's bow.
'Yet while my Hector still survives, I see
My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee.
Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all,
Once more will perish if my Hector fall.
Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share;
Oh prove a husband's and a father's care!
That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy,
Where yon wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy:
Thou, from this tower defend th' important post;
There Agamemnon points his dreadful host,
That pass Tydides, Ajax, strive to gain,
And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train.
Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have giv'n,
Or led by hopes, or dictated from Heav'n.
Let others in the field their arms employ,
But stay my Hector here, and guard his Troy.'
The Chief replied: 'That post shall be my care,
Nor that alone, but all the works of war.
How would the sons of Troy, in arms renown'd,
And Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep the ground,
Attaint the lustre of my former name,
Should Hector basely quit the field of fame?
My early youth was bred to martial pains,
My soul impels me to th' embattled plains:
Let me be foremost to defend the throne,
And guard my father's glories, and my own.
Yet come it will, the day decreed by Fates
(How my heart trembles while my tongue relates)!

The day when thou, imperial Troy! must bend,
And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.
And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,
My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,
Not Priam's hoary hairs defiled with gore,
Not all my brothers gasping on the shore;
As thine, Andromache! thy griefs I dread;
I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led!
In Argive looms our battles to design,
And woes of which so large a part was thine!
To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring
The weight of waters from Hyperia's spring.
There, while you groan beneath the load of life,
They cry, Behold the mighty Hector's wife!
Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,
Embitters all thy woes by naming me.
The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,
A thousand griefs, shall waken at the name!
May I lie cold before that dreadful day,
Press'd with a load of monumental clay!
Thy Hector, wrapp'd in everlasting sleep,
Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep.'
Thus having spoke, th' illustrious Chief of Troy
Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scared at the dazzling helm, and nodding crest.
With secret pleasure each fond parent smil'd,
And Hector hasted to relieve his child;
The glitt'ring terrors from his brows unbound,
And placed the beaming helmet on the ground.
Then kiss'd the child, and, lifting high in air,
Thus to the Gods preferr'd a father's prayer:
'O thou! whose glory fills th' ethereal throne,
And all ye deathless Powers! protect my son!
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,
Against his country's foes the war to wage,
And rise the Hector of the future age!
So when, triumphant from successful toils
Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,
Whole hosts may hail him with deserv'd acclaim,
And say, This Chief transcends his father's fame:
While pleas'd, amidst the gen'ral shouts of Troy,
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy.'
He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,
Restor'd the pleasing burden to her arms;
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
Hush'd to repose, and with a smile survey'd.
The troubled pleasure soon chastised by fear,
She mingled with the smile a tender tear.
The soften'd Chief with kind compassion view'd,
And dried the falling drops, and thus pursued:
'Andromache! my soul's far better part,
Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart?
No hostile hand can antedate my doom,
Till Fate condemns me to the silent tomb.
Fix'd is the term to all the race of earth,
And such the hard condition of our birth.
No force can then resist, no flight can save;
All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.
No more — but hasten to thy tasks at home,
There guide the spindle, and direct the loom:
Me glory summons to the martial scene,
The field of combat is the sphere for men.
Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,
The first in danger as the first in fame.'
Thus having said, the glorious Chief resumes
His tow'ry helmet, black with shading plumes.
His Princess parts with a prophetic sigh,
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye,

That stream'd at ev'ry look: then, moving slow,
Sought her own palace, and indulged her woe.
There, while her tears deplor'd the godlike man,
Thro' all her train the soft infection ran;
The pious maids their mingled sorrows shed,
And mourn the living Hector as the dead.
But now, no longer deaf to honour's call,
Forth issues Paris from the palace wall.
In brazen arms that cast a gleamy ray,
Swift thro' the town the warrior bends his way.
The wanton courser thus, with reins unbound,
Breaks from his stall, and beats the trembling ground;
Pamper'd and proud he seeks the wonted tides,
And laves, in height of blood, his shining sides:
His head now freed he tosses to the skies;
His mane dishevell'd o'er his shoulders flies;
He snuffs the females in the distant plain,
And springs, exulting, to his fields again.
With equal triumph, sprightly, bold, and gay,
In arms refulgent as the God of Day,
The son of Priam, glorying in his might,
Rush'd forth with Hector to the fields of fight.
And now the warriors passing on the way,
The graceful Paris first excused his stay.
To whom the noble Hector thus replied:
'O Chief! in blood, and now in arms, allied!
Thy power in war with justice none contest;
Known is thy courage, and thy strength confess'd.
What pity, sloth should seize a soul so brave,
Or godlike Paris live a woman's slave!
My heart weeps blood at what the Trojans say,
And hopes thy deeds shall wipe the stain away.
Haste then, in all their glorious labours share;
For much they suffer, for thy sake, in war.
These ills shall cease, whene'er by Jove's decree
We crown the bowl to Heav'n and Liberty:
While the proud foe his frustrate triumphs mourns,
And Greece indignant thro' her seas returns.'

BOOK VII

THE SINGLE COMBAT OF HECTOR AND AJAX

THE ARGUMENT

The battle renewing with double ardour upon the return of Hector, Minerva is under apprehensions for the Greeks. Apollo, seeing her descend from Olympus, joins her near the Scæan gate. They agree to put off the general engagement for that day, and incite Hector to challenge the Greeks to a single combat. Nine of the Princes accepting the challenge, the lot is cast, and falls upon Ajax. These heroes, after several attacks, are parted by the night. The Trojans calling a council, Antenor proposes the delivery of Helen to the Greeks, to which Paris will not consent, but offers to restore them her riches. Priam sends a herald to make this offer, and to demand a truce for burning the dead, the last of which only is agreed to by Agamemnon. When the funerals are performed, the Greeks, pursuant to the advice of Nestor, erect a fortification to protect their fleet and camp, flanked with towers, and defended by a ditch and palisades. Neptune testifies his jealousy at this work, but is pacified by a promise from Jupiter. Both armies pass the night in feasting, but Jupiter disheartens the Trojans with thunder and other signs of his wrath.

The three-and-twentieth day ends with the duel of Hector and Ajax; the next day the truce is agreed: another is taken up in the funeral rites of the slain; and one more in building the fortification before the ships; so that somewhat above three days is employed in this book. The scene lies wholly in the field.

So spoke the guardian of the Trojan state,
Then rush'd impetuous thro' the Scæan gate.
Him Paris follow'd to the dire alarms;
Both breathing slaughter, both resolv'd in arms.
As when to sailors lab'ring thro' the main,
That long had heav'd the weary oar in vain,

Jove bids at length th' expected gales arise;
The gales blow grateful, and the vessel flies:
So welcome these to Troy's desiring train:
The bands are cheer'd, the war awakes again.
Bold Paris first the work of death begun
On great Menestheus, Areïthous' son;
Sprung from the fair Philomeda's embrace,
The pleasing Arne was his native place.
Then sunk Eioneus to the shades below;
Beneath his steely casque he felt the blow
Full on his neck, from Hector's weighty hand;
And roll'd, with limbs relax'd, along the land.
By Glaucus' spear the bold Iphinous bleeds,
Fix'd in the shoulder as he mounts his steeds;
Headlong he tumbles: his slack nerves unbound
Drop the cold useless members on the ground.
When now Minerva saw her Argives slain,
From vast Olympus to the gleaming plain
Fierce she descends: Apollo mark'd her flight,
Nor shot less swift from Ilion's tow'ry height:
Radiant they met, beneath the beechen shade;
When thus Apollo to the Blue-eyed Maid:
'What cause, O daughter of almighty Jove!
Thus wings thy progress from the realms above?
Once more impetuous dost thou bend thy way,
To give to Greece the long-divided day?
Too much has Troy already felt thy hate,
Now breathe thy rage, and hush the stern debate:
This day the bus'ness of the field suspend;
War soon shall kindle, and great Ilion bend;
Since vengeful Goddesses confed'rate join
To raze her walls, tho' built by hands divine.'
To whom the progeny of Jove replies:
'I left for this the council of the skies:
But who shall bid conflicting hosts forbear,
What art shall calm the furious sons of war?'
To her the God: 'Great Hector's soul incite
To dare the boldest Greek to single fight,
Till Greece, provoked, from all her numbers shew
A warrior worthy to be Hector's foe.'
At this agreed, the heav'nly Powers withdrew;
Sage Helenus their secret counsels knew:
Hector inspired he sought: to him address'd,
Thus told the dictates of his sacred breast:
'O son of Priam! let thy faithful ear
Receive my words; thy friend and brother hear!
Go forth persuasive, and awhile engage
The warring nations to suspend their rage;
Then dare the boldest of the hostile train
To mortal combat on the listed plain,
For not this day shall end thy glorious date;
The Gods have spoke it, and their voice is Fate.'
He said: the warrior heard the word with joy;
Then with his spear restrain'd the youth of Troy,
Held by the midst athwart. On either hand
The squadrons part; th' expecting Trojans stand.
Great Agamemnon bids the Greeks forbear;
They breathe, and hush the tumult of the war.
Th' Athenian Maid, and glorious God of Day,
With silent joy the settling hosts survey:
In form of vultures, on the beech's height
They sit conceal'd, and wait the future fight.
The thronging troops obscure the dusky fields,
Horrid with bristling spears, and gleaming shields.
As when a gen'ral darkness veils the main
(Soft Zephyr curling the wide wat'ry plain),
The waves scarce heave, the face of ocean sleeps,
And a still horror saddens all the deeps:
Thus in thick orders settling wide around,
At length composed they sit, and shade the ground.
Great Hector first amidst both armies broke
The solemn silence, and their powers bespoke:

'Hear all ye Trojan, all ye Grecian bands,
What my soul prompts, and what some God commands.
Great Jove, averse our warfare to compose,
O'erwhelms the nations with new toils and woes;
War with a fiercer tide once more returns,
Till Ilion falls, or till yon navy burns.
You then, O Princes of the Greeks! appear;
'T is Hector speaks, and calls the Gods to hear:
From all your troops select the boldest knight,
And him, the boldest, Hector dares to fight.
Here if I fall, by chance of battle slain,
Be his my spoil, and his these arms remain;
But let my body, to my friends return'd,
By Trojan hands, and Trojan flames be burn'd.
And if Apollo, in whose aid I trust,
Shall stretch your daring champion in the dust;
If mine the glory to despoil the foe,
On Phœbus' temple I 'll his arms bestow;
The breathless carcass to your navy sent,
Greece on the shore shall raise a monument;
Which when some future mariner surveys,
Wash'd by broad Hellespont's resounding seas,
Thus shall he say, A valiant Greek lies there,
By Hector slain, the mighty man of war.
The stone shall tell your vanquish'd hero's name,
And distant ages learn the victor's fame.'
This fierce defiance Greece astonish'd heard,
Blush'd to refuse, and to accept it fear'd.
Stern Menelaus first the silence broke,
And, inly groaning, thus opprobrious spoke:
'Women of Greece! Oh scandal of your race,
Whose coward souls your manly forms disgrace,
How great the shame, when ev'ry age shall know
That not a Grecian met this noble foe!
Go then, resolve to earth from whence ye grew,
A heartless, spiritless, inglorious crew!
Be what ye seem, unanimated clay!
Myself will dare the danger of the day.
'T is man's bold task the gen'rous strife to try,
But in the hands of God is victory.'
These words scarce spoke, with gen'rous ardour press'd,
His manly limbs in azure arms he dress'd:
That day, Atrides! a superior hand
Had stretch'd thee breathless on the hostile strand;
But all at once, thy fury to compose,
The Kings of Greece, an awful band, arose:
Ev'n he their Chief, great Agamemnon, press'd
Thy daring hand, and this advice address'd:
'Whither, O Menelaus! wouldst thou run,
And tempt a fate which prudence bids thee shun?
Griev'd tho' thou art, forbear the rash design;
Great Hector's arm is mightier far than thine.
Ev'n fierce Achilles learn'd its force to fear,
And trembling met this dreadful son of war.
Sit thou secure amidst thy social band;
Greece in our cause shall arm some powerful hand.
The mightiest warrior of th' Achaian name,
Tho' bold, and burning with desire of Fame,
Content, the doubtful honour might forego,
So great the danger, and so brave the foe.'
He said, and turn'd his brother's vengeful mind;
He stoop'd to reason, and his rage resign'd,
No longer bent to rush on certain harms:
His joyful friends unbrace his azure arms.
He, from whose lips divine persuasion flows,
Grave Nestor then, in graceful act arose.
Thus to the Kings he spoke: 'What grief, what shame,
Attend on Greece, and all the Grecian name!
How shall, alas! her hoary heroes mourn
Their sons degen'rate, and their race a scorn;
What tears shall down thy silver beard be roll'd,
Oh Peleus, old in arms, in wisdom old!

Once with what joy the gen'rous Prince would hear
Of ev'ry Chief, who fought this glorious war,
Participate their fame, and pleas'd inquire
Each name, each action, and each hero's sire!
Gods! should he see our warriors trembling stand,
And trembling all before one hostile hand;
How would he lift his aged arms on high,
Lament inglorious Greece, and beg to die!
Oh! would to all th' immortal Powers above,
Minerva, Phœbus, and almighty Jove!
Years might again roll back, my youth renew,
And give this arm the spring which once it knew:
When, fierce in war, where Jardan's waters fall
I led my troops to Phea's trembling wall,
And with th' Arcadian spears my prowess tried,
Where Celadon rolls down his rapid tide.
There Ereuthalion braved us in the field,
Proud Areïthous' dreadful arms to wield;
Great Areïthous, known from shore to shore
By the huge, knotted, iron mace he bore;
No lance he shook, nor bent the twanging bow,
But broke, with this, the battle of the foe.
Him not by manly force Lycurgus slew,
Whose guileful jav'lin from the thicket flew,
Deep in a winding way his breast assail'd,
Nor aught the warrior's thund'ring mace avail'd:
Supine he fell: those arms which Mars before
Had giv'n the vanquish'd, now the victor bore:
But when old age had dimm'd Lycurgus' eyes,
To Ereuthalion he consign'd the prize.
Furious with this, he crush'd our levell'd bands,
And dared the trial of the strongest hands;
Nor could the strongest hands his fury stay;
All saw, and fear'd, his huge tempestuous sway;
Till I, the youngest of the host, appear'd,
And, youngest, met whom all our army fear'd.
I fought the Chief; my arms Minerva crown'd:
Prone fell the giant o'er a length of ground.
What then he was, oh were your Nestor now!
Not Hector's self should want an equal foe.
But, warriors, you that youthful vigour boast,
The flower of Greece, th' examples of our host,
Sprung from such fathers, who such numbers sway,
Can you stand trembling, and desert the day?'
His warm reproofs the list'ning Kings inflame;
And nine, the noblest of the Grecian name,
Upstarted fierce: but far before the rest
The King of men advanc'd his dauntless breast;
Then bold Tydides, great in arms, appear'd;
And next his bulk gigantic Ajax rear'd.
Oïleus follow'd: Idomen was there,
And Merion, dreadful as the God of War:
With these Eurypylus and Thoas stand,
And wise Ulysses closed the daring band.
All these, alike inspired with noble rage,
Demand the fight. To whom the Pylian sage:
'Lest thirst of glory your brave souls divide,
What Chief shall combat, let the lots decide.
Whom Heav'n shall choose, be his the chance to raise
His country's fame, his own immortal praise.'
The lots produced, each hero signs his own;
Then in the Gen'ral's helm the fates are thrown.
The people pray with lifted eyes and hands,
And vows like these ascend from all the bands:
'Grant thou, Almighty! in whose hand is fate,
A worthy champion for the Grecian state.
This task let Ajax or Tydides prove,
Or he, the King of Kings, belov'd by Jove.'
Old Nestor shook the casque. By Heav'n inspired,
Leap'd forth the lot, of ev'ry Greek desired.

This from the right to left the herald bears,
Held out in order to the Grecian peers;
Each to his rival yields the mark unknown,
Till godlike Ajax finds the lot his own;
Surveys th' inscription with rejoicing eyes,
Then casts before him, and with transport cries:
'Warriors! I claim the lot, and arm with joy;
Be mine the conquest of this Chief of Troy.
Now, while my brightest arms my limbs invest,
To Saturn's son be all your vows address'd:
But pray in secret, lest the foes should hear,
And deem your prayers the mean effect of fear.
Said I in secret? No, your vows declare,
In such a voice as fills the earth and air.
Lives there a Chief, whom Ajax ought to dread,
Ajax, in all the toils of battle bred?
From warlike Salamis I drew my birth,
And, born to combats, fear no force of earth.'
He said. The troops with elevated eyes,
Implore the God whose thunder rends the skies:
'O Father of Mankind, superior Lord!
On lofty Ida's holy hill ador'd;
Who in the highest Heav'n hast fix'd thy throne,
Supreme of Gods! unbounded, and alone:
Grant thou, that Telamon may bear away
The praise and conquest of this doubtful day;
Or if illustrious Hector be thy care,
That both may claim it, and that both may share.'
Now Ajax braced his dazzling armour on;
Sheathed in bright steel the giant warrior shone:
He moves to combat with majestic pace;
So stalks in arms the grisly God of Thrace,
When Jove to punish faithless men prepares,
And gives whole nations to the waste of wars.
Thus march'd the Chief, tremendous as a God;
Grimly he smil'd: earth trembled as he strode:
His massy jav'lin quiv'ring in his hand,
He stood, the bulwark of the Grecian band.
Thro' every Argive heart new transport ran;
All Troy stood trembling at the mighty man.
Ev'n Hector paus'd; and, with new doubt oppress'd,
Felt his great heart suspended in his breast:
'T was vain to seek retreat, and vain to fear;
Himself had challenged, and the foe drew near.
Stern Telamon behind his ample shield,
As from a brazen tower, o'erlook'd the field.
Huge was its orb, with seven thick folds o'ercast
Of tough bull-hides; of solid brass the last
(The work of Tychius, who in Hyle dwell'd,
And all in arts of armoury excell'd).
This Ajax bore before his manly breast,
And, threat'ning, thus his adverse Chief address'd:
'Hector! approach my arm, and singly know
What strength thou hast, and what the Grecian foe.
Achilles shuns the fight; yet some there are
Not void of soul, and not unskill'd in war:
Let him, inactive on the sea-beat shore,
Indulge his wrath, and aid our arms no more;
Whole troops of heroes Greece has yet to boast,
And sends thee one, a sample of her host.
Such as I am, I come to prove thy might;
No more — be sudden, and begin the fight.'
'O son of Telamon, thy country's pride'
(To Ajax thus the Trojan Prince replied),
'Me, as a boy or woman, would'st thou fright,
New to the field, and trembling at the fight?
Thou meet'st a Chief deserving of thy arms,
To combat born, and bred amidst alarms:
I know to shift my ground, remount the car,
Turn, charge, and answer every call of war:
To right, to left, the dext'rous lance I wield,
And bear thick battle on my sounding shield.

But open be our fight, and bold each blow;
I steal no conquest from a noble foe.'
He said, and, rising high above the field,
Whirl'd the long lance against the sev'n-fold shield.
Full on the brass descending from above
Thro' six bull-hides the furious weapon drove,
Till in the sev'nth it fix'd. Then Ajax threw;
Thro' Hector's shield the forceful jav'lin flew;
His corslet enters, and his garment rends,
And glancing downwards, near his flank descends.
The wary Trojan shrinks, and, bending low
Beneath his buckler, disappoints the blow.
From their bored shields the Chiefs their jav'lins drew,
Then close impetuous, and the charge renew:
Fierce as the mountain lions bathed in blood,
Or foaming boars, the terror of the wood.
At Ajax, Hector his long lance extends;
The blunted point against the buckler bends.
But Ajax, watchful as his foe drew near,
Drove thro' the Trojan targe the knotty spear;
It reach'd his neck, with matchless strength impell'd;
Spouts the black gore, and dims the shining shield.
Yet ceas'd not Hector thus; but, stooping down,
In his strong hand upheav'd a flinty stone,
Black, craggy, vast: to this his force he bends;
Full on the brazen boss the stone descends;
The hollow brass resounded with the shock.
Then Ajax seiz'd the fragment of a rock,
Applied each nerve, and, swinging round on high,
With force tempestuous let the ruin fly:
The huge stone thund'ring thro' his buckler broke;
His slacken'd knees receiv'd the numbing stroke;
Great Hector falls extended on the field,
His bulk supporting on the shatter'd shield:
Nor wanted heav'nly aid: Apollo's might
Confirm'd his sinews, and restored to fight.
And now both heroes their broad falchions drew;
In flaming circles round their heads they flew;
But then by heralds' voice the word was giv'n,
The sacred Ministers of earth and Heav'n:
Divine Talthybius whom the Greeks employ,
And sage Idæus on the part of Troy,
Between the swords their peaceful sceptres rear'd;
And first Idæus' awful voice was heard:
'Forbear, my sons! your farther force to prove,
Both dear to men, and both belov'd of Jove.
To either host your matchless worth is known,
Each sounds your praise, and war is all your own.
But now the Night extends her awful shade:
The Goddess parts you: be the night obey'd.'
To whom great Ajax his high soul express'd:
'O sage! to Hector be these words address'd.
Let him, who first provoked our Chiefs to fight,
Let him demand the sanction of the night;
If first he ask it, I content obey,
And cease the strife when Hector shews the way.'
'O first of Greeks' (his noble foe rejoin'd),
'Whom Heav'n adorns, superior to thy kind,
With strength of body, and with worth of mind!
Now martial law commands us to forbear;
Hereafter we shall meet in glorious war;
Some future day shall lengthen out the strife,
And let the Gods decide of death or life!
Since then the Night extends her gloomy shade,
And Heav'n enjoins it, be the night obey'd.
Return, brave Ajax, to thy Grecian friends,
And joy the nations whom thy arm defends;
As I shall glad each Chief, and Trojan wife,
Who wearies Heav'n with vows for Hector's life.

But let us, on this memorable day,
Exchange some gift; that Greece and Troy may say,
"Not hate, but glory, made these Chiefs contend;
And each brave foe was in his soul a friend." '
With that, a sword with stars of silver graced,
The baldrick studded, and the sheath enchased,
He gave the Greek. The gen'rous Greek bestow'd
A radiant belt that rich with purple glow'd.
Then with majestic grace they quit the plain;
This seeks the Grecian, that the Phrygian train.
The Trojan bands returning Hector wait,
And hail with joy the champion of their state:
Escaped great Ajax, they survey'd him round,
Alive, unharm'd, and vig'rous from his wound.
To Troy's high gates the godlike man they bear,
Their present triumph, as their late despair.
But Ajax, glorying in his hardy deed,
The well-arm'd Greeks to Agamemnon lead.
A steer for sacrifice the King design'd,
Of full five years, and of the nobler kind.
The victim falls; they strip the smoking hide,
The beast they quarter, and the joints divide;
Then spread the tables, the repast prepare,
Each takes his seat, and each receives his share.
The King himself (an honorary sign)
Before great Ajax placed the mighty chine.
When now the rage of hunger was remov'd,
Nestor, in each persuasive art approv'd,
The sage whose counsels long had sway'd the rest,
In words like these his prudent thought express'd:
'How dear, O King! this fatal day has cost!
What Greeks are perish'd! what a people lost!
What tides of blood have drench'd Scamander's shore!
What crowds of heroes sunk, to rise no more!
Then hear me, Chief! nor let the morrow's light
Awake thy squadrons to new toils of fight:
Some space at least permit the war to breathe,
While we to flames our slaughter'd friends bequeath,
From the red field their scatter'd bodies bear,
And nigh the fleet a funeral structure rear:
So decent urns their snowy bones may keep,
And pious children o'er their ashes weep.
Here, where on one promiscuous pile they blaz'd,
High o'er them all a gen'ral tomb be rais'd;
Next, to secure our camp, and naval powers,
Raise an embattled wall, with lofty towers;
From space to space be ample gates around,
For passing chariots, and a trench profound.
So Greece to combat shall in safety go,
Nor fear the fierce incursions of the foe.'
'T was thus the sage his wholesome counsel mov'd;
The sceptred Kings of Greece his words approv'd.
Meanwhile, convened at Priam's palace gate,
The Trojan peers in nightly council sate:
A senate void of order, as of choice,
Their hearts were fearful, and confused their voice.
Antenor rising, thus demands their ear:
'Ye Trojans, Dardans, and auxiliars, hear!
'T is Heav'n the counsel of my breast inspires,
And I but move what ev'ry God requires:
Let Sparta's treasures be this hour restor'd,
And Argive Helen own her ancient lord.
The ties of faith, the sworn alliance broke
Our impious battles the just Gods provoke.
As this advice ye practise, or reject,
So hope success, or dread the dire effect.'

The senior spoke, and sat. To whom replied
The graceful husband of the Spartan bride:
'Cold counsels, Trojan, may become thy years,
But sound ungrateful in a warrior's ears:
Old man, if void of fallacy or art,
Thy words express the purpose of thy heart,
Thou, in thy time, more sound advice hast giv'n;
But wisdom has its date, assign'd by Heav'n.
Then hear me, Princes of the Trojan name!
Their treasures I 'll restore, but not the dame;
My treasures, too, for peace I will resign;
But be this bright possession ever mine.'
'T was then, the growing discord to compose,
Slow from his seat the rev'rend Priam rose:
His godlike aspect deep attention drew:
He paus'd, and these pacific words ensue:
'Ye Trojans, Dardans, and auxiliar bands!
Now take refreshment as the hour demands;
Guard well the walls, relieve the watch of night,
Till the new sun restores the cheerful light:
Then shall our herald, to th' Atrides sent,
Before their ships proclaim my son's intent.
Next let a truce be ask'd, that Troy may burn
Her slaughter'd heroes, and their bones inurn;
That done, once more the fate of war be tried,
And whose the conquest, mighty Jove decide!'
The Monarch spoke: the warriors snatch'd with haste
(Each at his post in arms) a short repast.
Soon as the rosy morn had waked the day,
To the black ships Idæus bent his way;
There, to the sons of Mars, in council found,
He rais'd his voice: the hosts stood list'ning round:
'Ye sons of Atreus, and ye Greeks, give ear!
The words of Troy, and Troy's great monarch, hear.
Pleas'd may ye hear (so Heav'n succeed my prayers)
What Paris, author of the war, declares.
The spoils and treasures he to Ilion bore
(O had he perish'd ere they touch'd our shore)
He proffers injured Greece; with large increase
Of added Trojan wealth, to buy the peace.
But, to restore the beauteous bride again,
This Greece demands, and Troy requests in vain.
Next, O ye Chiefs! we ask a truce to burn
Our slaughter'd heroes, and their bones inurn.
That done, once more the fate of war be tried,
And whose the conquest, mighty Jove decide!'
The Greeks give ear, but none the silence broke;
At length Tydides rose, and rising spoke:
'O take not, friends! defrauded of your fame,
Their proffer'd wealth, nor ev'n the Spartan dame.
Let conquest make them ours: Fate shakes their wall,
And Troy already totters to her fall.'
Th' admiring Chiefs, and all the Grecian name,
With gen'ral shouts return'd him loud acclaim.
Then thus the King of Kings rejects the peace:
'Herald! in him thou hear'st the voice of Greece.
For what remains, let funeral flames be fed
With hero's corpse: I war not with the dead:
Go, search your slaughter'd Chiefs on yonder plain,
And gratify the Manes of the slain.
Be witness, Jove, whose thunder rolls on high!'
He said, and rear'd his sceptre to the sky.
To sacred Troy, where all her Princes lay
To wait th' event, the herald bent his way.
He came, and, standing in the midst, explain'd;
The peace rejected, but the truce obtain'd.

Straight to their sev'ral cares the Trojans move;
Some search the plain, some fell the sounding grove:
Nor less the Greeks, descending on the shore,
Hew'd the green forests, and the bodies bore.
And now from forth the chambers of the main,
To shed his sacred light on earth again,
Arose the golden chariot of the day,
And tipp'd the mountains with a purple ray.
In mingled throngs the Greek and Trojan train
Thro' heaps of carnage search'd the mournful plain.
Scarce could the friend his slaughter'd friend explore,
With dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with gore.
The wounds they wash'd, their pious tears they shed,
And, laid along their cars, deplored the dead.
Sage Priam check'd their grief: with silent haste
The bodies decent on the piles were placed:
With melting hearts the cold remains they burn'd;
And sadly slow to sacred Troy return'd.
Nor less the Greeks their pious sorrows shed,
And decent on the pile dispose the dead;
The cold remains consume with equal care;
And slowly, sadly, to their fleet repair.
Now, ere the morn had streak'd with redd'ning light
The doubtful confines of the day and night;
About the dying flames the Greeks appear'd,
And round the pile a gen'ral tomb they rear'd.
Then, to secure the camp and naval powers,
They rais'd embattled walls with lofty towers:
From space to space were ample gates around,
For passing chariots; and a trench profound,
Of large extent: and deep in earth below
Strong piles infix'd stood adverse to the foe.

So toil'd the Greeks: meanwhile the Gods above,
In shining circle round their father Jove,
Amazed beheld the wondrous works of man:
Then he whose trident shakes the earth began:
'What mortals henceforth shall our power adore,
Our fanes frequent, our oracles implore,
If the proud Grecians thus successful boast
Their rising bulwarks on the sea-beat coast?
See the long walls extending to the main,
No God consulted, and no victim slain!
Their fame shall fill the world's remotest ends;
Wide as the morn her golden beam extends:
While old Laömedon's divine abodes,
Those radiant structures rais'd by lab'ring Gods,
Shall, razed and lost, in long oblivion sleep.'
Thus spoke the hoary monarch of the deep.
Th' almighty Thund'rer with a frown replies,
That clouds the world, and blackens half the skies:
'Strong God of Ocean! thou, whose rage can make
The solid earth's eternal basis shake!
What cause of fear from mortal works could move
The meanest subject of our realms above?
Where'er the sun's refulgent rays are cast,
Thy power is honour'd and thy fame shall last.
But yon proud work no future age shall view,
No trace remain where once the glory grew.
The sapp'd foundations by thy force shall fall,
And, whelm'd beneath thy waves, drop the huge wall;
Vast drifts of sand shall change the former shore;
The ruin vanish'd, and the name no more.'
Thus they in Heav'n: while o'er the Grecian train
The rolling sun descending to the main
Beheld the finish'd work. Their bulls they slew;
Black from the tents the sav'ry vapours flew.

And now the fleet, arrived from Lemnos' strands,
With Bacchus' blessings cheer'd the gen'rous bands.
Of fragrant wines the rich Eunæus sent
A thousand measures to the royal tent
(Eunæus, whom Hypsipyle of yore
To Jason, shepherd of his people, bore).
The rest they purchas'd at their proper cost,
And well the plenteous freight supplied the host:
Each, in exchange, proportion'd treasures gave,
Some brass, or iron, some an ox or slave.
All night they feast, the Greek and Trojan powers;
Those on the fields, and these within their towers.
But Jove averse the signs of wrath display'd,
And shot red lightnings thro' the gloomy shade:
Humbled they stood; pale horror seized on all,
While the deep thunder shook th' aërial hall.
Each pour'd to Jove, before the bowl was crown'd,
And large libations drench'd the thirsty ground;
Then late, refresh'd with sleep from toils of fight,
Enjoy'd the balmy blessings of the night.

BOOK VIII

THE SECOND BATTLE, AND THE DISTRESS OF THE GREEKS

THE ARGUMENT

Jupiter assembles a council of the deities, and threatens them with the pains of Tartarus, if they assist either side: Minerva only obtains of him that she may direct the Greeks by her counsels. The armies join battle; Jupiter on Mount Ida weighs in his balances the fates of both, and affrights the Greeks with his thunders and lightnings. Nestor alone continues in the field in great danger; Diomed relieves him; whose exploits, and those of Hector, are excellently described. Juno endeavours to animate Neptune to the assistance of the Greeks, but in vain. The acts of Teucer, who is at length wounded by Hector, and carried off. Juno and Minerva prepare to aid the Grecians, but are restrained by Iris, sent from Jupiter. The night puts an end to the battle. Hector continues in the field (the Greeks being driven to their fortifications before the ships), and gives orders to keep the watch all night in the camp, to prevent the enemy from reëmbarking and escaping by flight. They kindle fires through all the field, and pass the night under arms.

The time of seven-and-twenty days is employed from the opening of the poem to the end of this book. The scene here (except of the celestial machines) lies in the field toward the sea-shore.

AURORA now, fair Daughter of the Dawn,
Sprinkled with rosy light the dewy lawn:
When Jove convened the senate of the skies
Where high Olympus' cloudy tops arise.
The Sire of Gods his awful silence broke;
The Heav'ns attentive trembled as he spoke:
'Celestial states, immortal Gods! give ear,
Hear our decree, and rev'rence what ye hear;
The fix'd decree which not all Heav'n can move;
Thou, Fate! fulfil it! and ye, Powers! approve!
What God but enters yon forbidden field,
Who yields assistance, or but wills to yield;
Back to the skies with shame he shall be driv'n,
Gash'd with dishonest wounds, the scorn of Heav'n:
Or far, oh far from steep Olympus thrown,
Low in the dark Tartarean gulf shall groan,
With burning chains fix'd to the brazen floors,
And lock'd by Hell's inexorable doors;
As deep beneath th' infernal centre hurl'd,
As from that centre to th' ethereal world.
Let him who tempts me, dread those dire abodes;
And know, th' Almighty is the God of Gods.
League all your forces then, ye Powers above,
Join all, and try th' omnipotence of Jove:

Let down our golden everlasting chain,
Whose strong embrace holds Heav'n and Earth and Main:
Strive all, of mortal and immortal birth,
To drag, by this, the Thund'rer down to earth,
Ye strive in vain! if I but stretch this hand,
I heave the Gods, the Ocean, and the Land;
I fix the chain to great Olympus' height,
And the vast world hangs trembling in my sight!
For such I reign, unbounded and above;
And such are men and Gods, compared to Jove.'
Th' Almighty spoke, nor durst the Powers reply;
A rev'rent horror silenc'd all the sky;
Trembling they stood before their sov'reign's look;
At length his best belov'd, the Power of Wisdom, spoke:
'Oh first and greatest! God, by Gods ador'd!
We own thy might, our father and our Lord!
But ah! permit to pity human state:
If not to help, at least lament their fate.
From fields forbidden we submiss refrain,
With arms unaiding mourn our Argives slain;
Yet grant my counsels still their breasts may move,
Or all must perish in the wrath of Jove.'
The cloud-compelling God her suit approv'd,
And smil'd superior on his best-belov'd.
Then call'd his coursers, and his chariot took;
The steadfast firmament beneath them shook:
Rapt by th' ethereal steeds the chariot roll'd;
Brass were their hoofs, their curling manes of gold.
Of Heav'n's undrossy gold the God's array,
Refulgent, flash'd intolerable day.
High on the throne he shines: his coursers fly
Between th' extended earth and starry sky.
But when to Ida's topmost height he came
(Fair nurse of fountains, and of savage game),
Where, o'er her pointed summits proudly rais'd,
His fane breathed odours, and his altar blazed:
There, from his radiant car, the sacred Sire
Of Gods and men released the steeds of fire:
Blue ambient mists th' immortal steeds embraced;
High on the cloudy point his seat he placed;
Thence his broad eye the subject world surveys,
The town, and tents, and navigable seas.
Now had the Grecians snatch'd a short repast,
And buckled on their shining arms with haste.
Troy rous'd as soon; for on this dreadful day
The fate of fathers, wives, and infants lay.
The gates unfolding pour forth all their train;
Squadrons on squadrons cloud the dusky plain:
Men, steeds, and chariots, shake the trembling ground,
The tumult thickens, and the skies resound.
And now with shouts the shocking armies closed,
To lances lances, shields to shields opposed;
Host against host with shadowy legions drew,
The sounding darts in iron tempests flew;
Victors and vanquish'd join promiscuous cries,
Triumphant shouts and dying groans arise;
With streaming blood the slipp'ry fields are dyed,
And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide.
Long as the morning beams, increasing bright,
O'er Heav'n's clear azure spread the sacred light,
Commutual death the fate of war confounds,
Each adverse battle gored with equal wounds.
But when the sun the height of Heav'n ascends,
The Sire of Gods his golden scales suspends,
With equal hand; in these explored the fate
Of Greece and Troy, and pois'd the mighty weight.

Press'd with its load, the Grecian balance lies
Low sunk on earth, the Trojan strikes the skies.
Then Jove from Ida's top his horrors spreads;
The clouds burst dreadful o'er the Grecian heads;
Thick lightnings flash; the mutt'ring thunder rolls;
Their strength he withers, and unmans their souls.
Before his wrath the trembling hosts retire,
The Gods in terrors, and the skies on fire.
Nor great Idomeneus that sight could bear.
Nor each stern Ajax, thunderbolts of war;
Nor he, the King of Men, th' alarm sustain'd;
Nestor alone amidst the storm remain'd.
Unwilling he remain'd, for Paris' dart
Had pierc'd his courser in a mortal part;
Fix'd in the forehead where the springing mane
Curl'd o'er the brow, it stung him to the brain;
Mad with his anguish, he begins to rear,
Paw with his hoofs aloft, and lash the air.
Scarce had his falchion cut the reins, and freed
Th' incumbent chariot from the dying steed,
When dreadful Hector, thund'ring thro' the war,
Pour'd to the tumult on his whirling car.
That day had stretch'd beneath his matchless hand
The hoary Monarch of the Pylian band,
But Diomed beheld; from forth the crowd
He rush'd, and on Ulysses call'd aloud:
'Whither, oh whither does Ulysses run?
O flight unworthy great Laertes' son!
Mix'd with the vulgar shall thy fate be found,
Pierc'd in the back, a vile, dishonest wound?
Oh turn and save from Hector's direful rage
The glory of the Greeks, the Pylian sage.'
His fruitless words are lost unheard in air;
Ulysses seeks the ships, and shelters there.
But bold Tydides to the rescue goes,
A single warrior 'midst a host of foes;
Before the coursers with a sudden spring
He leap'd, and anxious thus bespoke the King:
'Great perils, Father! wait th' unequal fight;
These younger champions will oppress thy might.
Thy veins no more with ancient vigour glow,
Weak is thy servant, and thy coursers slow.
Then haste, ascend my seat, and from the car
Observe the steeds of Tros, renown'd in war,
Practis'd alike to turn, to stop, to chase,
To dare the fight, or urge the rapid race:
These late obey'd Æneas' guiding rein;
Leave thou thy chariot to our faithful train:
With these against yon Trojans will we go,
Nor shall great Hector want an equal foe;
Fierce as he is, ev'n he may learn to fear
The thirsty fury of my flying spear.'
Thus said the Chief; and Nestor, skill'd in war,
Approves his counsel, and ascends the car:
The steeds he left, their trusty servants hold;
Eurymedon, and Sthenelus the bold.
The rev'rend charioteer directs the course,
And strains his aged arm to lash the horse.
Hector they face; unknowing how to fear,
Fierce he drove on: Tydides whirl'd his spear.
The spear with erring haste mistook its way,
But plunged in Eniopeus' bosom lay.
His opening hand in death forsakes the rein;
The steeds fly back: he falls, and spurns the plain.
Great Hector sorrows for his servant kill'd,
Yet unrevenged permits to press the field;
Till to supply his place and rule the car,
Rose Archeptolemus, the fierce in war.
And now had death and horror cover'd all,
Like tim'rous flocks the Trojans in their wall
Enclosed had bled: but Jove with awful sound
Roll'd the big thunder o'er the vast profound:
Full in Tydides' face the lightning flew;
The ground before him flamed with sulphur blue:

The quiv'ring steeds fell prostrate at the sight;
And Nestor's trembling hand confess'd his fright:
He dropp'd the reins; and, shook with sacred dread,
Thus, turning, warn'd th' intrepid Diomed:
'O Chief! too daring in thy friend's defence,
Retire advised, and urge the chariot hence.
This day, averse, the Sov'reign of the Skies
Assists great Hector, and our palm denies.
Some other sun may see the happier hour,
When Greece shall conquer by his heav'nly power.
'T is not in man his fix'd decree to move:
The great will glory to submit to Jove.'
'O rev'rend Prince!' (Tydides thus replies)
'Thy years are awful, and thy words are wise.
But ah, what grief! should haughty Hector boast,
I fled inglorious to the guarded coast.
Before that dire disgrace shall blast my fame,
O'erwhelm me, earth! and hide a warrior's shame.'
To whom Gerenian Nestor thus replied:
'Gods! can thy courage fear the Phrygian's pride?
Hector may vaunt, but who shall heed the boast?
Not those who felt thy arm, the Dardan host,
Nor Troy, yet bleeding in her heroes lost;
Not ev'n a Phrygian dame, who dreads the sword
That laid in dust her lov'd, lamented lord.'
He said: and hasty o'er the gasping throng
Drives the swift steeds; the chariot smokes along.
The shouts of Trojans thicken in the wind;
The storm of hissing jav'lins pours behind.
Then with a voice that shakes the solid skies,
Pleas'd Hector braves the warrior as he flies:
'Go, mighty Hero! graced above the rest
In seats of council and the sumptuous feast:
Now hope no more those honours from thy train;
Go, less than woman, in the form of man!
To scale our walls, to wrap our towers in flames,
To lead in exile the fair Phrygian dames,
Thy once proud hopes, presumptuous Prince! are fled;
This arm shall reach thy heart, and stretch thee dead.'
Now fears dissuade him, and now hopes invite,
To stop his coursers, and to stand the fight;
Thrice turn'd the Chief, and thrice imperial Jove
On Ida's summit thunder'd from above.
Great Hector heard; he saw the flashing light
(The sign of conquest), and thus urged the fight:
'Hear, ev'ry Trojan, Lycian, Dardan band,
All famed in war, and dreadful hand to hand,
Be mindful of the wreaths your arms have won,
Your great forefathers' glories, and your own.
Heard ye the voice of Jove? Success and fame
Await on Troy, on Greece eternal shame.
In vain they skulk behind their boasted wall,
Weak bulwarks! destin'd by this arm to fall.
High o'er their slighted trench our steeds shall bound,
And pass victorious o'er the levell'd mound.
Soon as before yon hollow ships we stand,
Fight each with flames, and toss the blazing brand;
Till, their proud navy wrapt in smoke and fires,
All Greece, encompass'd, in one blaze expires.'
Furious he said: then, bending o'er the yoke,
Encouraged his proud steeds, while thus he spoke.
'Now Xanthus, Æthon, Lampus! urge the chase,
And thou, Podargus! prove thy gen'rous race.
Be fleet, be fearless, this important day,
And all your master's well-spent care repay.

For this, high fed in plenteous stalls ye stand,
Serv'd with pure wheat, and by a Princess' hand;
For this, my spouse, of great Eëtion's line,
So oft has steep'd the strength'ning grain in wine.
Now swift pursue, now thunder uncontroll'd;
Give me to seize rich Nestor's shield of gold;
From Tydeus' shoulders strip the costly load,
Vulcanian arms, the labour of a God:
These if we gain, then victory, ye Powers!
This night, this glorious night, the fleet is ours.'
That heard, deep anguish stung Saturnia's soul;
She shook her throne that shook the starry pole:
And thus to Neptune: 'Thou whose force can make
The steadfast earth from her foundations shake,
Seest thou the Greeks by Fates unjust oppress'd,
Nor swells thy heart in that immortal breast?
Yet Ægæ, Helice, thy power obey,
And gifts unceasing on thine altars lay.
Would all the deities of Greece combine,
In vain the gloomy Thund'rer might repine:
Sole should he sit, with scarce a God to friend,
And see his Trojans to the shades descend:
Such be the scene from his Idæan bower:
Ungrateful prospect to the sullen Power!'
Neptune with wrath rejects the rash design:
'What rage, what madness, furious Queen! is thine?
I war not with the highest. All above
Submit and tremble at the hand of Jove.'
Now godlike Hector, to whose matchless might
Jove gave the glory of the destin'd fight,
Squadrons on squadrons drives, and fills the fields
With close-ranged chariots, and with thicken'd shields.
Where the deep trench in length extended lay,
Compacted troops stand wedg'd in firm array,
A dreadful front! they shake the bands, and threat
With long-destroying flames the hostile fleet.
The King of men, by Juno's self inspired,
Toil'd thro' the tents, and all his army fired.
Swift as he mov'd, he lifted in his hand
His purple robe, bright ensign of command.
High on the midmost bark the King appear'd;
There, from Ulysses' deck, his voice was heard:
To Ajax and Achilles reach'd the sound,
Whose distant ships the guarded navy bound.
'Oh Argives! shame of human race!' he cried
(The hollow vessels to his voice replied),
'Where now are all your glorious boasts of yore,
Your hasty triumphs on the Lemnian shore?
Each fearless hero dares a hundred foes,
While the feast lasts, and while the goblet flows;
But who to meet one martial man is found,
When the fight rages, and the flames surround?
O mighty Jove! oh Sire of the distress'd!
Was ever King like me, like me oppress'd?
With power immense, with justice arm'd in vain;
My glory ravish'd, and my people slain!
To thee my vows were breathed from ev'ry shore;
What altar smoked not with our victims' gore?
With fat of bulls I fed the constant flame,
And ask'd destruction to the Trojan name.
Now, gracious God! far humbler our demand;
Give these at least to 'scape from Hector's hand,
And save the relics of the Grecian land!'
Thus pray'd the King, and Heav'n's great Father heard
His vows, in bitterness of soul preferr'd;
The wrath appeas'd by happy signs declares,
And gives the people to their Monarch's prayers.

His eagle, sacred bird of Heav'n! he sent,
A fawn his talons truss'd (divine portent),
High o'er the wond'ring hosts he soar'd above,
Who paid their vows to Panomphæan Jove;
Then let the prey before his altar fall:
The Greeks beheld, and transport seiz'd on all:
Encouraged by the sign, the troops revive,
And fierce on Troy with double fury drive.
Tydides first, of all the Grecian force,
O'er the broad ditch impell'd his foaming horse,
Pierc'd the deep ranks, their strongest battle tore,
And dyed his jav'lin red with Trojan gore.
Young Agelaüs (Phradmon was his sire)
With flying coursers shunn'd his dreadful ire:
Struck thro' the back the Phrygian fell oppress'd;
The dart drove on, and issued at his breast:
Headlong he quits the car; his arms resound;
His pond'rous buckler thunders on the ground.
Forth rush a tide of Greeks, the passage freed;
Th' Atridæ first, th' Ajaces next succeed:
Meriones, like Mars in arms renown'd,
And godlike Idomen, now pass'd the mound;
Evæmon's son next issues to the foe,
And last, young Teucer with his bended bow.
Secure behind the Telamonian shield
The skilful archer wide survey'd the field,
With ev'ry shaft some hostile victim slew,
Then close beneath the sev'n-fold orb withdrew:
The conscious infant so, when fear alarms,
Retires for safety to the mother's arms.
Thus Ajax guards his brother in the field,
Moves as he moves, and turns the shining shield.
Who first by Teucer's mortal arrows bled?
Orsilochus; then fell Ormenus dead:
The godlike Lycophon next press'd the plain,
With Chromius, Dætor, Ophelestes slain:
Bold Hamopaon breathless sunk to ground;
The bloody pile great Melanippus crown'd.
Heaps fell on heaps, sad trophies of his art,
A Trojan ghost attending every dart.

Great Agamemnon views with joyful eye
The ranks grow thinner as his arrows fly:
'Oh youth, for ever dear' (the Monarch cried),
'Thus, always thus, thy early worth be tried;
Thy brave example shall retrieve our host,
Thy country's saviour, and thy father's boast!
Sprung from an alien's bed thy sire to grace,
The vig'rous offspring of a stol'n embrace.
Proud of his boy, he own'd the gen'rous flame,
And the brave son repays his cares with fame.
Now hear a Monarch's vow: If Heav'n's high Powers
Give me to raze Troy's long-defended towers;
Whatever treasures Greece for me design,
The next rich honorary gift be thine:
Some golden tripod, or distinguish'd car,
With coursers dreadful in the ranks of war;
Or some fair captive whom thy eyes approve,
Shall recompense the warrior's toils with love.'
To this the Chief: 'With praise the rest inspire,
Nor urge a soul already fill'd with fire.
What strength I have, be now in battle tried,
Till ev'ry shaft in Phrygian blood be dyed.
Since, rallying, from our wall we forced the foe,
Still aim'd at Hector have I bent my bow;
Eight forky arrows from this hand have fled,
And eight bold heroes by their points lie dead:
But sure some God denies me to destroy
This fury of the field, this dog of Troy.'
He said, and twang'd the string. The weapon flies
At Hector's breast, and sings along the skies:
He miss'd the mark; but pierc'd Gorgythio's heart
And drench'd in royal blood the thirsty dart

(Fair Castianira, nymph of form divine,
This offspring added to King Priam's line).
As full-blown poppies overcharged with rain
Decline the head, and drooping kiss the plain;
So sinks the youth: his beauteous head, depress'd
Beneath his helmet, drops upon his breast.
Another shaft the raging archer drew:
That other shaft with erring fury flew
(From Hector Phœbus turn'd the flying wound),
Yet fell not dry or guiltless to the ground:
Thy breast, brave Archeptolemus! it tore,
And dipp'd its feathers in no vulgar gore.
Headlong he falls: his sudden fall alarms
The steeds, that startle at his sounding arms.
Hector with grief his charioteer beheld
All pale and breathless on the sanguine field.
Then bids Cebriones direct the rein,
Quits his bright car, and issues on the plain.
Dreadful he shouts: from earth a stone he took,
And rush'd on Teucer with a lifted rock.
The youth already strain'd the forceful yew;
The shaft already to his shoulder drew;
The feather in his hand, just wing'd for flight,
Touch'd where the neck and hollow chest unite;
There, where the juncture knits the channel bone,
The furious Chief discharged the craggy stone;
The bow-string burst beneath the pond'rous blow,
And his numb'd hand dismiss'd his useless bow.
He fell; but Ajax his broad shield display'd,
And screen'd his brother with a mighty shade;
Till great Alastor and Mecistheus bore
The batter'd archer groaning to the shore.
Troy yet found grace before th' Olympian sire;
He arm'd their hands, and fill'd their breasts with fire.

The Greeks, repuls'd, retreat behind their wall,
Or in the trench on heaps confusedly fall.
First of the foe, great Hector march'd along,
With terror clothed, and more than mortal strong.
As the bold hound that gives the lion chase,
With beating bosom, and with eager pace,
Hangs on his haunch, or fastens on his heels,
Guards as he turns, and circles as he wheels;
Thus oft the Grecians turn'd, but still they flew;
Thus following, Hector still the hindmost slew.
When, flying, they had pass'd the trench profound,
And many a Chief lay gasping on the ground;
Before the ships a desp'rate stand they made;
And fired the troops, and call'd the Gods to aid.
Fierce on his rattling chariot Hector came;
His eyes like Gorgon shot a sanguine flame
That wither'd all their host: like Mars he stood,
Dire as the monster, dreadful as the God!
Their strong distress the wife of Jove survey'd;
Then pensive thus to War's triumphant Maid:
'Oh, Daughter of that God, whose arm can wield
Th' avenging bolt, and shake the sable shield!
Now, in this moment of her last despair,
Shall wretched Greece no more confess our care,
Condemn'd to suffer the full force of Fate,
And drain the dregs of Heav'n's relentless hate?
Gods! shall one raging hand thus level all?
What numbers fell! what numbers yet shall fall!
What Power divine shall Hector's wrath assuage?
Still swells the slaughter, and still grows the rage!'

So spoke th' imperial Regent of the Skies;
To whom the Goddess with the azure eyes:
'Long since had Hector stain'd these fields with gore,
Stretch'd by some Argive on his native shore:
But he above, the Sire of Heav'n, withstands,
Mocks our attempts, and slights our just demands.
The stubborn God, inflexible and hard,
Forgets my service and deserv'd reward;
Saved I, for this, his fav'rite son distress'd,
By stern Eurystheus with long labours press'd?
He begg'd, with tears he begg'd, in deep dismay;
I shot from Heav'n, and gave his arm the day.
Oh had my wisdom known this dire event,
When to grim Pluto's gloomy gates he went;
The triple dog had never felt his chain,
Nor Styx been cross'd, nor Hell explor'd in vain.
Averse to me of all his Heav'n of Gods,
At Thetis' suit the partial Thund'rer nods.
To grace her gloomy, fierce, resenting son,
My hopes are frustrate, and my Greeks undone.
Some future day, perhaps, he may be mov'd
To call his Blue-eyed Maid his best-belov'd.
Haste, launch thy chariot, thro' yon ranks to ride;
Myself will arm, and thunder at thy side.
Then, Goddess! say, shall Hector glory then
(That terror of the Greeks, that Man of men),
When Juno's self, and Pallas shall appear,
All dreadful in the crimson walks of war?
What mighty Trojan then, on yonder shore,
Expiring, pale, and terrible no more,
Shall feast the fowls, and glut the dogs with gore?'
She ceas'd, and Juno rein'd the steeds with care
(Heav'n's awful Empress, Saturn's other heir):
Pallas, meanwhile, her various veil unbound,
With flowers adorn'd, with art immortal crown'd;
The radiant robe her sacred fingers wove
Floats in rich waves, and spreads the court of Jove.
Her father's arms her mighty limbs invest,
His cuirass blazes on her ample breast.
The vig'rous Power the trembling car ascends;
Shook by her arm, the massy jav'lin bends;
Huge, pond'rous, strong! that, when her fury burns,
Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns.
Saturnia lends the lash; the coursers fly;
Smooth glides the chariot thro' the liquid sky.
Heav'n's gates spontaneous open to the Powers,
Heav'n's golden gates, kept by the winged Hours:
Commission'd in alternate watch they stand,
The sun's bright portals and the skies command;
Close or unfold th' eternal gates of day,
Bar Heav'n with clouds, or roll those clouds away:
The sounding hinges ring, the clouds divide;
Prone down the steep of Heav'n their course they guide.
But Jove, incens'd, from Ida's top survey'd,
And thus enjoin'd the many-colour'd Maid:
'Thaumantia! mount the winds, and stop their car;
Against the highest who shall wage the war?
If furious yet they dare the vain debate,
Thus have I spoke, and what I speak is Fate.
Their coursers crush'd beneath the wheels shall lie,
Their car in fragments scatter'd o'er the sky;
My lightning these rebellious shall confound,
And hurl them flaming, headlong to the ground,
Condemn'd for ten revolving years to weep
The wounds impress'd by burning Thunder deep.

So shall Minerva learn to fear our ire,
Nor dare to combat hers and Nature's Sire.
For Juno, headstrong and imperious still,
She claims some title to transgress our will.'
Swift as the wind, the various-colour'd Maid
From Ida's top her golden wings display'd;
To great Olympus' shining gates she flies,
There meets the chariot rushing down the skies,
Restrains their progress from the bright abodes,
And speaks the mandate of the Sire of Gods:
'What frenzy, Goddesses! what rage can move
Celestial minds to tempt the wrath of Jove?
Desist, obedient to his high command;
This is his word: and know his word shall stand.
His lightning your rebellion shall confound,
And hurl ye headlong, flaming to the ground:
Your horses crush'd beneath the wheels shall lie,
Your car in fragments scatter'd o'er the sky;
Yourselves condemn'd ten rolling years to weep
The wounds impress'd by burning Thunder deep.
So shall Minerva learn to fear his ire,
Nor dare to combat hers and Nature's Sire.
For Juno, headstrong and imperious still,
She claims some title to transgress his will:
But thee what desp'rate insolence has driv'n,
To lift thy lance against the King of Heav'n?'
Then, mounting on the pinions of the wind,
She flew; and Juno thus her rage resign'd:
'O Daughter of that God, whose arm can wield
Th' avenging bolt, and shake the dreadful shield!
No more let beings of superior birth
Contend with Jove for this low race of earth:
Triumphant now, now miserably slain,
They breathe or perish as the Fates ordain.
But Jove's high counsels full effect shall find,
And, ever constant, ever rule mankind.'
She spoke, and backward turn'd her steeds of light,
Adorn'd with manes of gold, and heav'nly bright.
The Hours unloos'd them, panting as they stood,
And heap'd their mangers with ambrosial food
There tied, they rest in high celestial stalls;
The chariot propp'd against the crystal walls.
The pensive Goddesses, abash'd, controll'd,
Mix with the Gods, and fill their seats of gold.
And now the Thund'rer meditates his flight
From Ida's summits to th' Olympian height.
Swifter than thought the wheels instinctive fly,
Flame thro' the vast of air, and reach the sky.
'T was Neptune's charge his coursers to unbrace,
And fix the car on its immortal base;
There stood the chariot, beaming forth its rays,
Till with a snowy veil he screen'd the blaze.
He, whose all-conscious eyes the world behold,
Th' eternal Thunderer, sat throned in gold.
High Heav'n the footstool of his feet he makes,
And wide beneath him all Olympus shakes.
Trembling afar th' offending Powers appear'd,
Confused and silent, for his frown they fear'd.
He saw their soul, and thus his word imparts:
'Pallas and Juno! say, why heave your hearts?
Soon was your battle o'er: proud Troy retired
Before your face, and in your wrath expired.
But know, whoe'er almighty Power withstand!
Unmatch'd our force, unconquer'd is our hand:

Who shall the Sov'reign of the Skies control?
Not all the Gods that crown the starry pole.
Your hearts shall tremble, if our arms we take,
And each immortal nerve with horror shake.
For thus I speak, and what I speak shall stand,
What Power soe'er provokes our lifted hand,
On this our hill no more shall hold his place,
Cut off, and exil'd from th' ethereal race.'
Juno and Pallas grieving hear the doom,
But feast their souls on Ilion's woes to come.
Tho' secret anger swell'd Minerva's breast,
The prudent Goddess yet her wrath repress'd:
But Juno, impotent of rage, replies:
'What hast thou said, oh Tyrant of the Skies!
Strength and omnipotence invest thy throne;
'T is thine to punish; ours to grieve alone.
For Greece we grieve, abandon'd by her Fate
To drink the dregs of thy unmeasured hate:
From fields forbidden we submiss refrain,
With arms unaiding see our Argives slain;
Yet grant our counsels still their breasts may move,
Lest all should perish in the rage of Jove.'
The Goddess thus: and thus the God replies;
Who swells the clouds, and blackens all the skies:
'The morning sun, awaked by loud alarms,
Shall see th' almighty Thunderer in arms.
What heaps of Argives then shall load the plain,
Those radiant eyes shall view, and view in vain.
Nor shall great Hector cease the rage of fight,
The navy flaming, and thy Greeks in flight,
Ev'n till the day, when certain Fates ordain
That stern Achilles (his Patroclus slain)
Shall rise in vengeance, and lay waste the plain.
For such is Fate, nor canst thou turn its course
With all thy rage, with all thy rebel force.
Fly, if thou wilt, to earth's remotest bound,
Where on her utmost verge the seas resound;
Where curs'd Iäpetus and Saturn dwell,
Fast by the brink, within the steams of Hell;
No sun e'er gilds the gloomy horrors there,
No cheerful gales refresh the lazy air:
There arm once more the bold Titanian band,
And arm in vain: for what I will shall stand.'
Now deep in ocean sunk the lamp of light,
And drew behind the cloudy veil of night:
The conquering Trojans mourn his beams decay'd;
The Greeks rejoicing bless the friendly shade.
The victors keep the field; and Hector calls
A martial council near the navy walls:
These to Scamander's bank apart he led,
Where thinly scatter'd lay the heaps of dead.
Th' assembled Chiefs, descending on the ground,
Attend his order, and their Prince surround.
A massy spear he bore of mighty strength,
Of full ten cubits was the lance's length;
The point was brass, refulgent to behold,
Fix'd to the wood with circling rings of gold:
The noble Hector on this lance reclin'd,
And, bending forward, thus reveal'd his mind:
'Ye valiant Trojans, with attention hear!
Ye Dardan bands, and gen'rous aids, give ear!
This day, we hoped, would wrap in conquering flame
Greece with her ships, and crown our toils with fame:
But darkness now, to save the cowards, falls,
And guards them trembling in their wooden walls.
Obey the night, and use her peaceful hours
Our steeds to forage, and refresh our powers.
Straight from the town be sheep and oxen sought,
And strength'ning bread and gen'rous wine be brought.

Wide o'er the field, high blazing to the sky,
Let numerous fires the absent sun supply,
The flaming piles with plenteous fuel raise,
Till the bright morn her purple beam displays:
Lest in the silence and the shades of night,
Greece on her sable ships attempt her flight.
Not unmolested let the wretches gain
Their lofty decks, or safely cleave the main:
Some hostile wound let ev'ry dart bestow,
Some lasting token of the Phrygian foe,
Wounds, that long hence may ask their spouses' care,
And warn their children from a Trojan war.
Now thro' the circuit of our Ilion wall,
Let sacred heralds sound the solemn call;
To bid the sires with hoary honours crown'd,
And beardless youths, our battlements surround.
Firm be the guard, while distant lie our powers,
And let the matrons hang with lights the towers:
Lest, under covert of the midnight shade,
Th' insidious foe the naked town invade.
Suffice, to-night, these orders to obey;
A nobler charge shall rouse the dawning day.
The Gods, I trust, shall give to Hector's hand,
From these detested foes to free the land,
Who plough'd, with Fates averse, the wat'ry way;
For Trojan vultures a predestin'd prey.
Our common safety must be now the care;
But, soon as morning paints the fields of air,
Sheathed in bright arms let every troop engage,
And the fired fleet behold the battle rage.
Then, then shall Hector and Tydides prove,
Whose Fates are heaviest in the scale of Jove.
To-morrow's light (oh haste the glorious morn!)
Shall see his bloody spoils in triumph borne;
With this keen jav'lin shall his breast be gored,
And prostrate heroes bleed around their lord.
Certain as this, oh! might my days endure,
From age inglorious, and black death, secure;
So might my life and glory know no bound,
Like Pallas worshipp'd, like the sun renown'd,
As the next dawn, the last they shall enjoy,
Shall crush the Greeks, and end the woes of Troy.'
The leader spoke. From all his hosts around
Shouts of applause along the shores resound.
Each from the yoke the smoking steeds untied,
And fix'd their headstalls to his chariot-side.
Fat sheep and oxen from the town are led,
With gen'rous wine, and all-sustaining bread.
Full hecatombs lay burning on the shore;
The winds to Heav'n the curling vapours bore.
Ungrateful off'ring to th' immortal Powers!
Whose wrath hung heavy o'er the Trojan towers;
Nor Priam nor his sons obtain'd their grace;
Proud Troy they hated, and her guilty race.
The troops exulting sat in order round,
And beaming fires illumin'd all the ground.
As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er Heav'n's clear azure spreads her sacred light,
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole,
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver ev'ry mountain's head;
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies:
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault and bless the useful light.

So many flames before proud Ilion blaze,
And lighten glimm'ring Xanthus with their rays:
The long reflections of the distant fires
Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the spires.
A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild,
And shoot a shady lustre o'er the field.
Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend,
Whose umber'd arms, by fits, thick flashes send.
Loud neigh the coursers o'er their heaps of corn,
And ardent warriors wait the rising morn.

BOOK IX

THE EMBASSY TO ACHILLES

THE ARGUMENT

Agamemnon, after the last day's defeat, proposes to the Greeks to quit the siege, and return to their country. Diomed opposes this, and Nestor seconds him, praising his wisdom and resolution. He orders the guard to be strengthened, and a council summoned to deliberate what measures were to be followed in this emergency. Agamemnon pursues this advice, and Nestor farther prevails upon him to send ambassadors to Achilles, in order to move him to a reconciliation. Ulysses and Ajax are made choice of, who are accompanied by old Phœnix. They make, each of them, very moving and pressing speeches, but are rejected with roughness by Achilles, who notwithstanding retains Phœnix in his tent. The ambassadors return unsuccessfully to the camp, and the troops betake themselves to sleep.

This book, and the next following, take up the space of one night, which is the twenty-seventh from the beginning of the poem. The scene lies on the sea-shore, the station of the Grecian ships.

Thus joyful Troy maintain'd the watch of night:
While Fear, pale comrade of inglorious Flight,
And heav'n-bred Horror, on the Grecian part,
Sat on each face, and sadden'd ev'ry heart.
As from its cloudy dungeon issuing forth,
A double tempest of the west and north
Swells o'er the sea, from Thracia's frozen shore,
Heaps waves on waves, and bids th' Ægean roar;
This way and that the boiling deeps are toss'd;
Such various passions urged the troubled host.
Great Agamemnon griev'd above the rest;
Superior sorrows swell'd his royal breast;
Himself his orders to the heralds bears,
To bid to council all the Grecian peers,
But bid in whispers: these surround their Chief,
In solemn sadness and majestic grief.
The King amidst the mournful circle rose;
Down his wan cheek a briny torrent flows:
So silent fountains, from a rock's tall head,
In sable streams soft-trickling waters shed.
With more than vulgar grief he stood oppress'd;
Words, mix'd with sighs, thus bursting from his breast:
'Ye sons of Greece! partake your leader's care,
Fellows in arms, and Princes of the war!
Of partial Jove too justly we complain,
And heav'nly oracles believ'd in vain.
A safe return was promis'd to our toils
With conquest honour'd, and enrich'd with spoils:
Now shameful flight alone can save the host,
Our wealth, our people, and our glory, lost.
So Jove decrees, almighty Lord of all!
Jove, at whose nod whole empires rise or fall,
Who shakes the feeble props of human trust,
And towers and armies humbles to the dust.
Haste then, for ever quit these fatal fields,
Haste to the joys our native country yields;
Spread all your canvas, all your oars employ,
Nor hope the fall of Heav'n-defended Troy.'
He said; deep silence held the Grecian band;
Silent, unmov'd, in dire dismay they stand,
A pensive scene! till Tydeus' warlike son
Roll'd on the King his eyes, and thus begun:

'When Kings advise us to renounce our fame,
First let him speak, who first has suffer'd shame.
If I oppose thee, Prince! thy wrath withhold;
The laws of council bid my tongue be bold.
Thou first, and thou alone, in fields of fight,
Durst brand my courage, and defame my might;
Nor from a friend th' unkind reproach appear'd,
The Greeks stood witness, all our army heard.
The Gods, O Chief! from whom our honours spring,
The Gods have made thee but by halves a King:
They gave thee sceptres and a wide command,
They gave dominion o'er the seas and land;
The noblest power that might the world control
They gave thee not — a brave and virtuous soul.
Is this a gen'ral's voice, that would suggest
Fears like his own in ev'ry Grecian breast?
Confiding in our want of worth he stands,
And if we fly, 't is what our King commands.
Go thou, inglorious! from th' embattled plain,
Ships thou hast, store, and nearest to the main;
A nobler care the Grecians shall employ,
To combat, conquer, and extirpate Troy.
Here Greece shall stay; or, if all Greece retire,
Myself will stay, till Troy or I expire;
Myself, and Sthenelus, will fight for fame;
God bade us fight, and 't was with God we came.'
He ceas'd; the Greeks loud acclamations raise,
And voice to voice resounds Tydides' praise.
Wise Nestor then his rev'rend figure rear'd;
He spoke: the host in still attention heard:

'O truly great! in whom the Gods have join'd
Such strength of body with such force of mind;
In conduct, as in courage, you excel,
Still first to act what you advise so well.
Those wholesome counsels which thy wisdom moves,
Applauding Greece, with common voice, approves.
Kings thou canst blame; a bold, but prudent youth;
And blame ev'n Kings with praise, because with truth.
And yet those fears that since thy birth have run,
Would hardly style thee Nestor's youngest son.
Then let me add what yet remains behind,
A thought unfinish'd in that gen'rous mind;
Age bids me speak; nor shall th' advice I bring
Distaste the people, or offend the King:
'Curs'd is the man, and void of law and right,
Unworthy property, unworthy light,
Unfit for public rule, or private care,
That wretch, that monster, that delights in war:
Whose lust is murder, and whose horrid joy
To tear his country, and his kind destroy!
This night refresh and fortify thy train;
Between the trench and wall let guards remain:
Be that the duty of the young and bold;
But thou, O King, to council call the old:
Great is thy sway, and weighty are thy cares;
Thy high commands must spirit all our wars:
With Thracian wines recruit thy honour'd guests,
For happy counsels flow from sober feasts.
Wise, weighty counsels aid a state distress'd
And such a monarch as can choose the best.
See! what a blaze from hostile tents aspires,
How near our fleet approach the Trojan fires!
Who can, unmov'd, behold the dreadful light?
What eye beholds them, and can close to-night?

This dreadful interval determines all;
To-morrow, Troy must flame, or Greece must fall.'
Thus spoke the hoary Sage: the rest obey;
Swift thro' the gates the guards direct their way.
His son was first to pass the lofty mound,
The gen'rous Thrasymed, in arms renown'd:
Next him Ascalaphus, Ialmen, stood,
The double offspring of the Warrior-God.
Deïpyrus, Aphareus, Merion join,
And Lycomed, of Creon's noble line.
Sev'n were the leaders of the nightly bands,
And each bold Chief a hundred spears commands.
The fires they light, to short repasts they fall,
Some line the trench, and others man the wall.
The King of Men, on public counsels bent,
Convened the Princes in his ample tent;
Each seiz'd a portion of the kingly feast,
But stay'd his hand when thirst and hunger ceas'd.
Then Nestor spoke, for wisdom long approv'd,
And, slowly rising, thus the council mov'd:
'Monarch of nations! whose superior sway
Assembled states and lords of earth obey,
The laws and sceptres to thy hand are giv'n,
And millions own the care of thee and Heav'n.
O King! the counsels of my age attend;
With thee my cares begin, with thee must end;
Thee, Prince! it fits alike to speak and hear,
Pronounce with judgment, with regard give ear,
To see no wholesome motion be withstood,
And ratify the best for public good.
Nor, tho' a meaner give advice, repine,
But follow it, and make the wisdom thine.
Hear then a thought, not now conceiv'd in haste,
At once my present judgment, and my past:
When from Pelides' tent you forced the Maid,
I first opposed, and, faithful, durst dissuade;
But, bold of soul, when headlong fury fired,
You wrong'd the man, by men and Gods admired:
Now seek some means his fatal wrath to end,
With prayers to move him, or with gifts to bend.'
To whom the King: 'With justice hast thou shewn
A Prince's faults, and I with reason own.
That happy man whom Jove still honours most,
Is more than armies, and himself a host.
Bless'd in his love, this wondrous Hero stands;
Heav'n fights his war, and humbles all our bands.
Fain would my heart, which err'd thro' frantic rage,
The wrathful Chief and angry Gods assuage.
If gifts immense his mighty soul can bow,
Hear, all ye Greeks, and witness what I vow:
Ten weighty talents of the purest gold,
And twice ten vases of refulgent mould;
Sev'n sacred tripods, whose unsullied frame
Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame:
Twelve steeds unmatch'd in fleetness and in force,
And still victorious in the dusty course
(Rich were the man whose ample stores exceed
The prizes purchas'd by their winged speed):
Sev'n lovely captives of the Lesbian line,
Skill'd in each art, unmatch'd in form divine,
The same I chose for more than vulgar charms,
When Lesbos sunk beneath the hero's arms:
All these, to buy his friendship, shall be paid,
And join'd with these the long-contested maid;
With all her charms, Briseïs I resign,
And solemn swear those charms were never mine;
Untouch'd she staid, uninjured she removes,
Pure from my arms, and guiltless of my loves.

These instant shall be his; and if the Powers
Give to our arms proud Ilion's hostile towers,
Then shall he store (when Greece the spoil divides)
With gold and brass his loaded navy's sides.
Besides, full twenty nymphs of Trojan race
With copious love shall crown his warm embrace;
Such as himself will choose; who yield to none,
Or yield to Helen's heav'nly charms alone.
Yet hear me farther: when our wars are o'er,
If safe we land on Argos' fruitful shore,
There shall he live my son, our honours share,
And with Orestes' self divide my care.
Yet more — three daughters in my court are bred,
And each well worthy of a royal bed,
Laodice and Iphigenia fair,
And bright Chrysothemis with golden hair:
Her let him choose whom most his eyes approve,
I ask no presents, no reward for love;
Myself will give the dower; so vast a store,
As never father gave a child before.
Sev'n ample cities shall confess his sway,
Him Enopé, and Pheræ him obey,
Cardamylé with ample turrets crown'd,
And sacred Pedasus for vines renown'd;
Æpea fair, the pastures Hira yields,
And rich Antheia with her flowery fields:
The whole extent to Pylos' sandy plain,
Along the verdant margin of the main.
There heifers graze, and lab'ring oxen toil;
Bold are the men, and gen'rous is the soil;
There shall he reign with power and justice crown'd,
And rule the tributary realms around.
All this I give, his vengeance to control,
And sure all this may move his mighty soul.
Pluto, the grisly God, who never spares,
Who feels no mercy, and who hears no prayers,
Lives dark and dreadful in deep Hell's abodes,
And mortals hate him as the worst of Gods.
Great tho' he be, it fits him to obey:
Since more than his my years, and more my sway.'

The Monarch thus: the rev'rend Nestor then:
'Great Agamemnon! glorious King of Men!
Such are thy offers as a Prince may take,
And such as fits a gen'rous King to make.
Let chosen delegates this hour be sent
(Myself will name them) to Pelides' tent:
Let Phœnix lead, revered for hoary age,
Great Ajax next, and Ithacus the sage.
Yet more to sanctify the word you send,
Let Hodius and Eurybates attend.
Now pray to Jove to grant what Greece demands;
Pray, in deep silence, and with purest hands.'

He said, and all approv'd. The heralds bring
The cleansing water from the living spring,
The youth with wine the sacred goblets crown'd,
And large libations drench'd the sands around.
The rite perform'd, the Chiefs their thirst allay,
Then from the royal tent they take their way;
Wise Nestor turns on each his careful eye,
Forbids t' offend, instructs them to apply:
Much he advised them all, Ulysses most,
To deprecate the Chief, and save the host.
Thro' the still night they march, and hear the roar
Of murm'ring billows on the sounding shore.
To Neptune, ruler of the seas profound,
Whose liquid arms the mighty globe surround,
They pour forth vows, their embassy to bless,
And calm the rage of stern Æacides.
And now arrived, where, on the sandy bay
The Myrmidonian tents and vessels lay,
Amused at ease, the godlike man they found,
Pleas'd with the solemn harp's harmonious sound
(The well-wrought harp from conquer'd Thebæ came,
Of polish'd silver was its costly frame):

With this he soothes his angry soul, and sings
Th' immortal deeds of heroes and of Kings.
Patroclus only of the royal train,
Placed in his tent, attends the lofty strain:
Full opposite he sat, and listen'd long
In silence waiting till he ceas'd the song.
Unseen the Grecian embassy proceeds
To his high tent; the great Ulysses leads.
Achilles starting, as the Chiefs he spied,
Leap'd from his seat, and laid the harp aside.
With like surprise arose Menœtius' son:
Pelides grasp'd their hands, and thus begun:
'Princes, all hail! whatever brought you here,
Or strong necessity, or urgent fear;
Welcome, tho' Greeks! for not as foes ye came;
To me more dear than all that bear the name.'
With that, the Chiefs beneath his roof he led,
And placed in seats with purple carpets spread.
Then thus: 'Patroclus, crown a larger bowl,
Mix purer wine, and open every soul.
Of all the warriors yonder host can send,
Thy friend most honours these, and these thy friend.'
He said: Patroclus, o'er the blazing fire
Heaps in a brazen vase three chines entire:
The brazen vase Automedon sustains,
Which flesh of porket, sheep, and goat contains:
Achilles at the genial feast presides,
The parts transfixes, and with skill divides.
Meanwhile Patroclus sweats the fire to raise;
The tent is brighten'd with the rising blaze:
Then, when the languid flames at length subside,
He strews a bed of glowing embers wide,
Above the coals the smoking fragments turns,
And sprinkles sacred salt from lifted urns;
With bread the glitt'ring canisters they load,
Which round the board Menœtius' son bestow'd:
Himself, opposed t' Ulysses full in sight,
Each portion parts, and orders every rite.
The first fat off'rings, to th' immortals due,
Amidst the greedy flames Patroclus threw;
Then each indulging in the social feast,
His thirst and hunger soberly repress'd.
That done, to Phœnix Ajax gave the sign;
Not unperceiv'd; Ulysses crown'd with wine
The foaming bowl, and instant thus began,
His speech addressing to the godlike man:
'Health to Achilles! happy are thy guests!
Not those more honour'd whom Atrides feasts:
Tho' gen'rous plenty crown thy loaded boards,
That, Agamemnon's regal tent affords;
But greater cares sit heavy on our souls,
Not eased by banquets or by flowing bowls.
What scenes of slaughter in yon fields appear!
The dead we mourn, and for the living fear;
Greece on the brink of fate all doubtful stands,
And owns no help but from thy saving hands:
Troy and her aids for ready vengeance call;
Their threat'ning tents already shade our wall:
Hear how with shouts their conquest they proclaim,
And point at ev'ry ship their vengeful flame!
For them the Father of the Gods declares,
Theirs are his omens, and his Thunder theirs.
See, full of Jove, avenging Hector rise!
See! Heav'n and Earth the raging Chief defies;
What fury in his breast, what lightning in his eyes!
He waits but for the morn, to sink in flame
The ships, the Greeks, and all the Grecian name.
Heav'ns! how my country's woes distract my mind,
Lest Fate accomplish all his rage design'd.
And must we, Gods! our heads inglorious lay
In Trojan dust, and this the fatal day?
Return, Achilles! oh return, tho' late,
To save thy Greeks, and stop the course of Fate:

If in that heart or grief or courage lies,
Rise to redeem; ah yet, to conquer, rise!
The day may come, when, all our warriors slain,
That heart shall melt, that courage rise in vain.
Regard in time, O Prince divinely brave!
Those wholesome counsels which thy father gave.
When Peleus in his aged arms embraced
His parting son, these accents were his last:
"My child! with strength, with glory and success,
Thy arms may Juno and Minerva bless!
Trust that to Heav'n: but thou thy cares engage
To calm thy passions, and subdue thy rage:
From gentler manners let thy glory grow,
And shun contention, the sure source of woe;
That young and old may in thy praise combine,
The virtues of humanity be thine."
This now despised advice thy father gave;
Ah! check thy anger, and be truly brave.
If thou wilt yield to great Atrides' prayers,
Gifts worthy thee his royal hand prepares;
If not — but hear me, while I number o'er
The proffer'd presents, an exhaustless store.
Ten weighty talents of the purest gold,
And twice ten vases of refulgent mould;
Sev'n sacred tripods, whose unsullied frame
Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame:
Twelve steeds unmatch'd in fleetness and in force,
And still victorious in the dusty course
(Rich were the man whose ample stores exceed
The prizes purchas'd by their winged speed):
Sev'n lovely captives of the Lesbian line,
Skill'd in each art, unmatch'd in form divine,
The same he chose for more than vulgar charms,
When Lesbos sunk beneath thy conquering arms;
All these, to buy thy friendship, shall be paid,
And join'd with these the long-contested maid;
With all her charms, Briseïs he 'll resign,
And solemn swear those charms were only thine;
Untouch'd she stay'd, uninjured she removes,
Pure from his arms, and guiltless of his loves.
These instant shall be thine: and if the Powers
Give to our arms proud Ilion's hostile towers,
Then shalt thou store (when Greece the spoil divides)
With gold and brass thy loaded navy's sides.
Besides, full twenty nymphs of Trojan race
With copious love shall crown thy warm embrace;
Such as thyself shalt choose; who yield to none,
Or yield to Helen's heav'nly charms alone.
Yet hear me farther: when our wars are o'er,
If safe we land on Argos' fruitful shore,
There shalt thou live his son, his honours share,
And with Orestes' self divide his care.
Yet more — three daughters in his court are bred,
And each well worthy of a royal bed;
Laodice and Iphigenia fair,
And bright Chrysothemis with golden hair;
Her shalt thou wed whom most thy eyes approve;
He asks no presents, no reward for love:
Himself will give the dower: so vast a store,
As never father gave a child before.
Sev'n ample cities shall confess thy sway,
Thee Enopé, and Pheræ thee obey,
Cardamyle with ample turrets crown'd,
And sacred Pedasus, for vines renown'd:
Æpea fair, the pastures Hira yields,
And rich Antheia with her flowery fields:
The whole extent to Pylos' sandy plain
Along the verdant margin of the main.
There heifers graze, and lab'ring oxen toil;
Bold are the men, and gen'rous is the soil.
There shalt thou reign with power and justice crown'd,
And rule the tributary realms around.
Such are the proffers which this day we bring,
Such the repentance of a suppliant King.

But if all this, relentless, thou disdain,
If honour and if int'rest plead in vain;
Yet some redress to suppliant Greece afford,
And be, amongst her guardian Gods, ador'd.
If no regard thy suff'ring country claim,
Hear thy own glory, and the voice of Fame:
For now that Chief, whose unresisted ire
Made nations tremble, and whole hosts retire,
Proud Hector, now, th' unequal fight demands,
And only triumphs to deserve thy hands.'
Then thus the Goddess-born: 'Ulysses, hear
A faithful speech, that knows nor art nor fear;
What in my secret soul is understood,
My tongue shall utter, and my deeds make good.
Let Greece then know, my purpose I retain,
Nor with new treaties vex my peace in vain.
Who dares think one thing, and another tell,
My heart detests him as the gates of Hell.
'Then thus in short my fix'd resolves attend,
Which nor Atrides, nor his Greeks, can bend:
Long toils, long perils, in their cause I bore;
But now th' unfruitful glories charm no more.
Fight or not fight, a like reward we claim,
The wretch and hero find their prize the same,
Alike regretted in the dust he lies,
Who yields ignobly, or who bravely dies.
Of all my dangers, all my glorious pains,
A life of labours, lo! what fruit remains?
As the bold bird her helpless young attends,
From danger guards them, and from want defends;
In search of prey she wings the spacious air,
And with th' untasted food supplies her care:
For thankless Greece such hardships have I braved,
Her wives, her infants, by my labours saved;
Long sleepless nights in heavy arms I stood,
And sweat laborious days in dust and blood.
I sack'd twelve ample cities on the main,
And twelve lay smoking on the Trojan plain:
Then at Atrides' haughty feet were laid
The wealth I gather'd, and the spoils I made.
Your mighty monarch these in peace possess'd;
Some few my soldiers had, himself the rest.
Some present too to ev'ry Prince was paid;
And ev'ry Prince enjoys the gift he made;
I only must refund of all his train;
See what preëminence our merits gain!
My spoil alone his greedy soul delights;
My spouse alone must bless his lustful nights:
The woman, let him (as he may) enjoy;
But what's the quarrel then of Greece to Troy?
What to these shores th' assembled nations draws,
What calls for vengeance but a woman's cause?
Are fair endowments and a beauteous face
Belov'd by none but those of Atreus' race?
The wife whom choice and passion both approve,
Sure ev'ry wise and worthy man will love.
Nor did my fair one less distinction claim;
Slave as she was, my soul ador'd the dame.
Wrong'd in my love, all proffers I disdain;
Deceiv'd for once, I trust not Kings again.
Ye have my answer. What remains to do,
Your King, Ulysses, may consult with you.
What needs he the defence this arm can make?
Has he not walls no human force can shake?
Has he not fenc'd his guarded navy round
With piles, with ramparts, and a trench profound?
And will not these (the wonders he has done)
Repel the rage of Priam's single son?
There was a time ('t was when for Greece I fought)
When Hector's prowess no such wonders wrought;

He kept the verge of Troy, nor dared to wait
Achilles' fury at the Scæan gate;
He tried it once, and scarce was saved by Fate.
But now those ancient enmities are o'er;
To-morrow we the fav'ring Gods implore;
Then shall you see our parting vessels crown'd,
And hear with oars the Hellespont resound.
The third day hence, shall Phthia greet our sails,
If mighty Neptune send propitious gales;
Phthia to her Achilles shall restore
The wealth he left for this detested shore:
Thither the spoils of this long war shall pass,
The ruddy gold, the steel, and shining brass;
My beauteous captives thither I 'll convey,
And all that rests of my unravish'd prey,
One only valued gift your tyrant gave,
And that resumed; the fair Lyrnessian slave.
Then tell him, loud, that all the Greeks may hear,
And learn to scorn the wretch they basely fear
(For, arm'd in impudence, mankind he braves,
And meditates new cheats on all his slaves;
Tho', shameless as he is, to face these eyes
Is what he dares not; if he dares, he dies);
Tell him, all terms, all commerce I decline,
Nor share his council, nor his battle join;
For once deceiv'd, was his; but twice, were mine.
No — let the stupid Prince, whom Jove deprives
Of sense and justice, run where frenzy drives;
His gifts are hateful: Kings of such a kind
Stand but as slaves before a noble mind.
Not tho' he proffer'd all himself possess'd,
And all his rapine could from others wrest:
Not all the golden tides of wealth that crown
The many-peopled Orchomenian town;
Not all proud Thebes' unrivall'd walls contain,
The world's great Empress on th' Egyptian plain
(That spreads her conquests o'er a thousand states,
And pours her Heroes thro' a hundred gates,
Two hundred horsemen and two hundred cars
From each wide portal issuing to the wars);
Tho' bribes were heap'd on bribes, in number more
Than dust in fields, or sands along the shore;
Should all these offers for my friendship call;
'T is he that offers, and I scorn them all.
Atrides' daughter never shall be led
(An ill-match'd consort) to Achilles' bed;
Like golden Venus tho' she charm'd the heart,
And vied with Pallas in the works of art.
Some greater Greek let those high nuptials grace,
I hate alliance with a tyrant's race.
If Heav'n restore me to my realms with life,
The rev'rend Peleus shall elect my wife;
Thessalian nymphs there are, of form divine,
And Kings that sue to mix their blood with mine.
Bless'd in kind love, my years shall glide away,
Content with just hereditary sway;
There, deaf forever to the martial strife,
Enjoy the dear prerogative of life.
Life is not to be bought with heaps of gold;
Not all Apollo's Pythian treasures hold,
Or Troy once held, in peace and pride of sway,
Can bribe the poor possession of a day!
Lost herds and treasures we by arms regain,
And steeds unrivall'd on the dusty plain:
But from our lips the vital spirit fled,
Returns no more to wake the silent dead.
My Fates long since by Thetis were disclosed,
And each alternate, Life or Fame, proposed:
Here if I stay, before the Trojan town,
Short is my date, but deathless my renown;
If I return, I quit immortal praise
For years on years, and long-extended days.
Convinc'd, tho' late, I find my fond mistake,
And warn the Greeks the wiser choice to make;
To quit these shores, their native seats enjoy,
Nor hope the fall of Heav'n-defended Troy.

Jove's arm display'd asserts her from the skies;
Her hearts are strengthen'd, and her glories rise.
Go then, to Greece report our fix'd design:
Bid all your councils, all your armies join,
Let all your forces, all your arts conspire,
To save the ships, the troops, the Chiefs, from fire.
One stratagem has fail'd, and others will:
Ye find Achilles is unconquer'd still.
Go then: digest my message as ye may:
But here this night let rev'rend Phœnix stay:
His tedious toils and hoary hairs demand
A peaceful death in Phthia's friendly land.
But whether he remain, or sail with me,
His age be sacred, and his will be free.'
The son of Peleus ceas'd: the Chiefs around
In silence wrapp'd, in consternation drown'd,
Attend the stern reply. Then Phœnix rose
(Down his white beard a stream of sorrow flows),
And while the fate of suff'ring Greece he mourn'd,
With accent weak these tender words return'd:
'Divine Achilles! wilt thou then retire,
And leave our hosts in blood, our fleets on fire?
If wrath so dreadful fill thy ruthless mind,
How shall thy friend, thy Phœnix, stay behind?
The royal Peleus, when from Phthia's coast
He sent thee early to th' Achaian host;
Thy youth as then in sage debates unskill'd,
And new to perils of the direful field;
He bade me teach thee all the ways of war;
To shine in councils, and in camps to dare.
Never, ah never, let me leave thy side!
No time shall part us, and no Fate divide.
Not tho' the God, that breathed my life, restore
The bloom I boasted, and the port I bore,
When Greece of old beheld my youthful flames
(Delightful Greece, the land of lovely dames).
My father, faithless to my mother's arms,
Old as he was, ador'd a stranger's charms.
I tried what youth could do (at her desire)
To win the damsel, and prevent my sire.
My sire with curses loads my hated head,
And cries, "Ye Furies! barren be his bed."
Infernal Jove, the vengeful fiends below,
And ruthless Proserpine, confirm'd his vow.
Despair and grief attract my lab'ring mind;
Gods! what a crime my impious heart design'd!
I thought (but some kind God that thought suppress'd)
To plunge the poniard in my father's breast:
Then meditate my flight; my friends in vain
With prayers entreat me, and with force detain.
On fat of rams, black bulls, and brawny swine,
They daily feast, with draughts of fragrant wine:
Strong guards they placed, and watch'd nine nights entire:
The roofs and porches flamed with constant fire.
The tenth, I forc'd the gates, unseen of all:
And, favour'd by the night, o'erleap'd the wall.
My travels thence thro' spacious Greece extend:
In Phthia's court at last my labours end.
Your sire receiv'd me, as his son caress'd,
With gifts enrich'd, and with possessions bless'd.
The strong Dolopians thenceforth own'd my reign,
And all the coast that runs along the main.
By love to thee his bounties I repaid,
And early wisdom to thy soul convey'd:
Great as thou art, my lessons made thee brave,
A child I took thee, but a hero gave.
Thy infant breast a like affection shew'd:
Still in my arms (an ever-pleasing load),
Or at my knee, by Phœnix wouldst thou stand;
No food was grateful but from Phœnix' hand.
I pass my watchings o'er thy helpless years,
The tender labours, the compliant cares;
The Gods (I thought) revers'd their hard decree,
And Phœnix felt a father's joys in thee:

Thy growing virtues justified my cares,
And promis'd comfort to my silver hairs.
Now be thy rage, thy fatal rage, resign'd;
A cruel heart ill suits a manly mind:
The Gods (the only great, and only wise)
Are mov'd by off'rings, vows, and sacrifice;
Offending man their high compassion wins,
And daily prayers atone for daily sins.
Prayers are Jove's daughters, of celestial race,
Lame are their feet, and wrinkled is their face;
With humble mien, and with dejected eyes,
Constant they follow where Injustice flies:
Injustice, swift, erect, and unconfin'd,
Sweeps the wide earth, and tramples o'er mankind,
While Prayers, to heal her wrongs, move slow behind.
Who hears these daughters of almighty Jove,
For him they mediate to the throne above:
When man rejects the humble suit they make,
The sire revenges for the daughters' sake;
From Jove commission'd, fierce Injustice then
Descends, to punish unrelenting men.
Oh let not headlong passion bear the sway;
These reconciling Goddesses obey:
Due honours to the seed of Jove belong;
Due honours calm the fierce and bend the strong.
Were these not paid thee by the terms we bring,
Were rage still harbour'd in the haughty King,
Nor Greece, nor all her fortunes, should engage
Thy friend to plead against so just a rage.
But since what honour asks, the Gen'ral sends,
And sends by those whom most thy heart commends,
The best and noblest of the Grecian train;
Permit not these to sue, and sue in vain!
Let me (my son) an ancient fact unfold,
A great example drawn from times of old;
Hear what our fathers were, and what their praise,
Who conquer'd their revenge in former days.
'Where Calydon on rocky mountains stands,
Once fought th' Ætolian and Curetian bands;
To guard it those, to conquer these, advance;
And mutual deaths were dealt with mutual chance.
The silver Cynthia bade Contention rise,
In vengeance of neglected sacrifice;
On Œneus' fields she sent a monstrous boar,
That levell'd harvests and whole forests tore:
This beast (when many a Chief his tusks had slain)
Great Meleager stretch'd along the plain.
Then, for his spoils, a new debate arose,
The neighbour nations thence commencing foes.
Strong as they were, the bold Curetes fail'd,
While Meleager's thund'ring arm prevail'd:
Till rage at length inflamed his lofty breast
(For rage invades the wisest and the best).
Curs'd by Althæa, to his wrath he yields,
And, in his wife's embrace, forgets the fields.
'(She from Marpessa sprung, divinely fair,
And matchless Idas, more than man in war;
The God of Day adored the mother's charms;
Against the God the father bent his arms:
Th' afflicted pair, their sorrows to proclaim,
From Cleopatra changed this daughter's name,
And call'd Alcyone; a name to shew
The father's grief, the mourning mother's woe.)
To her the Chief retired from stern debate,
But found no peace from fierce Althæa's hate:
Althæa's hate th' unhappy warrior drew,
Whose luckless hand his royal uncle slew;
She beat the ground, and call'd the Powers beneath
On her own son to wreak her brother's death:
Hell heard her curses from the realms profound,
And the red fiends that walk'd the nightly round.
In vain Ætolia her deliv'rer waits,
War shakes her walls, and thunders at her gates.

She sent ambassadors, a chosen band,
Priests of the Gods, and elders of the land,
Besought the Chief to save the sinking state:
Their prayers were urgent, and their proffers great;
(Full fifty acres of the richest ground,
Half pasture green, and half with vineyards crown'd).
His suppliant father, aged Œneus, came;
His sisters follow'd: ev'n the vengeful dame
Althæa sues; his friends before him fall:
He stands relentless, and rejects them all.
Meanwhile the victors' shouts ascend the skies;
The walls are scaled; the rolling flames arise;
At length his wife (a form divine) appears,
With piercing cries, and supplicating tears;
She paints the horrors of a conquer'd town,
The heroes slain, the palaces o'erthrown,
The matrons ravish'd, the whole race enslaved:
The warrior heard, he vanquish'd, and he saved.
Th' Ætolians, long disdain'd, now took their turn,
And left the Chief their broken faith to mourn.
Learn hence, betimes to curb pernicious ire,
Nor stay, till yonder fleets ascend in fire:
Accept the presents; draw thy conquering sword;
And be amongst our guardian Gods ador'd.'
Thus he: the stern Achilles thus replied:
'My second father, and my rev'rend guide!
Thy friend, believe me, no such gifts demands,
And asks no honours from a mortal's hands:
Jove honours me, and favours my designs:
His pleasure guides me, and his will confines:
And here I stay (if such his high behest)
While life's warm spirit beats within my breast.
Yet hear one word, and lodge it in thy heart;
No more molest me on Atrides' part:
Is it for him these tears are taught to flow,
For him these sorrows? for my mortal foe?
A gen'rous friendship no cold medium knows,
Burns with one love, with one resentment glows;
One should our int'rests, and our passions, be;
My friend must hate the man that injures me.
Do this, my Phœnix, 't is a gen'rous part,
And share my realms, my honours, and my heart.
Let these return: our voyage, or our stay,
Rest undetermin'd till the dawning day.'
He ceas'd: then order'd for the sage's bed
A warmer couch with numerous carpets spread.
With that, stern Ajax his long silence broke,
And thus, impatient, to Ulysses spoke:
'Hence let us go — why waste we time in vain?
See what effect our low submissions gain!
Liked or not liked, his words we must relate,
The Greeks expect them, and our heroes wait.
Proud as he is, that iron heart retains
Its stubborn purpose, and his friends disdains.
Stern, and unpitying! if a brother bleed,
On just atonement, we remit the deed;
A sire the slaughter of his son forgives;
The price of blood discharged, the murd'rer lives:
The haughtiest hearts at length their rage resign,
And gifts can conquer ev'ry soul but thine:
The Gods that unrelenting breast have steel'd,
And curs'd thee with a mind that cannot yield.
One woman-slave was ravish'd from thy arms:
Lo, sev'n are offer'd, and of equal charms.
Then hear, Achilles! be of better mind;
Revere thy roof, and to thy guests be kind;
And know the men, of all the Grecian host
Who honour worth, and prize thy valour most.'

'Oh Soul of Battles, and thy people's guide!'
(To Ajax thus the first of Greeks replied)
'Well hast thou spoke; but at the tyrant's name
My rage rekindles and my soul's on flame;
'T is just resentment, and becomes the brave;
Disgraced, dishonour'd, like the vilest slave!
Return then, Heroes! and our answer bear,
The glorious combat is no more my care;
Not till amidst yon sinking navy slain,
The blood of Greeks shall dye the sable main;
Not till the flames, by Hector's fury thrown,
Consume your vessels, and approach my own;
Just there, th' impetuous homicide shall stand,
There cease his battle, and there feel our hand.'
This said, each Prince a double goblet crown'd,
And cast a large libation on the ground:
Then to their vessels, thro' the gloomy shades,
The Chiefs return; divine Ulysses leads.
Meantime Achilles' slaves prepared a bed,
With fleeces, carpets, and soft linen spread:
There, till the sacred morn restor'd the day,
In slumbers sweet the rev'rend Phœnix lay,
But in his inner tent, an ampler space,
Achilles slept: and in his warm embrace
Fair Diomede of the Lesbian race.
Last, for Patroclus was the couch prepared,
Whose nightly joys the beauteous Iphis shared:
Achilles to his friend consign'd her charms,
When Scyros fell before his conquering arms.
And now th' elected Chiefs, whom Greece had sent,
Pass'd thro' the hosts, and reach'd the royal tent.
Then rising all, with goblets in their hands,
The peers, and leaders of th' Achaian bands,
Hail'd their return: Atrides first begun:
'Say, what success? divine Laertes' son!
Achilles' high resolves declare to all:
Returns the Chief, or must our navy fall?'
'Great King of Nations!' (Ithacus replied)
'Fix'd is his wrath, unconquer'd is his pride;
He slights thy friendship, thy proposals scorns,
And, thus implor'd, with fiercer fury burns.
To save our army, and our fleets to free,
Is not his care; but left to Greece and thee.
Your eyes shall view, when morning paints the sky,
Beneath his oars the whitening billows fly.
Us too he bids our oars and sails employ,
Nor hope the fall of Heav'n-protected Troy;
For Jove o'ershades her with his arm divine,
Inspires her war, and bids her glory shine.
Such was his word: what farther he declared,
These sacred heralds and great Ajax heard.
But Phœnix in his tent the Chief retains,
Safe to transport him to his native plains,
When morning dawns; if other he decree,
His age is sacred, and his choice is free.'
Ulysses ceas'd: the great Achaian host,
With sorrow seiz'd, in consternation lost,
Attend the stern reply. Tydides broke
The gen'ral silence, and undaunted spoke:
'Why should we gifts to proud Achilles send?
Or strive with prayers his haughty soul to bend?
His country's woes he glories to deride,
And prayers will burst that swelling heart with pride.
Be the fierce impulse of his rage obey'd;
Our battles let him or desert or aid;
Then let him arm when Jove or he think fit;
That, to his madness, or to Heav'n, commit:
What for ourselves we can, is always ours:
This night, let due repast refresh our powers;
(For strength consists in spirits and in blood,
And those are owed to gen'rous wine and food);
But when the rosy Messenger of Day
Strikes the blue mountains with her golden ray

Ranged at the ships let all our squadrons shine,
In flaming arms, a long extended line:
In the dread front let great Atrides stand,
The first in danger, as in high command.'
Shouts of acclaim the list'ning heroes raise,
Then each to Heav'n the due libations pays;
Till sleep, descending o'er the tents, bestows
The grateful blessings of desired repose.

BOOK X

THE NIGHT ADVENTURE OF DIOMEDE AND ULYSSES

THE ARGUMENT

Upon the refusal of Achilles to return to the army, the distress of Agamemnon is described in the most lively manner. He takes no rest that night, but passes through the camp, awaking the leaders, and contriving all possible methods for the public safety. Menelaus, Nestor, Ulysses, and Diomede, are employed in raising the rest of the captains. They call a council of war, and determine to send scouts into the enemy's camp, to learn their posture, and discover their intentions. Diomede undertakes this hazardous enterprise, and makes choice of Ulysses for his companion. In their passage they surprise Dolon, whom Hector had sent on a like design to the camp of the Grecians. From him they are informed of the situation of the Trojan and auxiliary forces, and particularly of Rhesus, and the Thracians, who were lately arrived. They pass on with success; kill Rhesus with several of his officers, and seize the famous horses of that Prince, with which they return in triumph to the camp.

The same night continues; the scene lies in the two camps.

All night the Chiefs before their vessels lay,
And lost in sleep the labours of the day:
All but the King; with various thoughts oppress'd,
His country's cares lay rolling in his breast.
As when by lightnings Jove's ethereal Power
Foretells the rattling hail, or weighty shower,
Or sends soft snows to whiten all the shore,
Or bids the brazen throat of war to roar;
By fits one flash succeeds as one expires,
And Heav'n flames thick with momentary fires:
So bursting frequent from Atrides' breast,
Sighs foll'wing sighs his inward fears confess'd.
Now, o'er the fields, dejected, he surveys
From thousand Trojan fires the mounting blaze;
Hears in the passing wind their music blow,
And marks distinct the voices of the foe.
Now, looking backwards to the fleet and coast,
Anxious he sorrows for th' endanger'd host.
He rends his hairs, in sacrifice to Jove,
And sues to him that ever lives above:
Inly he groans; while glory and despair
Divide his heart, and wage a doubtful war.
A thousand cares his lab'ring breast revolves;
To seek sage Nestor now the Chief resolves,
With him, in wholesome counsels, to debate
What yet remains to save th' afflicted state.
He rose, and first he cast his mantle round,
Next on his feet the shining sandals bound;
A lion's yellow spoils his back conceal'd;
His warlike hand a pointed jav'lin held.
Meanwhile his brother, press'd with equal woes,
Alike denied the gift of soft repose,
Laments for Greece; that in his cause before
So much had suffer'd, and must suffer more.
A leopard's spotted hide his shoulders spread;
A brazen helmet glitter'd on his head:
Thus (with a jav'lin in his hand) he went
To wake Atrides in the royal tent.
Already waked, Atrides he descried
His armour buckling at his vessel's side.
Joyful they met; the Spartan thus begun:
'Why puts my brother this bright armour on?
Sends he some spy, amidst these silent hours,
To try yon camp, and watch the Trojan powers?
But say, what hero shall sustain the task?
Such bold exploits uncommon courage ask,
Guideless, alone, thro' night's dark shade to go,
And 'midst a hostile camp explore the foe.

To whom the King: 'In such distress we stand,
No vulgar counsels our affairs demand;
Greece to preserve is now no easy part,
But asks high wisdom, deep design, and art.
For Jove averse our humble prayer denies,
And bows his head to Hector's sacrifice.
What eye has witness'd, or what ear believ'd,
In one great day, by one great arm achiev'd,
Such wondrous deeds as Hector's hand has done,
And we beheld, the last revolving sun?
What honours the belov'd of Jove adorn!
Sprung from no God, and of no Goddess born,
Yet such his acts, as Greeks unborn shall tell,
And curse the battle where their fathers fell.
Now speed thy hasty course along the fleet,
There call great Ajax, and the Prince of Crete;
Ourself to hoary Nestor will repair;
To keep the guards on duty, be his care:
(For Nestor's influence best that quarter guides,
Whose son, with Merion, o'er the watch presides.')
To whom the Spartan: 'These thy orders borne,
Say, shall I stay, or with despatch return?'
'There shalt thou stay (the King of Men replied),
Else may we miss to meet without a guide,
The paths so many, and the camp so wide.
Still, with your voice, the slothful soldiers raise,
Urge by their fathers' fame, their future praise.
Forget we now our state and lofty birth;
Not titles here, but works, must prove our worth.
To labour is the lot of man below;
And when Jove gave us life, he gave us woe.'
This said, each parted to his sev'ral cares;
The King to Nestor's sable ship repairs;
The sage protector of the Greeks he found
Stretch'd in his bed, with all his arms around:
The various-colour'd scarf, the shield he rears,
The shining helmet, and the pointed spears;
The dreadful weapons of the warrior's rage,
That, old in arms, disdain'd the peace of age.
Then, leaning on his hand his watchful head,
The hoary Monarch rais'd his eyes, and said:
'What art thou, speak, that on designs unknown,
While others sleep, thus range the camp alone?
Seek'st thou some friend, or nightly sentinel?
Stand off, approach not, but thy purpose tell.'
'O son of Neleus! (thus the King rejoin'd)
Pride of the Greeks, and glory of thy kind!
Lo here the wretched Agamemnon stands,
Th' unhappy Gen'ral of the Grecian bands;
Whom Jove decrees with daily cares to bend,
And woes, that only with his life shall end!
Scarce can my knees these trembling limbs sustain,
And scarce my heart support its load of pain.
No taste of sleep these heavy eyes have known;
Confused, and sad, I wander thus alone,
With fears distracted, with no fix'd design;
And all my people's miseries are mine.
If aught of use thy waking thought suggest,
(Since cares, like mine, deprive thy soul of rest,
Impart thy counsel, and assist thy friend:
Now let us jointly to the trench descend,
At every gate the fainting guard excite,
Tired with the toils of day, and watch of night:
Else may the sudden foe our works invade,
So near, and favour'd by the gloomy shade.'
To him thus Nestor: 'Trust the Powers above,
Nor think proud Hector's hopes confirm'd by Jove:
How ill agree the views of vain mankind,
And the wise counsels of th' eternal mind!
Audacious Hector, if the Gods ordain
That great Achilles rise and rage again,

What toils attend thee, and what woes remain!
Lo! faithful Nestor thy command obeys;
The care is next our other Chiefs to raise:
Ulysses, Diomed, we chiefly need;
Meges for strength, Oïleus famed for speed,
Some other be despatch'd of nimbler feet,
To those tall ships, remotest of the fleet,
Where lie great Ajax, and the King of Crete.
To rouse the Spartan I myself decree;
Dear as he is to us, and dear to thee,
Yet must I tax his sloth, that claims no share,
With his great brother, in this martial care:
Him it behoved to ev'ry Chief to sue,
Preventing ev'ry part perform'd by you;
For strong necessity our toils demands,
Claims all our hearts, and urges all our hands.'
To whom the King: 'With rev'rence we allow
Thy just rebukes, yet learn to spare them now.
My gen'rous brother is of gentle kind,
He seems remiss, but bears a valiant mind;
Thro' too much def'rence to our sov'reign sway,
Content to follow when we lead the way.
But now, our ills industrious to prevent,
Long ere the rest he rose, and sought my tent.
The Chiefs you named, already, at his call,
Prepare to meet us at the navy-wall;
Assembling there, between the trench and gates,
Near the night-guards our chosen council waits.'
'Then none (said Nestor) shall his rule withstand,
For great examples justify command.'
With that, the venerable warrior rose;
The shining greaves his manly legs enclose;
His purple mantle golden buckles join'd,
Warm with the softest wool, and doubly lin'd.
Then, rushing from his tent, he snatch'd in haste
His steely lance, that lighten'd as he pass'd.
The camp he travers'd thro' the sleeping crowd,
Stopp'd at Ulysses' tent, and call'd aloud.
Ulysses, sudden as the voice was sent,
Awakes, starts up, and issues from his tent:
'What new distress, what sudden cause of fright,
Thus leads you wand'ring in the silent night?'
'O prudent Chief! (the Pylian Chief replied)
Wise as thou art, be now thy wisdom tried:
Whatever means of safety can be sought,
Whatever counsels can inspire our thought,
Whatever methods, or to fly or fight;
All, all depend on this important night!'
He heard, return'd, and took his painted shield:
Then join'd the Chiefs, and follow'd thro' the field.
Without his tent, bold Diomed they found,
All sheath'd in arms, his brave companions round:
Each sunk in sleep, extended on the field,
His head reclining on his bossy shield:
A wood of spears stood by, that, fix'd upright,
Shot from their flashing points a quiv'ring light.
A bull's black hide composed the hero's bed;
A splendid carpet roll'd beneath his head.
Then, with his foot, old Nestor gently shakes
The slumb'ring Chief, and in these words awakes:
'Rise, son of Tydeus! to the brave and strong
Rest seems inglorious, and the night too long.
But sleep'st thou now? when from yon hill the foe
Hangs o'er the fleet, and shades our walls below?'
At this, soft slumber from his eyelids fled;
The warrior saw the hoary Chief, and said:
'Wondrous old man! whose soul no respite knows,
Tho' years and honours bid thee seek repose.
Let younger Greeks our sleeping warriors wake;
Ill fits thy age these toils to undertake.'
'My friend' (he answer'd), 'gen'rous is thy care,
These toils, my subjects and my sons might bear,

Their loyal thoughts and pious loves conspire
To ease a Sov'reign, and relieve a Sire.
But now the last despair surrounds our host;
No hour must pass, no moment must be lost;
Each single Greek, in this conclusive strife,
Stands on the sharpest edge of death or life:
Yet if my years thy kind regard engage,
Employ thy youth as I employ my age;
Succeed to these my cares, and rouse the rest;
He serves me most, who serves his country best.'
This said, the Hero o'er his shoulder flung
A lion's spoils, that to his ankles hung;
Then seiz'd his pond'rous lance, and strode along.
Meges the bold, with Ajax famed for speed,
The warrior rous'd, and to th' entrenchments led.
And now the Chiefs approach the nightly guard;
A wakeful squadron, each in arms prepared:
Th' unwearied watch their list'ning leaders keep,
And, couching close, repel invading sleep.
So faithful dogs their fleecy charge maintain,
With toil protected from the prowling train;
When the gaunt lioness, with hunger bold,
Springs from the mountains tow'rd the guarded fold:
Thro' breaking woods her rustling course they hear;
Loud, and more loud, the clamours strike their ear
Of hounds, and men; they start, they gaze around;
Watch ev'ry side, and turn to ev'ry sound.
Thus watch'd the Grecians, cautious of surprise,
Each voice, each motion, drew their ears and eyes;
Each step of passing feet increas'd th' affright;
And hostile Troy was ever full in sight.
Nestor with joy the wakeful band survey'd,
And thus accosted thro' the gloomy shade:
''T is well, my sons! your nightly cares employ,
Else must our host become the scorn of Troy.
'Watch thus, and Greece shall live.' The hero said;
Then o'er the trench the foll'wing Chieftains led.
His son, and godlike Merion, march'd behind;
(For these the Princes to their council join'd);
The trenches pass'd, th' assembled Kings around
In silent state the consistory crown'd.
A place there was yet undefil'd with gore,
The spot where Hector stopp'd his rage before,
When night, descending, from his vengeful hand
Repriev'd the relics of the Grecian band.
(The plain beside with mangled corps was spread,
And all his progress mark'd by heaps of dead.)
There sat the mournful kings: when Neleus' son,
The Council opening, in these words begun:
'Is there' (said he) 'a Chief so greatly brave,
His life to hazard, and his country save?
Lives there a man, who singly dares to go
To yonder camp, or seize some straggling foe?
Or, favour'd by the night, approach so near,
Their speech, their counsels, and designs to hear?
If to besiege our navies they prepare,
Or Troy once more must be the seat of war?
This could he learn and to our peers recite,
And pass unharm'd the dangers of the night:
What fame were his thro' all succeeding days,
While Phœbus shines, or men have tongues to praise!
What gifts his grateful country would bestow!
What must not Greece to her deliv'rer owe!
A sable ewe each leader should provide,
With each a sable lambkin by her side;

At ev'ry rite his share should be increas'd,
And his the foremost honours of the feast.'
Fear held them mute: alone, untaught to fear,
Tydides spoke: 'The man you seek is here.
Thro' yon black camps to bend my dangerous way,
Some God within commands, and I obey.
But let some other chosen warrior join,
To raise my hopes and second my design.
By mutual confidence and mutual aid,
Great deeds are done, and great discov'ries made;
The wise new prudence from the wise acquire,
And one brave hero fans another's fire.'
Contending leaders at the word arose;
Each gen'rous breast with emulation glows:
So brave a task each Ajax strove to share,
Bold Merion strove, and Nestor's valiant heir;
The Spartan wish'd the second place to gain,
And great Ulysses wish'd, nor wish'd in vain.
Then thus the King of Men the contest ends:
'Thou first of warriors, and thou best of friends,
Undaunted Diomed! what Chief to join
In this great enterprise, is only thine.
Just be thy choice, without affection made,
To birth or office no respect be paid;
Let worth determine here.' The Monarch spake,
And inly trembled for his brother's sake.
Then thus (the godlike Diomed rejoin'd):
'My choice declares the impulse of my mind.
How can I doubt, while great Ulysses stands
To lend his counsels, and assist our hands?
A Chief, whose safety is Minerva's care:
So famed, so dreadful in the works of war:
Bless'd in his conduct, I no aid require,
Wisdom like his might pass thro' flames of fire.'
'It fits thee not, before these Chiefs of fame'
(Replied the Sage), 'to praise me, or to blame:
Praise from a friend, or censure from a foe,
Are lost on hearers that our merits know.
But let us haste. Night rolls the hours away,
The redd'ning Orient shows the coming day,
The stars shine fainter on th' ethereal plains,
And of Night's empire but a third remains.'
Thus having spoke, with gen'rous ardour press'd,
In arms terrific their huge limbs they dress'd.
A two-edged falchion Thrasymed the brave,
And ample buckler, to Tydides gave:
Then in a leathern helm he cased his head,
Short of its crest, and with no plume o'erspread:
(Such as by youths, unused to arms, are worn;
No spoils enrich it, and no studs adorn.)
Next him Ulysses took a shining sword,
A bow and quiver, with bright arrows stor'd:
A well-prov'd casque, with leather braces bound
(Thy gift, Meriones), his temple crown'd:
Soft wool within; without, in order spread,
A boar's white teeth grinn'd horrid o'er his head.
This from Amyntor, rich Ormenus' son,
Autolycus by fraudful rapine won,
And gave Amphidamas; from him the prize
Molus receiv'd, the pledge of social ties;
The helmet next by Merion was possess'd,
And now Ulysses' thoughtful temples press'd.
Thus sheath'd in arms, the council they forsake,
And dark thro' paths oblique their progress take.
Just then, in sign she favour'd their intent,
A long-wing'd heron great Minerva sent:
This, tho' surrounding shades obscured their view,
By the shrill clang and whistling wings they knew.
As from the right she soar'd, Ulysses pray'd,
Hail'd the glad omen, and address'd the Maid:

'O Daughter of that God, whose arm can wield
Th' avenging bolt, and shake the dreadful shield!
O thou! for ever present in my way,
Who all my motions, all my toils, survey!
Safe may we pass beneath the gloomy shade,
Safe by thy succour to our ships convey'd;
And let some deed this signal night adorn,
To claim the tears of Trojans yet unborn.'
Then godlike Diomed preferr'd his prayer:
'Daughter of Jove, unconquer'd Pallas! hear,
Great Queen of Arms, whose favour Tydeus won,
As thou defend'st the sire, defend the son.
When on Æsopus' banks the banded powers
Of Greece he left, and sought the Theban towers,
Peace was his charge; receiv'd with peaceful show,
He went a legate, but return'd a foe:
Then help'd by thee, and cover'd by thy shield,
He fought with numbers, and made numbers yield.
So now be present, O celestial Maid!
So still continue to the race thine aid!
A youthful steer shall fall beneath the stroke,
Untamed, unconscious of the galling yoke,
With ample forehead, and with spreading horns,
Whose taper tops refulgent gold adorns.'
The heroes pray'd, and Pallas, from the skies,
Accords their vow, succeeds their enterprise.
Now like two lions panting for the prey,
With deathful thoughts they trace the dreary way,
Thro' the black horrors of th' ensanguin'd plain,
Thro' dust, thro' blood, o'er arms, and hills of slain.
Nor less bold Hector, and the sons of Troy,
On high designs the wakeful hours employ;
Th' assembled peers their lofty Chief enclosed;
Who thus the counsels of his breast proposed:
'What glorious man, for high attempts prepared,
Dares greatly venture for a rich reward?
Of yonder fleet a bold discov'ry make,
What watch they keep, and what resolves they take?
If now, subdued, they meditate their flight,
And, spent with toil, neglect the watch of night?
His be the chariot that shall please him most,
Of all the plunder of the vanquish'd host;
His the fair steeds that all the rest excel,
And his the glory to have serv'd so well.'
A youth there was among the tribes of Troy,
Dolon his name, Eumedes' only boy,
(Five girls beside the rev'rend Herald told):
Rich was the son in brass, and rich in gold:
Not bless'd by Nature with the charms of face,
But swift of foot, and matchless in the race.
'Hector!' (he said) 'my courage bids me meet
This high achievement, and explore the fleet:
But first exalt thy sceptre to the skies,
And swear to grant me the demanded prize;
Th' immortal coursers, and the glitt'ring car
That bear Pelides thro' the ranks of war.
Encouraged thus, no idle scout I go,
Fulfil thy wish, their whole intention know,
Ev'n to the royal tent pursue my way,
And all their councils, all their aims, betray.'
The Chief then heav'd the golden sceptre high,
Attesting thus the Monarch of the Sky:
'Be witness, thou!' immortal Lord of All!
Whose thunder shakes the dark aërial hall:
By none but Dolon shall this prize be borne,
And him alone th' immortal steeds adorn.'
Thus Hector swore: the Gods were call'd in vain;
But the rash youth prepares to scour the plain:
Across his back the bended bow he flung,
A wolf's grey hide around his shoulders hung,
A ferret's downy fur his helmet lined,
And in his hand a pointed jav'lin shined.
Then (never to return) he sought the shore,
And trod the path his feet must tread no more.

Scarce had he pass'd the steeds and Trojan throng,
(Still bending forward as he cours'd along),
When, on the hollow way, th' approaching tread
Ulysses mark'd, and thus to Diomed:
'O friend! I hear some step of hostile feet,
Moving this way, or hast'ning to the fleet;
Some spy, perhaps, to lurk beside the main;
Or nightly pillager that strips the slain.
Yet let him pass, and win a little space;
Then rush behind him, and prevent his pace.
But if, too swift of foot, he flies before,
Confine his course along the fleet and shore,
Betwixt the camp and him our spears employ,
And intercept his hoped return to Troy.'
With that they stepp'd aside, and stoop'd their head
(As Dolon pass'd), behind a heap of dead:
Along the path the spy unwary flew:
Soft, at just distance, both the Chiefs pursue.
So distant they, and such the space between,
As when two teams of mules divide the green
(To whom the hind like shares of land allows),
When now new furrows part th' approaching ploughs.
Now Dolon list'ning heard them as they pass'd;
Hector (he thought) had sent, and check'd his haste:
Till scarce at distance of a jav'lin's throw,
No voice succeeding, he perceiv'd the foe.
As when two skilful hounds the lev'ret wind,
Or chase thro' woods obscure the trembling hind,
Now lost, now seen, they intercept his way,
And from the herd still turn the flying prey:
So fast, and with such fears, the Trojan flew;
So close, so constant, the bold Greeks pursue.
Now almost on the fleet the dastard falls,
And mingles with the guards that watch the walls:
When brave Tydides stopp'd: a gen'rous thought
(Inspired by Pallas) in his bosom wrought,
Lest on the foe some forward Greek advance,
And snatch the glory from his lifted lance.
Then thus aloud: 'Whoe'er thou art, remain;
This jav'lin else shall fix thee to the plain.'
He said, and high in air the weapon cast,
Which wilful err'd, and o'er his shoulder pass'd:
Then fix'd in earth. Against the trembling wood
The wretch stood propp'd, and quiver'd as he stood;
A sudden palsy seiz'd his turning head;
His loose teeth chatter'd, and his colour fled:
The panting warriors seize him, as he stands,
And, with unmanly tears, his life demands:
'O spare my youth, and, for the breath I owe,
Large gifts of price my father shall bestow:
Vast heaps of brass shall in your ships be told,
And steel well-temper'd, and refulgent gold.'
To whom Ulysses made this wise reply:
'Whoe'er thou art, be bold, nor fear to die.
What moves thee, say, when sleep has closed the sight,
To roam the silent fields in dead of night?
Camest thou the secrets of our camp to find,
By Hector prompted, or thy daring mind?
Or art some wretch by hopes of plunder led
Thro' heaps of carnage to despoil the dead?'
Then thus pale Dolon with a fearful look
(Still as he spoke his limbs with horror shook):
'Hither I came, by Hector's words deceiv'd:
Much did he promise, rashly I believ'd:
No less a bribe than great Achilles' car,
And those swift steeds that sweep the ranks of war,
Urged me, unwilling, this attempt to make;
To learn what counsels, what resolves, you take:
If now, subdued, you fix your hopes on flight,
And, tired with toils, neglect the watch of night?'

'Bold was thy aim, and glorious was the prize'
(Ulysses, with a scornful smile, replies);
'Far other rulers those proud steeds demand,
And scorn the guidance of a vulgar hand;
Ev'n great Achilles scarce their rage can tame,
Achilles sprung from an immortal dame.
But say, be faithful, and the truth recite:
Where lies encamp'd the Trojan Chief to-night?
Where stand his coursers? in what quarter sleep
Their other princes? tell what watch they keep.
Say, since this conquest, what their counsels are;
Or here to combat, from their city far,
Or back to Ilion's walls transfer the war?'
Ulysses thus, and thus Eumedes' son:
'What Dolon knows, his faithful tongue shall own.
Hector, the peers assembling in his tent,
A council holds at Ilus' monument.
No certain guards the nightly watch partake:
Where'er yon fires ascend, the Trojans wake:
Anxious for Troy, the guard the natives keep:
Safe in their cares, th' auxiliar forces sleep,
Whose wives and infants, from the danger far,
Discharge their souls of half the fears of war.'
'Then sleep these aids among the Trojan train,'
(Inquired the Chief), 'or scatter'd o'er the plain?'
To whom the spy: 'Their powers they thus dispose;
The Pæons, dreadful with their bended bows,
The Carians, Caucons, the Pelasgian host,
And Leleges, encamp along the coast.
Not distant far, lie higher on the land
The Lycian, Mysian, and Mæonian band,
And Phrygia's horse, by Thymbra's ancient wall;
The Thracians utmost, and apart from all.
These Troy but lately to her succour won,
Led on by Rhesus, great Eioneus' son:
I saw his coursers in proud triumph go,
Swift as the wind, and white as winter snow:
Rich silver plates his shining car infold;
His solid arms, refulgent, flame with gold;
No mortal shoulders suit the glorious load,
Celestial panoply, to grace a God!
Let me, unhappy, to your fleet be borne,
Or leave me here, a captive's fate to mourn,
In cruel chains; till your return reveal
The truth or falsehood of the news I tell.'
To this Tydides, with a gloomy frown:
'Think not to live, tho' all the truth be shewn;
Shall we dismiss thee, in some future strife
To risk more bravely thy now forfeit life?
Or that again our camps thou may'st explore?
No — once a traitor, thou betray'st no more.'
Sternly he spoke, and, as the wretch prepared
With humble blandishment to stroke his beard,
Like lightning swift the wrathful falchion flew,
Divides the neck, and cuts the nerves in two;
One instant snatch'd his trembling soul to Hell,
The head, yet speaking, mutter'd as it fell.
The furry helmet from his brow they tear,
The wolf's grey hide, th' unbended bow and spear;
These great Ulysses lifting to the skies,
To fav'ring Pallas dedicates the prize:
'Great Queen of Arms! receive this hostile spoil,
And let the Thracian steeds reward our toil:
Thee first of all the heav'nly host we praise;
O speed our labours, and direct our ways!'
This said, the spoils, with dropping gore defaced,
High on a spreading tamarisk he placed;
Then heap'd with reeds and gather'd boughs the plain,
To guide their footsteps to the place again.
Thro' the still night they cross the devious fields,
Slipp'ry with blood, o'er arms and heaps of shields.
Arriving where the Thracian squadrons lay,
And eased in sleep the labours of the day.
Ranged in three lines they view the prostrate band:
The horses yoked beside each warrior stand;

Their arms in order on the ground reclined,
Thro' the brown shade the fulgid weapons shined;
Amidst, lay Rhesus, stretch'd in sleep profound,
And the white steeds behind his chariot bound.
The welcome sight Ulysses first descries,
And points to Diomed the tempting prize:
'The man, the coursers, and the car behold!
Described by Dolon, with the arms of gold.
Now, brave Tydides! now thy courage try,
Approach the chariot, and the steeds untie;
Or if thy soul aspire to fiercer deeds,
Urge thou the slaughter, while I seize the steeds.'
Pallas (this said) her hero's bosom warms,
Breathed in his heart, and strung his nervous arms;
Where'er he pass'd, a purple stream pursued;
His thirsty falchion, fat with hostile blood,
Bathed all his footsteps, dyed the fields with gore,
And a low groan remurmur'd thro' the shore.
So the grim lion, from his nightly den,
O'erleaps the fences, and invades the pen;
On sheep or goats, resistless in his way,
He falls, and foaming rends the guardless prey.
Nor stopp'd the fury of his vengeful hand,
Till twelve lay breathless of the Thracian band.
Ulysses foll'wing as his partner slew,
Back by the foot each slaughter'd warrior drew;
The milk-white coursers studious to convey
Safe to the ships, he wisely clear'd the way;
Lest the fierce steeds, not yet to battles bred,
Should start and tremble at the heaps of dead.
Now twelve despatch'd, the Monarch last they found;
Tydides' falchion fix'd him to the ground.
Just then a dreadful dream Minerva sent;
A warlike form appear'd before his tent,
Whose visionary steel his bosom tore:
So dream'd the Monarch, and awaked no more.
Ulysses now the snowy steeds detains,
And leads them fasten'd by the silver reins;
These, with his bow unbent, he lash'd along
(The scourge, forgot, on Rhesus' chariot hung).
Then gave his friend the signal to retire;
But him new dangers, new achievements, fire:
Doubtful he stood, or with his reeking blade
To send more heroes to th' infernal shade,
Drag off the car where Rhesus' armour lay,
Or heave with manly force, and lift away.
While unresolv'd the son of Tydeus stands,
Pallas appears, and thus her Chief commands:
'Enough, my son; from farther slaughter cease,
Regard thy safety, and depart in peace;
Haste to the ships, the gotten spoils enjoy,
Nor tempt too far the hostile Gods of Troy.'
The voice divine confess'd the Martial Maid;
In haste he mounted, and her word obey'd;
The coursers fly before Ulysses' bow,
Swift as the wind, and white as winter snow.
Not unobserv'd they pass'd: the God of Light
Had watch'd his Troy, and mark'd Minerva's flight,
Saw Tydeus' son with heav'nly succour bless'd,
And vengeful anger fill'd his sacred breast.
Swift to the Trojan camp descends the power,
And wakes Hippocoön in the morning hour
(On Rhesus' side accustom'd to attend,
A faithful kinsman and instructive friend).
He rose, and saw the field deform'd with blood,
An empty space where late the coursers stood,
The yet warm Thracians panting on the coast;
For each he wept, but for his Rhesus most.
Now, while on Rhesus' name he calls in vain,
The gath'ring tumult spreads o'er all the plain;
On heaps the Trojans rush, with wild affright,
And wond'ring view the slaughter of the night.
Meanwhile the Chiefs arriving at the shade
Where late the spoils of Hector's spy were laid,

Ulysses stopp'd; to him Tydides bore
The trophy, dropping yet with Dolon's gore:
Then mounts again; again their nimble feet
The coursers ply, and thunder towards the fleet.
Old Nestor first perceiv'd th' approaching sound,
Bespeaking thus the Grecian peers around:
'Methinks the noise of trampling steeds I hear,
Thick'ning this way, and gath'ring on my ear;
Perhaps some horses of the Trojan breed
(So may, ye Gods! my pious hopes succeed)
The great Tydides and Ulysses bear,
Return'd triumphant with this prize of war.
Yet much I fear (ah may that fear be vain)!
The Chiefs outnumber'd by the Trojan train;
Perhaps, ev'n now pursued, they seek the shore;
Or, oh! perhaps those heroes are no more.'
Scarce had he spoke, when lo! the Chiefs appear,
And spring to earth; the Greeks dismiss their fear:
With words of friendship and extended hands
They greet the Kings; and Nestor first demands:
'Say thou, whose praises all our host proclaim,
Thou living glory of the Grecian name!
Say, whence these coursers? by what chance bestow'd,
The spoil of foes, or present of a God?
Not those fair steeds so radiant and so gay,
That draw the burning chariot of the day.
Old as I am, to age I scorn to yield,
And daily mingle in the martial field;
But sure till now no coursers struck my sight
Like these, conspicuous thro' the ranks of fight.
Some God, I deem, conferr'd the glorious prize,
Bless'd as ye are, and fav'rites of the skies:
The care of him who bids the thunder roar,
And her, whose fury bathes the world with gore!'
'Father! not so (sage Ithacus rejoin'd),
The gifts of Heav'n are of a nobler kind.
Of Thracian lineage are the steeds ye view,
Whose hostile King the brave Tydides slew;
Sleeping he died, with all his guards around,
And twelve beside lay gasping on the ground.
These other spoils from conquer'd Dolon came,
A wretch, whose swiftness was his only fame;
By Hector sent our forces to explore,
He now lies headless on the sandy shore.'
Then o'er the trench the bounding coursers flew;
The joyful Greeks with loud acclaim pursue.
Straight to Tydides' high pavilion borne,
The matchless steeds his ample stalls adorn:
The neighing coursers their new fellows greet,
And the full racks are heap'd with gen'rous wheat.
But Dolon's armour to his ships convey'd,
High on the painted stern Ulysses laid,
A trophy destin'd to the blue-eyed maid.
Now from nocturnal sweat, and sanguine stain,
They cleanse their bodies in the neighb'ring main:
Then in the polish'd bath, refresh'd from toil,
Their joints they supple with dissolving oil,
In due repast indulge the genial hour,
And first to Pallas the libations pour:
They sit rejoicing in her aid divine,
And the crown'd goblet foams with floods of wine.

BOOK XI

THE THIRD BATTLE, AND THE ACTS OF AGAMEMNON

THE ARGUMENT

Agamemnon, having armed himself, leads the Grecians to battle; Hector prepares the Trojans to receive them: while Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva give the signals of war. Agamemnon bears all before him; and Hector is commanded by Jupiter (who sends Iris for that purpose) to decline the engagement, till the king should be wounded and retire from the field. He then makes a great slaughter of the enemy; Ulysses and Diomede put a stop to him for a time; but the latter, being

wounded by Paris, is obliged to desert his companion, who is encompassed by the Trojans, wounded, and in the utmost danger, till Menelaus and Ajax rescue him. Hector comes against Ajax, but that hero alone opposes multitudes and rallies the Greeks. In the meantime Machaon, in the other wing of the army, is pierced with an arrow by Paris, and carried from the fight in Nestor's chariot. Achilles (who overlooked the action from his ship) sends Patroclus to inquire which of the Greeks was wounded in that manner. Nestor entertains him in his tent with an account of the accidents of the day, and a long recital of some former wars which he had remembered, tending to put Patroclus upon persuading Achilles to fight for his countrymen, or at least to permit him to do it clad in Achilles' armour. Patroclus in his return meets Eurypylus also wounded, and assists in that distress.

This book opens with the eight-and-twentieth day of the poem; and the same day, with its various actions and adventures, is extended through the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, and part of the eighteenth books. The scene lies in the field near the monument of Ilus.

THE saffron Morn, with early blushes spread,
Now rose refulgent from Tithonus' bed;
With new-born day to gladden mortal sight,
And gild the courts of Heav'n with sacred light:
When baleful Eris, sent by Jove's command,
The torch of discord blazing in her hand,
Thro' the red skies her bloody sign extends,
And, wrapp'd in tempests, o'er the fleet descends.
High on Ulysses' bark her horrid stand
She took, and thunder'd thro' the seas and land.
Ev'n Ajax and Achilles heard the sound,
Whose ships, remote, the guarded navy bound.
Thence the black fury thro' the Grecian throng
With horror sounds the loud Orthian song:
The navy shakes, and at the dire alarms
Each bosom boils, each warrior starts to arms:
No more they sigh inglorious to return,
But breathe revenge, and for the combat burn.

The King of Men his hardy host inspires
With loud command, with great example fires:
Himself first rose, himself before the rest
His mighty limbs in radiant armour dress'd.
And first he cased his manly legs around
In shining greaves, with silver buckles bound:
The beaming cuirass next adorn'd his breast,
The same which once King Cinyras possess'd:
(The fame of Greece and her assembled host
Had reach'd that Monarch on the Cyprian coast;
'T was then, the friendship of the Chief to gain,
This glorious gift he sent, nor sent in vain.)
Ten rows of azure steel the work infold,
Twice ten of tin, and twelve of ductile gold;
Three glitt'ring dragons to the gorget rise,
Whose imitated scales against the skies
Reflected various light, and arching bow'd,
Like colour'd rainbows o'er a showery cloud
(Jove's wondrous bow, of three celestial dyes,
Placed as a sign to man amid the skies).
A radiant baldrick, o'er his shoulder tied,
Sustain'd the sword that glitter'd at his side;
Gold was the hilt, a silver sheath encased
The shining blade, and golden hangers graced.
His buckler's mighty orb was next display'd,
That round the warrior cast a dreadful shade;
Ten zones of brass its ample brim surround,
And twice ten bosses the bright convex crown'd;
Tremendous Gorgon frown'd upon its field,
And circling terrors fill th' expressive shield:
Within its concave hung a silver thong,
On which a mimic serpent creeps along,
His azure length in easy waves extends,
Till in three heads th' embroider'd monster ends.
Last o'er his brows his fourfold helm he placed.

With nodding horse-hair formidably graced;
And in his hands two steely jav'lins wields,
That blaze to Heav'n, and lighten all the fields.
That instant Juno and the Martial Maid
In happy thunders promis'd Greece their aid;
High o'er the Chief they clash'd their arms in air,
And, leaning from the clouds, expect the war.
Close to the limits of the trench and mound,
The fiery coursers, to their chariots bound,
The squires restrain'd; the foot, with those who wield
The lighter arms, rush forward to the field.
To second these, in close array combin'd,
The squadrons spread their sable wings behind.
Now shouts and tumults wake the tardy sun,
As with the light the warriors' toils begun;
Ev'n Jove, whose thunder spoke his wrath, distill'd
Red drops of blood o'er all the fatal field;
The woes of men unwilling to survey,
And all the slaughters that must stain the day.
Near Ilus' tomb in order ranged around,
The Trojan lines possess'd the rising ground.
There wise Polydamas and Hector stood;
Æneas, honour'd as a guardian God;
Bold Polybus, Agenor the divine;
The brother-warriors of Antenor's line;
With youthful Acamas, whose beauteous face,
And fair proportions, match'd th' ethereal race.
Great Hector, cover'd with his spacious shield,
Plies all the troops, and orders all the field.
As the red star now shews his sanguine fires,
Thro' the dark clouds, and now in night retires;
Thus thro' the ranks appear'd the godlike man,
Plunged in the rear, or blazing in the van;
While streamy sparkles, restless as he flies,
Flash from his arms, as lightning from the skies.
As sweating reapers in some wealthy field,
Ranged in two bands, their crooked weapons wield,
Bear down the furrows till their labours meet;
Thick fall the heapy harvests at their feet:
So Greece and Troy the field of war divide,
And falling ranks are strew'd on ev'ry side.
None stoop'd a thought to base inglorious flight;
But horse to horse and man to man they fight.
Not rabid wolves more fierce contest their prey;
Each wounds, each bleeds, but none resign the day.
Discord with joy the scene of death descries,
And drinks large slaughter at her sanguine eyes:
Discord alone, of all th' immortal train,
Swells the red horrors of this direful plain:
The Gods in peace their golden mansions fill,
Ranged in bright order on th' Olympian hill;
But gen'ral murmurs told their griefs above,
And each accused the partial will of Jove.
Meanwhile apart, superior, and alone,
Th' Eternal Monarch, on his awful throne,
Wrapp'd in the blaze of boundless glory sat:
And, fix'd, fulfill'd the just decrees of fate.
On earth he turn'd his all-consid'ring eyes,
And mark'd the spot where Ilion's towers arise;
The sea with ships, the field with armies spread,
The victor's rage, the dying, and the dead.
Thus while the morning beams increasing bright
O'er Heav'n's pure azure spread the glowing light,
Commutual Death the fate of War confounds,
Each adverse battle gored with equal wounds.
But now (what time in some sequester'd vale
The weary woodman spreads his sparing meal,

When his tired arms refuse the axe to rear,
And claim a respite from the sylvan war;
But not till half the prostrate forests lay
Stretch'd in long ruin, and exposed to day;)
Then, nor till then, the Greeks' impulsive might
Pierc'd the black phalanx, and let in the light.
Great Agamemnon then the slaughter led,
And slew Bienor at his people's head;
Whose squire Oïleus, with a sudden spring,
Leap'd from the chariot to revenge his King,
But in his front he felt the fatal wound,
Which pierc'd his brain, and stretch'd him on the ground:
Atrides spoil'd, and left them on the plain:
Vain was their youth, their glitt'ring armour vain:
Now soil'd with dust, and naked to the sky,
Their snowy limbs and beauteous bodies lie.
Two sons of Priam next to battle move,
The product one of marriage, one of love;
In the same car the brother warriors ride,
This took the charge to combat, that to guide:
Far other task, than when they went to keep,
On Ida's tops, their father's fleecy sheep!
These on the mountains once Achilles found,
And captive led, with pliant osiers bound;
Then to their sire for ample sums restor'd;
But now to perish by Atrides' sword:
Pierc'd in the breast the base-born Isus bleeds:
Cleft thro' the head, his brother's fate succeeds.
Swift to the spoil the hasty victor falls,
And, stripp'd, their features to his mind recalls.
The Trojans see the youths untimely die,
But helpless tremble for themselves, and fly.
So when a lion, ranging o'er the lawns,
Finds, on some grassy lair, the couching fawns,
Their bones he cracks, their reeking vitals draws,
And grinds the quiv'ring flesh with bloody jaws;
The frighted hind beholds, and dares not stay,
But swift thro' rustling thickets bursts her way;
All drown'd in sweat the panting mother flies,
And the big tears roll trickling from her eyes.
Amidst the tumult of the routed train,
The sons of false Antimachus were slain,
He, who for bribes his faithless counsels sold,
And voted Helen's stay for Paris' gold.
Atrides mark'd, as these their safety sought,
And slew the children for the father's fault;
Their headstrong horse unable to restrain,
They shook with fear, and dropp'd the silken rein;
Then in their chariot on their knees they fall,
And thus with lifted hands for mercy call:
'O spare our youth, and, for the life we owe,
Antimachus shall copious gifts bestow;
Soon as he hears, that, not in battle slain,
The Grecian ships his captive sons detain,
Large heaps of brass in ransom shall be told,
And steel well-temper'd, and persuasive gold.'
These words, attended with a flood of tears,
The youths address'd to unrelenting ears:
The vengeful Monarch gave this stern reply:
'If from Antimachus ye spring, ye die:
The daring wretch who once in council stood
To shed Ulysses' and my brother's blood,
For proffer'd peace! and sues his seed for grace?
No, die, and pay the forfeit of your race.'
This said, Pisander from the car he cast.
And pierc'd his breast: supine he breathed his last.
His brother leap'd to earth; but, as he lay,
The trenchant falchion lopp'd his hands away:
His sever'd head was toss'd among the throng,
And rolling drew a bloody trail along.

Then, where the thickest fought, the victor flew;
The King's example all his Greeks pursue.
Now by the foot the flying foot were slain,
Horse trod by horse lay foaming on the plain.
From the dry fields thick clouds of dust arise,
Shade the black host, and intercept the skies.
The brass-hoof'd steeds tumultuous plunge and bound,
And the thick thunder beats the lab'ring ground.
Still, slaught'ring on, the King of Men proceeds;
The distanced army wonders at his deeds.
As when the winds with raging flames conspire,
And o'er the forests roll the flood of fire,
In blazing heaps the grove's old honours fall,
And one refulgent ruin levels all:
Before Atrides' rage so sinks the foe,
Whole squadrons vanish, and proud heads lie low.
The steeds fly trembling from his waving sword;
And many a car, now lighten'd of its lord,
Wide o'er the fields with guideless fury rolls,
Breaking their ranks, and crushing out their souls:
While his keen falchion drinks the warriors' lives;
More grateful now to vultures than their wives!
Perhaps great Hector then had found his fate,
But Jove and Destiny prolong'd his date.
Safe from the darts, the care of Heav'n, he stood,
Amidst alarms, and death, and dust, and blood.
Now past the tomb where ancient Ilus lay,
Thro' the mid field the routed urge their way
Where the wild figs th' adjoining summit crown,
That path they take, and speed to reach the town.
As swift Atrides with loud shouts pursued,
Hot with his toil, and bathed in hostile blood.
Now near the beech-tree, and the Scæan gates,
The hero halts, and his associates waits.
Meanwhile, on ev'ry side, around the plain,
Dispers'd, disorder'd, fly the Trojan train.
So flies a herd of beeves, that hear dismay'd
The lion's roaring thro' the midnight shade:
On heaps they tumble with successless haste:
The savage seizes, draws, and rends the last:
Not with less fury stern Atrides flew,
Still press'd the rout, and still the hindmost slew;
Hurl'd from their cars the bravest Chiefs are kill'd,
And rage, and death, and carnage, load the field.
Now storms the victor at the Trojan wall;
Surveys the towers, and meditates their fall.
But Jove, descending, shook th' Idæan hills,
And down their summits pour'd a hundred rills:
Th' unkindled lightning in his hand he took,
And thus the many-colour'd maid bespoke:
'Iris, with haste thy golden wings display,
To godlike Hector this our word convey.
While Agamemnon wastes the ranks around,
Fights in the front, and bathes with blood the ground,
Bid him give way; but issue forth commands,
And trust the war to less important hands:
But when, or wounded by the spear or dart,
That Chief shall mount his chariot and depart:
Then Jove shall string his arm, and fire his breast,
Then to her ships shall flying Greece be press'd,
Till to the main the burning sun descend,
And sacred night her awful shade extend.'
He spoke, and Iris at his word obey'd;
On wings of winds descends the various Maid.
The Chief she found amidst the ranks of war,
Close to the bulwarks, on his glitt'ring car.

The Goddess then: 'O son of Priam, hear!
From Jove I come, and his high mandate bear.
While Agamemnon wastes the ranks around,
Fights in the front, and bathes with blood the ground,
Abstain from fight, yet issue forth commands,
And trust the war to less important hands:
But when, or wounded by the spear or dart,
The Chief shall mount his chariot, and depart;
Then Jove shall string thy arm, and fire thy breast,
Then to her ships shall flying Greece be press'd,
Till to the main the burning sun descend,
And sacred night her awful shade extend.'
She said, and vanish'd: Hector with a bound,
Springs from his chariot on the trembling ground,
In clanging arms: he grasps in either hand
A pointed lance, and speeds from band to band;
Revives their ardour, turns their steps from flight,
And wakes anew the dying flames of fight.
They stand to arms; the Greeks their onset dare,
Condense their powers, and wait the coming war.
New force, new spirit, to each breast returns;
The fight renew'd, with fiercer fury burns:
The King leads on; all fix on him their eye,
And learn, from him, to conquer, or to die.
Ye sacred Nine, celestial Muses! tell,
Who faced him first, and by his prowess fell?
The great Iphidamas, the bold and young:
From sage Antenor and Theano sprung;
Whom from his youth his grandsire Cisseus bred,
And nurs'd in Thrace, where snowy flocks are fed.
Scarce did the down his rosy cheeks invest,
And early honour warm his gen'rous breast,
When the kind sire consign'd his daughter's charms
(Theano's sister) to his youthful arms:
But, call'd by glory to the wars of Troy,
He leaves untasted the first fruits of joy;
From his lov'd bride departs with melting eyes,
And swift to aid his dearer country flies.
With twelve black ships he reach'd Percope's strand,
Thence took the long laborious march by land.
Now fierce for Fame, before the ranks he springs,
Tow'ring in arms, and braves the King of Kings.
Atrides first discharged the missive spear;
The Trojan stoop'd, the jav'lin pass'd in air.
Then near the corslet, at the Monarch's heart,
With all his strength the youth directs his dart:
But the broad belt, with plates of silver bound,
The point rebated, and repell'd the wound.
Encumber'd with the dart, Atrides stands,
Till, grasp'd with force, he wrench'd it from his hands.
At once his weighty sword discharged a wound
Full on his neck, that fell'd him to the ground.
Stretch'd in the dust th' unhappy warrior lies,
And sleep eternal seals his swimming eyes.
Oh worthy better fate! oh early slain!
Thy country's friend; and virtuous, tho' in vain!
No more the youth shall join his consort's side,
At once a virgin, and at once a bride!
No more with presents her embraces meet,
Or lay the spoils of conquest at her feet,
On whom his passion, lavish of his store,
Bestow'd so much, and vainly promis'd more!
Unwept, uncover'd, on the plain he lay,
While the proud victor bore his arms away.
Coön, Antenor's eldest hope, was nigh:
Tears at the sight came starting from his eye,
While pierc'd with grief the much-lov'd youth he view'd,
And the pale features now deform'd with blood.
Then with his spear, unseen, his time he took,
Aim'd at the King, and near his elbow struck.

The thrilling steel transpierc'd the brawny part,
And thro' his arm stood forth the barbed dart.
Surprised the Monarch feels, yet void of fear
On Coön rushes with his lifted spear:
His brother's corpse the pious Trojan draws,
And calls his country to assert his cause,
Defends him breathless on the sanguine field,
And o'er the body spreads his ample shield.
Atrides, marking an unguarded part,
Transfix'd the warrior with his brazen dart;
Prone on his brother's bleeding breast he lay
The Monarch's falchion lopp'd his head away:
The social shades the same dark journey go,
And join each other in the realms below.
The vengeful victor rages round the fields,
With ev'ry weapon art or fury yields:
By the long lance, the sword, or pond'rous stone,
Whole ranks are broken, and whole troops o'erthrown.
This, while yet warm, distill'd the purple flood;
But when the wound grew stiff with clotted blood,
Then grinding tortures his strong bosom rend;
Less keen those darts the fierce Ilythiæ send
(The Powers that cause the teeming matron's throes,
Sad mothers of unutterable woes!),
Stung with the smart, all panting with the pain,
He mounts the car, and gives his squire the rein:
Then with a voice which fury made more strong,
And pain augmented, thus exhorts the throng:
'O friends! O Greeks! assert your honours won;
Proceed, and finish what this arm begun:
Lo! angry Jove forbids your Chief to stay,
And envies half the glories of the day.'
He said, the driver whirls his lengthful thong:
The horses fly, the chariot smokes along
Clouds from their nostrils the fierce coursers blow,
And from their sides the foam descends in snow;
Shot thro' the battle in a moment's space,
The wounded Monarch at his tent they place.
No sooner Hector saw the King retired,
But thus his Trojans and his aids he fired:
'Hear, all ye Dardan, all ye Lycian race!
Famed in close fight, and dreadful face to face;
Now call to mind your ancient trophies won,
Your great forefathers' virtues, and your own.
Behold, the gen'ral flies, deserts his powers!
Lo, Jove himself declares the conquest ours!
Now on you ranks impel your foaming steeds;
And, sure of glory, dare immortal deeds.'
With words like these the fiery Chief alarms
His fainting host, and ev'ry bosom warms.
As the bold hunter cheers his hounds to tear
The brindled lion, or the tusky bear,
With voice and hand provokes their doubting heart.
And springs the foremost with his lifted dart:
So godlike Hector prompts his troops to dare:
Nor prompts alone, but leads himself the war.
On the black body of the foes he pours;
As from the cloud's deep bosom, swell'd with showers,
A sudden storm the purple ocean sweeps,
Drives the wild waves, and tosses all the deeps.
Say, Muse! when Jove the Trojan's glory crown'd,
Beneath his arm what heroes bit the ground?
Assæus, Dolops, and Autonous died,
Opites next was added to their side,
Then brave Hipponous, famed in many a fight,
Opheltius, Orus, sunk to endless night,
Æsymnus, Agelaus; all Chiefs of name·
The rest were vulgar deaths, unknown to fame.
As when a western whirlwind, charged with storms.

Dispels the gather'd clouds that Notus forms;
The gust continued, violent, and strong,
Rolls sable clouds in heaps on heaps along;
Now to the skies the foaming billows rears,
Now breaks the surge, and wide the bottom bares:
Thus raging Hector, with resistless hands,
O'erturns, confounds, and scatters all their bands.
Now the last ruin the whole host appalls;
Now Greece had trembled in her wooden walls;
But wise Ulysses call'd Tydides forth,
His soul rekindled, and awaked his worth:
'And stand we deedless, O eternal shame!
Till Hector's arm involve the ships in flame?
Haste, let us join, and combat side by side.'
The warrior thus, and thus the friend replied:
'No martial toil I shun, no danger fear;
Let Hector come; I wait his fury here.
But Jove with conquest crowns the Trojan train;
And, Jove our foe, all human force is vain.'
He sigh'd; but, sighing, rais'd his vengeful steel,
And from his car the proud Thymbræus fell:
Molion, the charioteer, pursued his lord,
His death ennobled by Ulysses' sword.
There slain, they left them in eternal night;
Then plunged amidst the thickest ranks of fight.
So two wild boars outstrip the foll'wing hounds,
Then swift revert, and wounds return for wounds.
Stern Hector's conquests in the middle plain
Stood check'd awhile, and Greece respired again.
The sons of Merops shone amidst the war;
Tow'ring they rode in one refulgent car;
In deep prophetic arts their father skill'd,
Had warn'd his children from the Trojan field;
Fate urged them on; the father warn'd in vain,
They rush'd to fight, and perish'd on the plain!
Their breasts no more the vital spirit warms;
The stern Tydides strips their shining arms.
Hypirochus by great Ulysses dies,
And rich Hippodamus becomes his prize.
Great Jove from Ide with slaughter fills his sight,
And level hangs the doubtful scale of fight.
By Tydeus' lance Agastrophus was slain,
The far-famed hero of Pæonian strain;
Wing'd with his fears, on foot he strove to fly,
His steeds too distant, and the foe too nigh;
Thro' broken orders, swifter than the wind,
He fled, but, flying, left his life behind.
This Hector sees, as his experienced eyes
Traverse the files, and to the rescue flies;
Shouts, as he pass'd, the crystal regions rend,
And moving armies on his march attend.
Great Diomed himself was seiz'd with fear,
And thus bespoke his brother of the war:
'Mark how this way yon bending squadrons yield!
The storm rolls on, and Hector rules the field:
Here stand his utmost force'— The warrior said:
Swift at the word his pond'rous jav'lin fled;
Nor miss'd its aim, but, where the plumage danced,
Razed the smooth cone, and thence obliquely glanced.
Safe in his helm (the gift of Phœbus' hands)
Without a wound the Trojan hero stands;
But yet so stunn'd, that, stagg'ring on the plain,
His arm and knee his sinking bulk sustain;
O'er his dim sight the misty vapours rise,
And a short darkness shades his swimming eyes.
Tydides follow'd to regain his lance;
While Hector rose, recover'd from the trance,
Remounts his car, and herds amidst the crowd;
The Greek pursues him, and exults aloud:
'Once more thank Phœbus for thy forfeit breath,
Or thank that swiftness which outstrips the death.
Well by Apollo are thy prayers repaid,
And oft that partial power has lent his aid.
Thou shalt not long the death deserv'd withstand,
If any God assist Tydides' hand.

Fly then, inglorious! but thy flight, this day,
Whole hecatombs of Trojan ghosts shall pay.'
Him, while he triumph'd, Paris eyed from far,
(The spouse of Helen, the fair cause of war):
Around the fields his feather'd shafts he sent,
From ancient Ilus' ruin'd monument;
Behind the column placed, he bent his bow,
And wing'd an arrow at th' unwary foe:
Just as he stoop'd, Agastrophus's crest
To seize, and draw the corslet from his breast,
The bow-string twang'd; nor flew the shaft in vain,
But pierc'd his foot, and nail'd it to the plain.
The laughing Trojan, with a joyful spring,
Leaps from his ambush, and insults the King:
'He bleeds!' (he cries) 'some God has sped my dart;
Would the same God had fix'd it in his heart!
So Troy, reliev'd from that wide-wasting hand,
Should breathe from slaughter, and in combat stand,
Whose sons now tremble at his darted spear,
As scatter'd lambs the rushing lion fear.'
He dauntless thus: 'Thou conqueror of the Fair,
Thou woman-warrior with the curling hair;
Vain archer! trusting to the distant dart,
Unskill'd in arms to act a manly part!
Thou hast but done what boys or women can;
Such hands may wound, but not incense a man.
Nor boast the scratch thy feeble arrow gave,
A coward's weapon never hurts the brave.
Not so this dart, which thou may'st one day feel:
Fate wings its flight, and death is on the steel.
Where this but lights, some noble life expires,
Its touch makes orphans, bathes the cheeks of sires,
Steeps earth in purple, gluts the birds of air,
And leaves such objects as distract the fair.'
Ulysses hastens with a trembling heart,
Before him steps, and bending draws the dart:
Forth flows the blood; an eager pang succeeds:
Tydides mounts, and to the navy speeds.
Now on the field Ulysses stands alone,
The Greeks all fled, the Trojans pouring on:
But stands collected in himself and whole,
And questions thus his own unconquer'd soul:
'What farther subterfuge, what hopes remain?
What shame, inglorious if I quit the plain?
What danger, singly if I stand the ground,
My friends all scatter'd, all the foes around?
Yet wherefore doubtful? let this truth suffice:
The brave meets danger, and the coward flies;
To die, or conquer, proves a hero's heart;
And, knowing this, I know a soldier's part.'
Such thoughts revolving in his careful breast,
Near, and more near, the shady cohorts press'd;
These, in the warrior, their own fate enclose:
And round him deep the steely circle grows.
So fares a boar, whom all the troop surrounds
Of shouting huntsmen, and of clam'rous hounds;
He grinds his iv'ry tusks; he foams with ire;
His sanguine eyeballs glare with living fire;
By these, by those, on every part is plied;
And the red slaughter spreads on every side.
Pierc'd thro' the shoulder, first Deiopis fell;
Next Ennomus and Thoön sunk to hell;
Chersidamas, beneath the navel thrust,
Falls prone to earth, and grasps the bloody dust.
Charops, the son of Hippasus, was near;
Ulysses reach'd him with the fatal spear;
But to his aid his brother Socus flies,
Socus, the brave, the gen'rous, and the wise:
Near as he drew, the warrior thus began:
'O great Ulysses, much-enduring man!
Not deeper skill'd in every martial sleight,

Than worn to toils, and active in the fight!
This day two brothers shall thy conquest grace,
And end at once the great Hippasian race,
Or thou beneath this lance must press the field.'
He said, and forceful pierc'd his spacious shield;
Thro' the strong brass the ringing jav'lin thrown,
Plough'd half his side, and bared it to the bone.
By Pallas' care, the spear, tho' deep infix'd,
Stopp'd short of life, nor with his entrails mix'd,
The wound not mortal wise Ulysses knew,
Then furious thus (but first some steps withdrew):
'Unhappy man! whose death our hands shall grace!
Fate calls thee hence, and finish'd is thy race.
No longer check my conquests on the foe:
But, pierc'd by this, to endless darkness go,
And add one spectre to the realms below!'
He spoke, while Socus, seiz'd with sudden fright,
Trembling gave way, and turn'd his back to flight,
Between his shoulders pierc'd the foll'wing dart,
And held its passage thro' the panting heart.
Wide in his breast appear'd the grizzly wound;
He falls: his armour rings against the ground.
Then thus Ulysses, gazing on the slain:
'Famed son of Hippasus! there press the plain;
There ends thy narrow span assign'd by fate:
Heav'n owes Ulysses yet a longer date.
Ah wretch! no father shall thy corpse compose,
Thy dying eyes no tender mother close,
But hungry birds shall tear those balls away,
And hov'ring vultures scream around their prey.
Me Greece shall honour, when I meet my doom,
With solemn funerals, and a lasting tomb.'
Then, raging with intolerable smart,
He writhes his body, and extracts the dart.
The dart a tide of spouting gore pursued,
And gladden'd Troy with sight of hostile blood.
Now troops on troops the fainting Chief invade;
Forced he recedes, and loudly calls for aid.
Thrice to its pitch his lofty voice he rears;
The well-known voice thrice Menelaus hears;
Alarm'd, to Ajax Telamon he cried,
Who shares his labours, and defends his side:
'O friend! Ulysses' shouts invade my ear;
Distress'd he seems, and no assistance near:
Strong as he is, yet, one opposed to all,
Oppress'd by multitudes, the best may fall.
Greece, robb'd of him, must bid her host despair,
And feel a loss not ages can repair.'
Then, where the cry directs, his course he bends,
Great Ajax, like the God of War, attends.
The prudent Chief in sore distress they found,
With bands of furious Trojans compass'd round,
As when some huntsman, with a flying spear,
From the blind thicket wounds a stately deer;
Down his cleft side while fresh the blood distils,
He bounds aloft, and scuds from hills to hills:
Till, life's warm vapour issuing thro' the wound,
Wild mountain-wolves the fainting beast surround;
Just as their jaws his prostrate limbs invade,
The lion rushes thro' the woodland shade;
The wolves, tho' hungry, scour dispers'd away;
The lordly savage vindicates his prey.
Ulysses thus, unconquer'd by his pains,
A single warrior, half a host sustains:
But soon as Ajax heaves his tower-like shield,
The scatter'd crowds fly frighted o'er the field:

Atrides' arm the sinking hero stays,
And, saved from numbers, to his car conveys.
Victorious Ajax plies the routed crew;
And first Doryclus, Priam's son, he slew:
On strong Pandocus next inflicts a wound,
And lays Lysander bleeding on the ground.
As when a torrent, swell'd with wintry rains,
Pours from the mountains o'er the deluged plains,
And pines and oaks, from their foundation torn,
A country's ruins! to the seas are borne:
Fierce Ajax thus o'erwhelms the yielding throng;
Men, steeds, and chariots, roll in heaps along.
But Hector, from this scene of slaughter far,
Raged on the left, and ruled the tide of war:
Loud groans proclaim his progress thro' the plain,
And deep Scamander swells with heaps of slain.
There Nestor and Idomeneus oppose
The warrior's fury; there the battle glows;
There fierce on foot, or from the chariot's height,
His sword deforms the beauteous ranks of fight.
The spouse of Helen, dealing darts around,
Had pierc'd Machaon with a distant wound:
In his right shoulder the broad shaft appear'd,
And trembling Greece for her physician fear'd.
To Nestor then Idomeneus begun:
'Glory of Greece, old Neleus' valiant son!
Ascend thy chariot, haste with speed away,
And great Machaon to the ships convey.
A wise physician, skill'd our wounds to heal,
Is more than armies to the public weal.'
Old Nestor mounts the seat. Beside him rode
The wounded offspring of the healing God.
He lends the lash; the steeds with sounding feet
Shake the dry field, and thunder toward the fleet.
But now Cebriones, from Hector's car,
Survey'd the various fortune of the war.
'While here' (he cried) 'the flying Greeks are slain,
Trojans on Trojans yonder load the plain.
Before great Ajax, see the mingled throng
Of men and chariots driv'n in heaps along!
I know him well, distinguish'd o'er the field
By the broad glitt'ring of the sev'nfold shield.
Thither, O Hector, thither urge thy steeds,
There danger calls, and there the combat bleeds;
There horse and foot in mingled deaths unite,
And groans of slaughter mix with shouts of fight.'
Thus having spoke, the driver's lash resounds;
Swift thro' the ranks the rapid chariot bounds;
Stung by the stroke, the coursers scour the fields,
O'er heaps of carcases, and hills of shields.
The horses' hoofs are bathed in heroes' gore,
And, dashing, purple all the car before:
The groaning axle sable drops distils,
And mangled carnage clogs the rapid wheels.
Here Hector, plunging thro' the thickest fight,
Broke the dark phalanx, and let in the light:
(By the long lance, the sword, or pond'rous stone,
The ranks lie scatter'd, and the troops o'erthrown.)
Ajax he shuns, thro' all the dire debate,
And fears that arm whose force he felt so late.
But partial Jove, espousing Hector's part,
Shot Heav'n-bred horror thro' the Grecian's heart;
Confused, unnerv'd in Hector's presence grown,
Amazed he stood, with terrors not his own.
O'er his broad back his moony shield he threw,
And, glaring round, by tardy steps withdrew.
Thus the grim lion his retreat maintains,
Beset with watchful dogs and shouting swains,
Repuls'd by numbers from the nightly stalls,
Tho' rage impels him, and tho' hunger calls,

Long stands the show'ring darts, and missile fires;
Then sourly slow th' indignant beast retires.
So turn'd stern Ajax, by whole hosts repell'd,
While his swoln heart at every step rebell'd.
As the slow beast, with heavy strength endued,
In some wide field by troops of boys pursued,
Tho' round his sides a wooden tempest rain,
Crops the tall harvest, and lays waste the plain;
Thick on his hide the hollow blows resound;
The patient animal maintains his ground;
Scarce from the field with all their efforts chased,
And stirs but slowly when he stirs at last.
On Ajax thus a weight of Trojans hung,
The strokes redoubled on his buckler rung;
Confiding now in bulky strength he stands,
Now turns, and backward bears the yielding bands;
Now stiff recedes, yet hardly seems to fly,
And threats his foll'wers with retorted eye.
Fix'd as the bar between two warring powers,
While hissing darts descend in iron showers:
In his broad buckler many a weapon stood,
Its surface bristled with a quiv'ring wood;
And many a jav'lin, guiltless on the plain,
Marks the dry dust, and thirsts for blood in vain.
But bold Eurypylus his aid imparts,
And dauntless springs beneath a cloud of darts;
Whose eager jav'lin launch'd against the foe,
Great Apisaon felt the fatal blow;
From his torn liver the red current flow'd,
And his slack knees desert their dying load.
The victor rushing to despoil the dead,
From Paris' bow a vengeful arrow fled:
Fix'd in his nervous thigh the weapon stood,
Fix'd was the point, but broken was the wood.
Back to the lines the wounded Greek retired,
Yet thus, retreating, his associates fired:
'What God, O Grecians! has your hearts dismay'd?
Oh, turn to arms; 't is Ajax claims your aid.
This hour he stands the mark of hostile rage,
And this the last brave battle he shall wage:
Haste, join your forces; from the gloomy grave
The warrior rescue, and your country save.'
Thus urged the Chief; a gen'rous troop appears,
Who spread their bucklers, and advance their spears,
To guard their wounded friend: while thus they stand
With pious care, great Ajax joins the band:
Each takes new courage at the hero's sight;
The hero rallies and renews the fight.
Thus raged both armies like conflicting fires,
While Nestor's chariot far from fight retires:
His coursers steep'd in sweat, and stain'd with gore,
The Greeks' preserver, great Machaon, bore.
That hour, Achilles, from the topmost height
Of his proud fleet, o'erlook'd the fields of fight;
His feasted eyes beheld around the plain
The Grecian rout, the slaying, and the slain.
His friend Machaon singled from the rest,
A transient pity touch'd his vengeful breast.
Straight to Menœtius' much-lov'd son he sent;
Graceful as Mars, Patroclus quits his tent:
In evil hour! then Fate decreed his doom;
And fix'd the date of all his woes to come!
'Why calls my friend? thy lov'd injunctions lay;
Whate'er thy will, Patroclus shall obey.'
'O first of friends!' (Pelides thus replied)
'Still at my heart, and ever at my side!
The time is come, when yon despairing host
Shall learn the value of the man they lost:

Now at my knees the Greeks shall pour their moan,
And proud Atrides tremble on his throne.
Go now to Nestor, and from him be taught
What wounded warrior late his chariot brought?
For, seen at distance, and but seen behind,
His form recall'd Machaon to my mind;
Nor could I, thro' yon cloud, discern his face,
The coursers pass'd me with so swift a pace.'
The hero said. His friend obey'd with haste;
Thro' intermingled ships and tents he pass'd;
The Chiefs descending from their car he found;
The panting steeds Eurymedon unbound.
The warriors, standing on the breezy shore,
To dry their sweat, and wash away the gore,
Here paus'd a moment, while the gentle gale
Convey'd that freshness the cool seas exhale;
Then to consult on farther methods went,
And took their seats beneath the shady tent.
The draught prescribed fair Hecamede prepares,
Arsinous' daughter, graced with golden hairs;
(Whom to his aged arms, a royal slave,
Greece, as the prize of Nestor's wisdom, gave;)
A table first with azure feet she placed;
Whose ample orb a brazen charger graced:
Honey new press'd, the sacred flower of wheat,
And wholesome garlicks crown'd the sav'ry treat.
Next her white hand an antique goblet brings,
A goblet sacred to the Pylian Kings,
From eldest times: emboss'd with studs of gold,
Two feet support it, and four handles hold;
On each bright handle, bending o'er the brink,
In sculptured gold, two turtles seem to drink:
A massy weight, yet heav'd with ease by him,
When the brisk nectar overlook'd the brim.
Temper'd in this, the nymph of form divine
Pours a large portion of the Pramnian wine;
With goat's-milk cheese a flav'rous taste bestows,
And last with flour the smiling surface strews.
This for the wounded Prince the dame prepares;
The cordial bev'rage rev'rend Nestor shares:
Salubrious draughts the warrior's thirst allay,
And pleasing conference beguiles the day.
Meantime Patroclus, by Achilles sent,
Unheard approach'd, and stood before the tent.
Old Nestor, rising then, the hero led
To his high seat; the Chief refused, and said:
'Tis now no season for these kind delays;
The great Achilles with impatience stays.
To great Achilles this respect I owe;
Who asks what hero, wounded by the foe,
Was borne from combat by thy foaming steeds?
With grief I see the great Machaon bleeds.
This to report, my hasty course I bend;
Thou know'st the fiery temper of my friend.'
'Can then the sons of Greece' (the sage rejoin'd)
'Excite compassion in Achilles' mind?
Seeks he the sorrows of our host to know?
This is not half the story of our woe.
Tell him, not great Machaon bleeds alone,
Our bravest heroes in the navy groan;
Ulysses, Agamemnon, Diomed,
And stern Eurypylus, already bleed.
But ah! what flatt'ring hopes I entertain!
Achilles heeds not, but derides our pain;
Ev'n till the flames consume our fleet he stays,
And waits the rising of the fatal blaze.
Chief after Chief the raging foe destroys;
Calm he looks on, and ev'ry death enjoys.
Now the slow course of all-impairing time
Unstrings my nerves, and ends my manly prime;
Oh! had I still that strength my youth possess'd,
When this bold arm th' Epeian powers oppress'd,
The bulls of Elis in glad triumph led,
And stretch'd the great Itymonæus dead!

'Then, from my fury fled the trembling swains,
And ours was all the plunder of the plains:
Fifty white flocks, full fifty herds of swine,
As many goats, as many lowing kine:
And thrice the number of unrivall'd steeds,
All teeming females, and of gen'rous breeds.
These, as my first essay of arms, I won;
Old Neleus gloried in his conquering son.
Thus Elis forc'd, her long arrears restor'd,
And shares were parted to each Pylian lord.
The state of Pyle was sunk to last despair,
When the proud Elians first commenced the war.
For Neleus' sons Alcides' rage had slain;
Of twelve bold brothers, I alone remain!
Oppress'd, we arm'd; and now, this conquest gain'd,
My sire three hundred chosen sheep obtain'd.
(That large reprisal he might justly claim,
For prize defrauded, and insulted fame;
When Elis' monarch at the public course
Detain'd his chariot, and victorious horse.)
The rest the people shared; myself survey'd
The just partition, and due victims paid.
Three days were past, when Elis rose to war,
With many a courser, and with many a car;
The sons of Actor at their army's head
(Young as they were) the vengeful squadrons led.
High on a rock fair Thryoëssa stands,
Our utmost frontier on the Pylian lands;
Not far the streams of famed Alphæus flow;
The stream they pass'd, and pitch'd their tents below;
Pallas, descending in the shades of night,
Alarms the Pylians, and commands the fight.
Each burns for Fame, and swells with martial pride;
Myself the foremost; but my sire denied;
Fear'd for my youth, exposed to stern alarms,
And stopp'd my chariot, and detain'd my arms.
My sire denied in vain: on foot I fled
Amidst our chariots: for the Goddess led.
'Along fair Arene's delightful plain,
Soft Minyas rolls his waters to the main.
There, horse and foot, the Pylian troops unite,
And, sheathed in arms, expect the dawning light.
Thence, ere the sun advanc'd his noon-day flame,
To great Alphæus' sacred source we came.
There first to Jove our solemn rites were paid;
An untamed heifer pleas'd the Blue-eyed Maid,
A bull Alphæus; and a bull was slain
To the blue Monarch of the wat'ry Main.
In arms we slept, beside the winding flood,
While round the town the fierce Epeians stood.
Soon as the sun, with all-revealing ray,
Flamed in the front of Heav'n, and gave the day,
Bright scenes of arms, and works of war appear;
The nations meet; there Pylos, Elis here.
The first who fell, beneath my jav'lin bled;
King Augias' son, and spouse of Agamede:
(She that all simples' healing virtues knew,
And every herb that drinks the morning dew.)
I seiz'd his car, the van of battle led;
Th' Epeians saw, they trembled, and they fled.
The foe dispers'd, their bravest warrior kill'd,
Fierce as a whirlwind now I swept the field:
Full fifty captive chariots graced my train;
Two Chiefs from each fell breathless to the plain.
Then Actor's sons had died, but Neptune shrouds
The youthful heroes in a veil of clouds.
O'er heapy shields, and o'er the prostrate throng,
Collecting spoils, and slaught'ring all along,
Thro' wide Buprasian fields we forc'd the foes,
Where o'er the vales th' Olenian rocks arose;
Till Pallas stopp'd us where Alisium flows.
Ev'n there, the hindmost of their rear I slay,
And the same arm that led, concludes the day;
Then back to Pyle triumphant take my way.

There to high Jove were public thanks assign'd
As first of Gods; to Nestor, of mankind.
Such then I was, impell'd by youthful blood:
So prov'd my valour for my country's good.
Achilles with inactive fury glows,
And gives to passion what to Greece he owes.
How shall he grieve, when to th' eternal shade
Her hosts shall sink, nor his the power to aid?
O friend! my memory recalls the day,
When, gath'ring aids along the Grecian sea,
I, and Ulysses, touch'd at Phthia's port,
And enter'd Peleus' hospitable court.
A bull to Jove he slew in sacrifice,
And pour'd libations on the flaming thighs.
Thyself, Achilles, and thy rev'rend sire
Menœtius, turn'd the fragments on the fire.
Achilles sees us, to the feast invites;
Social we sit, and share the genial rites.
We then explain'd the cause on which we came,
Urged you to arms, and found you fierce for fame.
Your ancient fathers gen'rous precepts gave:
Peleus said only this: "My son! be brave,"
Menœtius thus: "Tho' great Achilles shine
In strength superior, and of race divine,
Yet cooler thoughts thy elder years attend;
Let thy just counsels aid, and rule thy friend."
Thus spoke your father at Thessalia's court;
Words now forgot, tho' now of vast import.
Ah! try the utmost that a friend can say,
Such gentle force the fiercest minds obey;
Some fav'ring God Achilles' heart may move;
Tho' deaf to glory, he may yield to love.
If some dire oracle his breast alarm,
If aught from Heav'n withhold his saving arm;
Some beam of comfort yet on Greece may shine,
If thou but lead the Myrmidonian line;
Clad in Achilles' arms, if thou appear,
Proud Troy may tremble, and desist from war!
Press'd by fresh forces, her o'erlabour'd train
Shall seek their walls, and Greece respire again.'

This touch'd his gen'rous heart, and from the tent
Along the shore with hasty strides he went;
Soon as he came, where, on the crowded strand,
The public mart and courts of justice stand,
Where the tall fleet of great Ulysses lies,
And altars to the guardian Gods arise;
There sad he met the brave Evæmon's son;
Large painful drops from all his members run;
An arrow's head yet rooted in his wound,
The sable blood in circles mark'd the ground,
As, faintly reeling, he confess'd the smart:
Weak was his pace, but dauntless was his heart.
Divine compassion touch'd Patroclus' breast,
Who, sighing, thus his bleeding friend address'd:
'Ah, hapless leaders of the Grecian host!
Thus must ye perish on a barb'rous coast?
Is this your fate, to glut the dogs with gore,
Far from your friends, and from your native shore?
Say, great Eurypylus! shall Greece yet stand?
Resists she yet the raging Hector's hand?
Or are her heroes doom'd to die with shame,
And this the period of our wars and fame?'
Eurypylus replies: 'No more, my friend,
Greece is no more! this day her glories end.
Ev'n to the ships victorious Troy pursues,
Her force increasing as her toil renews.
Those Chiefs, that used her utmost rage to meet,
Lie pierc'd with wounds, and bleeding in the fleet.
But thou, Patroclus! act a friendly part,
Lead to my ships, and draw this deadly dart;
With lukewarm water wash the gore away,
With healing balms the raging smart allay,
Such as sage Chiron, sire of pharmacy,
Once taught Achilles, and Achilles thee.
Of two famed surgeons, Podalirius stands
This hour surrounded by the Trojan bands;
And great Machaon, wounded in his tent,
Now wants that succour which so oft he lent.'
To whom the Chief: 'What then remains to do?

'Th' event of things the Gods alone can view.
Charged by Achilles' great command I fly,
And bear with haste the Pylian King's reply:
But thy distress this instant claims relief.'
He said, and in his arms upheld the Chief.
The slaves their master's slow approach survey'd,
And hides of oxen on the floor displayed:
There stretch'd at length the wounded hero lay;
Patroclus cut the forky steel away.
Then in his hands a bitter root he bruis'd;
The wound he wash'd, the styptic juice infused.
The closing flesh that instant ceas'd to glow,
The wound to torture, and the blood to flow.

BOOK XII

THE BATTLE AT THE GRECIAN WALL

THE ARGUMENT

The Greeks being retired into their entrenchments, Hector attempts to force them; but it proving impossible to pass the ditch, Polydamas advises to quit their chariots, and manage the attack on foot. The Trojans follow his counsel, and having divided their army into five bodies of foot, begin the assault. But upon the signal of an eagle with a serpent in his talons, which appeared on the left hand of the Trojans, Polydamas endeavours to withdraw them again. This Hector opposes, and continues the attack; in which, after many actions, Sarpedon makes the first breach in the wall: Hector also, casting a stone of a vast size, forces open one of the gates, and enters at the head of his troops, who victoriously pursue the Grecians even to their ships.

While thus the hero's pious cares attend
The cure and safety of his wounded friend,
Trojans and Greeks with clashing shields engage,
And mutual deaths are dealt with mutual rage.
Nor long the trench or lofty walls oppose;
With Gods averse th' ill-fated works arose:
Their powers neglected, and no victim slain,
The walls are rais'd, the trenches sunk, in vain.
Without the Gods, how short a period stands
The proudest monument of mortal hands!
This stood, while Hector and Achilles raged,
While sacred Troy the warring hosts engaged;
But when her sons were slain, her city burn'd,
And what survived of Greece to Greece return'd;
Then Neptune and Apollo shook the shore,
Then Ida's summits pour'd their wat'ry store;
Rhesus and Rhodius then unite their rills,
Caresus roaring down the stony hills,
Æsepus, Granicus, with mingled force,
And Xanthus foaming from his fruitful source;
And gulfy Simois, rolling to the main
Helmets, and shields, and godlike heroes slain:
These, turn'd by Phœbus from their wonted ways,
Deluged the rampire nine continual days;
The weight of waters saps the yielding wall,
And to the sea the floating bulwarks fall.
Incessant cataracts the Thund'rer pours,
And half the skies descend in sluicy showers.
The God of Ocean, marching stern before,
With his huge trident wounds the trembling shore,
Vast stones and piles from their foundation heaves,
And whelms the smoky ruin in the waves.
Now, smooth'd with sand, and levell'd by the flood,
No fragment tells where once the wonder stood;
In their old bounds the rivers roll again,
Shine 'twixt the hills, or wander o'er the plain.
But this the Gods in later times perform;
As yet the bulwark stood, and braved the storm!
The strokes yet echoed of contending powers;
War thunder'd at the gates, and blood distain'd the towers.

Smote by the arm of Jove, and dire dismay,
Close by their hollow ships the Grecians lay;
Hector's approach in every wind they hear,
And Hector's fury every moment fear.
He, like a whirlwind, toss'd the scatt'ring throng,
Mingled the troops, and drove the field along,
So, 'midst the dogs and hunters' daring bands,
Fierce of his might, a boar or lion stands;
Arm'd foes around a dreadful circle form,
And hissing jav'lins rain an iron storm;
His powers untamed their bold assault defy,
And, where he turns, the rout disperse, or die:
He foams, he glares, he bounds against them all,
And, if he falls, his courage makes him fall.
With equal rage encompass'd Hector glows;
Exhorts his armies, and the trenches shows.
The panting steeds impatient fury breathe,
But snort and tremble at the gulf beneath;
Just on the brink, they neigh, and paw the ground,
And the turf trembles, and the skies resound.
Eager they view'd the prospect dark and deep,
Vast was the leap, and headlong hung the steep;
The bottom bare (a formidable show)!
And bristled thick with sharpen'd stakes below.
The foot alone this strong defence could force,
And try the pass impervious to the horse.
This saw Polydamas; who, wisely brave,
Restrain'd great Hector, and this counsel gave:
'O thou! bold leader of our Trojan bands,
And you, confed'rate Chiefs from foreign lands!
What entrance here can cumbrous chariots find,
The stakes beneath, the Grecian walls behind?
No pass thro' those without a thousand wounds;
No space for combat in yon narrow bounds.
Proud of the favours mighty Jove has shown,
On certain dangers we too rashly run:
If 't is his will our haughty foes to tame,
O may this instant end the Grecian name!
Here, far from Argos, let their heroes fall,
And one great day destroy, and bury all!
But should they turn, and here oppress our train,
What hopes, what methods of retreat remain?
Wedg'd in the trench, by our own troops confused,
In one promiscuous carnage crush'd and bruis'd,
All Troy must perish, if their arms prevail,
Nor shall a Trojan live to tell the tale.
Hear then, ye warriors! and obey with speed;
Back from the trenches let your steeds be led;
Then all alighting, wedg'd in firm array,
Proceed on foot, and Hector lead the way.
So Greece shall stoop before our conquering power,
And this (if Jove consent) her fatal hour.'
This counsel pleas'd: the godlike Hector sprung
Swift from his seat; his clanging armour rung.
The Chief's example follow'd by his train,
Each quits his car, and issues on the plain.
By orders strict the charioteers enjoin'd,
Compel the coursers to their ranks behind.
The forces part in five distinguish'd bands,
And all obey their sev'ral Chiefs' commands,
The best and bravest in the first conspire,
Pant for the fight, and threat the fleet with fire:
Great Hector glorious in the van of these,
Polydamas, and brave Cebriones.
Before the next the graceful Paris shines,
And bold Alcathoüs, and Agenor joins.
The sons of Priam with the third appear,
Deïphobus, and Helenus the seer;
In arms with these the mighty Asius stood,
Who drew from Hyrtacus his noble blood,
And whom Arisba's yellow coursers bore,
The coursers fed on Selle's winding shore.
Antenor's sons the fourth battalion guide,
And great Æneas, born on fountful Ide.
Divine Sarpedon the last band obey'd,
Whom Glaucus and Asteropæus aid;

Next him, the bravest at their army's head,
But he more brave than all the hosts he led.
Now, with compacted shields, in close array,
The moving legions speed their headlong way:
Already in their hopes they fire the fleet,
And see the Grecians gasping at their feet.
While every Trojan thus, and every aid,
Th' advice of wise Polydamas obey'd;
Asius alone, confiding in his car,
His vaunted coursers urged to meet the war.
Unhappy hero! and advised in vain!
Those wheels returning ne'er shall mark the plain;
No more those coursers with triumphant joy
Restore their master to the gates of Troy!
Black death attends behind the Grecian wall,
And great Idomeneus shall boast thy fall!
Fierce to the left he drives, where from the plain
The flying Grecians strove their ships to gain;
Swift thro' the wall their horse and chariots past,
The gates half-open'd to receive the last.
Thither, exulting in his force, he flies;
His foll'wing host with clamours rend the skies:
To plunge the Grecians headlong in the main,
Such their proud hopes, but all their hopes were vain!
To guard the gates, two mighty Chiefs attend,
Who from the Lapiths' warlike race descend;
This Polypœtes, great Perithous' heir,
And that Leonteus, like the God of War.
As two tall oaks, before the wall they rise;
Their roots in earth, their heads amidst the skies:
Whose spreading arms, with leafy honours crown'd,
Forbid the tempest, and protect the ground;
High on the hills appears their stately form,
And their deep roots for ever brave the storm.
So graceful these, and so the shock they stand
Of raging Asius, and his furious band.
Orestes, Acamas, in front appear,
And Œnomaus and Thoön close the rear.
In vain their clamours shake the ambient fields,
In vain around them beat their hollow shields;
The fearless brothers on the Grecians call,
To guard their navies, and defend their wall.
Ev'n when they saw Troy's sable troops impend,
And Greece tumultuous from her towers descend,
Forth from the portals rush'd th' intrepid pair,
Opposed their breasts, and stood themselves the war.
So two wild boars spring furious from their den,
Rous'd with the cries of dogs, and voice of men;
On every side the crackling trees they tear,
And root the shrubs, and lay the forest bare;
They gnash their tusks, with fire their eyeballs roll,
Till some wide wound lets out their mighty soul.
Around their heads the whistling jav'lins sung;
With sounding strokes their brazen targets rung:
Fierce was the fight, while yet the Grecian powers
Maintain'd the walls, and mann'd the lofty towers:
To save their fleet, the last efforts they try,
And stones and darts in mingled tempests fly.
As when sharp Boreas blows abroad, and brings
The dreary winter on his frozen wings;
Beneath the low-hung clouds the sheets of snow
Descend, and whiten all the fields below:
So fast the darts on either army pour,
So down the rampires rolls the rocky shower;
Heavy, and thick, resound the batter'd shields,
And the deaf echo rattles round the fields.

With shame repuls'd, with grief and fury driv'n,
The frantic Asius thus accuses Heav'n:
'In powers immortal who shall now believe?
Can those too flatter, and can Jove deceive?
What man can doubt but Troy's victorious power
Should humble Greece, and this her fatal hour?
But like when wasps from hollow crannies drive,
To guard the entrance of their common hive,
Dark'ning the rock, while, with unwearied wings,
They strike th' assailants, and infix their stings;
A race determin'd, that to death contend:
So fierce, these Greeks their last retreat defend.
Gods! shall two warriors only guard their gates,
Repel an army, and defraud the fates?'
These empty accents mingled with the wind,
Nor mov'd great Jove's unalterable mind;
To godlike Hector and his matchless might
Was owed the glory of the destin'd fight.
Like deeds of arms thro' all the forts were tried,
And all the gates sustain'd an equal tide;
Thro' the long walls the stony showers were heard,
The blaze of flames, the flash of arms, appear'd.
The spirit of a God my breast inspire,
To raise each act to life, and sing with fire!
While Greece unconquer'd kept alive the war,
Secure of death, confiding in despair;
And all her guardian Gods, in deep dismay,
With unassisting arms deplor'd the day.
Ev'n yet the dauntless Lapithæ maintain
The dreadful pass, and round them heap the slain.
First Damasus, by Polypœtes' steel
Pierc'd thro' his helmet's brazen vizor, fell;
The weapon drank the mingled brains and gore;
The warrior sinks, tremendous now no more!
Next Ormenus and Pylon yield their breath:
Nor less Leonteus strews the field with death;
First thro' the belt Hippomachus he gor'd,
Then sudden waved his unresisted sword;
Antiphates, as thro' the ranks he broke,
The falchion struck, and Fate pursued the stroke;
Iämenus, Orestes, Menon, bled;
And round him rose a monument of dead.
Meantime, the bravest of the Trojan crew
Bold Hector and Polydamas pursue;
Fierce with impatience on the works to fall,
And wrap in rolling flames the fleet and wall.
These on the farther bank now stood and gazed,
By Heav'n alarm'd, by prodigies amazed:
A signal omen stopp'd the passing host,
Their martial fury in their wonder lost.
Jove's bird on sounding pinions beat the skies,
A bleeding serpent of enormous size
His talons truss'd; alive, and curling round,
He stung the bird, whose throat receiv'd the wound:
Mad with the smart, he drops the fatal prey.
In airy circles wings his painful way,
Floats on the winds, and rends the Heav'ns with cries;
Amidst the host the fallen serpent lies:
They, pale with terror, mark its spires unroll'd
And Jove's portent with beating hearts behold.
Then first Polydamas the silence broke,
Long weigh'd the signal, and to Hector spoke:
'How oft, my brother, thy reproach I bear,
For words well meant, and sentiments sincere?
True to those counsels which I judge the best,
I tell the faithful dictates of my breast.
To speak his thoughts, is every freeman's right,
In peace and war, in council and in fight;
And all I move, deferring to thy sway,
But tends to raise that power which I obey.

Then hear my words, nor may my words be vain;
Seek not, this day, the Grecian ships to gain;
For sure to warn us Jove his omen sent,
And thus my mind explains its clear event.
The victor eagle, whose sinister flight
Retards our host, and fills our hearts with fright,
Dismiss'd his conquest in the middle skies,
Allow'd to seize, but not possess, the prize;
Thus, tho' we gird with fires the Grecian fleet,
Tho' these proud bulwarks tumble at our feet,
Toils unforeseen, and fiercer, are decreed;
More woes shall follow, and more heroes bleed.
So bodes my soul, and bids me thus advise;
For thus a skilful seer would read the skies.'
To him then Hector with disdain return'd:
(Fierce as he spoke, his eyes with fury burn'd):
'Are these the faithful counsels of thy tongue?
Thy will is partial, not thy reason wrong:
Or if the purpose of thy heart thou vent,
Sure Heav'n resumes the little sense it lent.
What coward counsels would thy madness move,
Against the word, the will reveal'd of Jove?
The leading sign, th' irrevocable nod,
And happy thunders of the fav'ring God,
These shall I slight? and guide my wav'ring mind
By wand'ring birds, that flit with ev'ry wind?
Ye vagrants of the sky! your wings extend,
Or where the suns arise, or where descend;
To right, to left, unheeded take your way,
While I the dictates of high Heav'n obey.
Without a sign, his sword the brave man draws,
And asks no omen but his country's cause.
But why shouldst thou suspect the war's success?
None fears it more, as none promotes it less:
Tho' all our Chiefs amid yon ships expire,
Trust thy own cowardice t' escape their fire.
Troy and her sons may find a gen'ral grave,
But thou canst live, for thou canst be a slave.
Yet should the fears that wary mind suggests
Spread their cold poison thro' our soldiers' breasts,
My jav'lin can revenge so base a part,
And free the soul that quivers in thy heart.'
Furious he spoke, and, rushing to the wall,
Calls on his host; his host obey the call;
With ardour follow where their leader flies:
Redoubling clamours thunder in the skies.
Jove breathes a whirlwind from the hills of Ide,
And drifts of dust the clouded navy hide:
He fills the Greeks with terror and dismay,
And gives great Hector the predestin'd day.
Strong in themselves, but stronger in his aid,
Close to the works their rigid siege they laid.
In vain the mounds and massy beams defend,
While these they undermine, and those they rend;
Upheave the piles that prop the solid wall;
And heaps on heaps the smoky ruins fall.
Greece on her ramparts stands the fierce alarms;
The crowded bulwarks blaze with waving arms,
Shield touching shield, a long refulgent row;
Whence hissing darts, incessant, rain below.
The bold Ajaces fly from tower to tower,
And rouse, with flame divine, the Grecian power.
The gen'rous impulse every Greek obeys;
Threats urge the fearful; and the valiant, praise.
'Fellows in arms! whose deeds are known to Fame,
And you whose ardour hopes an equal name!
Since not alike endued with force or art,
Behold a day when each may act his part!
A day to fire the brave, and warm the cold,
To gain new glories, or augment the old.

Urge those who stand, and those who faint, excite,
Drown Hector's vaunts in loud exhorts of fight;
Conquest, not safety, fill the thoughts of all;
Seek not your fleet, but sally from the wall;
So Jove once more may drive their routed train,
And Troy lie trembling in her walls again.'
Their ardour kindles all the Grecian powers;
And now the stones descend in heavier showers.
As when high Jove his sharp artillery forms,
And opes his cloudy magazine of storms;
In winter's bleak uncomfortable reign,
A snowy inundation hides the plain;
He stills the winds, and bids the skies to sleep;
Then pours the silent tempest, thick and deep:
And first the mountain tops are cover'd o'er,
Then the green fields, and then the sandy shore;
Bent with the weight the nodding woods are seen,
And one bright waste hides all the works of men:
The circling seas alone absorbing all,
Drink the dissolving fleeces as they fall.
So from each side increas'd the stony rain,
And the white ruin rises o'er the plain.
Thus godlike Hector and his troops contend
To force the ramparts, and the gates to rend;
Nor Troy could conquer, nor the Greeks would yield,
Till great Sarpedon tower'd amid the field;
For mighty Jove inspired with martial flame
His matchless son, and urged him on to fame.
In arms he shines, conspicuous from afar,
And bears aloft his ample shield in air;
Within whose orb the thick bull-hides were roll'd,
Pond'rous with brass, and bound with ductile gold:
And while two pointed jav'lins arm his hands,
Majestic moves along, and leads his Lycian bands.

So press'd with hunger, from the mountain's brow,
Descends a lion on the flocks below:
So stalks the lordly savage o'er the plain,
In sullen majesty, and stern disdain:
In vain loud mastiffs bay him from afar,
And shepherds gall him with an iron war;
Regardless, furious, he pursues his way;
He foams, he roars, he rends the panting prey.
Resolv'd alike, divine Sarpedon glows
With gen'rous rage that drives him on the foes.
He views the towers, and meditates their fall;
To sure destruction dooms th' aspiring wall:
Then, casting on his friend an ardent look,
Fired with the thirst of glory, thus he spoke:
'Why boast we, Glaucus! our extended reign,
Where Xanthus' streams enrich the Lycian plain,
Our numerous herds that range the fruitful field,
And hills where vines their purple harvest yield,
Our foaming bowls with purer nectar crown'd,
Our feasts enhanc'd with music's sprightly sound?
Why on those shores are we with joy survey'd,
Admired as heroes, and as Gods obey'd
Unless great acts superior merit prove,
And vindicate the bounteous Powers above?
'T is ours, the dignity they give to grace;
The first in valour, as the first in place:
That when, with wond'ring eyes, our martial bands
Behold our deeds transcending our commands,
Such, they may cry, deserve the sov'reign state,
Whom those that envy dare not imitate!
Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,
Which claims no less the fearful than the brave,
For lust of fame I should not vainly dare
In fighting fields, nor urge thy soul to war.
But since, alas! ignoble age must come,
Disease, and death's inexorable doom;
The life which others pay, let us bestow,
And give to Fame what we to Nature owe;

Brave tho' we fall, and honour'd if we live,
Or let us glory gain, or glory give!'
He said: his words the list'ning Chief inspire
With equal warmth, and rouse the warrior's fire;
The troops pursue their leaders with delight,
Rush to the foe, and claim the promis'd fight.
Menestheus from on high the storm beheld,
Threat'ning the fort, and black'ning in the field;
Around the walls he gazed, to view from far
What aid appear'd t' avert th' approaching war,
And saw where Teucer with th' Ajaces stood,
Of fight insatiate, prodigal of blood.
In vain he calls; the din of helms and shields
Rings to the skies, and echoes thro' the fields;
The brazen hinges fly, the walls resound,
Heav'n trembles, roar the mountains, thunders all the ground.
Then thus to Thoös: — 'Hence with speed' (he said),
'And urge the bold Ajaces to our aid;
Their strength united best may help to bear
The bloody labours of the doubtful war:
Hither the Lycian princes bend their course,
The best and bravest of the hostile force.
But if too fiercely there the foes contend,
Let Telamon, at least, our towers defend,
And Teucer haste with his unerring bow,
To share the danger, and repel the foe.'
Swift as the word, the herald speeds along
The lofty ramparts, thro' the martial throng;
And finds the heroes, bathed in sweat and gore,
Opposed in combat on the dusty shore.
'Ye valiant leaders of our warlike bands!
Your aid,' (said Thoös), 'Peleus' son demands.
Your strength, united, best may help to bear
The bloody labours of the doubtful war:
Thither the Lycian princes bend their course,
The best and bravest of the hostile force.
But if too fiercely here the foes contend,
At least let Telamon these towers defend.
And Teucer haste with his unerring bow,
To share the danger, and repel the foe.'
Straight to the fort great Ajax turn'd his care,
And thus bespoke his brothers of the war:
'Now, valiant Lycomede! exert your might,
And, brave Oïleus, prove your force in fight:
To you I trust the fortune of the field,
Till by this arm the foe shall be repell'd:
That done, expect me to complete the day — '
Then, with his sev'n-fold shield, he strode away.
With equal steps bold Teucer press'd the shore,
Whose fatal bow the strong Pandion bore.
High on the walls appear'd the Lycian powers,
Like some black tempest gath'ring round the towers;
The Greeks, oppress'd, their utmost force unite,
Prepared to labour in th' unequal fight;
The war renews, mix'd shouts and groans arise;
Tumultuous clamour mounts, and thickens in the skies.
Fierce Ajax first th' advancing host invades,
And sends the brave Epicles to the shades,
Sarpedon's friend; across the warrior's way,
Rent from the walls a rocky fragment lay;
In modern ages not the strongest swain
Could heave th' unwieldy burthen from the plain.
He pois'd, and swung it round; then toss'd on high;
It flew with force, and labour'd up the sky:
Full on the Lycian's helmet thund'ring down,
The pond'rous ruin crush'd his batter'd crown.
As skilful divers from some airy steep
Headlong descend, and shoot into the deep,
So falls Epicles; then in groans expires,
And murm'ring to the shades the soul retires.
While to the ramparts daring Glaucus drew,
From Teucer's hand a winged arrow flew;

The bearded shaft the destin'd passage found;
And on his naked arm inflicts a wound.
The Chief, who fear'd some foe's insulting boast
Might stop the progress of his warlike host,
Conceal'd the wound, and, leaping from his height,
Retired reluctant from th' unfinish'd fight.
Divine Sarpedon with regret beheld
Disabled Glaucus slowly quit the field:
His beating breast with gen'rous ardour glows,
He springs to fight, and flies upon the foes.
Alcmaön first was doom'd his force to feel:
Deep in his breast he plunged the pointed steel;
Then, from the yawning wound with fury tore
The spear, pursued by gushing streams of gore:
Down sinks the warrior with a thund'ring sound,
His brazen armour rings against the ground.
Swift to the battlement the victor flies,
Tugs with full force, and ev'ry nerve applies;
It shakes; the pond'rous stones disjointed yield:
The rolling ruins smoke along the field.
A mighty breach appears: the walls lie bare,
And, like a deluge, rushes in the war.
At once bold Teucer draws the twanging bow,
And Ajax sends his jav'lin at the foe:
Fix'd in his belt the feather'd weapon stood,
And thro' his buckler drove the trembling wood;
But Jove was present in the dire debate,
To shield his offspring, and avert his fate.
The Prince gave back, not meditating flight,
But urging vengeance and severer fight;
Then, rais'd with hope, and fired with glory's charms,
His fainting squadrons to new fury warms:
'O where, ye Lycians! is the strength you boast?
Your former fame, and ancient virtue lost!
The breach lies open, but your Chief in vain
Attempts alone the guarded pass to gain:
Unite, and soon that hostile fleet shall fall;
The force of powerful union conquers all.'
This just rebuke inflamed the Lycian crew,
They join, they thicken, and th' assault renew:
Unmov'd th' embodied Greeks their fury dare,
And fix'd support the weight of all the war!
Nor could the Greeks repel the Lycian powers,
Nor the bold Lycians force the Grecian towers.
As on the confines of adjoining grounds,
Two stubborn swains with blows dispute their bounds;
They tug, they sweat: but neither gain, nor yield,
One foot, one inch, of the contended field:
Thus obstinate to death, they fight, they fall:
Nor these can keep, nor those can win, the wall.
Their manly breasts are pierc'd with many a wound,
Loud strokes are heard, and rattling arms resound;
The copious slaughter covers all the shore,
And the high ramparts drop with human gore.
As when two scales are charged with doubtful loads,
From side to side the trembling balance nods
(While some laborious matron, just and poor,
With nice exactness weighs her woolly store,)
Till, pois'd aloft, the resting beam suspends
Each equal weight; nor this nor that descends:
So stood the war, till Hector's matchless might,
With fates prevailing, turn'd the scale of fight.
Fierce as a whirlwind up the walls he flies,
And fires his host with loud repeated cries:
'Advance, ye Trojans! lend your valiant hands,
Haste to the fleet, and toss the blazing brands!'
They hear, they run, and, gath'ring at his call,
Raise scaling engines, and ascend the wall:

Around the works a wood of glitt'ring spears
Shoots up, and all the rising host appears.
A pond'rous stone bold Hector heav'd to throw,
Pointed above, and rough and gross below:
Not two strong men th' enormous weight could raise,
Such men as live in these degen'rate days.
Yet this, as easy as a swain could bear
The snowy fleece, he toss'd and shook in air:
For Jove upheld, and lighten'd of its load
Th' unwieldy rock, the labour of a God.
Thus arm'd, before the folded gates he came,
Of massy substance, and stupendous frame;
With iron bars and brazen hinges strong,
On lofty beams of solid timber hung:
Then thund'ring thro' the planks, with forceful sway,
Drives the sharp rock: the solid beams give way;
The folds are shatter'd; from the crackling door
Lead the resounding bars, the flying hinges roar.
Now, rushing in, the furious Chief appears,
Gloomy as night! and shakes two shining spears:
A dreadful gleam from his bright armour came,
And from his eye-balls flash'd the living flame.
He moves a God, resistless in his course,
And seems a match for more than mortal force.
Then, pouring after, thro' the gaping space,
A tide of Trojans flows, and fills the place;
The Greeks behold, they tremble, and they fly:
The shore is heap'd with death, and tumult rends the sky.

BOOK XIII

THE FOURTH BATTLE CONTINUED, IN WHICH NEPTUNE ASSISTS THE GREEKS. THE ACTS OF IDOMENEUS

THE ARGUMENT

Neptune, concerned for the loss of the Grecians, upon seeing the fortification forced by Hector (who had entered the gate near the station of the Ajaces), assumes the shape of Calchas, and inspires those heroes to oppose him; then, in the form of one of the generals, encourages the other Greeks who had retired to their vessels. The Ajaces form their troops into a close phalanx, and put a stop to Hector and the Trojans. Several deeds of valour are performed; Meriones, losing his spear in the encounter, repairs to seek another at the tent of Idomeneus: this occasions a conversation between these two warriors, who return together to the battle. Idomeneus signalizes his courage above the rest; he kills Othryoneus. Asius, and Alcathous: Deiphobus and Æneas march against him, and at length Idomeneus retires. Menelaus wounds Helenus, and kills Pisander. The Trojans are repulsed in the left wing. Hector still keeps his ground against the Ajaces, till, being galled by the Locrian slingers and archers, Polydamas advises to call a council of war: Hector approves his advice, but goes first to rally the Trojans; upbraids Paris, rejoins Polydamas, meets Ajax again, and renews the attack.
The eight-and-twentieth day still continues. The scene is between the Grecian wall and the sea-shore.

When now the Thund'rer on the sea-beat coast
Had fix'd great Hector and his conquering host,
He left them to the fates, in bloody fray
To toil and struggle thro' the well-fought day.
Then turned to Thracia from the field of fight
Those eyes that shed insufferable light,
To where the Mysians prove their martial force,
And hardy Thracians tame the savage horse;
And where the far-famed Hippemolgian strays,
Renown'd for justice and for length of days.
Thrice happy race! that, innocent of blood,
From milk innoxious seek their simple food:
Jove sees delighted; and avoids the scene
Of guilty Troy, of arms, and dying men:
No aid, he deems, to either host is giv'n,
While his high law suspends the Powers of Heav'n.
Meantime the Monarch of the wat'ry main
Observ'd the Thund'rer, nor observ'd in vain.
In Samothracia, on a mountain's brow,

Whose waving woods o'erhung the deeps below,
He sat; and round him cast his azure eyes,
Where Ida's misty tops confusedly rise;
Below, fair Ilion's glitt'ring spires were seen;
The crowded ships, and sable seas between.
There, from the crystal chambers of the main
Emerged, he sat; and mourn'd his Argives slain.
At Jove incens'd, with grief and fury stung,
Prone down the rocky steep he rush'd along;
Fierce as he pass'd, the lofty mountains nod,
The forests shake; earth trembled as he trod,
And felt th' footsteps of the immortal God.
From realm to realm three ample strides he took,
And, at the fourth, the distant Ægæ shook.
Far in the bay his shining palace stands,
Eternal frame! not rais'd by mortal hands:
This having reach'd, his brass-hoof'd steeds he reins,
Fleet as the winds, and deck'd with golden manes.
Refulgent arms his mighty limbs infold,
Immortal arms of adamant and gold.
He mounts the car, the golden scourge applies,
He sits superior, and the chariot flies:
His whirling wheels the glassy surface sweep;
Th' enormous monsters, rolling o'er the deep,
Gambol around him on the wat'ry way;
And heavy whales in awkward measures play:
The sea subsiding spreads a level plain,
Exults, and owns the monarch of the main;
The parting waves before his coursers fly;
The wond'ring waters leave his axle dry.
Deep in the liquid regions lies a cave,
Between where Tenedos the surges lave,
And rocky Imbrus breaks the rolling wave:
There the great ruler of the azure round
Stopp'd his swift chariot, and his steeds unbound,
Fed with ambrosial herbage from his hand,
And link'd their fetlocks with a golden band,
Infrangible, immortal: there they stay;
The Father of the Floods pursues his way,
Where, like a tempest dark'ning Heav'n around,
Or fiery deluge that devours the ground,
Th' impatient Trojans, in a gloomy throng,
Embattled roll'd, as Hector rush'd along:
To the loud tumult and the barb'rous cry,
The Heav'ns re-echo, and the shores reply;
They vow destruction to the Grecian name,
And in their hopes the fleets already flame.
But Neptune, rising from the seas profound,
The God whose earthquakes rock the solid ground,
Now wears a mortal form; like Calchas seen,
Such his loud voice, and such his manly mien;
His shouts incessant every Greek inspire,
But most th' Ajaces, adding fire to fire:
'T is yours, O warriors, all our hopes to raise;
Oh recollect your ancient worth and praise!
'T is yours to save us if you cease to fear;
Flight, more than shameful, is destructive here.
On other works tho' Troy with fury fall,
And pour her armies o'er our batter'd wall;
There, Greece has strength: but this, this part o'erthrown,
Her strength were vain; I dread for you alone.
Here Hector rages like the force of fire,
Vaunts of his Gods, and calls high Jove his sire.
If yet some heav'nly power your breast excite,
Breathe in your hearts and string your arms to fight,
Greece yet may live, her threaten'd fleet maintain,
And Hector's force, and Jove's own aid, be vain.'
Then with his sceptre that the deep controls,
He touch'd the Chiefs, and steel'd their manly souls:
Strength, not their own, the touch divine imparts,
Prompts their light limbs, and swells their daring hearts.

Then, as a falcon from the rocky height,
Her quarry seen, impetuous at the sight,
Forth-springing instant, darts herself from high,
Shoots on the wing, and skims along the sky:
Such, and so swift, the power of ocean flew;
The wide horizon shut him from their view.
Th' inspiring God Oïleus' active son
Perceiv'd the first, and thus to Telamon:
'Some God, my friend, some God in human form,
Fav'ring descends, and wills to stand the storm;
Not Calchas this, the venerable seer;
Short as he turn'd, I saw the Power appear:
I mark'd his parting, and the steps he trod,
His own bright evidence reveals a God.
Ev'n now some energy divine I share,
And seem to walk on wings, and tread in air!'
'With equal ardour' (Telamon returns),
'My soul is kindled, and my bosom burns;
New rising spirits all my force alarm,
Lift each impatient limb, and brace my arm.
This ready arm, unthinking, shakes the dart;
The blood pours back, and fortifies my heart;
Singly, methinks, yon tow'ring Chief I meet,
And stretch the dreadful Hector at my feet.'
Full of the God that urged their burning breast,
The heroes thus their mutual warmth express'd.
Neptune meanwhile the routed Greeks inspired;
Who, breathless, pale, with length of labours tired,
Pant in the ships; while Troy to conquest calls,
And swarms victorious o'er their yielding walls:
Trembling before th' impending storm they lie,
While tears of rage stand burning in their eye.
Greece sunk they thought, and this their fatal hour;
But breathe new courage as they feel the power.
Teucer and Leitus first his words excite;
Then stern Peneleus rises to the fight;
Thoas, Deipyrus, in arms renown'd,
And Merion next, th' impulsive fury found;
Last Nestor's son the same bold ardour takes,
While thus the God the martial fire awakes:
'Oh lasting infamy, oh dire disgrace
To Chiefs of vig'rous youth, and manly race!
I trusted in the Gods, and you, to see
Brave Greece victorious, and her navy free:
Ah no — the glorious combat you disclaim,
And one black day clouds all her former fame.
Heav'ns! what a prodigy these eyes survey,
Unseen, unthought, till this amazing day!
Fly we at length from Troy's oft-conquer'd bands?
And falls our fleet by such inglorious hands?
A rout undisciplin'd, a straggling train,
Not born to glories of the dusty plain;
Like frighted fawns from hill to hill pursued,
A prey to every savage of the wood;
Shall these, so late who trembled at your name,
Invade your camps, involve your ships in flame?
A change so shameful, say, what cause has wrought?
The soldier's baseness, or the gen'ral's fault?
Fools! will ye perish for your leader's vice?
The purchase infamy, and life the price!
'T is not your cause, Achilles' injur'd fame:
Another's is the crime, but yours the shame.
Grant that our Chief offend thro' rage or lust,
Must you be cowards if your king's unjust?
Prevent this evil, and your country save:
Small thought retrieves the spirits of the brave.

Think, and subdue! on dastards dead to fame
I waste no anger, for they feel no shame:
But you, the pride, the flower of all our host,
My heart weeps blood to see your glory lost!
Nor deem this day, this battle, all you lose:
A day more black, a fate more vile, ensues.
Let each reflect, who prizes fame or breath,
On endless infamy, on instant death.
For lo! the fated time, th' appointed shore;
Hark! the gates burst, the brazen barriers roar!
Impetuous Hector thunders at the wall;
The hour, the spot, to conquer or to fall.'
These words the Grecians' fainting hearts inspire,
And list'ning armies catch the godlike fire.
Fix'd at his post was each bold Ajax found,
With well-ranged squadrons strongly circled round:
So close their order, so disposed their fight,
As Pallas' self might view with fix'd delight;
Or had the God of War inclin'd his eyes,
The God of War had own'd a just surprise.
A chosen phalanx, firm, resolv'd as Fate,
Descending Hector and his battle wait.
An iron scene gleams dreadful o'er the fields,
Armour in armour lock'd, and shields in shields,
Spears lean on spears, on targets targets throng,
Helms stuck to helms, and man drove man along.
The floating plumes unnumber'd wave above,
As when an earthquake stirs the nodding grove;
And, levell'd at the skies with pointing rays,
Their brandish'd lances at each motion blaze.
Thus breathing death, in terrible array,
The close-compacted legions urged their way:
Fierce they drove on, impatient to destroy;
Troy charged the first, and Hector first of Troy.

As from some mountain's craggy forehead torn,
A rock's round fragment flies with fury borne,
(Which from the stubborn stone a torrent rends,)
Precipitate the pond'rous mass descends:
From steep to steep the rolling ruin bounds;
At every shock the crackling wood resounds;
Still gath'ring force, it smokes; and, urged amain,
Whirls, leaps, and thunders down, impetuous to the plain:
There stops — So Hector. Their whole force he prov'd,
Resistless when he raged, and, when he stopp'd, unmov'd.
On him the war is bent, the darts are shed,
And all their faulchions wave around his head:
Repuls'd he stands, nor from his stand retires;
But with repeated shouts his army fires.
'Trojans! be firm; this arm shall make your way
Thro' yon square body, and that black array;
Stand, and my spear shall rout their scatt'ring power,
Strong as they seem, embattled like a tower.
For he that Juno's heav'nly bosom warms,
The first of Gods, this day inspires our arms.'
He said, and rous'd the soul in ev'ry breast;
Urged with desire of fame, beyond the rest,
Forth march'd Deïphobus; but marching held
Before his wary steps his ample shield.
Bold Merion aim'd a stroke, nor aim'd it wide;
The glitt'ring jav'lin pierc'd the tough bull-hide;
But pierc'd not thro': unfaithful to his hand,
The point broke short, and sparkled in the sand.
The Trojan warrior, touch'd with timely fear,
On the rais'd orb to distance bore the spear:

The Greek retreating mourn'd his frustrate blow,
And curs'd the treach'rous lance that spared a foe;
Then to the ships with surly speed he went,
To seek a surer jav'lin in his tent.
Meanwhile with rising rage the battle glows,
The tumult thickens, and the clamour grows.
By Teucer's arm the warlike Imbrius bleeds,
The son of Mentor, rich in gen'rous steeds.
Ere yet to Troy the sons of Greece were led,
In fair Pedæus' verdant pastures bred,
The youth had dwelt; remote from war's alarms,
And bless'd in bright Medesicaste's arms:
(This nymph, the fruit of Priam's ravish'd joy,
Allied the warrior to the house of Troy.)
To Troy, when glory call'd his arms, he came:
And match'd the bravest of her Chiefs in fame:
With Priam's sons, a guardian of the throne,
He liv'd, belov'd and honour'd as his own.
Him Teucer pierc'd between the throat and ear:
He groans beneath the Telamonian spear.
As from some far-seen mountain's airy crown,
Subdued by steel, a tall ash tumbles down,
And soils its verdant tresses on the ground:
So falls the youth; his arms the fall resound.
Then, Teucer rushing to despoil the dead,
From Hector's hand a shining jav'lin fled:
He saw, and shunn'd the death; the forceful dart
Sung on, and pierc'd Amphimachus's heart,
Cteatus' son, of Neptune's forceful line;
Vain was his courage, and his race divine!
Prostrate he falls; his clanging arms resound,
And his broad buckler thunders on the ground.
To seize his beamy helm the victor flies,
And just had fasten'd on the dazzling prize,
When Ajax' manly arm a jav'lin flung;
Full on the shield's round boss the weapon rung;
He felt the shock, nor more was doom'd to feel,
Secure in mail, and sheathed in shining steel.
Repuls'd he yields; the victor Greeks obtain
The spoils contested, and bear off the slain.
Between the leaders of th' Athenian line,
(Stichius the brave, Menestheus the divine,)
Deplor'd Amphimachus, sad object! lies;
Imbrius remains the fierce Ajaces' prize.
As two grim lions bear across the lawn,
Snatch'd from devouring hounds, a slaughter'd fawn
In their fell jaws high lifting thro' the wood,
And sprinkling all the shrubs with drops of blood;
So these the Chief: great Ajax from the dead
Strips his bright arms, Oïleus lops his head:
Toss'd like a ball, and whirl'd in air away,
At Hector's feet the gory visage lay.
The God of Ocean, fired with stern disdain,
And pierc'd with sorrow for his grandson slain,
Inspires the Grecian hearts, confirms their hands,
And breathes destruction to the Trojan bands.
Swift as a whirlwind rushing to the fleet,
He finds the lance-famed Idomen of Crete;
His pensive brow the gen'rous care express'd
With which a wounded soldier touch'd his breast,
Whom in the chance of war a jav'lin tore,
And his sad comrades from the battle bore;
Him to the surgeons of the camp he sent;
That office paid, he issued from his tent,
Fierce for the fight: to him the God begun,
In Thoas' voice, Andræmon's valiant son,
Who ruled where Calydon's white rocks arise,
And Pleuron's chalky cliffs emblaze the skies:
'Where 's now th' impetuous vaunt, the daring boast,
Of Greece victorious, and proud Ilion lost?'
To whom the King: 'On Greece no blame be thrown,

Arms are her trade, and war is all her own.
Her hardy heroes from the well-fought plains
Nor Fear withholds, nor shameful Sloth detains.
'T is Heav'n, alas! and Jove's all-powerful doom,
That far, far distant from our native home
Wills us to fall, inglorious! Oh, my friend!
Once foremost in the fight, still prone to lend
Or arms, or counsels; now perform thy best,
And what thou canst not singly, urge the rest.'
Thus he; and thus the God whose force can make
The solid globe's eternal basis shake:
'Ah! never may he see his native land,
But feed the vultures on this hateful strand,
Who seeks ignobly in his ships to stay,
Nor dares to combat on this signal day!
For this, behold! in horrid arms I shine,
And urge thy soul to rival acts with mine;
Together let us battle on the plain;
Two, not the worst; nor ev'n this succour vain:
Not vain the weakest, if their force unite;
But ours, the bravest have confess'd in fight.'
This said, he rushes where the combat burns;
Swift to his tent the Cretan King returns.
From thence, two jav'lins glitt'ring in his hand,
And clad in arms that lighten'd all the strand,
Fierce on the foe th' impetuous hero drove;
Like lightning bursting from the arm of Jove,
Which to pale man the wrath of Heav'n declares,
Or terrifies th' offending world with wars;
In streamy sparkles, kindling all the skies,
From pole to pole the trail of glory flies.
Thus his bright armour o'er the dazzled throng
Gleam'd dreadful as the Monarch flash'd along.
Him, near his tent, Meriones attends;
Whom thus he questions: 'Ever best of friends!
O say, in every art of battle skill'd,
What holds thy courage from so brave a field?
On some important message art thou bound,
Or bleeds my friend by some unhappy wound?
Inglorious here, my soul abhors to stay,
And glows with prospects of th' approaching day.'
'O Prince!' (Meriones replies), 'whose care
Leads forth th' embattled sons of Crete to war;
This speaks my grief: this headless lance I wield;
The rest lies rooted in a Trojan shield.'
To whom the Cretan: 'Enter, and receive
The wanted weapons; those my tent can give;
Spears I have store (and Trojan lances all),
That shed a lustre round th' illumin'd wall.
Tho' I, disdainful of the distant war,
Nor trust the dart, nor aim th' uncertain spear,
Yet hand to hand I fight, and spoil the slain;
And thence these trophies, and these arms I gain.
Enter, and see on heaps the helmets roll'd,
And high-hung spears, and shields that flame with gold.'
'Nor vain' (said Merion) 'are our martial toils;
We too can boast of no ignoble spoils.
But those my ship contains, whence distant far,
I fight conspicuous in the van of war.
What need I more? If any Greek there be
Who knows not Merion, I appeal to thee.'
To this Idomeneus: 'The fields of fight
Have prov'd thy valour, and unconquer'd might:
And were some ambush for the foes design'd,
Ev'n there thy courage would not lag behind.
In that sharp service, singled from the rest,
The fear of each, or valour, stands confess'd.
No force, no firmness, the pale coward shews;

He shifts his place; his colour comes and goes;
A dropping sweat creeps cold on ev'ry part;
Against his bosom beats his quiv'ring heart;
Terror and death in his wild eye-balls stare;
With chatt'ring teeth he stands, and stiff'ning hair,
And looks a bloodless image of despair!
Not so the brave; still dauntless, still the same,
Unchanged his colour, and unmov'd his frame;
Composed his thought, determin'd is his eye,
And fix'd his soul, to conquer or to die:
If aught disturb the tenor of his breast,
'T is but the wish to strike before the rest.
'In such assays thy blameless worth is known,
And ev'ry art of dangerous war thy own.
By chance of fight whatever wounds you bore,
Those wounds were glorious all, and all before:
Such as may teach, 't was still thy brave delight
T' oppose thy bosom where the foremost fight.
But why, like infants, cold to honour's charms,
Stand we to talk, when glory calls to arms?
Go — from my conquer'd spears the choicest take,
And to their owners send them nobly back.'
Swift as the word bold Merion snatch'd a spear,
And, breathing slaughter, follow'd to the war.
So Mars armipotent invades the plain,
(The wide destroyer of the race of man;)
Terror, his best-lov'd son, attends his course,
Arm'd with stern boldness, and enormous force;
The pride of haughty warriors to confound,
And lay the strength of tyrants on the ground.
From Thrace they fly, call'd to the dire alarms
Of warring Phlegians, and Ephyrian arms:
Invoked by both, relentless they dispose
To these glad conquest, murd'rous rout to those.
So march'd the leaders of the Cretan train,
And their bright arms shot horror o'er the plain.
Then first spake Merion: 'Shall we join the right,
Or combat in the centre of the fight?
Or to the left our wanted succour lend?
Hazard and Fame all parts alike attend.'
'Not in the centre' (Idomen replied),
'Our ablest Chieftains the main battle guide;
Each godlike Ajax makes that post his care,
And gallant Teucer deals destruction there:
Skill'd, or with shafts to gall the distant field
Or bear close battle on the sounding shield.
These can the rage of haughty Hector tame;
Safe in their arms, the navy fears no flame;
Till Jove himself descends, his bolts to shed,
And hurl the blazing ruin at our head.
Great must he be, of more than human birth,
Nor feed like mortals on the fruits of earth,
Him neither rocks can crush, nor steel can wound,
Whom Ajax fells not on th' ensanguin'd ground.
In standing fight he mates Achilles' force,
Excell'd alone in swiftness in the course.
Then to the left our ready arms apply,
And live with glory, or with glory die.'
He said: and Merion to th' appointed place,
Fierce as the God of Battles, urged his pace.
Soon as the foe the shining chiefs beheld
Rush like a fiery torrent round the field,
Their force embodied in a tide they pour;
The rising combat sounds along the shore:
As warring winds, in Sirius' sultry reign,
From diff'rent quarters sweep the sandy plain;
On every side the dusty whirlwinds rise,
And the dry fields are lifted to the skies:
Thus, by despair, hope, rage, together driv'n,
Met the black hosts, and, meeting, darken'd Heav'n.

All dreadful glared the iron face of war,
Bristled with upright spears, that flash'd afar;
Dire was the gleam of breast-plates, helms, and shields,
And polish'd arms emblazed the flaming fields:
Tremendous scene! that gen'ral horror gave,
But touch'd with joy the bosoms of the brave.
Saturn's great sons in fierce contention vied,
And crowds of heroes in their anger died.
The Sire of Earth and Heav'n, by Thetis won
To crown with glory Peleus' godlike son,
Will'd not destruction to the Grecian powers,
But spared awhile the destin'd Trojan towers:
While Neptune, rising from his azure main,
Warr'd on the King of Heav'n with stern disdain,
And breathed revenge, and fired the Grecian train.
Gods of one source, of one ethereal race,
Alike divine, and Heav'n their native place;
But Jove the greater; first-born of the skies,
And more than men, or Gods, supremely wise.
For this, of Jove's superior might afraid,
Neptune in human form conceal'd his aid.
These Powers infold the Greek and Trojan train
In War and Discord's adamantine chain;
Indissolubly strong, the fatal tie
Is stretch'd on both, and close-compell'd they die.
Dreadful in arms, and grown in combat grey,
The bold Idomeneus controls the day.
First by his hand Othryoneus was slain,
Swell'd with false hopes, with mad ambition vain;
Call'd by the voice of war to martial fame,
From high Cabesus' distant walls he came;
Cassandra's love he sought, with boasts of power,
And promis'd conquest was the proffer'd dower.
The King consented, by his vaunts abused;
The King consented, but the Fates refused.
Proud of himself, and of th' imagin'd bride,
The field he measured with a larger stride.
Him, as he stalk'd, the Cretan jav'lin found;
Vain was his breast-plate to repel the wound:
His dream of glory lost, he plunged to Hell;
The plains resounded as the boaster fell.
The great Idomeneus bestrides the dead:
'And thus' (he cries) 'behold thy promise sped!'
'Such is the help thy arms to Ilion bring,
And such the contract of the Phrygian King!
Our offers now, illustrious Prince! receive;
For such an aid what will not Argos give?
To conquer Troy, with ours thy forces join,
And count Atrides' fairest daughter thine.
Meantime, on farther methods to advise,
Come, follow to the fleet thy new allies;
There hear what Greece has on her part to say.'
He spoke, and dragg'd the gory corse away.
This Asius view'd, unable to contain,
Before his chariot warring on the plain;
(His valued coursers, to his squire consign'd,
Impatient panted on his neck behind):
To vengeance rising with a sudden spring,
He hoped the conquest of the Cretan King.
The wary Cretan, as his foe drew near,
Full on his throat discharged the forceful spear:
Beneath the chin the point was seen to glide,
And, glitter'd, extant, at the farther side
As when the mountain oak, or poplar tall,
Or pine, fit mast for some great admiral,
Groans to the oft-heav'd axe, with many a wound,
Then spreads a length of ruin o'er the ground:
So sunk proud Asius in that dreadful day,
And stretch'd before his much-lov'd coursers lay.
He grinds the dust distain'd with streaming gore,
And, fierce in death, lies foaming on the shore.
Deprived of motion, stiff with stupid fear,
Stands all aghast his trembling charioteer,
Nor shuns the foe, nor turns the steeds away,
But falls transfix'd, an unresisting prey:

Pierc'd by Antilochus, he pants beneath
The stately car, and labours out his breath.
Thus Asius' steeds (their mighty master gone)
Remain the prize of Nestor's youthful son.
Stabb'd at the sight, Deïphobus drew nigh,
And made, with force, the vengeful weapon fly:
The Cretan saw; and, stooping, caus'd to glance,
From his slope shield, the disappointed lance.
Beneath the spacious targe (a blazing round,
Thick with bull-hides, and brazen orbits bound,
On his rais'd arm by two strong braces stay'd),
He lay collected in defensive shade;
O'er his safe head the jav'lin idly sung,
And on the tinkling verge more faintly rung.
Ev'n then, the spear the vig'rous arm confess'd,
And pierc'd, obliquely, King Hypsenor's breast;
Warm'd in his liver, to the ground it bore
The Chief, his people's guardian now no more!
'Not unattended' (the proud Trojan cries)
'Nor unrevenged, lamented Asius lies:
For thee, tho' Hell's black portals stand display'd,
This mate shall joy thy melancholy shade.'
Heart-piercing anguish, at the haughty boast,
Touch'd every Greek, but Nestor's son the most:
Griev'd as he was, his pious arms attend,
And his broad buckler shields his slaughter'd friend:
Till sad Mecistheus and Alastor bore
His honour'd body to the tented shore.
Nor yet from fight Idomeneus withdraws;
Resolv'd to perish in his country's cause,
Or find some foe, whom Heav'n and he shall doom
To wail his fate in death's eternal gloom.
He sees Alcathoüs in the front aspire:
Great Æsyetes was the hero's sire:
His spouse Hippodame, divinely fair,
Anchises' eldest hope, and darling care:
Who charm'd her parent's and her husband's heart,
With beauty, sense, and every work of art:
He, once, of Ilion's youth the loveliest boy,
The fairest she, of all the fair of Troy.
By Neptune now the hapless hero dies,
Who covers with a cloud those beauteous eyes,
And fetters every limb: yet bent to meet
His fate, he stands; nor shuns the lance of Crete.
Fix'd as some column, or deep-rooted oak,
(While the winds sleep,) his breast receiv'd the stroke.
Before the pond'rous stroke his corslet yields,
Long used to ward the death in fighting fields.
The riven armour sends a jarring sound:
His lab'ring heart heaves with so strong a bound,
The long lance shakes, and vibrates in the wound:
Fast flowing from its source, as prone he lay,
Life's purple tide impetuous gush'd away.
Then Idomen, insulting o'er the slain:
'Behold, Deïphobus! nor vaunt in vain:
See! on one Greek three Trojan ghosts attend,
This, my third victim, to the shades I send.
Approaching now, thy boasted might approve,
And try the prowess of the seed of Jove.
From Jove, enamour'd on a mortal dame,
Great Minos, guardian of his country, came;
Deucalion, blameless Prince! was Minos' heir;
His first-born I, the third from Jupiter:
O'er spacious Crete and her bold sons I reign,
And thence my ships transport me thro' the main:
Lord of a host, o'er all my host I shine,
A scourge to thee, thy father, and thy line.'
The Trojan heard; uncertain, or to meet
Alone, with venturous arms, the King of Crete;
Or seek auxiliar force; at length decreed
To call some hero to partake the deed.
Forthwith Æneas rises to his thought;
For him, in Troy's remotest lines he sought,
Where he, incens'd at partial Priam, stands,
And sees superior posts in meaner hands.

To him, ambitious of so great an aid,
The bold Deïphobus approach'd, and said:
'Now, Trojan Prince, employ thy pious arms,
If e'er thy bosom felt fair honour's charms.
Alcathoüs dies, thy brother and thy friend.
Come, and the warrior's lov'd remains defend.
Beneath his cares thy early youth was train'd,
One table fed you, and one roof contain'd.
This deed to fierce Idomeneus we owe;
Haste, and revenge it on th' insulting foe.'
Æneas heard, and for a space resign'd
To tender pity all his manly mind;
Then, rising in his rage, he burns to fight:
The Greek awaits him, with collected might.
As the fell boar on some rough mountain's head,
Arm'd with wild terrors, and to slaughter bred,
When the loud rustics rise, and shout from far,
Attends the tumult, and expects the war;
O'er his bent back the bristly horrors rise,
Fires stream in lightning from his sanguine eyes;
His foaming tusks both dogs and men engage,
But most his hunters rouse his mighty rage:
So stood Idomeneus, his jav'lin shook,
And met the Trojan with a low'ring look.
Antilochus, Deïpyrus, were near,
The youthful offspring of the God of War;
Merion, and Aphareus, in field renown'd:
To these the warrior sent his voice around:
'Fellows in arms! your timely aid unite:
Lo, great Æneas rushes to the fight:
Sprung from a God, and more than mortal bold:
He fresh in youth, and I in arms grown old.
Else should this hand, this hour, decide the strife,
The great dispute, of glory, or of life.'
He spoke, and all as with one soul obey'd;
Their lifted bucklers cast a dreadful shade
Around the Chief. Æneas too demands
Th' assisting forces of his native bands:
Paris, Deïphobus, Agenor join;
(Co-aids and captains of the Trojan line;)
In order follow all th' embodied train;
Like Ida's flocks proceeding o'er the plain:
Before his fleecy care, erect and bold,
Stalks the proud ram, the father of the fold:
With joy the swain surveys them, as he leads
To the cool fountains thro' the well-known meads:
So joys Æneas, as his native band
Moves on in rank, and stretches o'er the land.
Round dead Alcathoüs now the battle rose;
On ev'ry side the steely circle grows;
Now batter'd breast-plates and hack'd helmets ring,
And o'er their heads unheeded jav'lins sing.
Above the rest, two tow'ring Chiefs appear,
There great Idomeneus, Æneas here.
Like Gods of War, dispensing fate, they stood,
And burn'd to drench the ground with mutual blood.
The Trojan weapon whizz'd along in air:
The Cretan saw, and shunn'd the brazen spear,
Sent from an arm so strong, the missive wood
Stuck deep in earth, and quiver'd where it stood.
But Œnomas receiv'd the Cretan's stroke;
The forceful spear his hollow corslet broke;
It ripp'd his belly with a ghastly wound,
And roll'd the smoking entrails to the ground.
Stretch'd on the plain, he sobs away his breath,
And furious grasps the bloody dust in death.
The victor from his breast the weapon tears
(His spoils he could not, for the shower of spears);
Tho' now unfit an active war to wage,
Heavy with cumbrous arms, stiff with cold age,
His listless limbs unable for the course;
In standing fight he yet maintains his force:
Till, faint with labour, and by foes repell'd,
His tired slow steps he drags along the field.
Deïphobus beheld him as he pass'd,
And, fired with hate, a parting jav'lin cast:

The jav'lin err'd, but held its course along,
And pierc'd Ascalaphus, the brave and young:
The son of Mars fell gasping on the ground,
And gnash'd the dust all bloody with his wound.
Nor knew the furious father of his fall;
High-throned amidst the great Olympian hall,
On golden clouds th' immortal synod sat;
Detain'd from bloody war by Jove and Fate.
Now, where in dust the breathless hero lay,
For slain Ascalaphus commenc'd the fray.
Deïphobus to seize his helmet flies,
And from his temples rends the glitt'ring prize:
Valiant as Mars, Meriones drew near,
And on his loaded arm discharged his spear.
He drops the weight, disabled with the pain;
The hollow helmet rings against the plain.
Swift as a vulture leaping on his prey,
From his torn arm the Grecian rent away
The reeking jav'lin, and rejoin'd his friends.
His wounded brother good Polites tends;
Around his waist his pious arms he threw,
And from the rage of combat gently drew:
Him his swift coursers, on his splendid car,
Rapt from the less'ning thunder of the war;
To Troy they drove him, groaning, from the shore,
And sprinkling, as he pass'd, the sands with gore.
Meanwhile fresh slaughter bathes the sanguine ground,
Heaps fall on heaps, and Heav'n and Earth resound.
Bold Aphareus by great Æneas bled;
As toward the Chief he turn'd his daring head,
He pierc'd his throat; the bending head, depress'd
Beneath his helmet, nods upon his breast;
His shield revers'd o'er the fall'n warrior lies;
And everlasting slumber seals his eyes.
Antilochus, as Thoön turn'd him round,
Transpierc'd his back with a dishonest wound:
The hollow vein that to the neck extends
Along the chine, his eager jav'lin rends:
Supine he falls, and to his social train
Spreads his imploring arms, but spreads in vain.
Th' exulting victor, leaping where he lay,
From his broad shoulders tore the spoils away;
His time observ'd; for, closed by foes around,
On all sides thick, the peals of arms resound.
His shield, emboss'd, the ringing storm sustains,
But he impervious and untouch'd remains.
(Great Neptune's care preserv'd from hostile rage
This youth, the joy of Nestor's glorious age.)
In arms intrepid with the first he fought,
Faced ev'ry foe, and ev'ry danger sought;
His winged lance, resistless as the wind,
Obeys each motion of the master's mind:
Restless it flies, impatient to be free,
And meditates the distant enemy.
The son of Asius, Adamas, drew near,
And struck his target with the brazen spear,
Fierce in his front; but Neptune wards the blow,
And blunts the jav'lin of th' eluded foe.
In the broad buckler half the weapon stood;
Splinter'd on earth flew half the broken wood.
Disarm'd, he mingled in the Trojan crew;
But Merion's spear o'ertook him as he flew,
Deep in the belly's rim an entrance found,
Where sharp the pang, and mortal is the wound.
Bending he fell, and, doubled to the ground,
Lay panting. Thus an ox, in fetters tied,
While death's strong pangs distend his lab'ring side,
His bulk enormous on the field displays;
His heaving heart beats thick, as ebbing life decays.
The spear the conqueror from his body drew,
And death's dim shadows swam before his view.
Next brave Deïpyrus in dust was laid:
King Helenus waved high the Thracian blade,
And smote his temples with an arm so strong,
The helm fell off, and roll'd amid the throng;

There, for some luckier Greek it rests a prize,
For dark in death the godlike owner lies!
With raging grief great Menelaus burns,
And, fraught with vengeance, to the victor turns;
That shook the pond'rous lance, in act to throw,
And this stood adverse with the bended bow:
Full on his breast the Trojan arrow fell,
But harmless bounded from the plated steel.
As on some ample barn's well-harden'd floor,
(The winds collected at each open door,)
While the broad fan with force is whirl'd around,
Light leaps the golden grain, resulting from the ground:
So from the steel that guards Atrides' heart,
Repell'd to distance flies the bounding dart.
Atrides, watchful of th' unwary foe,
Pierc'd with his lance the hand that grasp'd the bow,
And nail'd it to the yew: the wounded hand
Trail'd the long lance that mark'd with blood the sand;
But good Agenor gently from the wound
The spear solicits, and the bandage bound;
A sling's soft wool, snatch'd from a soldier's side,
At once the tent and ligature supplied.
Behold! Pisander, urged by Fate's decree,
Springs thro' the ranks to fall, and fall by thee,
Great Menelaus! to enhance thy fame;
High tow'ring in the front, the warrior came.
First the sharp lance was by Atrides thrown;
The lance far distant by the winds was blown.
Nor pierc'd Pisander thro' Atrides' shield;
Pisander's spear fell shiver'd on the field.
Not so discouraged, to the future blind,
Vain dreams of conquest swell his haughty mind;
Dauntless he rushes where the Spartan lord
Like lightning brandish'd his far-beaming sword.
His left arm high opposed the shining shield;
His right, beneath, the cover'd pole-axe held;
(An olive's cloudy grain the handle made,
Distinct with studs; and brazen was the blade);
This on the helm discharged a noble blow;
The plume dropp'd nodding to the plain below,
Shorn from the crest. Atrides waved his steel;
Deep thro' his front the weighty falchion fell;
The crashing bones before its force gave way;
In dust and blood the groaning hero lay;
Forc'd from their ghastly orbs, and spouting gore,
The clotted eye-balls tumble on the shore.
The fierce Atrides spurn'd him as he bled,
Tore off his arms, and loud exulting said:
'Thus, Trojans, thus, at length be taught to fear;
O race perfidious, who delight in war!
Already noble deeds ye have perform'd,
A Princess raped transcends a navy storm'd:
In such bold feats your impious might approve,
Without th' assistance or the fear of Jove.
The violated rites, the ravish'd dame,
Our heroes slaughter'd, and our ships on flame,
Crimes heap'd on crimes, shall bend your glory down,
And whelm in ruins yon flagitious town.
O thou, great Father, lord of earth and skies,
Above the thought of man, supremely wise!
If from thy hand the fates of mortals flow,
From whence this favour to an impious foe,
A godless crew, abandon'd and unjust,
Still breathing rapine, violence, and lust?
The best of things, beyond their measure, cloy;
Sleep's balmy blessing, love's endearing joy;
The feast, the dance; whate'er mankind desire,
Ev'n the sweet charms of sacred numbers tire.

But Troy for ever reaps a dire delight
In thirst of slaughter, and in lust of fight.'
This said, he seiz'd (while yet the carcass heav'd)
The bloody armour, which his train receiv'd:
Then sudden mix'd among the warring crew,
And the bold son of Pylæmenes slew.
Harpalion had thro' Asia travell'd far,
Following his martial father to the war;
Thro' filial love he left his native shore,
Never, ah never, to behold it more!
His unsuccessful spear he chanc'd to fling
Against the target of the Spartan king;
Thus of his lance disarm'd, from death he flies,
And turns around his apprehensive eyes.
Him, thro' the hip transpiercing as he fled,
The shaft of Merion mingled with the dead.
Beneath the bone the glancing point descends,
And, driving down, the swelling bladder rends:
Sunk in his sad companions' arms he lay,
And in short pantings sobb'd his soul away
(Like some vile worm extended on the ground),
While life's red torrent gush'd from out the wound.
Him on his car the Paphlagonian train
In slow procession bore from off the plain.
The pensive father, father now no more!
Attends the mournful pomp along the shore;
And unavailing tears profusely shed,
And unrevenged deplor'd his offspring dead.
Paris from far the moving sight beheld,
With pity soften'd, and with fury swell'd:
His honour'd host, a youth of matchless grace,
And lov'd of all the Paphlagonian race!
With his full strength he bent his angry bow,
And wing'd the feather'd vengeance at the foe.
A Chief there was, the brave Euchenor named,
For riches much, and more for virtue, famed,
Who held his seat in Corinth's stately town;
Polydus' son, a seer of old renown.
Oft had the father told his early doom,
By arms abroad, or slow disease at home:
He climb'd his vessel, prodigal of breath,
And chose the certain glorious path to death.
Beneath his ear the pointed arrow went;
The soul came issuing at the narrow vent;
His limbs, unnerv'd, drop useless on the ground,
And everlasting darkness shades him round.
Nor knew great Hector how his legions yield
(Wrapp'd in the cloud and tumult of the field);
Wide on the left the force of Greece commands,
And conquest hovers o'er th' Achaian bands:
With such a tide superior virtue sway'd,
And he that shakes the solid earth, gave aid.
But in the centre Hector fix'd remain'd,
Where first the gates were forc'd, and bulwarks gain'd;
There, on the margin of the hoary deep
(Their naval station where th' Ajaces keep,
And where low walls confine the beating tides,
Whose humble barrier scarce the foe divides;
Where late in fight both foot and horse engaged,
And all the thunder of the battle raged),
There join'd, the whole Bœotian strength remains,
The proud Ionians with their sweeping trains,
Locrians and Phthians, and th' Epeian force;
But, join'd, repel not Hector's fiery course.
The flower of Athens, Stichius, Phidas led,
Bias and great Menestheus at their head.
Meges the strong th' Epeian bands controll'd,
And Dracius prudent, and Amphion bold;
The Phthians Medon, famed for martial might,
And brave Podarces, active in the fight.
This drew from Phylacus his noble line,
Iphiclus' son; and that, Oïleus, thine
(Young Ajax' brother, by a stol'n embrace;
He dwelt far distant from his native place;

By his fierce stepdame from his father's reign
Expell'd and exiled for her brother slain):
These rule the Phthians, and their arms employ,
Mix'd with Bœotians, on the shores of Troy.
Now side by side, with like unwearied care,
Each Ajax labour'd thro' the field of war.
So when two lordly bulls, with equal toil,
Force the bright ploughshare thro' the fallow soil,
Join'd to one yoke, the stubborn earth they tear,
And trace large furrows with the shining share:
O'er their huge limbs the foam descends in snow,
And streams of sweat down their sour foreheads flow.
A train of heroes follow'd thro' the field,
Who bore by turns great Ajax' seven-fold shield;
Whene'er he breathed, remissive of his might,
Tired with th' incessant slaughters of the fight.
No foll'wing troops his brave associate grace;
In close engagement an unpractis'd race,
The Locrian squadrons nor the jav'lin wield,
Nor bear the helm, nor lift the moony shield;
But skill'd from far the flying shaft to wing,
Or whirl the sounding pebble from the sling;
Dext'rous with these they aim a certain wound,
Or fell the distant warrior to the ground.
Thus in the van, the Telamonian train,
Throng'd in bright arms, a pressing fight maintain;
Far in the rear the Locrian archers lie,
Whose stones and arrows intercept the sky:
The mingled tempest on the foes they pour;
Troy's scatt'ring orders open to the shower.
Now had the Greeks eternal fame acquired,
And the gall'd Ilians to their walls retired;
But sage Polydamas, discreetly brave,
Address'd great Hector, and this counsel gave:
'Tho' great in all, thou seem'st averse to lend
Impartial audience to a faithful friend:
To Gods and men thy matchless worth is known,
And ev'ry art of glorious war thy own;
But in cool thought and counsel to excel,
How widely differs this from warring well!
Content with what the bounteous Gods have giv'n,
Seek not alone t' engross the gifts of Heav'n.
To some the powers of bloody war belong,
To some, sweet music, and the charm of song;
To few, and wondrous few, has Jove assign'd
A wise, extensive, all-consid'ring mind;
Their guardians these the nations round confess,
And towns and empires for their safety bless.
If Heav'n have lodg'd this virtue in my breast,
Attend, O Hector, what I judge the best.
See, as thou mov'st, on dangers dangers spread,
And war's whole fury burns around thy head:
Behold! distress'd within yon hostile wall,
How many Trojans yield, disperse, or fall!
What troops, out-number'd, scarce the war maintain!
And what brave heroes at the ships lie slain!
Here cease thy fury; and, the Chiefs and Kings
Convoked to council, weigh the sum of things.
Whether (the Gods succeeding our desires)
To yon tall ships to bear the Trojan fires;
Or quit the fleet, and pass unhurt away,
Contented with the conquest of the day.
I fear, I fear, lest Greece (not yet undone)
Pay the large debt of last revolving sun.
Achilles, great Achilles, yet remains
On yonder decks, and yet o'erlooks the plains!'
The counsel pleas'd; and Hector, with a bound,
Leap'd from his chariot on the trembling ground;
Swift as he leap'd, his clanging arms resound.

'To guard this post' (he cried) 'thy art employ,
And here detain the scatter'd youth of Troy;
Where yonder heroes faint, I bend my way,
And hasten back to end the doubtful day.'
This said, the tow'ring Chief prepares to go,
Shakes his white plumes that to the breezes flow,
And seems a moving mountain topp'd with snow.
Thro' all his host inspiring force, he flies,
And bids anew the martial thunder rise.
To Panthus' son, at Hector's high command,
Haste the bold leaders of the Trojan band:
But round the battlements, and round the plain,
For many a Chief he look'd, but look'd in vain;
Deïphobus, nor Helenus the seer,
Nor Asius' son, nor Asius' self appear.
For these were pierc'd with many a ghastly wound,
Some cold in death, some groaning on the ground;
Some low in dust (a mournful object) lay,
High on the wall some breathed their souls away.
Far on the left, amidst the throng he found
(Cheering the troops, and dealing deaths around),
The graceful Paris: whom, with fury mov'd,
Opprobrious, thus th' impatient Chief reprov'd:
'Ill-fated Paris! slave to womankind,
As smooth of face as fraudulent of mind!
Where is Deïphobus, where Asius gone?
The godlike father, and th' intrepid son?
The force of Helenus, dispensing fate,
And great Othryoneus, so fear'd of late?
Black fate hangs o'er thee from th' avenging Gods,
Imperial Troy from her foundation nods;
Whelm'd in thy country's ruins shalt thou fall,
And one devouring vengeance swallow all.'
When Paris thus: 'My brother and my friend,
Thy warm impatience makes thy tongue offend.
In other battles I deserv'd thy blame,
Tho' then not deedless, nor unknown to Fame:
But since yon rampart by thy arms lay low,
I scatter'd slaughter from my fatal bow.
The Chiefs you seek on yonder shore lie slain;
Of all those heroes, two alone remain;
Deïphobus, and Helenus the seer:
Each now disabled by a hostile spear.
Go then, successful, where thy soul inspires;
This heart and hand shall second all thy fires:
What with this arm I can, prepare to know,
Till death for death be paid, and blow for blow.
But 't is not ours, with forces not our own
To combat; strength is of the Gods alone.'
These words the hero's angry mind assuage:
Then fierce they mingle where the thickest rage.
Around Polydamas, distain'd with blood,
Cebrion, Phalces, stern Orthæus, stood;
Palmus, with Polypœtes the divine,
And two bold brothers of Hippotion's line:
(Who reach'd fair Ilion, from Ascania far,
The former day; the next, engaged in war).
As when from gloomy clouds a whirlwind springs,
That bears Jove's thunder on its dreadful wings,
Wide o'er the blasted fields the tempest sweeps,
Then, gather'd, settles on the hoary deeps;
Th' afflicted deeps tumultuous mix and roar;
The waves behind impel the waves before,
Wide-rolling, foaming high, and tumbling to the shore:
Thus rank on rank the chief battalions throng,
Chief urged on Chief, and man drove man along:
Far o'er the plains in dreadful order bright,
The brazen arms reflect a beamy light.
Full in the blazing van great Hector shined,
Like Mars commission'd to confound mankind.

Before him flaming, his enormous shield,
Like the broad sun, illumin'd all the field;
His nodding helm emits a streamy ray;
His piercing eyes thro' all the battle stray,
And, while beneath his targe he flash'd along,
Shot terrors round, that wither'd ev'n the strong.
Thus stalk'd he dreadful; death was in his look;
Whole nations fear'd; but not an Argive shook.
The tow'ring Ajax, with an ample stride,
Advanc'd the first, and thus the Chief defied:
'Hector! come on, thy empty threats forbear:
'T is not thy arm, 't is thund'ring Jove, we fear:
The skill of war to us not idly giv'n,
Lo! Greece is humbled, not by Troy, but Heav'n.
Vain are the hopes that haughty mind imparts
To force our fleet: the Greeks have hands and hearts.
Long ere in flames our lofty navy fall,
Your boasted city, and your god-built wall,
Shall sink beneath us, smoking on the ground;
And spread a long unmeasured ruin round.
The time shall come, when, chased along the plain,
Ev'n thou shalt call on Jove, and call in vain;
Ev'n thou shalt wish, to aid thy desp'rate course,
The wings of falcons for thy flying horse;
Shalt run, forgetful of a warrior's fame,
While clouds of friendly dust conceal thy shame.'
As thus he spoke, behold, in open view,
On sounding wings a dexter eagle flew.
To Jove's glad omen all the Grecians rise,
And hail, with shouts, his progress thro' the skies.
Far-echoing clamours bound from side to side;
They ceas'd; and thus the Chief of Troy replied:
'From whence this menace, this insulting strain?
Enormous boaster! doom'd to vaunt in vain.
So may the Gods on Hector life bestow
(Not that short life which mortals lead below,
But such as those of Jove's high lineage born,
The Blue-eyed Maid, or He that gilds the morn),
As this decisive day shall end the fame
Of Greece, and Argos be no more a name.
And thou, imperious! if thy madness wait
The lance of Hector, thou shalt meet thy fate:
That giant-corpse, extended on the shore,
Shall largely feast the fowls with fat and gore.'
He said, and like a lion stalk'd along:
With shouts incessant earth and ocean rung,
Sent from his foll'wing host. The Grecian train
With answering thunders fill'd the echoing plain;
A shout that tore Heav'n's concave, and above
Shook the fix'd splendours of the throne of Jove.

BOOK XIV

JUNO DECEIVES JUPITER BY THE GIRDLE OF VENUS

THE ARGUMENT

Nestor, sitting at the table with Machaon, is alarmed with the increasing clamour of the war, and hastens to Agamemnon: on his way he meets that Prince with Diomed and Ulysses, whom he informs of the extremity of the danger. Agamemnon proposes to make their escape by night, which Ulysses withstands; to which Diomed adds his advice, that, wounded as they were, they should go forth and encourage the army with their presence; which advice is pursued. Juno seeing the partiality of Jupiter to the Trojans, forms a design to overreach him; she sets off her charms with the utmost care, and (the more surely to enchant him) obtains the magic girdle of Venus. She then applies herself to the God of Sleep, and with some difficulty persuades him to seal the eyes of Jupiter; this done, she goes to Mount Ida, where the God, at first sight, is ravished with her beauty, sinks in her embraces, and is laid asleep. Neptune takes advantage of his slumber, and succours the

Greeks; Hector is struck to the ground with a prodigious stone by Ajax, and carried off from the battle: several actions succeed; till the Trojans, much distressed, are obliged to give way; the lesser Ajax signalizes himself in a particular manner.

But nor the genial feast, nor flowing bowl,
Could charm the cares of Nestor's watchful soul;
His startled ears th' increasing cries attend;
Then thus, impatient, to his wounded friend:
'What new alarms, divine Machaon, say,
What mix'd events attend this mighty day?
Hark! how the shouts divide, and how they meet,
And now come full, and thicken to the fleet!
Here, with the cordial draught dispel thy care,
Let Hecamede the strength'ning bath prepare,
Refresh thy wound, and cleanse the clotted gore,
While I th' adventures of the day explore.'
He said: and, seizing Thrasymedes' shield
(His valiant offspring), hasten'd to the field
(That day, the son his father's buckler bore);
Then snatch'd a lance, and issued from the door.
Soon as the prospect open'd to his view,
His wounded eyes the scene of sorrow knew;
Dire disarray! the tumult of the fight,
The wall in ruins, and the Greeks in flight.
As when old Ocean's silent surface sleeps,
The waves just heaving on the purple deeps;
While yet th' expected tempest hangs on high,
Weighs down the cloud, and blackens in the sky,
The mass of waters will no wind obey;
Jove sends one gust, and bids them roll away.
While wav'ring counsels thus his mind engage,
Fluctuates in doubtful thought the Pylian sage;
To join the host, or to the Gen'ral haste;
Debating long, he fixes on the last:
Yet, as he moves, the fight his bosom warms;
The field rings dreadful with the clang of arms;
The gleaming falchions flash, the jav'lins fly;
Blows echo blows, and all or kill or die.
Him, in his march, the wounded Princes meet,
By tardy steps ascending from the fleet;
The King of Men, Ulysses the divine,
And who to Tydeus owes his noble line.
(Their ships at distance from the battle stand,
In lines advanc'd along the shelving strand;
Whose bay the fleet unable to contain
At length, beside the margin of the main,
Rank above rank, the crowded ships they moor:
Who landed first, lay highest on the shore.)
Supported on their spears they took their way,
Unfit to fight, but anxious for the day.
Nestor's approach alarm'd each Grecian breast,
Whom thus the Gen'ral of the host address'd:
'O grace and glory of th' Achaian name!
What drives thee, Nestor, from the Field of Fame?
Shall then proud Hector see his boast fulfill'd,
Our fleets in ashes, and our heroes kill'd?
Such was his threat, ah! now too soon made good,
On many a Grecian bosom writ in blood.
Is every heart inflamed with equal rage
Against your King, nor will one Chief engage?
And have I liv'd to see with mournful eyes
In ev'ry Greek a new Achilles rise?'
Gerenian Nestor then: 'So Fate has will'd;
And all confirming time has Fate fulfill'd,
Not he that thunders from th' aërial bower,
Not Jove himself, upon the past has power.
The wall, our late inviolable bound,
And best defence, lies smoking on the ground:
Ev'n to the ships their conquering arms extend,
And groans of slaughter'd Greeks to Heav'n ascend.

On speedy measures then employ your thought;
In such distress if counsel profit aught;
Arms cannot much: tho' Mars our souls incite,
These gaping wounds withhold us from the fight.'
To him the Monarch: 'That our army bends,
That Troy triumphant our high fleet ascends,
And that the rampart, late our surest trust,
And best defence, lies smoking in the dust:
All this, from Jove's afflictive hand we bear,
Who, far from Argos, wills our ruin here,
Past are the days when happier Greece was bless'd,
And all his favour, all his aid, confess'd;
Now Heav'n, averse, our hands from battle ties,
And lifts the Trojan glory to the skies.
Cease we at length to waste our blood in vain,
And launch what ships lie nearest to the main;
Leave these at anchor till the coming night;
Then, if impetuous Troy forbear the fight,
Bring all to sea, and hoist each sail for flight.
Better from evils, well foreseen, to run,
Than perish in the danger we may shun.'
Thus he. The sage Ulysses thus replies,
While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes:
'What shameful words (unkingly as thou art)
Fall from that trembling tongue and tim'rous heart!
Oh were thy sway the curse of meaner powers,
And thou the shame of any host but ours!
A host, by Jove endued with martial might,
And taught to conquer, or to fall in fight:
Adventurous combats and bold wars to wage,
Employ'd our youth, and yet employs our age.
And wilt thou thus desert the Trojan plain?
And have whole streams of blood been spilt in vain?
In such base sentence if thou couch thy fear,
Speak it in whispers, lest a Greek should hear.
Lives there a man so dead to fame, who dares
To think such meanness, or the thought declares?
And comes it ev'n from him whose sov'reign sway
The banded legions of all Greece obey?
Is this a Gen'ral's voice, that calls to flight?
While war hangs doubtful, while his soldiers fight?
What more could Troy? What yet their fate denies
Thou giv'st the foe: all Greece becomes their prize.
No more the troops (our hoisted sails in view,
Themselves abandon'd) shall the fight pursue;
But thy ships flying with despair shall see,
And owe destruction to a Prince like thee.'
'Thy just reproofs' (Atrides calm replies)
'Like arrows pierce me, for thy words are wise.
Unwilling as I am to lose the host,
I force not Greece to quit this hateful coast.
Glad I submit, whoe'er, or young or old,
Aught, more conducive to our weal, unfold.'
Tydides cut him short, and thus began:
'Such counsel if ye seek, behold the man
Who boldly gives it, and what he shall say,
Young tho' he be, disdain not to obey:
A youth, who from the mighty Tydeus springs,
May speak to councils and assembled Kings.
Hear then in me the great Œnides' son,
Whose honour'd dust (his race of glory run)
Lies whelm'd in ruins of the Theban wall;
Brave in his life, and glorious in his fall.
With three bold sons was gen'rous Prothous bless'd,
Who Pleuron's walls and Calydon possess'd:
Melas and Agrius, but (who far surpass'd
The rest in courage) Œneus was the last:
From him, my sire. From Calydon expell'd,
He pass'd to Argos, and in exile dwell'd;
The Monarch's daughter there (so Jove ordain'd)
He won, and flourish'd where Adrastus reign'd:

There, rich in fortune's gifts, his acres till'd,
Beheld his vines their liquid harvest yield,
And numerous flocks that whiten'd all the field.
Such Tydeus was, the foremost once in fame!
Nor lives in Greece a stranger to his name.
Then, what for common good my thoughts inspire,
Attend, and in the son respect the sire.
Tho' sore of battle, tho' with wounds oppprest,
Let each go forth, and animate the rest,
Advance the glory which he cannot share,
Tho' not partaker, witness of the war.
But lest new wounds on wounds o'erpower us quite,
Beyond the missile jav'lin's sounding flight,
Safe let us stand; and, from the tumult far,
Inspire the ranks, and rule the distant war.'
He added not: the list'ning Kings obey,
Slow moving on; Atrides leads the way.
The God of Ocean (to inflame their rage)
Appears a warrior furrow'd o'er with age;
Press'd in his own, the Gen'ral's hand he took,
And thus the venerable hero spoke:
'Atrides, lo! with what disdainful eye
Achilles sees his country's forces fly:
Blind impious man! whose anger is his guide,
Who glories in unutterable pride.
So may he perish, so may Jove disclaim
The wretch relentless, and o'erwhelm with shame!
But Heav'n forsakes not thee: o'er yonder sands
Soon shalt thou view the scatter'd Trojan bands
Fly diverse; while proud Kings, and Chiefs renown'd,
Driv'n heaps on heaps, with clouds involv'd around
Of rolling dust, their winged wheels employ
To hide their ignominious heads in Troy.'
He spoke, then rush'd among the warrior crew:
And sent his voice before him as he flew,
Loud, as the shout encount'ring armies yield,
When twice ten thousand shake the lab'ring field;
Such was the voice, and such the thund'ring sound
Of him whose trident rends the solid ground.
Each Argive bosom beats to meet the fight,
And grisly war appears a pleasing sight.
Meantime Saturnia from Olympus' brow,
High-throned in gold, beheld the fields below;
With joy the glorious conflict she survey'd,
Where her great brother gave the Grecians aid.
But placed aloft, on Ida's shady height
She sees her Jove, and trembles at the sight.
Jove to deceive, what methods shall she try,
What arts, to blind his all-beholding eye?
At length she trusts her power; resolv'd to prove
The old, yet still successful, cheat of love;
Against his wisdom to oppose her charms,
And lull the Lord of Thunders in her arms.
Swift to her bright apartment she repairs,
Sacred to dress, and beauty's pleasing cares:
With skill divine had Vulcan form'd the bower,
Safe from access of each intruding power.
Touch'd with her secret key, the doors unfold
Self-closed, behind her shut the valves of gold.
Here first she bathes; and round her body pours
Soft oils of fragrance, and ambrosial showers:
The winds, perfumed, the balmy gale convey
Thro' Heav'n, thro' earth, and all th' aërial way;
Spirit divine! whose exhalation greets
The sense of Gods with more than mortal sweets.
Thus while she breathed of Heav'n, with decent pride
Her artful hands the radiant tresses tied;
Part on her head in shining ringlets roll'd,
Part o'er her shoulders waved like melted gold.
Around her next a heav'nly mantle flow'd,
That rich with Pallas' labour'd colours glow'd;

Large clasps of gold the foldings gather'd round,
A golden zone her swelling bosom bound.
Far-beaming pendants tremble in her ear,
Each gem illumin'd with a triple star.
Then o'er her head she cast a veil more white
Than new-fall'n snow, and dazzling as the light.
Last her fair feet celestial sandals grace.
Thus issuing radiant, with majestic pace,
Forth from the dome th' imperial Goddess moves,
And calls the mother of the smiles and loves.
'How long' (to Venus thus apart she cried)
'Shall human strife celestial minds divide?
Ah yet, will Venus aid Saturnia's joy,
And set aside the cause of Greece and Troy?'
'Let Heav'n's dread Empress' (Cytherea said)
'Speak her request, and deem her will obey'd.'
'Then grant me' (said the Queen) 'those conquering charms,
That Power, which mortals and immortals warms,
That love, which melts mankind in fierce desires,
And burns the sons of Heav'n with sacred fires!
For lo! I haste to those remote abodes,
Where the great parents (sacred source of Gods!)
Ocean and Tethys their old empire keep,
On the last limits of the land and deep.
In their kind arms my tender years were pass'd;
What time old Saturn, from Olympus cast,
Of upper Heav'n to Jove resign'd the reign,
Whelm'd under the huge mass of earth and main.
For strife, I hear, has made the union cease,
Which held so long that ancient pair in peace.
What honour, and what love, shall I obtain,
If I compose those fatal feuds again?
Once more their minds in mutual ties engage,
And what my youth has owed, repay their age.'

She said. With awe divine the Queen of Love
Obey'd the sister and the wife of Jove;
And from her fragrant breast the zone unbraced,
With various skill and high embroid'ry graced.
In this was ev'ry art, and ev'ry charm,
To win the wisest, and the coldest warm:
Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay desire,
The kind deceit, the still reviving fire;
Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs,
Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes.
This on her hand the Cyprian Goddess laid;
'Take this, and with it all thy wish,' she said:
With smiles she took the charm; and smiling press'd
The powerful cestus to her snowy breast.
Then Venus to the courts of Jove withdrew;
Whilst from Olympus pleas'd Saturnia flew.
O'er high Pieria thence her course she bore,
O'er fair Emathia's ever-pleasing shore,
O'er Hæmus' hills with snows eternal crown'd:
Nor once her flying foot approach'd the ground.
Then taking wing from Athos' lofty steep,
She speeds to Lemnos o'er the rolling deep,
And seeks the cave of Death's half-brother, Sleep.
'Sweet pleasing Sleep!' (Saturnia thus began)
'Who spread'st thy empire o'er each God and man;
If e'er obsequious to thy Juno's will,
O Power of Slumbers! hear, and favour still.
Shed thy soft dews on Jove's immortal eyes,
While sunk in love's entrancing joys he lies.
A splendid footstool, and a throne, that shine
With gold unfading, Somnus, shall be thine;
The work of Vulcan, to indulge thy ease,
When wine and feasts thy golden humours please.'
'Imperial Dame' (the balmy Power replies),
'Great Saturn's heir, and Empress of the Skies!

O'er other Gods I spread my easy chain;
The sire of all, old Ocean, owns my reign,
And his hush'd waves lie silent on the main.
But how, unbidden, shall I dare to steep
Jove's awful temples in the dew of sleep?
Long since, too venturous, at thy bold command,
On those eternal lids I laid my hand;
What time, deserting Ilion's wasted plain,
His conquering son, Alcides, plough'd the main:
When lo! the deeps arise, the tempests roar,
And drive the hero to the Coan shore;
Great Jove, awaking, shook the bless'd abodes
With rising wrath, and tumbled Gods on Gods;
Me chief he sought, and from the realms on high
Had hurl'd indignant to the nether sky,
But gentle Night, to whom I fled for aid
(The friend of Earth and Heav'n), her wings display'd;
Empower'd the wrath of Gods and men to tame,
Ev'n Jove revered the venerable dame.'
'Vain are thy fears' (the Queen of Heav'n replies,
And, speaking, rolls her large majestic eyes);
'Think'st thou that Troy has Jove's high favour won,
Like great Alcides, his all-conquering son?
Hear, and obey the Mistress of the Skies,
Nor for the deed expect a vulgar prize:
For know, thy lov'd-one shall be ever thine,
The youngest Grace, Pasithaë the divine.'
'Swear then' (he said) 'by those tremendous floods,
That roar thro' Hell, and bind th' invoking Gods:
Let the great parent earth one hand sustain,
And stretch the other o'er the sacred main:
Call the black Titans that with Cronos dwell,
To hear and witness from the depths of Hell;
That she, my lov'd-one, shall be ever mine,
The youngest Grace, Pasithaë the divine.'
The Queen assents, and from th' infernal bowers
Invokes the sable subtartarean powers,
And those who rule th' inviolable floods,
Whom mortals name the dread Titanian Gods.
Then, swift as wind, o'er Lemnos' smoky isle,
They wing their way, and Imbrus' sea-beat soil,
Thro' air, unseen, involv'd in darkness glide,
And light on Lectos, on the point of Ide
(Mother of savages, whose echoing hills
Are heard resounding with a hundred rills);
Fair Ida trembles underneath the God;
Hush'd are her mountains, and her forests nod.
There, on a fir, whose spiry branches rise
To join its summit to the neighb'ring skies,
Dark in embow'ring shade, conceal'd from sight,
Sat Sleep, in likeness of the bird of night
(Chalcis his name with those of heav'nly birth,
But called Cymindis by the race of earth).
To Ida's top successful Juno flies;
Great Jove surveys her with desiring eyes:
The God, whose lightning sets the Heav'ns on fire,
Thro' all his bosom feels the fierce desire;
Fierce as when first by stealth he seiz'd her charms,
Mix'd with her soul, and melted in her arms.
Fix'd on her eyes he fed his eager look,
Then press'd her hand, and then with transport spoke:
'Why comes my Goddess from th' ethereal sky,
And not her steeds and flaming chariot nigh!'
Then she—'I haste to those remote abodes,
Where the great parents of the deathless Gods,
The rev'rend Ocean and great Tethys, reign,
On the last limits of the land and main.
I visit these, to whose indulgent cares
I owe the nursing of my tender years.
For strife, I hear, has made that union cease,
Which held so long this ancient pair in peace.
The steeds, prepared my chariot to convey
O'er earth and seas, and thro' th' aërial way,

Wait under Ide: of thy superior power
To ask consent, I leave th' Olympian bower;
Nor seek, unknown to thee, the sacred cells
Deep under seas, where hoary Ocean dwells.'
'For that' (said Jove) 'suffice another day;
But eager love denies the least delay.
Let softer cares the present hour employ,
And be these moments sacred all to joy.
Ne'er did my soul so strong a passion prove,
Or for an earthly, or a heav'nly love;
Not when I press'd Ixion's matchless dame,
Whence rose Pirithous, like the Gods in fame.
Not when fair Danaë felt the shower of gold
Stream into life, whence Perseus brave and bold.
Not thus I burn'd for either Theban dame
(Bacchus from this, from that Alcides came),
Not Phœnix' daughter, beautiful and young,
Whence Godlike Rhadamanth and Minos sprung;
Not thus I burn'd for fair Latona's face,
Nor comelier Ceres' more majestic grace.
Not thus ev'n for thyself I felt desire,
As now my veins receive the pleasing fire.'
He spoke; the Goddess with the charming eyes
Glows with celestial red, and thus replies:
'Is this a scene for love? On Ida's height,
Exposed to mortal and immortal sight;
Our joys profaned by each familiar eye;
The sport of Heav'n, and fable of the sky!
How shall I e'er review the bless'd abodes,
Or mix among the Senate of the Gods?
Shall I not think, that, with disorder'd charms,
All Heav'n beholds me recent from thy arms?
With skill divine has Vulcan form'd thy bower,
Sacred to love and to the genial hour;
If such thy will, to that recess retire,
And secret there indulge thy soft desire.'
She ceas'd: and smiling with superior love,
Thus answer'd mild the cloud-compelling Jove:
'Not God nor mortal shall our joys behold,
Shaded with clouds, and circumfused in gold;
Not ev'n the sun, who darts thro' Heav'n his rays,
And whose broad eye th' extended earth surveys.'
Gazing he spoke, and, kindling at the view,
His eager arms around the Goddess threw.
Glad Earth perceives, and from her bosom pours
Unbidden herbs, and voluntary flowers;
Thick new-born violets a soft carpet spread,
And clust'ring lotos swell'd the rising bed,
And sudden hyacinths the turf bestrow,
And flamy crocus made the mountain glow.
There golden clouds conceal the heav'nly pair,
Steep'd in soft joys, and circumfused with air;
Celestial dews, descending o'er the ground,
Perfume the mount, and breathe ambrosia round.
At length with Love and Sleep's soft power oppress'd,
The panting Thund'rer nods, and sinks to rest.
Now to the navy borne on silent wings,
To Neptune's ear soft Sleep his message brings;
Beside him sudden, unperceiv'd he stood,
And thus with gentle words address'd the God:
'Now, Neptune! now, th' important hour employ,
To check awhile the haughty hopes of Troy:
While Jove yet rests, while yet my vapours shed
The golden vision round his sacred head;
For Juno's love, and Somnus' pleasing ties,
Have closed those awful and eternal eyes.'
Thus having said, the Power of Slumber flew,
On human lids to drop the balmy dew.
Neptune, with zeal increas'd, renews his care,
And tow'ring in the foremost ranks of war,
Indignant thus: 'Oh once of martial fame!
O Greeks! if yet ye can deserve the name!

This half-recover'd day shall Troy obtain ?
Shall Hector thunder at your ships again ?
Lo, still he vaunts, and threats the fleet with fires,
While stern Achilles in his wrath retires.
One hero's loss too tamely you deplore,
Be still yourselves, and we shall need no more.
Oh yet, if glory any bosom warms,
Brace on your firmest helms, and stand to arms:
His strongest spear each valiant Grecian wield,
Each valiant Grecian seize his broadest shield;
Let to the weak the lighter arms belong,
The pond'rous targe be wielded by the strong.
Thus arm'd, not Hector shall our presence stay;
Myself, ye Greeks! myself will lead the way.'
The troops assent; their martial arms they change,
The busy chiefs their banded legions range.
The Kings, tho' wounded, and oppress'd with pain,
With helpful hands themselves assist the train.
The strong and cumbrous arms the valiant wield,
The weaker warrior takes a lighter shield.
Thus sheathed in shining brass, in bright array
The legions march, and Neptune leads the way:
His brandish'd falchion flames before their eyes,
Like lightning flashing thro' the frighted skies.
Clad in his might th' earth-shaking Power appears;
Pale mortals tremble, and confess their fears.
Troy's great defender stands alone unaw'd,
Arms his proud host, and dares oppose a God:
And lo ! the God and wondrous man appear;
The sea's stern ruler there, and Hector here.
The roaring main, at her great master's call,
Rose in huge ranks, and form'd a wat'ry wall
Around the ships, seas hanging o'er the shores;
Both armies join; earth thunders, ocean roars.
Not half so loud the bell'wing deeps resound,
When stormy winds disclose the dark profound;
Less loud the winds that from th' Æoliar hall
Roar thro' the woods, and make whole forests fall;
Less loud the woods, when flames in torrents pour,
Catch the dry mountain and its shades devour.
With such a rage the meeting hosts are driv'n,
And such a clamour shakes the sounding Heav'n.
The first bold jav'lin, urged by Hector's force,
Direct at Ajax' bosom wing'd its course;
But there no pass the crossing belts afford
(One braced his shield, and one sustain'd his sword).
Then back the disappointed Trojan drew,
And curs'd the lance that unavailing flew:
But 'scaped not Ajax; his tempestuous hand
A pond'rous stone up-heaving from the sand
(Where heaps, laid loose beneath the warrior's feet,
Or serv'd to ballast, or to prop the fleet),
Toss'd round and round, the missive marble flings;
On the rais'd shield the falling ruin rings,
Full on his breast and throat with force descends;
Nor deaden'd there its giddy fury spends,
But, whirling on, with many a fiery round,
Smokes in the dust, and ploughs into the ground.
As when the bolt, red-hissing from above,
Darts on the consecrated plant of Jove,
The mountain-oak in flaming ruin lies,
Black from the blow, and smokes of sulphur rise:
Stiff with amaze the pale beholders stand,
And own the terrors of th' almighty hand !
So lies great Hector prostrate on the shore;
His slacken'd hand deserts the lance it bore:

His foll'wing shield the fallen chief o'erspread;
Beneath his helmet dropp'd his fainting head;
His load of armour, sinking to the ground,
Clanks on the field: a dead and hollow sound.
Loud shouts of triumph fill the crowded plain;
Greece sees, in hope, Troy's great defender slain:
All spring to seize him: storms of arrows fly;
And thicker jav'lins intercept the sky.
In vain an iron tempest hisses round:
He lies protected and without a wound.
Polydamas, Agenor the divine,
The pious warrior of Anchises' line,
And each bold leader of the Lysian band,
With cov'ring shields (a friendly circle) stand.
His mournful foll'wers, with assistant care,
The groaning hero to his chariot bear;
His foaming coursers, swifter than the wind
Speed to the town, and leave the war behind.
When now they touch'd the mead's enamell'd side,
Where gentle Xanthus rolls his easy tide,
With wat'ry drops the chief they sprinkle round,
Placed on the margin of the flowery ground.
Rais'd on his knees, he now ejects the gore;
Now faints anew, low sinking on the shore:
By fits he breathes, half views the fleeting skies,
And seals again, by fits, his swimming eyes.
Soon as the Greeks the chief's retreat beheld,
With double fury each invades the field.
Oïlean Ajax first his jav'lin sped,
Pierc'd by whose point the son of Enops bled
(Satnius the brave, whom beauteous Neïs bore
Amidst her flocks, on Satnio's silver shore).
Struck thro' the belly's rim, the warrior lies
Supine, and shades eternal veil his eyes.
An arduous battle rose around the dead;
By turns the Greeks, by turns the Trojans, bled.

Fired with revenge, Polydamas drew near,
And at Prothœnor shook the trembling spear:
The driving jav'lin thro' his shoulder thrust,
He sinks to earth, and grasps the bloody dust.
'Lo! thus' (the Victor cries) 'we rule the field,
And thus their arms the race of Panthus wield:
From this unerring hand there flies no dart,
But bathes its point within a Grecian heart.
Propp'd on that spear to which thou ow'st thy fall,
Go, guide thy darksome steps to Pluto's dreary hall.'
He said, and sorrow touch'd each Argive breast;
The soul of Ajax burn'd above the rest.
As by his side the groaning warrior fell,
At the fierce foe he lanc'd his piercing steel;
The foe, reclining, shunn'd the flying death;
But Fate, Archilochus, demands thy breath;
Thy lofty birth no succour could impart,
The wings of death o'ertook thee on the dart:
Swift to perform Heav'n's fatal will it fled,
Full on the juncture of the neck and head,
And took the joint, and cut the nerves in twain;
The drooping head first tumbled to the plain:
So just the stroke, that yet the body stood
Erect, then roll'd along the sands in blood.
'Here, proud Polydamas, here turn thy eyes!'
The tow'ring Ajax loud-insulting cries:
'Say, is this chief, extended on the plain,
A worthy vengeance for Prothœnor slain?
Mark well his port! his figure and his face
Nor speak him vulgar, nor of vulgar race;
Some lines, methinks, may make his lineage known,
Antenor's brother, or perhaps his son.'
He spake, and smil'd severe, for well he knew
The bleeding youth: Troy sadden'd at the view.
But furious Acamas avenged his cause;
As Promachus his slaughter'd brother draws,

He pierc'd his heart — 'Such fate attends you all,
Proud Argives! destin'd by our arms to fall.
Not Troy alone, but haughty Greece, shall share
The toils, the sorrows, and the wounds of war.
Behold your Promachus deprived of breath,
A victim owed to my brave brother's death.
Not unappeas'd he enters Pluto's gate,
Who leaves a brother to revenge his fate.'
Heart-piercing anguish struck the Grecian host,
But touch'd the breast of bold Peneleus most:
At the proud boaster he directs his course;
The boaster flies, and shuns superior force.
But young Ilioneus receiv'd the spear;
Ilioneus, his father's only care
(Phorbas the rich, of all the Trojan train
Whom Hermes lov'd, and taught the arts of gain):
Full in his eye the weapon chanc'd to fall,
And from the fibres scoop'd the rooted ball,
Drove thro' the neck, and hurl'd him to the plain:
He lifts his miserable arms in vain!
Swift his broad falchion fierce Peneleus spread,
And from the spouting shoulders struck his head;
To earth at once the head and helmet fly:
The lance, yet sticking thro' the bleeding eye,
The victor seiz'd; and as aloft he shook
The gory visage, thus insulting spoke:
'Trojans! your great Ilioneus beheld!
Haste, to his father let the tale be told.
Let his high roofs resound with frantic woe,
Such as the house of Promachus must know;
Let doleful tidings greet his mother's ear,
Such as to Promachus' sad spouse we bear;
When we victorious shall to Greece return,
And the pale matron in our triumphs mourn.'
Dreadful he spoke, then toss'd the head on high;
The Trojans hear, they tremble, and they fly:
Aghast they gaze around the fleet and wall,
And dread the ruin that impends on all.
Daughters of Jove! that on Olympus shine,
Ye all beholding, all-recording Nine!
O say, when Neptune made proud Ilion yield,
What Chief, what hero, first imbrued the field?
Of all the Grecians, what immortal name,
And whose bless'd trophies, will ye raise to Fame?
Thou first, great Ajax! on th' ensanguin'd plain
Laid Hyrtius, leader of the Mysian train.
Phalces and Mermer, Nestor's son o'erthrew,
Bold Merion, Morys and Hippotion slew.
Strong Periphætes and Prothoön bled,
By Teucer's arrows mingled with the dead.
Pierc'd in the flank by Menelaus' steel,
His people's pastor, Hyperenor fell;
Eternal darkness wrapp'd the warrior round,
And the fierce soul came rushing thro' the wound.
But stretch'd in heaps before Oïleus' son,
Fall mighty numbers, mighty numbers run,
Ajax the less, of all the Grecian race
Skill'd in pursuit, and swiftest in the chase.

BOOK XV

THE FIFTH BATTLE, AT THE SHIPS; AND THE ACTS OF AJAX

THE ARGUMENT

Jupiter, awaking, sees the Trojans repulsed from the trenches, Hector in a swoon, and Neptune at the head of the Greeks; he is highly incensed at the artifice of Juno, who appeases him by her submissions; she is then sent to Iris and Apollo. Juno, repairing to the assembly of the Gods, attempts with extraordinary address to incense them against Jupiter; in particular she touches Mars with a violent resentment; he is ready to take arms, but is prevented by Minerva. Iris and Apollo obey the orders of Jupiter; Iris commands Neptune to leave the battle, to which, after much reluctance and passion, he consents. Apollo reinspires Hector with vigour, brings him back to the battle, marches before him with his ægis, and turns the fortune of the fight. He breaks down a great part of the Grecian wall; the Trojans rush in, and attempt to fire the first line of the fleet, but are yet repelled by the greater Ajax with a prodigious slaughter.

Now in swift flight they pass the trench profound,
And many a Chief lay gasping on the ground;
Then stopp'd and panted, where the chariots lie;
Fear on their cheek, and horror in their eye.
Meanwhile, awaken'd from his dream of love,
On Ida's summit sat imperial Jove;
Round the wide fields he cast a careful view,
There saw the Trojans fly, the Greeks pursue;
These proud in arms, those scatter'd o'er the plain;
And, midst the war, the Monarch of the Main.
Not far, great Hector on the dust he spies
(His sad associates round with weeping eyes),
Ejecting blood, and panting yet for breath,
His senses wand'ring to the verge of death.
The God beheld him with a pitying look,
And thus, incens'd, to fraudful Juno spoke:
'O thou, still adverse to th' eternal will,
For ever studious in promoting ill!
Thy arts have made the godlike Hector yield,
And driv'n his conquering squadrons from the field.
Canst thou, unhappy in thy wiles! withstand
Our power immense, and brave th' almighty hand?
Hast thou forgot, when, bound and fix'd on high,
From the vast concave of the spangled sky,
I hung thee trembling in a golden chain;
And all the raging Gods opposed in vain?
Headlong I hurl'd them from th' Olympian hall,
Stunn'd in the whirl, and breathless with the fall.
For godlike Hercules these deeds were done,
Nor seem'd the vengeance worthy such a son;
When, by thy wiles induced, fierce Boreas toss'd
The shipwreck'd hero on the Coan coast:
Him thro' a thousand forms of death I bore,
And sent to Argos, and his native shore.
Hear this, remember, and our fury dread,
Nor pull th' unwilling vengeance on thy head;
Lest arts and blandishments successless prove,
Thy soft deceits, and well-dissembled love.'
The Thund'rer spoke: imperial Juno mourn'd,
And, trembling, these submissive words return'd:
'By ev'ry oath that powers immortal ties,
The foodful earth, and all infolding skies,
By thy black waves, tremendous Styx! that flow
Thro' the drear realms of gliding ghosts below:
By the dread honours of thy sacred head,
And that unbroken vow, our virgin bed!
Not by my arts the ruler of the main
Steeps Troy in blood, and ranges round the plain:
By his own ardour, his own pity, sway'd
To help his Greeks; he fought, and disobey'd:
Else had thy Juno better counsels giv'n,
And taught submission to the Sire of Heav'n.'
'Thinkst thou with me? fair Empress of the Skies!'
Th' immortal Father with a smile replies:
'Then soon the haughty Sea-God shall obey,
Nor dare to act, but when we point the way.
If truth inspires thy tongue, proclaim our will
To yon bright Synod on th' Olympian Hill,
Our high decree let various Iris know,
And call the God that bears the silver bow.
Let her descend, and from th' embattled plain
Command the Sea-God to his wat'ry reign:
While Phœbus hastes great Hector to prepare
To rise afresh, and once more wake the war;
His lab'ring bosom re-inspires with breath,
And calls his senses from the verge of death.
Greece, chased by Troy ev'n to Achilles' fleet,
Shall fall by thousands at the hero's feet.
He, not untouch'd with pity, to the plain
Shall send Patroclus, but shall send in vain.
What youths he slaughters under Ilion's walls!
Ev'n my lov'd son, divine Sarpedon, falls!
Vanquish'd at last by Hector's lance he lies,
Then, not till then, shall great Achilles rise:

And lo! that instant, godlike Hector dies.
From that great hour the war's whole fortune turns,
Pallas assists, and lofty Ilion burns.
Not till that day shall Jove relax his rage,
Nor one of all the heav'nly host engage
In aid of Greece. The promise of a God
I gave, and seal'd it with th' almighty nod,
Achilles' glory to the stars to raise;
Such was our word, and Fate the word obeys.'
The trembling Queen (th' almighty order given)
Swift from th' Idæan summit shot to Heav'n.
As some wayfaring man, who wanders o'er,
In thought, a length of lands he trod before,
Sends forth his active mind from place to place,
Joins hill to dale, and measures space with space:
So swift flew Juno to the blest abodes,
If thought of man can match the speed of Gods.
There sat the Powers in awful Synod placed:
They bow'd, and made obeisance as she pass'd,
Thro' all the brazen dome: with goblets crown'd
They hail her queen; the nectar streams around.
Fair Themis first presents the golden bowl,
And anxious asks what cares disturb her soul?
To whom the white-arm'd Goddess thus replies:
'Enough thou know'st the Tyrant of the Skies;
Severely bent his purpose to fulfil,
Unmov'd his mind, and unrestrain'd his will.
Go thou, the feasts of Heav'n attend thy call;
Bid the crown'd nectar circle round the hall;
But Jove shall thunder thro' th' ethereal dome
Such stern decrees, such threaten'd woes to come,
As soon shall freeze mankind with dire surprise,
And damp th' eternal banquets of the skies.'
The Goddess said, and sullen took her place:
Blank horror sadden'd each celestial face.
To see the gath'ring grudge in every breast,
Smiles on her lips a spleenful joy express'd.
While on her wrinkled front, and eyebrow bent,
Sat steadfast care, and low'ring discontent.
Thus she proceeds: 'Attend, ye Powers above!
But know, 't is madness to contest with Jove:
Supreme he sits; and sees, in pride of sway,
Your vassal Godheads grudgingly obey;
Fierce in the majesty of power controls,
Shakes all the thrones of Heav'n, and bends the poles.
Submiss, immortals! all he wills, obey;
And thou, great Mars, begin and show the way.
Behold Ascalaphus! behold him die,
But dare not murmur, dare not vent a sigh;
Thy own lov'd boasted offspring lies o'erthrown,
If that lov'd boasted offspring be thy own.'
Stern Mars, with anguish for his slaughter'd son,
Smote his rebelling breast, and fierce begun:
'Thus then, Immortals! thus shall Mars obey?
Forgive me, Gods, and yield my vengeance way:
Descending first to yon forbidden plain,
The God of Battles dares avenge the slain;
Dares, tho' the thunder bursting o'er my head
Should hurl me blazing on those heaps of dead.'
With that, he gives command to Fear and Flight
To join his rapid coursers for the fight:
Then grim in arms, with hasty vengeance flies;
Arms, that reflect a radiance thro' the skies.
And now had Jove, by bold rebellion driv'n,
Discharged his wrath on half the host of Heav'n;
But Pallas springing thro' the bright abode.
Starts from her azure throne to calm the God.

Struck for th' immortal race with timely fear,
From frantic Mars she snatch'd the shield and spear;
Then the huge helmet lifting from his head,
Thus to th' impetuous homicide she said:
'By what wild passion, furious! art thou toss'd?
Strivest thou with Jove? thou art already lost.
Shall not the Thund'rer's dread command restrain,
And was imperial Juno heard in vain?
Back to the skies would'st thou with shame be driv'n,
And in thy guilt involve the host of Heav'n?
Ilion and Greece no more shall Jove engage;
The skies would yield an ampler scene of rage,
Guilty and guiltless find an equal fate,
And one vast ruin whelm th' Olympian state.
Cease then thy offspring's death unjust to call;
Heroes as great have died, and yet shall fall.
Why should Heav'n's law with foolish man comply,
Exempted from the race ordain'd to die?'
This menace fix'd the warrior to his throne;
Sullen he sat, and curb'd the rising groan.
Then Juno call'd (Jove's orders to obey)
The winged Iris, and the God of Day.
'Go wait the Thund'rer's will' (Saturnia cried),
'On yon tall summit of the fountful Ide:
There in the Father's awful presence stand,
Receive and execute his dread command.'
She said, and sat. The God that gilds the day,
And various Iris, wing their airy way.
Swift as the wind, to Ida's hills they came
(Fair nurse of fountains, and of savage game);
There sat th' Eternal; he whose nod controls
The trembling world, and shakes the steady poles.
Veil'd in a mist of fragrance him they found,
With clouds of gold and purple circled round.
Well-pleas'd the Thund'rer saw their earnest care,
And prompt obedience to the Queen of Air;
Then (while a smile serenes his awful brow)
Commands the Goddess of the Showery Bow:
'Iris! descend, and what we here ordain
Report to yon mad tyrant of the main,
Bid him from fight to his own deeps repair,
Or breathe from slaughter in the fields of air.
If he refuse, then let him timely weigh
Our elder birthright, and superior sway.
How shall his rashness stand the dire alarms,
If Heav'n's omnipotence descend in arms?
Strives he with me, by whom his power was giv'n,
And is there equal to the Lord of Heav'n?'
Th' Almighty spoke; the Goddess wing'd her flight
To sacred Ilion from th' Idæan height.
Swift as the rattling hail or fleecy snows
Drive thro' the skies, when Boreas fiercely blows;
So from the clouds descending Iris falls;
And to blue Neptune thus the Goddess calls:
'Attend the mandate of the Sire above,
In me behold the Messenger of Jove:
He bids thee from forbidden wars repair
To thy own deeps, or to the fields of air.
This if refused, he bids thee timely weigh
His elder birthright, and superior sway.
How shall thy rashness stand the dire alarms,
If Heav'n's omnipotence descend in arms?
Strivest thou with him, by whom all power is giv'n?
And art thou equal to the lord of Heav'n?'
'What means the haughty Sov'reign of the Skies?'
(The King of Ocean thus, incens'd, replies):
'Rule as he will his portion'd realms on high,
No vassal God, nor of his train, am I.
Three brother deities from Saturn came,
And ancient Rhea, earth's immortal dame:
Assign'd by lot, our triple rule we know:
Infernal Pluto sways the shades below;
O'er the wide clouds, and o'er the starry plain,
Ethereal Jove extends his high domain;
My court beneath the hoary waves I keep,

And hush the roarings of the sacred deep:
Olympus, and this earth, in common lie;
What claim has here the Tyrant of the Sky?
Far in the distant clouds let him control,
And awe the younger brothers of the pole;
There to his children his commands be giv'n,
The trembling, servile, second race of Heav'n.'
'And must I then' (said she), 'O Sire of floods!
Bear this fierce answer to the King of Gods?
Correct it yet, and change thy rash intent;
A noble mind disdains not to repent.
To elder brothers guardian fiends are giv'n,
To scourge the wretch insulting them and Heav'n.'
'Great is the profit' (thus the God rejoin'd),
'When ministers are bless'd with prudent mind:
Warn'd by thy words, to powerful Jove I yield,
And quit, tho' angry, the contended field.
Not but his threats with justice I disclaim,
The same our honours, and our birth the same.
If yet, forgetful of his promise giv'n
To Hermes, Pallas, and the queen of Heav'n,
To favour Ilion, that perfidious place,
He breaks his faith with half th' ethereal race;
Give him to know, unless the Grecian train
Lay yon proud structures level with the plain,
Howe'er th' offence by other Gods be pass'd,
The wrath of Neptune shall for ever last.'
Thus speaking, furious from the field he strode,
And plunged into the bosom of the flood.
The Lord of Thunders from his lofty height
Beheld, and thus bespoke the source of light:
'Behold! the God whose liquid arms are hurl'd
Around the globe, whose earthquakes rock the world,
Desists at length his rebel-war to wage,
Seeks his own seas, and trembles at our rage:
Else had my wrath, Heav'n's thrones all shaking round,
Burn'd to the bottom of his seas profound;
And all the Gods that round old Saturn dwell,
Had heard the thunders to the deeps of Hell.
Well was the crime, and well the vengeance spared,
Ev'n power immense had found such battle hard.
Go thou, my son! the trembling Greeks alarm,
Shake my broad ægis on thy active arm:
Be godlike Hector thy peculiar care,
Swell his bold heart, and urge his strength to war:
Let Ilion conquer, till the Achaian train
Fly to their ships and Hellespont again:
Then Greece shall breathe from toils.' The Godhead said;
His will divine the Son of Jove obey'd.
Not half so swift the sailing falcon flies,
That drives a turtle thro' the liquid skies;
As Phœbus, shooting from th' Idæan brow,
Glides down the mountain to the plain below.
There Hector seated by the stream he sees,
His sense returning with the coming breeze;
Again his pulses beat, his spirits rise;
Again his lov'd companions meet his eyes;
Jove thinking of his pains, they pass'd away.
To whom the God who gives the golden day:
'Why sits great Hector from the field so far,
What grief, what wound, withholds him from the war?'
The fainting hero, as the vision bright
Stood shining o'er him, half unseal'd his sight:
'What bless'd immortal, with commanding breath,
Thus wakens Hector from the sleep of death?
Has fame not told, how, while my trusty sword
Bathed Greece in slaughter, and her battle gored,
The mighty Ajax with a deadly blow
Had almost sunk me to the shades below?
Ev'n yet, methinks, the gliding ghosts I spy,
And Hell's black horrors swim before my eye.'

To him Apollo: 'Be no more dismay'd;
See, and be strong! the Thund'rer sends thee aid:
Behold! thy Phœbus shall his arms employ,
Phœbus, propitious still to thee and Troy.
Inspire thy warriors then with manly force,
And to the ships impel thy rapid horse:
Ev'n I will make thy fiery coursers' way,
And drive the Grecians headlong to the sea.'
Thus to bold Hector spoke the Son of Jove,
And breathed immortal ardour from above.
As when the pamper'd steed, with reins unbound,
Breaks from his stall, and pours along the ground;
With ample strokes he rushes to the flood,
To bathe his sides and cool his fiery blood:
His head, now freed, he tosses to the skies:
His mane dishevell'd o'er his shoulders flies:
He snuffs the females in the well-known plain,
And springs, exulting, to his fields again:
Urged by the voice divine, thus Hector flew,
Full of the God; and all his hosts pursue.
As when the force of men and dogs combin'd
Invade the mountain-goat or branching hind;
Far from the hunter's rage secure they lie
Close in the rock (not fated yet to die);
When lo! a lion shoots across the way!
They fly: at once the chasers and the prey:
So Greece, that late in conquering troops pursued,
And mark'd their progress thro' the ranks in blood,
Soon as they see the furious Chief appear,
Forget to vanquish, and consent to fear.
Thoas with grief observ'd his dreadful course,
Thoas, the bravest of th' Ætolian force;
Skill'd to direct the jav'lin's distant flight,
And bold to combat in the standing fight;
Nor more in counsels famed for solid sense,
Than winning words and heav'nly eloquence.

'Gods! what portent' (he cried) 'these eyes invades?
Lo, Hector rises from the Stygian shades!
We saw him, late, by Thund'ring Ajax kill'd;
What God restores him to the frighted field;
And not content that half of Greece lie slain,
Pours new destruction on her sons again?
He comes not, Jove! without thy powerful will;
Lo! still he lives, pursues, and conquers still!
Yet hear my counsel, and his worst withstand;
The Greek's main body to the fleet command:
But let the few whom brisker spirits warm,
Stand the first onset, and provoke the storm:
Thus point your arms; and when such foes appear,
Fierce as he is, let Hector learn to fear.'
The warrior spoke, the list'ning Greeks obey,
Thick'ning their ranks, and form a deep array.
Each Ajax, Teucer, Merion gave command,
The valiant leader of the Cretan band,
And Mars-like Meges: these the Chiefs excite,
Approach the foe, and meet the coming fight.
Behind, unnumber'd multitudes attend
To flank the navy, and the shores defend.
Full on the front the pressing Trojans bear,
And Hector first came tow'ring to the war.
Phœbus himself the rushing battle led;
A veil of clouds involv'd his radiant head:
High-held before him, Jove's enormous shield
Portentous shone, and shaded all the field:
Vulcan to Jove th' immortal gift consign'd,
To scatter hosts, and terrify mankind.
The Greeks expect the shock; the clamours rise
From diff'rent parts, and mingle in the skies.
Dire was the hiss of darts, by heroes flung,
And arrows leaping from the bow-string sung;

These drink the life of gen'rous warriors slain;
Those guiltless fall, and thirst for blood in vain.
As long as Phœbus bore unmov'd the shield,
Sat doubtful Conquest hov'ring on the field;
But when aloft he shakes it in the skies,
Shouts in their ears, and lightens in their eyes,
Deep horror seizes ev'ry Grecian breast,
Their force is humbled, and their fear confess'd.
So flies a herd of oxen, scatter'd wide,
No swain to guard them, and no day to guide,
When two fell lions from the mountain come,
And spread the carnage thro' the shady gloom.
Impending Phœbus pours around them fear,
And Troy and Hector thunder in the rear.
Heaps fall on heaps: the slaughter Hector leads;
First, great Arcesilas, then Stichius bleeds;
One to the bold Bœotians ever dear,
And one Menestheus' friend, and famed compeer.
Medon and Iäsus, Æneas sped;
This sprung from Phelus, and th' Athenians led;
But hapless Medon from Oïleus came;
Him Ajax honour'd with a brother's name,
Tho' born of lawless love: from home expell'd,
A banish'd man, in Phylace he dwell'd,
Press'd by the vengeance of an angry wife;
Troy ends, at last, his labours and his life.
Mecystes next, Polydamas o'erthrew;
And thee, brave Clonius! great Agenor slew.
By Paris, Deiochus inglorious dies,
Pierc'd thro' the shoulder as he basely flies.
Polites' arm laid Echius on the plain;
Stretch'd on one heap, the victors spoil the slain.
The Greeks dismay'd, confused, disperse or fall,
Some seek the trench, some skulk behind the wall;
While these fly trembling, others pant for breath.
And o'er the slaughter stalks gigantic death.
On rush'd bold Hector, gloomy as the night,
Forbids to plunder, animates the fight.
Points to the fleet: 'For, by the Gods, who flies,
Who dares but linger, by this hand he dies;
No weeping sister his cold eye shall close,
No friendly hand his funeral pyre compose.
Who stops to plunder at this signal hour,
The birds shall tear him, and the dogs devour.'
Furious he said; the smarting scourge resounds;
The coursers fly; the smoking chariot bounds;
The hosts rush on; loud clamours shake the shore;
The horses thunder, earth and ocean roar!
Apollo, planted at the trench's bound,
Push'd at the bank; down sunk th' enormous mound:
Roll'd in the ditch the heapy ruin lay;
A sudden road! a long and ample way.
O'er the dread fosse (a late impervious space)
Now steeds, and men, and cars tumultuous pass.
The wond'ring crowds the downward level trod;
Before them flamed the shield, and march'd the God.
Then with his hand he shook the mighty wall;
And lo! the turrets nod, the bulwarks fall.
Easy, as when ashore an infant stands,
And draws imagin'd houses in the sands;
The sportive wanton, pleas'd with some new play,
Sweeps the slight works and fashion'd domes away.
Thus vanish'd, at thy touch, the towers and walls;
The toil of thousands in a moment falls.
The Grecians gaze around with wild despair,
Confused, and weary all the powers with prayer;
Exhort their men, with praises, threats, commands;
And urge the Gods, with voices, eyes, and hands.
Experienc'd Nestor chief obtests the skies,
And weeps his country with a father's eyes:

'O Jove! if ever, on his native shore,
One Greek enrich'd thy shrine with offer'd gore;
If e'er in hope our country to behold,
We paid the fatted firstlings of the fold;
If e'er thou sign'st our wishes with thy nod;
Perform the promise of a gracious God!
This day preserve our navies from the flame,
And save the reliques of the Grecian name.'
Thus pray'd the sage: th' Eternal gave consent,
And peals of Thunder shook the firmament.
Presumptuous Troy mistook th' accepting sign,
And catch'd new fury at the voice divine.
As, when black tempests mix the seas and skies,
The roaring deeps in wat'ry mountains rise,
Above the sides of some tall ship ascend,
Its womb they deluge, and its ribs they rend:
Thus loudly roaring, and o'erpowering all,
Mount the thick Trojans up the Grecian wall;
Legions on legions from each side arise:
Thick sound the keels; the storm of arrows flies:
Fierce on the ships above, the cars below,
These wield the mace, and those the jav'lin throw.
While thus the thunder of the battle raged,
And lab'ring armies round the works engaged;
Still in the tent Patroclus sat, to tend
The good Eurypylus, his wounded friend.
He sprinkles healing balms, to anguish kind,
And adds discourse, the med'cine of the mind.
But when he saw, ascending up the fleet,
Victorious Troy; then, starting from his seat,
With bitter groans his sorrows he express'd;
He wrings his hands, he beats his manly breast.
'Tho' yet thy state require redress' (he cries),
'Depart I must: what horrors strike my eyes!
Charged with Achilles' high commands I go,
A mournful witness of this scene of woe:
I haste to urge him, by his country's care,
To rise in arms, and shine again in war.
Perhaps some fav'ring God his soul may bend:
The voice is powerful of a faithful friend.'
He spoke; and, speaking, swifter than the wind
Sprung from the tent, and left the war behind.
Th' embodied Greeks the fierce attack sustain,
But strive, tho' numerous, to repulse in vain:
Nor could the Trojans, thro' that firm array,
Force, to the fleet and tents, th' impervious way.
As when a shipwright, with Palladian art,
Smooths the rough wood, and levels ev'ry part:
With equal hand he guides his whole design,
By the just rule, and the directing line:
The martial leaders, with like skill and care,
Preserv'd their line, and equal kept the war.
Brave deeds of arms thro' all the ranks were tried,
And ev'ry ship sustain'd an equal tide.
At one proud bark, high-tow'ring o'er the fleet,
Ajax the great and Godlike Hector meet:
For one bright prize the matchless Chiefs contend,
Nor this the ships can fire, nor that defend;
One kept the shore, and one the vessel trod;
That fix'd as fate, this acted by a God.
The son of Clytius in his daring hand,
The deck approaching, shakes a flaming brand;
But pierc'd by Telamon's huge lance expires;
Thund'ring he falls, and drops th' extinguish'd fires.
Great Hector view'd him with a sad survey,
As stretch'd in dust before the stern he lay.
'Oh! all of Trojan, all of Lycian race!
Stand to your arms, maintain this arduous space.
Lo! where the son of royal Clytius lies,
Ah, save his arms, secure his obsequies!'

This said, his eager jav'lin sought the foe:
But Ajax shunn'd the meditated blow.
Not vainly yet the forceful lance was thrown;
It stretch'd in dust unhappy Lycophron:
An exile long, sustain'd at Ajax' board,
A faithful servant to a foreign lord;
In peace, in war, for ever at his side,
Near his lov'd master, as he liv'd, he died.
From the high poop he tumbles on the sand,
And lies, a lifeless load, along the land.
With anguish Ajax views the piercing sight,
And thus inflames his brother to the fight:
'Teucer, behold! extended on the shore,
Our friend, our lov'd companion! now no more!
Dear as a parent, with a parent's care
To fight our wars, he left his native air.
This death deplor'd to Hector's rage we owe;
Revenge, revenge it on the cruel foe!
Where are those darts on which the fates attend?
And where the bow which Phœbus taught to bend?'
Impatient Teucer, hast'ning to his aid,
Before the Chief his ample bow display'd;
The well-stored quiver on his shoulders hung:
Then hiss'd his arrow, and the bow-string sung.
Clytus, Pisenor's son, renown'd in fame
(To thee, Polydamas! an honour'd name),
Drove thro' the thickest of th' embattled plains
The startling steeds, and shook his eager reins.
As all on glory ran his ardent mind,
The pointed death arrests him from behind:
Thro' his fair neck the thrilling arrow flies;
In youth's first bloom reluctantly he dies.
Hurl'd from the lofty seat, at distance far,
The headlong coursers spurn his empty car;
Till sad Polydamas the steeds restrain'd,
And gave, Astynous, to thy careful hand;
Then, fired to vengeance, rush'd amidst the foe;
Rage edg'd his sword, and strengthen'd ev'ry blow.

Once more bold Teucer, in his country's cause,
At Hector's breast a chosen arrow draws:
And had the weapon found the destin'd way,
Thy fall, great Trojan! had renown'd that day.
But Hector was not doom'd to perish then:
Th' all-wise disposer of the fates of men
(Imperial Jove) his present death withstands;
Nor was such glory due to Teucer's hands.
At his full stretch as the tough string he drew,
Struck by an arm unseen, it burst in two:
Down dropp'd the bow: the shaft with brazen head
Fell innocent, and on the dust lay dead.
Th' astonish'd archer to great Ajax cries:
'Some God prevents our destin'd enterprise:
Some God propitious to the Trojan foe,
Has, from my arm unfailing, struck the bow,
And broke the nerve my hands had twined with art,
Strong to impel the flight of many a dart.'
'Since Heav'n commands it' (Ajax made reply),
'Dismiss the bow, and lay thy arrows by:
Thy arms no less suffice the lance to wield,
And quit the quiver for the pond'rous shield.
In the first ranks indulge thy thirst of fame,
Thy brave example shall the rest inflame.
Fierce as they are, by long successes vain,
To force our fleet, or ev'n a ship to gain,
Asks toil, and sweat, and blood: their utmost might
Shall find its match — No more; 't is ours to fight.'
Then Teucer laid his faithless bow aside:
The fourfold buckler o'er his shoulder tied;
On his brave head a crested helm he placed,
With nodding horsehair formidably graced;
A dart, whose point with brass refulgent shines,
The warrior wields; and his great brother joins.
This Hector saw, and thus express'd his joy;
'Ye troops of Lycia, Dardanus, and Troy!

Be mindful of yourselves, your ancient fame,
And spread your glory with the navy's flame.
Jove is with us; I saw his hand, but now,
From the proud archer strike his vaunted bow.
Indulgent Jove! how plain thy favours shine,
When happy nations bear the marks divine!
How easy then to see the sinking state
Of realms accurs'd, deserted, reprobate!
Such is the fate of Greece, and such is ours:
Behold, ye warriors, and exert your powers.
Death is the worst; a fate which all must try;
And for our country 't is a bliss to die.
The gallant man, tho' slain in fight he be,
Yet leaves his nation safe, his children free;
Entails a debt on all the grateful state;
His own brave friends shall glory in his fate;
His wife live honour'd, all his race succeed,
And late posterity enjoy the deed!'
This rous'd the soul in ev'ry Trojan breast.
The godlike Ajax next his Greeks address'd:
'How long, ye warriors of the Argive race,
(To gen'rous Argos what a dire disgrace!)
How long on these curs'd confines will ye lie,
Yet undetermin'd, or to live, or die?
What hopes remain, what methods to retire,
If once your vessels catch the Trojan fire?
Mark how the flames approach, how near they fall,
How Hector calls, and Troy obeys his call!
Not to the dance that dreadful voice invites;
It calls to death, and all the rage of fights.
'T is now no time for wisdom or debates;
To your own hands are trusted all your fates:
And better far, in one decisive strife,
One day should end our labour, or our life,
Than keep this hard-got inch of barren sands,
Still press'd, and press'd by such inglorious hands.'
The list'ning Grecians feel their leader's flame,
And ev'ry kindling bosom pants for fame.
Then mutual slaughters spread on either side;
By Hector here the Phocian Schedius died;
There, pierc'd by Ajax, sank Laodamas,
Chief of the foot, of old Antenor's race.
Polydamas laid Otus on the sand,
The fierce commander of th' Epeian band.
His lance bold Meges at the victor threw;
The victor stooping, from the death withdrew
(That valued life, O Phœbus! was thy care),
But Crœsmus' bosom took the flying spear:
His corpse fell bleeding on the slipp'ry shore:
His radiant arms triumphant Meges bore.
Dolops, the son of Lampus, rushes on,
Sprung from the race of old Laomedon,
And famed for prowess in a well-fought field;
He pierc'd the centre of his sounding shield:
But Meges Phyleus' ample breast-plate wore
(Well known in fight on Selles' winding shore:
For King Euphetes gave the golden mail,
Compact, and firm with many a jointed scale),
Which oft, in cities storm'd, and battles won,
Had saved the father, and now saves the son.
Full at the Trojan's head he urged his lance,
Where the high plumes above the helmet dance,
New-tinged with Tyrian dye: in dust below,
Shorn from the crest, the purple honours glow;
Meantime their fight the Spartan King survey'd,
And stood by Meges' side, a sudden aid,
Thro' Dolops' shoulder urged his forceful dart,
Which held its passage thro' the panting heart,
And issued at his breast. With thund'ring sound
The warrior falls extended on the ground.

In rush the conquering Greeks to spoil the slain;
But Hector's voice excites his kindred train;
The hero most from Hicetaon sprung,
Fierce Melanippus, gallant, brave, and young.
He (e'er to Troy the Grecians cross'd the main)
Fed his large oxen on Percote's plain;
But when oppress'd, his country claim'd his care,
Return'd to Ilion, and excell'd in war:
For this in Priam's court he held his place,
Belov'd no less than Priam's royal race.
Him Hector singled, as his troops he led,
And thus inflamed him, pointing to the dead:
'Lo, Melanippus! lo where Dolops lies;
And is it thus our royal kinsman dies?
O'ermatch'd he falls; to two at once a prey,
And lo, they bear the bloody arms away!
Come on — a distant war no longer wage,
But hand to hand thy country's foes engage:
Till Greece at once, and all her glory, end;
Or Ilion from her tow'ry height descend,
Heav'd from the lowest stone; and bury all
In one sad sepulchre, one common fall.'
Hector (this said) rush'd forward on the foes:
With equal ardour Melanippus glows:
Then Ajax thus: 'O Greeks! respect your fame,
Respect yourselves, and learn an honest shame:
Let mutual rev'rence mutual warmth inspire,
And catch from breast to breast the noble fire.
On valour's side the odds of combat lie,
The brave live glorious, or lamented die;
The wretch that trembles in the Field of Fame,
Meets death, and worse than death, eternal shame.'
His gen'rous sense he not in vain imparts;
It sunk, and rooted in the Grecian hearts.
They join, they throng, they thicken at his call,
And flank the navy with a brazen wall;
Shields touching shields, in order blaze above,
And stop the Trojans, tho' impell'd by Jove.
The fiery Spartan first, with loud applause,
Warms the bold son of Nestor in his cause.
'Is there' (he said) 'in arms a youth like you,
So strong to fight, so active to pursue?
Why stand you distant, nor attempt a deed?
Lift the bold lance, and make some Trojan bleed.'
He said, and backwards to the lines retired;
Forth rush'd the youth, with martial fury fired,
Beyond the foremost ranks; his lance he threw
And round the black battalions cast his view.
The troops of Troy recede with sudden fear,
While the swift jav'lin hiss'd along in air.
Advancing Melanippus met the dart
With his bold breast, and felt it in his heart:
Thund'ring he falls; his falling arms resound,
And his broad buckler rings against the ground.
The victor leaps upon his prostrate prize;
Thus on a roe the well-breathed beagle flies,
And rends his side, fresh-bleeding with the dart
The distant hunter sent into his heart.
Observing Hector to the rescue flew;
Bold as he was, Antilochus withdrew:
So when a savage, ranging o'er the plain,
Has torn the shepherd's dog, or shepherd swain;
While, conscious of the deed, he glares around,
And hears the gath'ring multitude resound,
Timely he flies the yet untasted food,
And gains the friendly shelter of the wood.
So fears the youth; all Troy with shouts pursue,
While stones and darts in mingled tempests flew;
But, enter'd in the Grecian ranks, he turns
His manly breast, and with new fury burns.
Now on the fleet the tides of Trojans drove,
Fierce to fulfil the stern decrees of Jove:
The Sire of Gods, confirming Thetis' prayer,
The Grecian ardour quench'd in deep despair;

But lifts to glory Troy's prevailing bands,
Swells all their hearts, and strengthens all their hands.
On Ida's top he waits with longing eyes,
To view the navy blazing to the skies;
Then, nor till then, the scale of war shall turn,
The Trojans fly, and conquer'd Ilion burn.
These fates revolv'd in his almighty mind,
He raises Hector to the work design'd,
Bids him with more than mortal fury glow,
And drives him, like a lightning, on the foe.
So Mars, when human crimes for vengeance call,
Shakes his huge jav'lin, and whole armies fall.
Not with more rage a conflagration rolls,
Wraps the vast mountains, and involves the poles.
He foams with wrath; beneath his gloomy brow
Like fiery meteors his red eye-balls glow:
The radiant helmet on his temple burns,
Waves when he nods, and lightens as he turns:
For Jove his splendour round the Chief had thrown,
And cast the blaze of both the hosts on one.
Unhappy glories! for his fate was near,
Due to stern Pallas, and Pelides' spear:
Yet Jove deferr'd the death he was to pay,
And gave what Fate allow'd, the honours of a day!
Now all on fire for fame, his breast, his eyes
Burn at each foe, and single ev'ry prize;
Still at the closest ranks, the thickest fight,
He points his ardour, and exerts his might.
The Grecian phalanx, moveless as a tower,
On all sides batter'd, yet resists his power:
So some tall rock o'erhangs the hoary main,
By winds assail'd, by billows beat in vain;
Unmov'd it hears, above, the tempest blow,
And sees the wat'ry mountains break below.
Girt in surrounding flames, he seems to fall
Like fire from Jove, and bursts upon them all;
Bursts as a wave that from the clouds impends,
And swell'd with tempests on the ship descends;
White are the decks with foam; the winds aloud
Howl o'er the masts, and sing thro' ev'ry shroud:
Pale, trembling, tired, the sailors freeze with fears;
And instant death on ev'ry wave appears.
So pale the Greeks the eyes of Hector meet,
The Chief so thunders, and so shakes the fleet.
As when a lion rushing from his den,
Amidst the plain of some wide-water'd fen
(Where numerous oxen, as at ease they feed,
At large expatiate o'er the ranker mead),
Leaps on the herds before the herdsman's eyes:
The trembling herdsman far to distance flies:
Some lordly bull (the rest dispers'd and fled)
He singles out; arrests, and lays him dead.
Thus from the rage of Jove-like Hector flew
All Greece in heaps; but one he seiz'd, and slew.
Mycenean Periphes, a mighty name,
In wisdom great, in arms well-known to fame:
The minister of stern Eurystheus' ire,
Against Alcides; Copreus was his sire:
The son redeem'd the honours of the race,
A son as gen'rous as the sire was base;
O'er all his country's youth conspicuous far
In ev'ry virtue, or of peace or war:
But doom'd to Hector's stronger force to yield!
Against the margin of his ample shield
He struck his hasty foot: his heels upsprung;
Supine he fell, his brazen helmet rung.
On the fall'n Chief th' invading Trojan press'd,
And plunged the pointed jav'lin in his breast.
His circling friends, who strove to guard too late
Th' unhappy hero, fled, or shared his fate.
Chased from the foremost line, the Grecian train
Now man the next, receding toward the main:
Wedg'd in one body at the tents they stand,
Wall'd round with sterns, a gloomy, desp'rate band.

Now manly shame forbids th' inglorious flight;
Now fear itself confines them to the fight:
Man courage breathes in man; but Nestor most
(The sage preserver of the Grecian host)
Exhorts, adjures, to guard these utmost shores;
And by their parents, by themselves, implores:
'O friends! be men: your gen'rous breasts inflame
With mutual honour, and with mutual shame!
Think of your hopes, your fortunes; all the care
Your wives, your infants, and your parents, share:
Think of each living father's rev'rend head;
Think of each ancestor with glory dead;
Absent, by me they speak, by me they sue;
They ask their safety and their fame from you:
The Gods their fates on this one action lay,
And all are lost if you desert the day.'
He spoke, and round him breathed heroic fires;
Minerva seconds what the sage inspires.
The mist of darkness Jove around them threw,
She clear'd, restoring all the war to view:
A sudden ray shot beaming o'er the plain,
And shew'd the shores, the navy, and the main.
Hector they saw, and all who fly or fight,
The scene wide opening to the blaze of light.
First of the field, great Ajax strikes their eyes,
His port majestic, and his ample size:
A pond'rous mace, with studs of iron crown'd,
Full twenty cubits long, he swings around.
Nor fights like others fix'd to certain stands,
But looks a moving tower above the bands;
High on the decks, with vast gigantic stride,
The godlike hero stalks from side to side.
So when a horseman from the wat'ry mead
(Skill'd in the manage of the bounding steed)
Drives four fair coursers, practis'd to obey,
To some great city thro' the public way;
Safe in his art, as side by side they run,
He shifts his seat, and vaults from one to one;
And now to this, and now to that he flies;
Admiring numbers follow with their eyes.
From ship to ship thus Ajax swiftly flew,
No less the wonder of the warring crew.
As furious, Hector thunder'd threats aloud,
And rush'd enraged before the Trojan crowd;
Then swift invades the ships, whose beaky prores
Lay rank'd contiguous on the bending shores.
So the strong eagle from his airy height,
Who marks the swans' or cranes' embodied flight,
Stoops down impetuous, while they light for food,
And stooping darkens with his wings the flood.
Jove leads him on with his almighty hand,
And breathes fierce spirits in his foll'wing band.
The warring nations meet, the battle roars,
Thick beats the combat on the sounding prores.
Thou would'st have thought, so furious was their fire,
No force could tame them, and no toil could tire;
As if new vigour from new fights they won,
And the long battle was but then begun.
Greece, yet unconquer'd, kept alive the war,
Secure of death, confiding in despair;
Troy in proud hopes already view'd the main
Bright with the blaze, and red with heroes slain:
Like strength is felt from hope, and from despair,
And each contends, as his were all the war.
'T was thou, bold Hector! whose resistless hand
First seiz'd a ship on that contested strand;
The same which dead Protesilaüs bore,
The first that touch'd th' unhappy Trojan shore.
For this in arms the warring nations stood,
And bathed their gen'rous breasts with mutual blood.
No room to poise the lance, or bend the bow;
But hand to hand, and man to man they grow:

Wounded, they wound; and seek each other's hearts
With falchions, axes, swords, and shorten'd darts.
The falchions ring, shields rattle, axes sound,
Swords flash in air, or glitter on the ground:
With streaming blood the slipp'ry shores are dyed,
And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide.
Still raging Hector with his ample hand
Grasps the high stern, and gives his loud command:
'Haste, bring the flames! the toil of ten long years
Is finish'd; and the day desired appears!
This happy day with acclamations greet,
Bright with destruction of yon hostile fleet.
The coward counsels of a tim'rous throng
Of rev'rend dotards, check'd our glory long:
Too long Jove lull'd us with lethargic charms,
But now in peals of thunder calls to arms;
In this great day he crowns our full desires,
Wakes all our force, and seconds all our fires.'
He spoke. The warriors, at his fierce command,
Pour a new deluge on the Grecian band.
Ev'n Ajax paus'd (so thick the jav'lins fly),
Stepp'd back, and doubted or to live, or die.
Yet where the oars are placed, he stands to wait
What Chief approaching dares attempt his fate:
Ev'n to the last his naval charge defends,
Now shakes his spear, now lifts, and now protends;
Ev'n yet, the Greeks with piercing shouts inspires,
Amidst attacks, and deaths, and darts, and fires:
'O friends! O heroes! names for ever dear,
Once sons of Mars, and thunderbolts of war!
Ah! yet be mindful of your old renown,
Your great forefathers' virtues and your own.
What aids expect you in this utmost strait?
What bulwarks rising between you and fate?
No aids, no bulwarks, your retreat attend,
No friends to help, no city to defend.
This spot is all you have, to lose or keep;
There stand the Trojans, and here rolls the deep.
'T is hostile ground you tread; your native lands
Far, far from hence: your fates are in your hands.'
Raging he spoke; nor farther wastes his breath,
But turns his jav'lin to the work of death.
Whate'er bold Trojan arm'd his daring bands
Against the sable ships with flaming brands,
So well the Chief his naval weapon sped,
The luckless warrior at his stern lay dead:
Full twelve, the boldest, in a moment fell,
Sent by great Ajax to the shades of hell.

BOOK XVI

THE SIXTH BATTLE: THE ACTS AND DEATH OF PATROCLUS

THE ARGUMENT

Patroclus (in pursuance of the request of Nestor in the eleventh book) entreats Achilles to suffer him to go to the assistance of the Greeks with Achilles' troops and armour. He agrees to it, but at the same time charges him to content himself with rescuing the fleet, without farther pursuit of the enemy. The armour, horses, soldiers, and officers of Achilles are described. Achilles offers a libation for the success of his friend, after which Patroclus leads the Myrmidons to battle. The Trojans, at the sight of Patroclus in Achilles' armour, taking him for that hero, are cast into the utmost consternation: he beats them off from the vessels, Hector himself flies, Sarpedon is killed, though Jupiter was averse to his fate. Several other particulars of the battle are described; in the heat of which, Patroclus, neglecting the orders of Achilles, pursues the foe to the walls of Troy; where Apollo repulses and disarms him. Euphorbus wounds him, and Hector kills him: which concludes the book.

So warr'd both armies on th' ensanguin'd shore,
While the black vessels smoked with human gore.
Meantime Patroclus to Achilles flies;

The streaming tears fall copious from his eyes;
Not faster, trickling to the plains below,
From the tall rock the sable waters flow.
Divine Pelides, with compassion mov'd,
Thus spoke, indulgent to his best belov'd:
'Patroclus, say, what grief thy bosom bears,
That flows so fast in these unmanly tears?
No girl, no infant whom the mother keeps
From her lov'd breast, with fonder passion weeps;
Not more the mother's soul that infant warms,
Clung to her knees, and reaching at her arms,
Than thou hast mine! Oh tell me to what end
Thy melting sorrows thus pursue thy friend?
'Griev'st thou for me, or for my martial band?
Or come sad tidings from our native land?
Our fathers live (our first, most tender care,)
Thy good Menœtius breathes the vital air,
And hoary Peleus yet extends his days;
Pleas'd in their age to hear their children's praise.
'Or may some meaner cause thy pity claim?
Perhaps yon relics of the Grecian name,
Doom'd in their ships to sink by fire and sword,
And pay the forfeit of their haughty lord?
Whate'er the cause, reveal thy secret care,
And speak those sorrows which a friend would share.'
A sigh, that instant, from his bosom broke,
Another follow'd, and Patroclus spoke:
'Let Greece at length with pity touch thy breast,
Thyself a Greek; and, once, of Greeks the best!
Lo! ev'ry Chief that might her fate prevent,
Lies pierc'd with wounds, and bleeding in his tent:
Eurypylus, Tydides, Atreus' son,
And wise Ulysses, at the navy groan,
More for their country's wounds, than for their own.
Their pain soft arts of pharmacy can ease;
Thy breast alone no lenitives appease.
'May never rage like thine my soul enslave,
O great in vain! unprofitably brave!
Thy country slighted in her last distress,
What friend, what man, from thee shall hope redress?
No: men unborn, and ages yet behind,
Shall curse that fierce, that unforgiving mind.
'O man unpitying! if of man thy race;
But sure thou spring'st not from a soft embrace,
Nor ever am'rous hero caus'd thy birth,
Nor ever tender Goddess brought thee forth.
Some rugged rock's hard entrails gave thee form,
And raging seas produced thee in a storm;
A soul well suiting that tempestuous kind,
So rough thy manners, so untamed thy mind.
'If some dire oracle thy breast alarm,
If aught from Jove, or Thetis, stop thy arm,
Some beam of comfort yet on Greece may shine,
If I but lead the Myrmidonian line:
Clad in thy dreadful arms if I appear,
Proud Troy shall tremble and desert the war:
Without thy person Greece shall win the day,
And thy mere image chase her foes away.
Press'd by fresh forces, her o'erlabour'd train
Shall quit the ships, and Greece respire again.'
Thus, blind to fate! with supplicating breath,
Thou begg'st his arms, and in his arms thy death.
Unfortunately good! a boding sigh
Thy friend return'd; and with it, this reply:
'Patroclus! thy Achilles knows no fears;
Nor words from Jove, nor oracles, he hears;
Nor aught a mother's caution can suggest;
The tyrant's pride lies rooted in my breast.
My wrongs, my wrongs, my constant thought engage,
Those, my sole oracles, inspire my rage:

I made him tyrant; gave him power to wrong
Ev'n me: I felt it; and shall feel it long.
The maid, my black-eyed maid, he forc'd away,
Due to the toils of many a well-fought day;
Due to my conquest of her father's reign;
Due to the votes of all the Grecian train.
From me he forc'd her, me the bold and brave;
Disgraced, dishonour'd, like the meanest slave.
But bear we this —— The wrongs I grieve are past;
'T is time our fury should relent at last:
I fix'd its date; the day I wish'd appears;
Now Hector to my ships his battle bears,
The flames my eyes, the shouts invade my ears.
Go, then, Patroclus! court fair honour's charms
In Troy's famed fields, and in Achilles' arms:
Lead forth my martial Myrmidons to fight,
Go, save the fleets, and conquer in my right.
See the thin relics of their baffled band,
At the last edge of yon deserted land!
Behold all Ilion on their ships descends;
How the cloud blackens, how the storm impends!
It was not thus, when, at my sight amazed,
Troy saw and trembled as this helmet blazed:
Had not th' injurious king our friendship lost,
You ample trench had buried half her host.
No camps, no bulwarks, now the Trojans fear,
Those are not dreadful, no Achilles there:
No longer flames the lance of Tydeus' son;
No more your Gen'ral calls his heroes on:
Hector alone I hear; his dreadful breath
Commands your slaughter, or proclaims your death.
Yet now, Patroclus, issue to the plain;
Now save the ships, the rising fires restrain,
And give the Greeks to visit Greece again.
But heed my words, and mark a friend's command,
Who trusts his fame and honours in thy hand,
And from thy deeds expects th' Achaian host
Shall render back the beauteous maid he lost:
Rage uncontroll'd thro' all the hostile crew,
But touch not Hector, Hector is my due.
Tho' Jove in thunder should command the war,
Be just, consult my glory, and forbear.
The fleet once saved, desist from farther chase,
Nor lead to Ilion's walls the Grecian race;
Some adverse God thy rashness may destroy;
Some God, like Phœbus, ever kind to Troy.
Let Greece, redeem'd from this destructive strait,
Do her own work, and leave the rest to fate.
Oh! would to all th' immortal powers above,
Apollo, Pallas, and almighty Jove!
That not one Trojan might be left alive,
And not a Greek of all the race survive;
Might only we the vast destruction shun,
And only we destroy th' accursed town!'
Such conf'rence held the Chiefs: while, on the strand,
Great Jove with conquest crown'd the Trojan band.
Ajax no more the sounding storm sustain'd,
So thick the darts an iron tempest rain'd:
On his tired arm the weighty buckler hung;
His hollow helm with falling jav'lins rung:
His breath, in quick short pantings, comes and goes;
And painful sweat from all his members flows.
Spent and o'erpower'd, he barely breathes at most;
Yet scarce an army stirs him from his post:
Dangers on dangers all around him grow,
And toil to toil, and woe succeeds to woe.
Say, Muses, throned above the starry frame,
How first the navy blazed with Trojan flame?
Stern Hector waved his sword, and, standing near
Where furious Ajax plied his ashen spear,
Full on the lance a stroke so justly sped,
That the broad falchion lopp'd its brazen head:

His pointless spear the warrior shakes in vain;
The brazen head falls sounding on the plain.
Great Ajax saw, and own'd the hand divine,
Confessing Jove, and trembling at the sign;
Warn'd he retreats. Then swift from all sides pour
The hissing brands; thick streams the fiery shower;
O'er the high stern the curling volumes rise,
And sheets of rolling smoke involve the skies.
Divine Achilles view'd the rising flames,
And smote his thigh, and thus aloud exclaims:
'Arm, arm, Patroclus! lo, the blaze aspires!
The glowing ocean reddens with the fires.
Arm, ere our vessels catch the spreading flame;
Arm, ere the Grecians be no more a name;
I haste to bring the troops.' The Hero said;
The friend with ardour and with joy obey'd.
He cased his limbs in brass; and first around
His manly legs with silver buckles bound
The clasping greaves: then to his breast applies
The flamy cuirass, of a thousand dyes;
Emblazed with studs of gold, his falchion shone
In the rich belt, as in a starry zone.
Achilles' shield his ample shoulders spread,
Achilles' helmet nodded o'er his head.
Adorn'd in all his terrible array,
He flash'd around intolerable day.
Alone, untouch'd, Pelides' jav'lin stands,
Not to be pois'd but by Pelides' hands:
From Pelion's shady brow the plant entire
Old Chiron rent, and shaped it for his sire;
Whose son's great arm alone the weapon wields,
The death of heroes, and the dread of fields.
Then brave Automedon (an honour'd name,
The second to his lord in love and fame,
In peace his friend, and partner of the war)
The winged coursers harness'd to the car.
Xanthus and Balius, of immortal breed,
Sprung from the wind, and like the wind in speed;
Whom the wing'd harpy, swift Podarge, bore,
By Zephyr pregnant on the breezy shore.
Swift Pedasus was added to their side
(Once great Eëtion's, now Achilles' pride),
Who, like in strength, in swiftness, and in grace,
A mortal courser, match'd th' immortal race.
Achilles speeds from tent to tent, and warms
His hardy Myrmidons to blood and arms.
All breathing death, around their Chief they stand,
A grim, terrific, formidable band;
Grim as voracious wolves that seek the springs,
When scalding thirst their burning bowels wrings
(When some tall stag, fresh slaughter'd in the wood,
Has drench'd their wide insatiate throats with blood);
To the black fount they rush, a hideous throng,
With paunch distended and with lolling tongue;
Fire fills their eyes, their black jaws belch the gore,
And, gorged with slaughter, still they thirst for more.
Like furious rush'd the Myrmidonian crew,
Such their dread strength, and such their dreadful view.
High in the midst the great Achilles stands,
Directs their order, and the war commands.
He, lov'd of Jove, had launch'd for Ilion's shores
Full fifty vessels, mann'd with fifty oars:
Five chosen leaders the fierce bands obey,
Himself supreme in valour, as in sway.
First march'd Menestheus, of celestial birth,
Derived from thee, whose waters wash the earth,
Divine Sperchius! Jove-descended flood!
A mortal mother mixing with a God.
Such was Menestheus, but miscall'd by Fame
The son of Borus, that espous'd the dame.
Eudorus next; whom Polymele the gay,
Famed in the graceful dance, produced to day.

Her, sly Cyllenius lov'd; on her would gaze,
As with swift step she form'd the running maze:
To her high chamber, from Diana's quire,
The God pursued her, urged, and crown'd his fire.
The son confess'd his father's heav'nly race,
And heir'd his mother's swiftness in the chase.
Strong Echecleüs, bless'd in all those charms
That pleas'd a God, succeeded to her arms;
Not conscious of those loves, long hid from fame,
With gifts of price he sought and won the dame;
Her secret offspring to her sire she bare;
Her sire caress'd him with a parent's care.
Pisander follow'd; matchless in his art
To wing the spear, or aim the distant dart;
No hand so sure of all th' Emathian line,
Or if a surer, great Patroclus! thine.
The fourth by Phœnix' grave command was graced:
Laërces' valiant offspring led the last.
Soon as Achilles with superior care
Had call'd the Chiefs, and order'd all the war,
This stern remembrance to his troops he gave:
'Ye far-famed Myrmidons, ye fierce and brave!
Think with what threats you dared the Trojan throng,
Think what reproach these ears endured so long:
"Stern son of Peleus" (thus ye used to say,
While restless, raging, in your ships you lay),
"Oh nurs'd with gall, unknowing how to yield!
Whose rage defrauds us of so famed a field,
If that dire fury must for ever burn,
What make we here? Return, ye Chiefs, return!"
Such were your words. Now, warriors, grieve no more,
Lo there the Trojans! bathe your swords in gore!
This day shall give you all your soul demands;
Glut all your hearts! and weary all your hands!'
Thus while he rous'd the fire in ev'ry breast,
Close, and more close, the list'ning cohorts press'd;
Ranks wedg'd in ranks, of arms a steely ring
Still grows and spreads and thickens round the King.
As when a circling wall the builder forms,
Of strength defensive against winds and storms,
Compacted stones the thick'ning work compose,
And round him wide the rising structure grows:
So helm to helm, and crest to crest they throng,
Shield urged on shield, and man drove man along:
Thick undistinguish'd plumes, together join'd,
Float in one sea, and wave before the wind.
Far o'er the rest, in glitt'ring pomp appear,
There bold Automedon, Patroclus here;
Brothers in arms, with equal fury fired;
Two friends, two bodies with one soul inspired.
But, mindful of the Gods, Achilles went
To the rich coffer in his shady tent:
There lay on heaps his various garments roll'd,
And costly furs, and carpets stiff with gold
(The presents of the silver-footed dame);
From thence he took a bowl of antique frame,
Which never man had stain'd with ruddy wine,
Nor rais'd in offerings to the Powers divine,
But Peleus' son; and Peleus' son to none
Had rais'd in offerings, but to Jove alone.
This, tinged with sulphur, sacred first to flame,
He purged; and wash'd it in the running stream.
Then cleans'd his hands; and, fixing for a space
His eyes on Heav'n, his feet upon the place

Of sacrifice, the purple draught he pour'd
Forth in the midst; and thus the God implor'd:
'Oh thou Supreme! high-throned all height above!
Oh great Pelasgic, Dodonean Jove!
Who, 'midst surrounding frosts, and vapours chill,
Presid'st on bleak Dodona's vocal hill
(Whose groves the Selli, race austere! surround,
Their feet unwash'd, their slumbers on the ground;
Who hear from rustling oaks thy dark decrees;
And catch the fates low-whisper'd in the breeze):
Hear, as of old: Thou gavest at Thetis' prayer,
Glory to me, and to the Greeks despair:
Lo, to the dangers of the fighting field
The best, the dearest of my friends, I yield:
Tho' still determin'd, to my ships confin'd,
Patroclus gone, I stay but half behind.
Oh be his guard thy providential care,
Confirm his heart, and string his arm to war;
Press'd by his single force, let Hector see
His fame in arms not owing all to me.
But when the fleets are saved from foes and fire,
Let him with conquest and renown retire;
Preserve his arms, preserve his social train,
And safe return him to these eyes again!'
Great Jove consents to half the Chief's request,
But Heav'n's eternal doom denies the rest:
To free the fleet was granted to his prayer;
His safe return the winds dispers'd in air.
Back to his tent the stern Achilles flies,
And waits the combat with impatient eyes.
Meanwhile the troops, beneath Patroclus' care,
Invade the Trojans, and commence the war.
As wasps, provoked by children in their play,
Pour from their mansions by the broad highway,
In swarms the guiltless traveller engage,
Whet all their stings, and call forth all their rage:
All rise in arms, and with a gen'ral cry
Assert their waxen domes, and buzzing progeny.
Thus from the tents the fervent legion swarms,
So loud their clamours, and so keen their arms;
Their rising rage Patroclus' breath inspires,
Who thus inflames them with heroic fires:
'Oh warriors, partners of Achilles' praise!
Be mindful of your deeds in ancient days:
Your Godlike master let your acts proclaim,
And add new glories to his mighty name.
Think your Achilles sees you fight: be brave,
And humble the proud Monarch whom you save.'
Joyful they heard, and, kindling as he spoke,
Flew to the fleet, involv'd in fire and smoke.
From shore to shore the doubling shouts resound,
The hollow ships return a deeper sound.
The war stood still, and all around them gazed,
When great Achilles' shining armour blazed:
Troy saw, and thought the dread Achilles nigh;
At once they see, they tremble, and they fly.
Then first thy spear, divine Patroclus! flew,
Where the war raged, and where the tumult grew.
Close to the stern of that famed ship, which bore
Unbless'd Protesilaus to Ilion's shore,
The great Pæonian, bold Pyræchmes, stood,
Who led his bands from Axius' winding flood:
His shoulder-blade receives the fatal wound;
The groaning warrior pants upon the ground.
His troops, that see their country's glory slain,
Fly diverse, scatter'd o'er the distant plain.
Patroclus' arm forbids the spreading fires,
And from the half-burn'd ship proud Troy retires,
Clear'd from the smoke the joyful navy lies,
In heaps on heaps the foe tumultuous flies;
Triumphant Greece her rescued decks ascends,
And loud acclaim the starry region rends.

So when thick clouds enwrap the mountain's head,
O'er Heav'n's expanse like one black ceiling spread:
Sudden the Thund'rer, with a flashing ray,
Bursts thro' the darkness, and lets down the day:
The hills shine out, the rocks in prospect rise,
And streams, and vales, and forests strike the eyes;
The smiling scene wide opens to the sight,
And all th' unmeasur'd ether flames with light.
But Troy repuls'd, and scatter'd o'er the plains,
Forc'd from the navy, yet the fight maintains.
Now ev'ry Greek some hostile hero slew,
But still the foremost bold Patroclus flew:
As Areïlycus had turn'd him round,
Sharp in his thigh he felt the piercing wound;
The brazen-pointed spear, with vigour thrown,
The thigh transfix'd, and broke the brittle bone:
Headlong he fell. Next, Thoas, was thy chance,
Thy breast, unarm'd, receiv'd the Spartan lance.
Phylides' dart, as Amphiclus drew nigh,
His blow prevented, and transpierc'd his thigh,
Tore all the brawn, and rent the nerves away;
In darkness and in death the warrior lay.
In equal arms two sons of Nestor stand,
And two bold brothers of the Lycian band:
By great Antilochus, Antymnius dies,
Pierc'd in the flank, lamented youth! he lies.
Kind Maris, bleeding in his brother's wound,
Defends the breathless carcass on the ground.
Furious he flies, his murd'rer to engage,
But godlike Thrasymed prevents his rage:
Between his arm and shoulder aims a blow;
His arm falls spouting on the dust below:
He sinks, with endless darkness cover'd o'er,
And vents his soul, effused with gushing gore.
Slain by two brothers, thus two brothers bleed,
Sarpedon's friends, Amisodarus' seed;
Amisodarus, who, by Furies led,
The bane of man, abhorr'd Chimæra bred:
Skill'd in the dart in vain, his sons expire,
And pay the forfeit of their guilty sire.
Stopp'd in the tumult Cleobulus lies,
Beneath Oïleus' arm, a living prize;
A living prize not long the Trojan stood:
The thirsty falchion drank his reeking blood;
Plunged in his throat the smoking weapon lies:
Black Death, and Fate unpitying, seal his eyes.
Amid the ranks, with mutual thirst of fame,
Lycon the brave, and fierce Peneleus came;
In vain their jav'lins at each other flew;
Now, met in arms, their eager swords they drew:
On the plumed crest of his Bœotian foe
The daring Lycon aim'd a noble blow;
The sword broke short; but his, Peneleus sped
Full on the juncture of the neck and head:
The head, divided by a stroke so just,
Hung by the skin; the body sunk to dust.
O'ertaken Acamas by Merion bleeds,
Pierc'd thro' the shoulders as he mounts his steeds:
Back from the car he tumbles to the ground;
His swimming eyes eternal shades surround.
Next Erymas was doom'd his fate to feel:
His open'd mouth receiv'd the Cretan steel;
Beneath the brain the point a passage tore,
Crash'd the thin bones, and ground the teeth in gore.
His mouth, his eyes, his nostrils, pour a flood;
He sobs his soul out in the gush of blood.
As when the flocks neglected by the swain
(Or kids, or lambs) lie scatter'd o'er the plain,
A troop of wolves th' unguarded charge survey,
And rend the trembling, unresisting prey:
Thus on the foe the Greeks impetuous came:
Troy fled, unmindful of her former fame.

But still at Hector godlike Ajax aim'd,
Still, pointed at his breast, his jav'lin flamed:
The Trojan Chief, experienc'd in the field,
O'er his broad shoulders spread the massy shield,
Observ'd the storm of darts the Grecians pour,
And on his buckler caught the ringing shower.
He sees for Greece the scale of conquest rise,
Yet stops, and turns, and saves his lov'd allies.
As when the hand of Jove a tempest forms,
And rolls the clouds to blacken Heav'n with storms,
Dark o'er the fields th' ascending vapour flies,
And shades the sun, and blots the golden skies:
So from the ships, along the dusky plain,
Dire Fright and Terror drove the Trojan train.
Ev'n Hector fled; thro' heaps of disarray
The fiery coursers forc'd their lord away:
While far behind his Trojans fall confused,
Wedg'd in the trench, in one vast carnage bruis'd.
Chariots on chariots roll; the clashing spokes
Shock; while the madd'ning steeds break short their yokes.
In vain they labour up the steepy mound;
Their charioteers lie foaming on the ground.
Fierce on the rear, with shouts, Patroclus flies;
Tumultuous clamour fills the fields and skies;
Thick drifts of dust involve their rapid flight;
Clouds rise on clouds, and Heav'n is snatch'd from sight.
Th' affrighted steeds, their dying lords cast down,
Scour o'er the fields, and stretch to reach the town.
Loud o'er the rout was heard the victor's cry,
Where the war bleeds, and where the thickest die;
Where horse, and arms, and chariots, lie o'erthrown,
And bleeding heroes under axles groan.
No stop, no check, the steeds of Peleus knew;
From bank to bank th' immortal coursers flew,
High-bounding o'er the fosse: the whirling car
Smokes thro' the ranks, o'ertakes the flying war,
And thunders after Hector; Hector flies,
Patroclus shakes his lance; but Fate denies.
Not with less noise, with less impetuous force,
The tide of Trojans urge their desperate course,
Than when in autumn Jove his fury pours,
And earth is laden with incessant showers
(When guilty mortals break th' eternal laws,
Or judges, bribed, betray the righteous cause);
From their deep beds he bids the rivers rise,
And opens all the floodgates of the skies:
Th' impetuous torrents from their hills obey,
Whole fields are drown'd, and mountains swept away;
Loud roars the deluge till it meets the main;
And trembling man sees all his labours vain.
And now the Chief (the foremost troops repell'd)
Back to the ships his destin'd progress held,
Bore down half Troy in his resistless way,
And forc'd the routed ranks to stand the day.
Between the space where silver Simois flows,
Where lay the fleets, and where the rampires rose,
All grim with dust and blood, Patroclus stands,
And turns the slaughter on the conquering bands.
First Pronoüs died beneath his fiery dart,
Which pierc'd below the shield his valiant heart.
Thestor was next; who saw the Chief appear,
And fell the victim of his coward fear:
Shrunk up he sat, with wild and haggard eye,
Nor stood to combat, nor had force to fly:
Patroclus mark'd him as he shunn'd the war,
And with unmanly trembling shook the car,

And dropp'd the flowing reins. Him 'twixt the jaws
The jav'lin sticks, and from the chariot draws.
As on a rock that overhangs the main,
An angler, studious of the line and cane,
Some mighty fish draws panting on the shore;
Not with less ease the barbed jav'lin bore
The gaping dastard; as the spear was shook,
He fell, and life his heartless breast forsook.
Next on Eryalus he flies; a stone,
Large as a rock, was by his fury thrown:
Full on his crown the pond'rous fragment flew,
And burst the helm, and cleft the head in two:
Prone to the ground the breathless warrior fell,
And death involv'd him with the shades of hell.
Then low in dust Epaltes, Echius, lie;
Ipheas, Evippus, Polymelus, die;
Amphoterus and Erymas succeed;
And last Tlepolemus and Pyres bleed.
Where'er he moves, the growing slaughters spread
In heaps on heaps; a monument of dead.
When now Sarpedon his brave friends beheld
Grovelling in dust, and gasping on the field,
With this reproach his flying host he warms;
'Oh stain to honour! oh disgrace to arms!
Forsake, inglorious, the contended plain;
This hand, unaided, shall the war sustain;
The task be mine, this hero's strength to try,
Who mows whole troops, and makes an army fly.'
He spake; and, speaking, leaps from off the car;
Patroclus lights, and sternly waits the war.
As when two vultures on the mountain's height
Stoop with resounding pinions to the fight;
They cuff, they tear, they raise a screaming cry;
The desert echoes, and the rocks reply:
The warriors thus, opposed in arms, engage
With equal clamours, and with equal rage.
Jove view'd the combat, whose event foreseen,
He thus bespoke his Sister and his Queen:

'The hour draws on; the destinies ordain
My godlike son shall press the Phrygian plain:
Already on the verge of death he stands,
His life is ow'd to fierce Patroclus' hands.
What passions in a parent's breast debate!
Say, shall I snatch him from impending fate,
And send him safe to Lycia, distant far
From all the dangers and the toils of war?
Or to his doom my bravest offspring yield,
And fatten with celestial blood the field?'
Then thus the Goddess with the radiant eyes:
'What words are these? O Sov'reign of the Skies!
Short is the date prescribed to mortal man;
Shall Jove, for one, extend the narrow span,
Whose bounds were fix'd before his race began?
How many sons of Gods, foredoom'd to death,
Before proud Ilion must resign their breath!
Were thine exempt, debate would rise above,
And murm'ring Powers condemn their partial Jove.
Give the bold Chief a glorious fate in fight;
And when th' ascending soul has wing'd her flight,
Let Sleep and Death convey, by thy command,
The breathless body to his native land.
His friends and people, to his future praise,
A marble tomb and pyramid shall raise,
And lasting honours to his ashes give;
His fame ('t is all the dead can have) shall live.'
She said; the Cloud-compeller, overcome,
Assents to Fate, and ratifies the doom.
Then, touch'd with grief, the weeping Heav'ns distill'd
A shower of blood o'er all the fatal field;
The God, his eyes averting from the plain,
Laments his son, predestin'd to be slain,
Far from the Lycian shores, his happy native reign.
Now met in arms, the combatants appear,
Each heav'd the shield, and pois'd the lifted spear;

From strong Patroclus' hand the jav'lin fled,
And pass'd the groin of valiant Thrasymed;
The nerves unbraced no more his bulk sustain;
He falls, and falling bites the bloody plain.
Two sounding darts the Lycian leader threw;
The first aloof with erring fury flew,
The next transpierc'd Achilles' mortal steed,
The gen'rous Pedasus, of Theban breed,
Fix'd in the shoulder-joint; he reel'd around,
Roll'd in the bloody dust, and paw'd the slipp'ry ground.
His sudden fall th' entangled harness broke;
Each axle crackled, and the chariot shook:
When bold Automedon, to disengage
The starting coursers, and restrain their rage,
Divides the traces with his sword, and freed
Th' encumber'd chariot from the dying steed:
The rest move on, obedient to the rein;
The car rolls slowly o'er the dusty plain.
The tow'ring Chiefs to fiercer fight advance,
And first Sarpedon whirl'd his mighty lance,
Which o'er the warrior's shoulder took its course,
And spent in empty air its dying force.
Not so Patroclus' never-erring dart;
Aim'd at his breast, it pierc'd the mortal part,
Where the strong fibres bind the solid heart.
Then, as the mountain oak, or poplar tall,
Or pine (fit mast for some great admiral),
Nods to the axe, till with a groaning sound
It sinks, and spreads its honours on the ground;
Thus fell the King; and, laid on earth supine,
Before his chariot stretch'd his form divine:
He grasp'd the dust distain'd with streaming gore,
And, pale in death, lay groaning on the shore.
So lies a bull beneath the lion's paws,
While the grim savage grinds with foaming jaws
The trembling limbs, and sucks the smoking blood;
Deep groans, and hollow roars, rebellow thro' the wood.
Then to the leader of the Lycian band
The dying Chief address'd his last command:
'Glaucus, be bold; thy task be first to dare
The glorious dangers of destructive war,
To lead my troops, to combat at their head,
Incite the living, and supply the dead.
Tell them, I charged them with my latest breath
Not unrevenged to bear Sarpedon's death.
What grief, what shame, must Glaucus undergo,
If these spoil'd arms adorn a Grecian foe!
Then as a friend, and as a warrior, fight;
Defend my body, conquer in my right;
That, taught by great examples, all may try
Like thee to vanquish, or like me to die.'
He ceas'd; the Fates suppress'd his lab'ring breath,
And his eyes darken'd with the shades of death.
Th' insulting victor with disdain bestrode
The prostrate Prince, and on his bosom trod;
Then drew the weapon from his panting heart,
The reeking fibres clinging to the dart;
From the wide wound gush'd out a stream of blood,
And the soul issued in the purple flood.
His flying steeds the Myrmidons detain,
Unguided now, their mighty master slain.
All-impotent of aid, transfix'd with grief,
Unhappy Glaucus heard the dying Chief.
His painful arm, yet useless with the smart
Inflicted late by Teucer's deadly dart,
Supported on his better hand he stay'd;
To Phœbus then ('t was all he could) he pray'd:
'All-seeing Monarch! whether Lycia's coast,
Or sacred Ilion, thy bright presence boast,
Powerful alike to ease the wretch's smart;
O hear me! God of ev'ry healing art!
Lo! stiff with clotted blood, and pierc'd with pain,
That thrills my arm, and shoots thro' ev'ry vein:
I stand unable to sustain the spear,
And sigh, at distance from the glorious war.

Low in the dust is great Sarpedon laid,
Nor Jove vouchsafed his hapless offspring aid.
But thou, O God of health! thy succour lend,
To guard the reliques of my slaughter'd friend.
For thou, tho' distant, canst restore my might,
To head my Lycians, and support the fight.'
Apollo heard; and, suppliant as he stood,
His heav'nly hand restrain'd the flux of blood;
He drew the dolours from the wounded part,
And breathed a spirit in his rising heart.
Renew'd by art divine, the hero stands,
And owns th' assistance of immortal hands.
First to the fight his native troops he warms,
Then loudly calls on Troy's vindictive arms;
With ample strides he stalks from place to place,
Now fires Agenor, now Polydamas;
Æneas next, and Hector he accosts;
Inflaming thus the rage of all their hosts:
'What thoughts, regardless Chief! thy breast employ,
Oh too forgetful of the friends of Troy!
Those gen'rous friends, who, from their country far,
Breathe their brave souls out in another's war.
See! where in dust the great Sarpedon lies,
In action valiant, and in council wise,
Who guarded right, and kept his people free;
To all his Lycians lost, and lost to thee!
Stretch'd by Patroclus' arm on yonder plains;
Oh save from hostile rage his lov'd remains!
Ah! let not Greece his conquer'd trophies boast,
Nor on his corse revenge her heroes lost.'
He spoke: each leader in his grief partook;
Troy, at the loss, thro' all her legions shook;
Transfix'd with deep regret, they view o'erthrown
At once his country's pillar, and their own;
A Chief, who led to Troy's beleaguered wall
A host of heroes, and outshined them all.

Fired, they rush on; first Hector seeks the foes,
And with superior vengeance greatly glows.
But o'er the head the fierce Patroclus stands,
And, rousing Ajax, rous'd the list'ning bands:
'Heroes, be men! be what you were before;
Or weigh the great occasion, and be more.
The Chief who taught our lofty walls to yield,
Lies pale in death, extended on the field:
To guard his body, Troy in numbers flies;
'T is half the glory to maintain our prize.
Haste, strip his arms, the slaughter round him spread,
And send the living Lycians to the dead.'
The heroes kindle at his fierce command;
The martial squadrons close on either hand:
Here Troy and Lycia charge with loud alarms,
Thessalia there and Greece oppose their arms.
With horrid shouts they circle round the slain;
The clash of armour rings o'er all the plain.
Great Jove, to swell the horrors of the fight,
O'er the fierce armies pours pernicious night,
And round his son confounds the warring hosts,
His fate ennobling with a crowd of ghosts.
Now Greece gives way, and great Epigeus falls;
Agacleus' son, from Budium's lofty walls:
Who, chased for murder thence, a suppliant came
To Peleus and the silver-footed dame;
Now sent to Troy, Achilles' arms to aid,
He pays the vengeance to his kinsman's shade.
Soon as his luckless hand had touch'd the dead,
A rock's large fragment thunder'd on his head;
Hurl'd by Hectorean force, it cleft in twain
His shatter'd helm, and stretch'd him o'er the slain.
Fierce to the van of fight Patroclus came;
And, like an eagle darting at his game,

Sprung on the Trojan and the Lycian band:
What grief thy heart, what fury urged thy hand,
Oh gen'rous Greek! when with full vigour thrown
At Sthenelaüs flew the weighty stone,
Which sunk him to the dead: when Troy, too near
That arm, drew back; and Hector learn'd to fear.
Far as an able hand a lance can throw,
Or at the lists, or at the fighting foe,
So far the Trojans from their lines retired;
Till Glaucus, turning, all the rest inspired.
Then Bathycleüs fell beneath his rage,
The only hope of Chalcon's trembling age:
Wide o'er the land was stretch'd his large domain,
With stately seats and riches bless'd in vain.
Him, bold with youth, and eager to pursue
The flying Lycians, Glaucus met, and slew;
Pierc'd thro' the bosom with a sudden wound,
He fell, and, falling, made the fields resound.
Th' Achaians sorrow for their hero slain;
With conquering shouts the Trojans shake the plain,
And crowd to spoil the dead: the Greeks oppose:
An iron circle round the carcass grows.
Then brave Laogonus resign'd his breath,
Despatch'd by Merion to the shades of death:
On Ida's holy hill he made abode,
The priest of Jove, and honour'd like his God.
Between the jaw and ear the jav'lin went:
The soul, exhaling, issued at the vent.
His spear Æneas at the victor threw,
Who, stooping forward, from the death withdrew;
The lance hiss'd harmless o'er his cov'ring shield,
And trembling struck, and rooted in the field;
There yet scarce spent, it quivers on the plain,
Sent by the great Æneas' arm in vain.
'Swift as thou art' (the raging hero cries),
'And skill'd in dancing to dispute the prize,
My spear, the destin'd passage had it found,
Had fix'd thy active vigour to the ground.'
'Oh valiant leader of the Dardan host!'
(Insulted Merion thus retorts the boast);
'Strong as you are, 't is mortal force you trust,
An arm as strong may stretch thee in the dust.
And if to this my lance thy fate be giv'n,
Vain are thy vaunts; success is still from Heav'n:
This, instant, sends thee down to Pluto's coast:
Mine is the glory, his thy parting ghost.'
'O friend!' (Menœtius' son this answer gave)
'With words to combat ill befits the brave:
Not empty boasts the sons of Troy repel,
Your swords must plunge them to the shades of Hell.
To speak, beseems the council: but to dare
In glorious action, is the task of war.'
This said, Patroclus to the battle flies;
Great Merion follows, and new shouts arise:
Shields, helmets rattle, as the warriors close;
And thick and heavy sounds the storm of blows.
As thro' the shrilling vale, or mountain ground,
The labours of the woodman's axe resound;
Blows following blows are heard re-echoing wide,
While crackling forests fall on ev'ry side:
Thus echoed all the fields with loud alarms,
So fell the warriors, and so rung their arms.
Now great Sarpedon on the sandy shore,
His heav'nly form defaced with dust and gore,
And stuck with darts by warring heroes shed,
Lies undistinguish'd from the vulgar dead.
His long-disputed corse the chiefs enclose,
On ev'ry side the busy combat grows;
Thick as beneath some shepherd's thatch'd abode,
(The pails high foaming with a milky flood),
The buzzing flies, a persevering train,
Incessant swarm, and chased return again.
Jove view'd the combat with a stern survey,
And eyes that flash'd intolerable day;

Fix'd on the field his sight, his breast debates
The vengeance due, and meditates the fates:
Whether to urge their prompt effect, and call
The force of Hector to Patroclus' fall,
This instant see his short-lived trophies won,
And stretch him breathless on his slaughter'd son;
Or yet, with many a soul's untimely flight,
Augment the fame and horror of the fight.
To crown Achilles' valiant friend with praise
At length he dooms: and that his last of days
Shall set in glory; bids him drive the foe;
Nor unattended see the shades below.
Then Hector's mind he fills with dire dismay:
He mounts his car, and calls his hosts away;
Sunk with Troy's heavy fates, he sees decline
The scales of Jove, and pants with awe divine.
Then, nor before, the hardy Lycians fled,
And left their Monarch with the common dead:
Around, in heaps on heaps, a dreadful wall
Of carnage rises, as the heroes fall.
(So Jove decreed!) At length the Greeks obtain
The prize contested, and despoil the slain.
The radiant arms are by Patroclus borne,
Patroclus' ships the glorious spoils adorn.
Then thus to Phœbus in the realms above,
Spoke from his throne the cloud-compelling Jove:
'Descend, my Phœbus! on the Phrygian plain,
And from the fight convey Sarpedon slain:
Then bathe his body in the crystal flood,
With dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with blood:
O'er all his limbs ambrosial odours shed,
And with celestial robes adorn the dead.
Those rites discharged, his sacred corse bequeath
To the soft arms of silent Sleep and Death:
They to his friends the mournful charge shall bear
His friends a tomb and pyramid shall rear;
What honours mortals after death receive,
Those unavailing honours we may give.'
Apollo bows, and from Mount Ida's height,
Swift to the field precipitates his flight;
Thence from the war the breathless hero bore,
Veil'd in a cloud to silver Simois' shore;
There bathed his honourable wounds, and dress'd
His manly members in th' immortal vest
And with perfumes of sweet ambrosial dews,
Restores his freshness, and his form renews.
Then Sleep and Death, two twins of winged race,
Of matchless swiftness, but of silent pace,
Receiv'd Sarpedon at the God's command,
And in a moment reach'd the Lycian land;
The corse amidst his weeping friends they laid,
Where endless honours wait the sacred shade.
Meanwhile Patroclus pours along the plains,
With foaming coursers, and with loosen'd reins:
Fierce on the Trojan and the Lycian crew,
Ah blind to Fate! thy headlong fury flew:
Against what Fate and powerful Jove ordain,
Vain was thy friend's command, thy courage vain.
For he, the God, whose counsels uncontroll'd
Dismay the mighty, and confound the bold;
The God, who gives, resumes, and orders all,
He urged thee on, and urged thee on to fall.
Who first, brave hero! by that arm was slain,
Who last beneath thy vengeance press'd the plain,
When Heav'n itself thy fatal fury led,
And call'd to fill the number of the dead?
Adrestus first; Autonoüs then succeeds;
Echeclus follows; next young Megas bleeds;
Epistor, Menalippus, bite the ground:
The slaughter Elasus and Mulius crown'd:
Then sunk Pylartes to eternal night;
The rest, dispersing, trust their fates to flight.

Now Troy had stoop'd beneath his matchless power
But flaming Phœbus kept the sacred tower.
Thrice at the battlements Patroclus struck,
His blazing ægis thrice Apollo shook:
He tried the fourth; when, bursting from the cloud,
A more than mortal voice was heard aloud:
'Patroclus! cease; this Heav'n-defended wall
Defies thy lance, not fated yet to fall;
Thy friend, thy greater far, it shall withstand,
Troy shall not stoop, ev'n to Achilles' hand.'
So spoke the God who darts celestial fires:
The Greek obeys him, and with awe retires:
While Hector, checking at the Scæan gates
His panting coursers, in his breast debates,
Or in the field his forces to employ,
Or draw the troops within the walls of Troy.
Thus while he thought, beside him Phœbus stood,
In Asius' shape, who reign'd by Sangar's flood
(Thy brother, Hecuba! from Dymas sprung,
A valiant warrior, haughty, bold and young):
Thus he accosts him: 'What a shameful sight!
Gods! is it Hector that forbears the fight?
Were thine my vigour, this successful spear
Should soon convince thee of so false a fear.
Turn thee, ah turn thee to the Field of Fame,
And in Patroclus' blood efface thy shame.
Perhaps Apollo shall thy arms succeed,
And Heav'n ordains him by thy lance to bleed.'
So spoke th' inspiring God: then took his flight,
And plunged amidst the tumult of the fight.
He bids Cebrion drive the rapid car;
The lash resounds, the coursers rush to war:
The God the Grecians' sinking souls depress'd,
And pour'd swift spirits thro' each Trojan breast.
Patroclus lights, impatient for the fight;
A spear his left, a stone employs his right:
With all his nerves he drives it at the foe;
Pointed above, and rough and gross below:
The falling ruin crush'd Cebrion's head,
The lawless offspring of King Priam's bed;
His front, brows, eyes, one undistinguish'd wound;
The bursting balls drop sightless to the ground.
The charioteer, while yet he held the rein,
Struck from the car, falls headlong on the plain.
To the dark shades the soul unwilling glides,
While the proud victor thus his fall derides:
'Good Heav'ns! what active feats yon artist shews!
What skilful divers are our Phrygian foes!
Mark with what ease they sink into the sand!
Pity, that all their practice is by land!'
Then rushing sudden on his prostrate prize,
To spoil the carcass fierce Patroclus flies:
Swift as a lion, terrible and bold,
That sweeps the fields, depopulates the fold;
Pierc'd thro' the dauntless heart, then tumbles slain;
And from his fatal courage finds his bane.
At once bold Hector, leaping from his car,
Defends the body, and provokes the war.
Thus for some slaughter'd hind, with equal rage,
Two lordly rulers of the wood engage;
Stung with fierce hunger each the prey invades,
And echoing roars rebellow thro' the shades.
Stern Hector fastens on the warrior's head,
And by the foot Patroclus drags the dead;
While all around, confusion, rage, and fright
Mix the contending hosts in mortal fight.
So, pent by hills, the wild winds roar aloud
In the deep bosom of some gloomy wood;
Leaves, arms, and trees, aloft in air are blown,
The broad oaks crackle, and the Sylvans groan;
This way and that the rattling thicket bends,
And the whole forest in one crash descends.

Not with less noise, with less tumultuous rage,
In dreadful shock the mingled hosts engage.
Darts shower'd on darts now round the carcass ring;
Now flights of arrows bounding from the string:
Stones follow stones; some clatter on the fields,
Some, hard and heavy, shake the sounding shields.
But where the rising whirlwind clouds the plains,
Sunk in soft dust the mighty Chief remains,
And, stretch'd in death, forgets the guiding reins!
Now, flaming from the zenith, Sol had driv'n
His fervid orb thro' half the vault of Heav'n;
While on each host with equal tempest fell
The show'ring darts, and numbers sunk to hell.
But when his evening wheels o'erhung the main,
Glad conquest rested on the Grecian train,
Then, from amidst the tumult and alarms,
They draw the conquer'd corse and radiant arms.
Then rash Patroclus with new fury glows,
And, breathing slaughter, pours amid the foes.
Thrice on the press like Mars himself he flew,
And thrice three heroes at each onset slew.
There ends thy glory! there the Fates untwine
The last black remnant of so bright a line;
Apollo dreadful stops thy middle way;
Death calls, and Heav'n allows no longer day!
For lo! the God in dusky clouds enshrin'd,
Approaching, dealt a stagg'ring blow behind.
The weighty shock his neck and shoulders feel;
His eyes flash sparkles, his stunn'd senses reel
In giddy darkness; far to distance flung,
His bounding helmet on the champaign rung.
Achilles' plume is stain'd with dust and gore,
That plume which never stoop'd to earth before;
Long used, untouch'd, in fighting fields to shine,
And shade the temples of the man divine.
Jove dooms it now on Hector's helm to nod;
Not long — for Fate pursues him, and the God.
His spear in shivers falls: his ample shield
Drops from his arm: his baldric strews the field:
The corslet his astonish'd breast forsakes;
Loose is each joint; each nerve with horror shakes,
Stupid he stares, and all assistless stands:
Such is the force of more than mortal hands!
A Dardan youth there was, well known to fame,
From Panthus sprung, Euphorbus was his name;
Famed for the manage of the foaming horse,
Skill'd in the dart, and matchless in the course:
Full twenty knights he tumbled from the car,
While yet he learn'd his rudiments of war.
His venturous spear first drew the hero's gore;
He struck, he wounded, but he durst no more;
Nor, tho' disarm'd, Patroclus' fury stood,
But swift withdrew the long-protended wood,
And turn'd him short, and herded in the crowd.
Thus by an arm divine, and mortal spear,
Wounded at once, Patroclus yields to fear,
Retires for succour to his social train,
And flies the fate which Heav'n decreed, in vain.
Stern Hector, as the bleeding Chief he views,
Breaks thro' the ranks, and his retreat pursues:
The lance arrests him with a mortal wound;
He falls, earth thunders, and his arms resound.
With him all Greece was sunk; that moment all
Her yet surviving heroes seem'd to fall.

So, scorch'd with heat, along the desert shore,
The roaming lion meets a bristly boar,
Fast by the spring; they both dispute the flood.
With flaming eyes and jaws besmear'd with blood;
At length the sov'reign savage wins the strife,
And the torn boar resigns his thirst and life.
Patroclus thus, so many Chiefs o'erthrown,
So many lives effused, expires his own.
As dying now at Hector's feet he lies,
He sternly views him, and triumphing cries:
'Lie there, Patroclus! and with thee the joy,
Thy pride once promis'd, of subverting Troy;
The fancied scenes of Ilion wrapp'd in flames,
And thy soft pleasures serv'd with captive dames!
Unthinking man! I fought those towers to free,
And guard that beauteous race from lords like thee:
But thou a prey to vultures shalt be made;
Thy own Achilles cannot lend thee aid;
Tho' much at parting that great Chief might say,
And much enjoin thee, this important day:
"Return not, my brave friend" (perhaps he said),
"Without the bloody arms of Hector dead."
He spoke, Patroclus march'd, and thus he sped.'
Supine, and wildly gazing on the skies,
With faint expiring breath, the Chief replies:
'Vain Boaster! cease, and know the Powers divine:
Jove's and Apollo's is this deed, not thine;
To Heav'n is owed whate'er your own you call,
And Heav'n itself disarm'd me ere my fall.
Had twenty mortals, each thy match in might,
Opposed me fairly, they had sunk in fight:
By Fate and Phœbus was I first o'erthrown,
Euphorbus next; the third mean part thy own.
But thou, Imperious! hear my latest breath;
The Gods inspire it, and it sounds thy death.
Insulting man, thou shalt be soon as I;
Black Fate hangs o'er thee, and thy hour draws nigh;
Ev'n now on life's last verge I see thee stand.
I see thee fall, and by Achilles' hand.'
He faints; the soul unwilling wings her way
(The beauteous body left a load of clay),
Flits to the lone, uncomfortable coast;
A naked, wand'ring, melancholy ghost!
Then Hector pausing, as his eyes he fed
On the pale carcass, thus address'd the dead:
'From whence this boding speech, the stern decree
Of death denounc'd, or why denounc'd to me?
Why not as well Achilles' fate be giv'n
To Hector's lance? who knows the will of Heav'n?'
Pensive he said: then, pressing as he lay
His breathless bosom, tore the lance away,
And upwards cast the corse: the reeking spear
He shakes, and charges the bold charioteer.
But swift Automedon with loosen'd reins,
Rapt in the chariot o'er the distant plains,
Far from his rage th' immortal coursers drove;
Th' immortal coursers were the gift of Jove.

BOOK XVII

THE SEVENTH BATTLE, FOR THE BODY OF PATROCLUS. — THE ACTS OF MENELAUS

THE ARGUMENT

Menelaus, upon the death of Patroclus, defends his body from the enemy: Euphorbus, who attempts it, is slain. Hector advancing, Menelaus retires; but soon returns with Ajax, and drives him off. This Glaucus objects to Hector as a flight, who thereupon puts on the armour he had won from Patroclus, and renews the battle. The Greeks give way, till Ajax rallies them: Æneas sustains the Trojans. Æneas and Hector attempt the chariot of Achilles, which is borne off by Automedon. The horses of Achilles deplore the loss of Patroclus; Jupiter covers his body with a thick darkness: the noble prayer of Ajax on that occasion. Menelaus sends Antilochus to Achilles, with the news

of Patroclus's death: then returns to the fight, where, though attacked with the utmost fury, he and Meriones, assisted by the Ajaces, bear off the body to the ships.
The time is the evening of the eight-and-twentieth day. The scene lies in the fields before Troy.

On the cold earth divine Patroclus spread,
Lies pierc'd with wounds among the vulgar dead.
Great Menelaus, touch'd with gen'rous woe,
Springs to the front, and guards him from the foe:
Thus, round her new-fall'n young the heifer moves,
Fruit of her throes, and first-born of her loves;
And anxious (helpless as he lies, and bare)
Turns and re-turns her, with a mother's care.
Opposed to each that near the carcass came,
His broad shield glimmers, and his lances flame.
The son of Panthus, skill'd the dart to send,
Eyes the dead hero, and insults the friend:
'This hand, Atrides, laid Patroclus low;
Warrior! desist, nor tempt an equal blow.
To me the spoils my prowess won, resign;
Depart with life, and leave the glory mine.'
The Trojan thus: the Spartan Monarch burn'd
With gen'rous anguish, and in scorn return'd:
'Laugh'st thou not, Jove! from thy superior throne,
When mortals boast of prowess not their own?
Not thus the lion glories in his might,
Nor panther braves his spotted foe in fight;
Nor thus the boar (those terrors of the plain);
Man only vaunts his force, and vaunts in vain.
But far the vainest of the boastful kind
These sons of Panthus vent their haughty mind.
Yet 't was but late, beneath my conquering steel
This boaster's brother, Hyperenor, fell:
Against our arm, which rashly he defied,
Vain was his vigour, and as vain his pride.
These eyes beheld him on the dust expire,
No more to cheer his spouse, or glad his sire.
Presumptuous youth! like his shall be thy doom,
Go, wait thy brother to the Stygian gloom;
Or, while thou may'st, avoid the threaten'd fate;
Fools stay to feel it, and are wise too late.'
Unmov'd, Euphorbus thus: 'That action known,
Come, for my brother's blood repay thy own.
His weeping father claims thy destin'd head,
And spouse, a widow in her bridal bed.
On these thy conquer'd spoils I shall bestow,
To soothe a consort's and a parent's woe.
No longer then defer the glorious strife,
Let Heav'n decide our Fortune, Fame, and Life.'
Swift as the word the missile lance he flings,
The well-aim'd weapon on the buckler rings,
But, blunted by the brass, innoxious falls:
On Jove, the father, great Atrides calls;
Nor flies the jav'lin from his arm in vain;
It pierc'd his throat, and bent him to the plain;
Wide thro' the neck appears the grisly wound,
Prone sinks the warrior, and his arms resound.
The shining circlets of his golden hair,
Which ev'n the Graces might be proud to wear,
Instarr'd with gems and gold, bestrew the shore,
With dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with gore.
As the young olive, in some sylvan scene,
Crown'd by fresh fountains with eternal green,
Lifts the gay head, in snowy flow'rets fair,
And plays and dances to the gentle air;
When lo! a whirlwind from high Heav'n invades
The tender plant, and withers all its shades;
It lies uprooted from its genial bed,
A lovely ruin now defaced and dead:

Thus young, thus beautiful, Euphorbus lay,
While the fierce Spartan tore his arms away.
Proud of his deed, and glorious in the prize,
Affrighted Troy the tow'ring victor flies;
Flies, as before some mountain lion's ire
The village curs and trembling swains retire;
When o'er the slaughter'd bull they hear him roar,
And see his jaws distil with smoking gore;
All pale with fear, at distance scatter'd round,
They shout incessant, and the vales resound.
Meanwhile Apollo view'd with envious eyes,
And urged great Hector to dispute the prize
(In Mentes' shape, beneath whose martial care
The rough Ciconians learn'd the trade of war):
'Forbear,' he cried, 'with fruitless speed to chase
Achilles' coursers, of ethereal race;
They stoop not, these, to mortal man's command,
Or stoop to none but great Achilles' hand.
Too long amused with a pursuit so vain,
Turn, and behold the brave Euphorbus slain!
By Sparta slain; for ever now suppress'd
The fire which burn'd in that undaunted breast!'
Thus having spoke, Apollo wing'd his flight,
And mix'd with mortals in the toils of fight:
His words infix'd unutterable care
Deep in great Hector's soul: thro' all the war
He darts his anxious eye: and instant view'd
The breathless hero in his blood imbrued
(Forth welling from the wound, as prone he lay),
And in the victor's hand the shining prey.
Sheathed in bright arms, thro' cleaving ranks he flies,
And sends his voice in thunder to the skies:
Fierce as a flood of flame by Vulcan sent,
It flew, and fired the nations as it went.
Atrides from the voice the storm divin'd,
And thus explor'd his own unconquer'd mind:
'Then shall I quit Patroclus on the plain,
Slain in my cause, and for my honour slain;
Desert the arms, the relics of my friend?
Or singly Hector and his troops attend?
Sure, where such partial favour Heav'n bestow'd,
To brave the Hero were to brave the God:
Forgive me, Greece, if once I quit the field;
'T is not to Hector, but to Heav'n, I yield.
Yet, nor the God nor Heav'n should give me fear,
Did but the voice of Ajax reach my ear:
Still would we turn, still battle on the plains,
And give Achilles all that yet remains
Of his and our Patroclus.' This, no more,
The time allow'd: Troy thicken'd on the shore;
A sable scene! The terrors Hector led;
Slow he recedes, and sighing quits the dead.
So from the fold th' unwilling lion parts,
Forc'd by loud clamours, and a storm of darts;
He flies indeed, but threatens as he flies,
With heart indignant and retorted eyes.
Now, enter'd in the Spartan ranks, he turn'd
His manly breast, and with new fury burn'd:
O'er all the black battalions sent his view,
And thro' the cloud the godlike Ajax knew;
Where lab'ring on the left the warrior stood,
All grim in arms, and cover'd o'er with blood;
There breathing courage, where the God of Day
Had sunk each heart with terror and dismay.
To him the King: 'Oh! Ajax, oh my friend!
Haste, and Patroclus' lov'd remains defend:
The body to Achilles to restore,
Demands our care; alas! we can no more!
For naked now, despoil'd of arms, he lies;
And Hector glories in the dazzling prize.'

He said, and touch'd his heart. The raging pair
Pierce the thick battle, and provoke the war.
Already had stern Hector seiz'd his head,
And doom'd to Trojan dogs th' unhappy dead;
But soon as Ajax rear'd his tower-like shield,
Sprung to his car, and measured back the field.
His train to Troy the radiant armour bear,
To stand a trophy of his fame in war.
Meanwhile great Ajax (his broad shield display'd)
Guards the dead hero with the dreadful shade;
And now before, and now behind he stood:
Thus, in the centre of some gloomy wood,
With many a step the lioness surrounds
Her tawny young, beset by men and hounds;
Elate her heart, and rousing all her powers,
Dark o'er the fiery balls each hanging eyebrow lowers.
Fast by his side the gen'rous Spartan glows
With great revenge, and feeds his inward woes.
But Glaucus, leader of the Lycian aids,
On Hector frowning, thus his flight upbraids:
'Where now in Hector shall we Hector find?
A manly form, without a manly mind!
Is this, O Chief! a hero's boasted fame?
How vain, without the merit, is the name!
Since battle is renounc'd, thy thoughts employ
What other methods may preserve thy Troy:
'T is time to try if Ilion's state can stand
By thee alone, nor ask a foreign hand;
Mean, empty boast! but shall the Lycians stake
Their lives for you? those Lycians you forsake?
What from thy thankless arms can we expect?
Thy friend Sarpedon proves thy base neglect:
Say, shall our slaughter'd bodies guard your walls,
While unrevenged the great Sarpedon falls?
Ev'n where he died for Troy, you left him there,
A feast for dogs, and all the fowls of air.
On my command if any Lycian wait,
Hence let him march, and give up Troy to fate.
Did such a spirit as the Gods impart
Impel one Trojan hand, or Trojan heart
(Such as should burn in every soul that draws
The sword for glory, and his country's cause),
Ev'n yet our mutual arms we might employ,
And drag yon carcass to the walls of Troy.
Oh! were Patroclus ours, we might obtain
Sarpedon's arms, and honour'd corse, again!
Greece with Achilles' friend should be repaid,
And thus due honours purchas'd to his shade.
But words are vain. Let Ajax once appear,
And Hector trembles and recedes with fear;
Thou darest not meet the terrors of his eye;
And lo, already thou preparest to fly.'
The Trojan Chief with fix'd resentment eyed
The Lycian leader, and sedate replied:
'Say, is it just (my friend) that Hector's ear
From such a warrior such a speech should hear?
I deem'd thee once the wisest of thy kind,
But ill this insult suits a prudent mind.
I shun great Ajax? I desert my train?
'T is mine to prove the rash assertion vain;
I joy to mingle where the battle bleeds,
And hear the thunder of the sounding steeds.
But Jove's high will is ever uncontroll'd,
The strong he withers, and confounds the bold:
Now crowns with fame the mighty man, and now
Strikes the fresh garland from the victor's brow!
Come, thro' yon squadrons let us hew the way,
And thou be witness if I fear to-day;

If yet a Greek the sight of Hector dread,
Or yet their hero dare defend the dead.'
Then, turning to the martial hosts, he cries,
'Ye Trojans, Dardans, Lycians, and allies!
Be men (my friends) in action as in name,
And yet be mindful of your ancient fame.
Hector in proud Achilles' arms shall shine,
Torn from his friend, by right of conquest mine.'
He strode along the field as thus he said
(The sable plumage nodded o'er his head):
Swift thro' the spacious plain he sent a look;
One instant saw, one instant overtook
The distant band, that on the sandy shore
The radiant spoils to sacred Ilion bore.
There his own mail unbraced the field bestrew'd;
His train to Troy convey'd the massy load.
Now blazing in th' immortal arms he stands,
The work and present of celestial hands;
By aged Peleus to Achilles giv'n,
As first to Peleus by the court of Heav'n:
His father's arms not long Achilles wears,
Forbid by Fate to reach his father's years.
Him, proud in triumph, glitt'ring from afar,
The God whose thunder rends the troubled air
Beheld with pity! as apart he sat,
And, conscious, look'd thro' all the scene of fate,
He shook the sacred honours of his head;
Olympus trembled, and the Godhead said:
'Ah, wretched man! unmindful of thy end!
A moment's glory, and what fates attend!
In heav'nly panoply, divinely bright
Thou stand'st, and armies tremble at thy sight,
As at Achilles' self! beneath thy dart
Lies slain the great Achilles' dearer part:
Thou from the mighty dead those arms hast torn,
Which once the greatest of mankind had worn.
Yet live! I give thee one illustrious day,
A blaze of glory ere thou fadest away.
For ah! no more Andromache shall come,
With joyful tears to welcome Hector home;
No more officious, with endearing charms,
From thy tired limbs unbrace Pelides' arms!'
Then with his sable brow he gave the nod,
That seals his word; the sanction of the God.
The stubborn arms (by Jove's command disposed)
Conform'd spontaneous, and around him closed:
Fill'd with the God, enlarged his members grew,
Thro' all his veins a sudden vigour flew:
The blood in brisker tides began to roll,
And Mars himself came rushing on his soul.
Exhorting loud thro' all the field he strode,
And look'd, and mov'd, Achilles, or a God.
Now Mesthles, Glaucus, Medon he inspires,
Now Phorcys, Chromius, and Hippothoüs fires;
The great Thersilochus like fury found,
Asteropæus kindled at the sound,
And Ennomus, in augury renown'd.
'Hear, all ye hosts, and hear, unnumber'd bands
Of neighb'ring nations, or of distant lands!
'T was not for state we summon'd you so far,
To boast our numbers, and the pomp of war;
Ye came to fight; a valiant foe to chase,
To save our present and our future race.
For this, our wealth, our products, you enjoy,
And glean the relics of exhausted Troy.
Now, then, to conquer or to die prepare,
To die or conquer are the terms of war.
Whatever hand shall win Patroclus slain,
Whoe'er shall drag him to the Trojan train,
With Hector's self shall equal honours claim;
With Hector part the spoil, and share the fame.'
Fired by his words, the troops dismiss their fears,
They join, they thicken, they protend their spears;
Full on the Greeks they drive in firm array,
And each from Ajax hopes the glorious prey:
Vain hope! what numbers shall the field o'erspread,
What victims perish round the mighty dead!

Great Ajax mark'd the growing storm from far,
And thus bespoke his brother of the war:
'Our fatal day, alas! is come, my friend,
And all our wars and glories at an end!
'T is not this corse alone we guard in vain,
Condemn'd to vultures on the Trojan plain;
We too must yield; the same sad fate must fall
On thee, on me, perhaps (my friend) on all.
See what a tempest direful Hector spreads,
And lo! it bursts, it thunders on our heads!
Call on our Greeks, if any hear the call,
The bravest Greeks: this hour demands them all.'
The warrior rais'd his voice, and wide around
The field re-echoed the distressful sound:
'Oh Chiefs! oh Princes! to whose hand is giv'n
The rule of men; whose glory is from Heav'n!
Whom with due honours both Atrides grace:
Ye guides and guardians of our Argive race!
All, whom this well-known voice shall reach from far,
All, whom I see not thro' this cloud of war,
Come all! let gen'rous rage your arms employ,
And save Patroclus from the dogs of Troy.'
Oïlean Ajax first the voice obey'd,
Swift was his pace and ready was his aid;
Next him Idomeneus, more slow with age,
And Merion, burning with a hero's rage.
The long-succeeding numbers who can name?
But all were Greeks, and eager all for fame.
Fierce to the charge great Hector led the throng;
Whole Troy, embodied, rush'd with shouts along.
Thus, when a mountain billow foams and raves,
Where some swoln river disembogues his waves,
Full in the mouth is stopp'd the rushing tide,
The boiling ocean works from side to side,
The river trembles to his utmost shore,
And distant rocks rebellow to the roar.

Nor less resolv'd, the firm Achaian band
With brazen shields in horrid circle stand:
Jove, pouring darkness o'er the mingled fight,
Conceals the warriors' shining helms in night:
To him the Chief, for whom the hosts contend,
Had liv'd not hateful, for he liv'd a friend:
Dead he protects him with superior care,
Nor dooms his carcass to the birds of air.
The first attack the Grecians scarce sustain,
Repuls'd, they yield; the Trojans seize the slain:
Then fierce they rally, to revenge led on
By the swift rage of Ajax Telamon
(Ajax, to Peleus' son the second name,
In graceful stature next, and next in fame).
With headlong force the foremost ranks he tore:
So thro' the thicket bursts the mountain boar,
And rudely scatters, far to distance round,
The frighted hunter and the baying hound.
The son of Lethus, brave Pelasgus' heir,
Hippothoüs, dragg'd the carcass thro' the war;
The sinewy ancles bored, the feet he bound
With thongs, inserted thro' the double wound;
Inevitable Fate o'ertakes the deed;
Doom'd by great Ajax' vengeful lance to bleed;
It cleft the helmet's brazen cheeks in twain;
The shatter'd crest and horsehair strew the plain:
With nerves relax'd he tumbles to the ground,
The brain comes gushing thro' the ghastly wound:
He drops Patroclus' foot, and, o'er him spread,
Now lies a sad companion of the dead:
Far from Larissa lies, his native air,
And ill requites his parent's tender care.
Lamented youth! in life's first bloom he fell,
Sent by great Ajax to the shades of Hell.
Once more at Ajax Hector's jav'lin flies;
The Grecian marking as it cut the skies,
Shunn'd the descending death, which, hissing on,
Stretch'd in the dust the great Iphitus' son,

Schedius the brave, of all the Phocian kind
The boldest warrior, and the noblest mind:
In little Panope, for strength renown'd,
He held his seat, and ruled the realms around.
Plunged in his throat, the weapon drank his blood,
And, deep transpiercing, thro' the shoulder stood;
In clanging arms the hero fell, and all
The fields resounded with his weighty fall.
Phorcys, as slain Hippothous he defends,
The Telamonian lance his belly rends;
The hollow armour burst before the stroke,
And thro' the wound the rushing entrails broke.
In strong convulsions panting on the sands
He lies, and grasps the dust with dying hands.
Struck at the sight, recede the Trojan train:
The shouting Argives strip the heroes slain.
And now had Troy, by Greece compell'd to yield,
Fled to her ramparts, and resign'd the field;
Greece, in her native fortitude elate,
With Jove averse, had turn'd the scale of Fate;
But Phœbus urged Æneas to the fight;
He seem'd like aged Periphas to sight
(A herald in Anchises' love grown old,
Revered for prudence, and, with prudence, bold).
Thus he: 'What methods yet, oh Chief! remain,
To save your Troy, tho' Heav'n its fall ordain?
There have been heroes, who, by virtuous care,
By valour, numbers, and by arts of war,
Have forc'd the Powers to spare a sinking state,
And gain'd at length the glorious odds of Fate.
But you, when Fortune smiles, when Jove declares
His partial favour, and assists your wars,
Your shameful efforts 'gainst yourselves employ,
And force th' unwilling God to ruin Troy.'
Æneas, thro' the form assumed, descries
The power conceal'd, and thus to Hector cries.
'Oh lasting shame! to our own fears a prey,
We seek our ramparts, and desert the day.
A God (nor is he less) my bosom warms,
And tells me Jove asserts the Trojan arms.'
He spoke, and foremost to the combat flew;
The bold example all his hosts pursue.
Then first Leocritus beneath him bled,
In vain beloved by valiant Lycomede;
Who view'd his fall, and, grieving at the chance,
Swift to revenge it, sent his angry lance:
The whirling lance, with vig'rous force address'd,
Descends, and pants in Apisaon's breast:
From rich Pæonia's vales the warrior came;
Next thee, Asteropeus! in place and fame,
Asteropeus with grief beheld the slain,
And rush'd to combat, but he rush'd in vain:
Indissolubly firm, around the dead,
Rank within rank, on buckler buckler spread,
And hemm'd with bristled spears, the Grecians stood;
A brazen bulwark, and an iron wood.
Great Ajax eyes them with incessant care,
And in an orb contracts the crowded war,
Close in their ranks commands to fight or fall,
And stands the centre and the soul of all:
Fix'd on the spot they war, and wounded, wound;
A sanguine torrent steeps the reeking ground;
On heaps the Greeks, on heaps the Trojans bled,
And, thick'ning round them, rise the hills of dead.
Greece, in close order and collected might,
Yet suffers least, and sways the wav'ring fight;
Fierce as conflicting fires, the combat burns,
And now it rises, now it sinks, by turns.
In one thick darkness all the fight was lost:
The sun, the moon, and all th' ethereal host,
Seem'd as extinct; day ravish'd from their eyes,
And all Heav'n's splendours blotted from the skies.
Such o'er Patroclus' body hung the night,
The rest in sunshine fought, and open light:

Unclouded there, th' aërial azure spread,
No vapour rested on the mountain's head,
The golden sun pour'd forth a stronger ray,
And all the broad expansion flamed with day.
Dispers'd around the plain, by fits they fight,
And here, and there, their scatter'd arrows light:
But death and darkness o'er the carcass spread,
There burn'd the war, and there the mighty bled.
Meanwhile the sons of Nestor, in the rear
(Their fellows routed), toss the distant spear,
And skirmish wide: so Nestor gave command,
When from the ships he sent the Pylian band.
The youthful brothers thus for fame contend,
Nor knew the fortune of Achilles' friend;
In thought they view'd him still, with martial joy,
Glorious in arms, and dealing deaths to Troy.
But round the corse the heroes pant for breath,
And thick and heavy grows the work of death:
O'erlabour'd now, with dust, and sweat, and gore,
Their knees, their legs, their feet, are cover'd o'er;
Drops follow drops, the clouds on clouds arise,
And carnage clogs their hands, and darkness fills their eyes.
As when a slaughter'd bull's yet reeking hide,
Strain'd with full force, and tugg'd from side to side,
The brawny curriers stretch; and labour o'er
Th' extended surface, drunk with fat and gore;
So tugging round the corse both armies stood;
The mangled body bathed in sweat and blood:
While Greeks and Ilians equal strength employ,
Now to the ships to force it, now to Troy.
Not Pallas' self, her breast when fury warms,
Nor he whose anger sets the world in arms,
Could blame this scene; such rage, such horror, reign'd;
Such Jove to honour the great dead ordain'd.
Achilles in his ships at distance lay,
Nor knew the fatal fortune of the day;
He, yet unconscious of Patroclus' fall,
In dust extended under Ilion's wall,
Expects him glorious from the conquer'd plain,
And for his wish'd return prepares in vain;
Tho' well he knew, to make proud Ilion bend,
Was more than Heav'n had destin'd to his friend,
Perhaps to him: this Thetis had reveal'd;
The rest, in pity to her son, conceal'd.
Still raged the conflict round the hero dead,
And heaps on heaps by mutual wounds they bled.
'Curs'd be the man' (ev'n private Greeks would say)
'Who dares desert this well-disputed day!
First may the cleaving earth before our eyes
Gape wide, and drink our blood for sacrifice!
First perish all, ere haughty Troy shall boast
We lost Patroclus, and our glory lost.'
Thus they. While with one voice the Trojans said,
'Grant this day, Jove! or heap us on the dead!'
Then clash their sounding arms; the clangors rise,
And shake the brazen concave of the skies.
Meantime, at distance from the scene of blood,
The pensive steeds of great Achilles stood;
Their godlike master slain before their eyes,
They wept, and shared in human miseries.
In vain Automedon now shakes the rein,
Now plies the lash, and soothes and threats in vain;
Nor to the fight, nor Hellespont they go;
Restive they stood, and obstinate in woe:
Still as a tombstone, never to be mov'd,
On some good man, or woman unreprov'd,
Lays its eternal weight; or fix'd as stands
A marble courser by the sculptor's hands

Placed on the hero's grave. Along their face
The big round drops cours'd down with silent pace,
Conglobing on the dust. Their manes, that late
Circled their arched necks, and waved in state,
Trail'd on the dust beneath the yoke were spread,
And prone to earth was hung their languid head:
Nor Jove disdain'd to cast a pitying look,
While thus relenting to the steeds he spoke:
'Unhappy coursers of immortal strain!
Exempt from age, and deathless now in vain;
Did we your race on mortal man bestow,
Only, alas! to share in mortal woe?
For ah! what is there, of inferior birth,
That breathes or creeps upon the dust of earth;
What wretched creature of what wretched kind,
Than man more weak, calamitous, and blind?
A miserable race! but cease to mourn:
For not by you shall Priam's son be borne
High on the splendid car: one glorious prize
He rashly boasts; the rest our will denies.
Ourself will swiftness to your nerves impart,
Ourself with rising spirits swell your heart.
Automedon your rapid flight shall bear
Safe to the navy thro' the storm of war.
For yet 't is given to Troy, to ravage o'er
The field, and spread her slaughters to the shore;
The sun shall see her conquer, till his fall
With sacred darkness shades the face of all.'
He said; and breathing in th' immortal horse
Excessive spirit, urged them to the course;
From their high manes they shake the dust, and bear
The kindling chariot thro' the parted war.
So flies a vulture thro' the clam'rous train
Of geese, that scream, and scatter round the plain.
From danger now with swiftest speed they flew,
And now to conquest with like speed pursue;
Sole in the seat the charioteer remains,
Now plies the jav'lin, now directs the reins:
Him brave Alcimedon beheld distress'd,
Approach'd the chariot, and the Chief address'd:
'What God provokes thee, rashly thus to dare,
Alone, unaided, in the thickest war?
Alas! thy friend is slain, and Hector wields
Achilles' arms triumphant in the fields.'
'In happy time (the charioteer replies),
The bold Alcimedon now greets my eyes;
No Greek like him the heav'nly steeds restrains,
Or holds their fury in suspended reins:
Patroclus, while he liv'd, their rage could tame,
But now Patroclus is an empty name!
To thee I yield the seat, to thee resign
The ruling charge: the task of fight be mine.'
He said. Alcimedon, with active heat,
Snatches the reins, and vaults into the seat.
His friend descends. The Chief of Troy descried,
And call'd Æneas fighting near his side:
'Lo, to my sight beyond our hope restor'd,
Achilles' car, deserted of its lord!
The glorious steeds our ready arms invite,
Scarce their weak drivers guide them thro' the fight:
Can such opponents stand, when we assail?
Unite thy force, my friend, and we prevail.'
The son of Venus to the counsel yields:
Then o'er their backs they spread their solid shields;
With brass refulgent the broad surface shin'd,
And thick bull-hides the spacious concave lin'd.
Them Chromius follows, Aretus succeeds,
Each hopes the conquest of the lofty steeds;
In vain, brave youths, with glorious hopes ye burn,
In vain advance! not fated to return.
Unmov'd, Automedon attends the fight,
Implores th' Eternal, and collects his might.
Then, turning to his friend, with dauntless mind:
'Oh keep the foaming coursers close behind!
Full on my shoulders let their nostrils blow,
For hard the fight, determin'd is the foe;

'T is Hector comes; and when he seeks the prize,
War knows no mean: he wins it, or he dies.'
Then thro' the field he sends his voice aloud,
And calls th' Ajaces from the warring crowd,
With great Atrides. 'Hither turn' (he said),
'Turn where distress demands immediate aid;
The dead, encircled by his friends, forego,
And save the living from a fiercer foe.
Unhelp'd we stand, unequal to engage
The force of Hector and Æneas' rage:
Yet mighty as they are, my force to prove
Is only mine; th' event belongs to Jove.'
He spoke, and high the sounding jav'lin flung,
Which pass'd the shield of Aretus the young;
It pierc'd his belt, emboss'd with curious art;
Then in the lower belly stuck the dart.
As when a pond'rous axe, descending full,
Cleaves the broad forehead of some brawny bull;
Struck 'twixt the horns, he springs with many a bound,
Then tumbling rolls enormous on the ground:
Thus fell the youth; the air his soul receiv'd,
And the spear trembled as his entrails heav'd.
Now at Automedon the Trojan foe
Discharged his lance; the meditated blow,
Stooping, he shunn'd; the jav'lin idly fled,
And hiss'd innoxious o'er the hero's head:
Deep rooted in the ground, the forceful spear
In long vibrations spent its fury there.
With clashing falchions now the Chiefs had closed,
But each brave Ajax heard, and interposed;
Nor longer Hector with his Trojans stood,
But left their slain companion in his blood:
His arms Automedon divests, and cries,
'Accept, Patroclus, this mean sacrifice.
Thus have I soothed my griefs, and thus have paid,
Poor as it is, some off'ring to thy shade.'
So looks the lion o'er a mangled boar,
All grim with rage, and horrible with gore:
High on the chariot at one bound he sprung,
And o'er his seat the bloody trophies hung.
And now Minerva, from the realms of air,
Descends impetuous, and renews the war;
For, pleas'd at length the Grecian arms to aid,
The Lord of Thunders sent the Blue-eyed Maid.
As when high Jove, denouncing future woe,
O'er the dark clouds extends his purple bow
(In sign of tempests from the troubled air,
Or, from the rage of man, destructive war);
The drooping cattle dread th' impending skies,
And from his half-till'd field the lab'rer flies:
In such a form the Goddess round her drew
A livid cloud, and to the battle flew.
Assuming Phœnix' shape, on earth she falls,
And in his well-known voice to Sparta calls:
'And lies Achilles' friend, belov'd by all,
A prey to dogs beneath the Trojan wall?
What shame to Greece for future times to tell,
To thee the greatest, in whose cause he fell!'
'O Chief, oh Father!' (Atreus' son replies)
'O full of days! by long experience wise!
What more desires my soul, than here, unmov'd,
To guard the body of the man I lov'd?
Ah would Minerva send me strength to rear
This wearied arm, and ward the storm of war!
But Hector, like the rage of fire, we dread,
And Jove's own glories blaze around his head.'
Pleas'd to be first of all the Powers address'd,
She breathes new vigour in her hero's breast,
And fills with keen revenge, with fell despite,
Desire of blood, and rage, and lust of fight.

So burns the vengeful hornet (soul all o'er),
Repuls'd in vain, and thirsty still of gore
(Bold son of air and heat), on angry wings
Untamed, untired, he turns, attacks, and stings:
Fired with like ardour fierce Atrides flew,
And sent his soul with every lance he threw.
There stood a Trojan, not unknown to Fame,
Eëtion's son, and Podes was his name;
With riches honour'd, and with courage bless'd,
By Hector lov'd, his comrade, and his guest;
Thro' his broad belt the spear a passage found,
And, pond'rous as he falls, his arms resound.
Sudden at Hector's side Apollo stood,
Like Phænops, Asius' son, appear'd the God
(Asius the great, who held his wealthy reign
In fair Abydos, by the rolling main).
'Oh Prince' (he cried), 'oh foremost once in Fame!
What Grecian now shall tremble at thy name?
Dost thou at length to Menelaüs yield? A Chief, once thought no terror of the field!
Yet singly, now, the long-disputed prize
He bears victorious, while our army flies.
By the same arm illustrious Podes bled,
The friend of Hector, unrevenged, is dead!'
This heard, o'er Hector spreads a cloud of woe,
Rage lifts his lance, and drives him on the foe.
But now th' Eternal shook his sable shield,
That shaded Ide, and all the subject field,
Beneath its ample verge. A rolling cloud
Involv'd the mount, the thunder roar'd aloud:
Th' affrighted hills from their foundations nod,
And blaze beneath the lightnings of the God:
At one regard of his all-seeing eye,
The vanquish'd triumph, and the victors fly.
Then trembled Greece: the flight Peneleus led;
For, as the brave Bœotian turn'd his head
To face the foe, Polydamas drew near,
And razed his shoulder with a shorten'd spear:
By Hector wounded, Leitus quits the plain,
Pierc'd thro' the wrist; and, raging with the pain,
Grasps his once formidable lance in vain.
As Hector follow'd, Idomen address'd
The flaming jav'lin to his manly breast;
The brittle point before his corslet yields;
Exulting Troy with clamour fills the fields:
High on his chariot as the Cretan stood,
The son of Priam whirl'd the missive wood:
But, erring from its aim, th' impetuous spear
Struck to the dust the squire and charioteer
Of martial Merion: Cœranus his name,
Who left fair Lyctus for the fields of fame.
On foot bold Merion fought; and now, laid low,
Had graced the triumphs of his Trojan foe;
But the brave squire the ready coursers brought,
And with his life his master's safety bought.
Between his cheek and ear the weapon went,
The teeth it shatter'd, and the tongue it rent.
Prone from the seat he tumbles to the plain;
His dying hand forgets the falling rein:
This Merion reaches, bending from the car,
And urges to desert the hopeless war;
Idomeneus consents; the lash applies;
And the swift chariot to the navy flies.
Nor Ajax less the will of Heav'n descried,
And conquest shifting to the Trojan side,
Turn'd by the hand of Jove. Then thus begun,
To Atreus' seed, the godlike Telamon:
'Alas! who sees not Jove's almighty hand
Transfers the glory to the Trojan band!
Whether the weak or strong discharge the dart,
He guides each arrow to a Grecian heart:
Not so our spears: incessant tho' they rain,
He suffers ev'ry lance to fall in vain.

Deserted of the God, yet let us try
What human strength and prudence can supply;
If yet this honour'd corse, in triumph borne,
May glad the fleets that hope not our return,
Who tremble yet, scarce rescued from their fates,
And still hear Hector thund'ring at their gates.
Some hero too must be despatch'd to bear
The mournful message to Pelides' ear;
For sure he knows not, distant on the shore,
His friend, his lov'd Patroclus, is no more.
But such a Chief I spy not thro' the host:
The men, the steeds, the armies, all are lost
In gen'ral darkness: Lord of earth and air!
Oh King! oh Father! hear my humble prayer:
Dispel this cloud, the light of Heav'n restore;
Give me to see, and Ajax asks no more:
If Greece must perish, we thy will obey,
But let us perish in the face of day!'
With tears the Hero spoke, and at his prayer
The God relenting, clear'd the clouded air;
Forth burst the sun with all-enlight'ning ray;
The blaze of armour flash'd against the day.
'Now, now, Atrides! cast around thy sight,
If yet Antilochus survives the fight,
Let him to great Achilles' ear convey
The fatal news.' Atrides hastes away.
So turns the lion from the nightly fold,
Tho' high in courage, and with hunger bold,
Long gall'd by herdsmen, and long vex'd by hounds,
Stiff with fatigue, and fretted sore with wounds;
The darts fly round him from a hundred hands,
And the red terrors of the blazing brands:
Till late, reluctant, at the dawn of day
Sour he departs, and quits th' untasted prey.
So mov'd Atrides from his dangerous place,
With weary limbs, but with unwilling pace;
The foe, he fear'd, might yet Patroclus gain,
And much admonish'd, much adjur'd his train:
'Oh, guard these relics to your charge consign'd,
And bear the merits of the dead in mind;
How skill'd he was in each obliging art;
The mildest manners, and the gentlest heart:
He was, alas! but Fate decreed his end,
In death a hero, as in life a friend!'
So parts the Chief, from rank to rank he flew,
And round on all sides sent his piercing view.
As the bold bird, endued with sharpest eye
Of all that wing the mid aërial sky,
The sacred eagle, from his walks above
Looks down, and sees the distant thicket move;
Then stoops, and sousing on the quiv'ring hare,
Snatches his life amid the clouds of air:
Not with less quickness his exerted sight
Pass'd this and that way, thro' the ranks of fight;
Till on the left the Chief he sought, he found,
Cheering his men, and spreading deaths around.
To him the King: 'Belov'd of Jove! draw near,
For sadder tidings never touch'd thy ear.
Thy eyes have witness'd what a fatal turn!
How Ilion triumphs, and th' Achaians mourn.
This is not all: Patroclus, on the shore
Now pale and dead, shall succour Greece no more.
Fly to the fleet, this instant fly, and tell
The sad Achilles how his lov'd one fell:
He too may haste the naked corse to gain;
The arms are Hector's, who despoil'd the slain.'
The youthful warrior heard with silent woe,
From his fair eyes the tears began to flow;
Big with the mighty grief, he strove to say
What sorrow dictates, but no word found way.
To brave Laodocus his arms he flung,
Who, near him wheeling, drove his steeds along;

Then ran, the mournful message to impart,
With tearful eyes, and with dejected heart.
Swift fled the youth: nor Menelaüs stands
(Tho' sore distress'd) to aid the Pylian bands;
But bids bold Thrasymede those troops sustain;
Himself returns to his Patroclus slain.
'Gone is Antilochus' (the hero said),
'But hope not, warriors, for Achilles' aid:
Tho' fierce his rage, unbounded be his woe,
Unarm'd he fights not with the Trojan foe.
'T is in our hands alone our hopes remain,
'T is our own vigour must the dead regain;
And save ourselves, while with impetuous hate
Troy pours along, and this way rolls our fate.'
''T is well' (said Ajax); 'be it then thy care,
With Merion's aid, the weighty corse to rear;
Myself and my bold brother will sustain
The shock of Hector and his charging train:
Nor fear we armies, fighting side by side;
What Troy can dare, we have already tried,
Have tried it, and have stood.' The hero said:
High from the ground the warriors heave the dead.
A gen'ral clamour rises at the sight:
Loud shout the Trojans, and renew the fight;
Not fiercer rush along the gloomy wood,
With rage insatiate, and with thirst of blood,
Voracious hounds, that many a length before
Their furious hunters, drive the wounded boar;
But if the savage turns his glaring eye,
They howl aloof, and round the forest fly.
Thus on retreating Greece the Trojans pour,
Wave their thick falchions, and their jav'lins shower:
But, Ajax turning, to their fears they yield,
All pale they tremble, and forsake the field.
While thus aloft the hero's corse they bear,
Behind them rages all the storm of war;
Confusion, tumult, horror, o'er the throng
Of men, steeds, chariots, urged the rout along:
Less fierce the winds with rising flames conspire,
To whelm some city under waves of fire;
Now sink in gloomy clouds the proud abodes;
Now crack the blazing temples of the Gods;
The rumbling torrent thro' the ruin rolls,
And sheets of smoke mount heavy to the poles.
The heroes sweat beneath their honour'd load:
As when two mules, along the rugged road,
From the steep mountain with exerted strength
Drag some vast beam, or mast's unwieldly length;
Inly they groan, big drops of sweat distil,
Th' enormous timber lumb'ring down the hill;
So these: Behind, the bulk of Ajax stands,
And breaks the torrent of the rushing bands.
Thus when a river, swell'd with sudden rains,
Spreads his broad waters o'er the level plains,
Some interposing hill the stream divides,
And breaks its force, and turns the winding tides.
Still close they follow, close the rear engage;
Æneas storms, and Hector foams with rage:
While Greece a heavy thick retreat maintains,
Wedg'd in one body, like a flight of cranes,
That shriek incessant while the falcon, hung
High on pois'd pinions, threats their callow young.
So from the Trojan Chiefs the Grecians fly,
Such the wild terror, and the mingled cry;
Within, without the trench, and all the way,
Strew'd in bright heaps, their arms and armour lay;
Such horror Jove impress'd! yet still proceeds
The work of death, and still the battle bleeds.

BOOK XVIII

THE GRIEF OF ACHILLES, AND NEW ARMOUR MADE HIM BY VULCAN

THE ARGUMENT

The news of the death of Patroclus is brought to Achilles by Antilochus. Thetis, hearing his lamentations, comes with all her sea-nymphs to comfort him. The speeches of the mother and son on this occasion. Iris appears to Achilles by the command of Juno, and orders him to show himself at the head of the intrenchments. The sight of him turns the fortune of the day, and the body of Patroclus is carried off by the Greeks. The Trojans call a council, where Hector and Polydamas disagree in their opinions; but the advice of the former prevails, to remain encamped in the field. The grief of Achilles over the body of Patroclus.

Thetis goes to the palace of Vulcan, to obtain new arms for her son. The description of the wonderful works of Vulcan; and, lastly, that noble one of the shield of Achilles.

The latter part of the nine-and-twentieth day, and the night ensuing, take up this book. The scene is at Achilles' tent on the seashore, from whence it changes to the palace of Vulcan.

Thus like the rage of fire the combat burns,
And now it rises, now it sinks, by turns.
Meanwhile, where Hellespont's broad waters flow,
Stood Nestor's son, the messenger of woe.
There sat Achilles, shaded by his sails,
On hoisted yards extended to the gales;
Pensive he sat; for all that Fate design'd
Rose in sad prospect to his boding mind.
Thus to his soul he said: 'Ah what constrains
The Greeks, late victors, now to quit the plains?
Is this the day, which Heav'n so long ago
Ordain'd, to sink me with the weight of woe
(So Thetis warn'd), when, by a Trojan hand,
The bravest of the Myrmidonian band
Should lose the light? Fulfill'd is that decree?
Fall'n is the warrior, and Patroclus he?
In vain I charged him soon to quit the plain,
And warn'd to shun Hectorean force in vain!'

Thus while he thinks, Antilochus appears,
And tells the melancholy tale with tears:
'Sad tidings, son of Peleus! thou must hear;
And wretched I, th' unwilling messenger!
Dead is Patroclus! for his corse they fight;
His naked corse: his arms are Hector's right.'
A sudden horror shot thro' all the Chief,
And wrapt his senses in the cloud of grief;
Cast on the ground, with furious hand he spread
The scorching ashes o'er his graceful head;
His purple garments, and his golden hairs,
Those he deforms with dust, and these he tears:
On the hard soil his groaning breast he threw,
And roll'd and grovell'd, as to earth he grew.
The virgin captives, with disorder'd charms
(Won by his own, or by Patroclus' arms),
Rush'd from the tents with cries; and, gath'ring round,
Beat their white breasts, and fainted on the ground:
While Nestor's son sustains a manlier part,
And mourns the warrior with a warrior's heart;
Hangs on his arms, amidst his frantic woe,
And oft prevents the meditated blow.
Far in the deep abysses of the main,
With hoary Nereus, and the wat'ry train,
The Mother-Goddess from her crystal throne
Heard his loud cries, and answered groan for groan.
The circling Nereids with their mistress weep,
And all the sea-green Sisters of the Deep.
Thalia, Glauce (every wat'ry name),
Nesæa mild, and silver Spio came:
Cymothoë and Cymodoce were nigh,
And the blue languish of soft Alia's eye:
Their locks Actæa and Limnoria rear,
Then Proto, Doris, Panope appear,
Thoa, Pherusa, Doto, Melita;
Agave gentle, and Amphithoë gay;
Next Callianira, Callianassa shew
Their sister looks; Dexamene the slow,
And swift Dynamene, now cut the tides:
Iæra now the verdant wave divides:
Nemertes with Apseudes lifts the head,

Bright Galatea quits her pearly bed;
These Orythia, Clymene, attend,
Mæra, Amphinome, the train extend,
And black Janira, and Janassa fair,
And Amatheia with her amber hair.
All these, and all that deep in ocean held
Their sacred seats, the glimm'ring grotto fill'd;
Each beat her iv'ry breast with silent woe,
Till Thetis' sorrows thus began to flow:
'Hear me, and judge, ye Sisters of the Main!
How just a cause has Thetis to complain!
How wretched, were I mortal, were my fate!
How more than wretched in th' immortal state!
Sprung from my bed a godlike Hero came,
The bravest far that ever bore the name;
Like some fair olive, by my careful hand
He grew, he flourish'd, and adorn'd the land.
To Troy I sent him; but the Fates ordain
He never, never must return again.
So short a space the light of Heav'n to view,
So short, alas! and fill'd with anguish too.
Hear how his sorrows echo thro' the shore!
I cannot ease them, but I must deplore;
I go at least to bear a tender part,
And mourn my lov'd one with a mother's heart.'
She said, and left the caverns of the main.
All bathed in tears, the melancholy train
Attend her way. Wide-opening part the tides,
While the long pomp the silver wave divides,
Approaching now, they touch'd the Trojan land;
Then, two by two, ascended up the strand.
Th' immortal mother, standing close beside
Her mournful offspring, to his sighs replied;
Along the coast their mingled clamours ran,
And thus the Silver-footed Dame began:
'Why mourns my son? thy late-preferr'd request
The God has granted, and the Greeks distress'd:
Why mourns my son? thy anguish let me share,
Reveal the cause, and trust a parent's care.'
He, deeply groaning, 'To this cureless grief
Not ev'n the Thund'rer's favour brings relief.
Patroclus — Ah! say, Goddess, can I boast
A pleasure now? Revenge itself is lost;
Patroclus, lov'd of all my martial train,
Beyond mankind, beyond myself, is slain!
Lost are those arms the Gods themselves bestow'd
On Peleus; Hector bears the glorious load.
Curs'd be that day, when all the powers above
Thy charms submitted to a mortal love:
Oh hadst thou still, a sister of the main,
Pursued the pleasures of the wat'ry reign;
And happier Peleus, less ambitious, led
A mortal beauty to his equal bed!
Ere the sad fruit of thy unhappy womb
Had caus'd such sorrows past, and woes to come.
For soon, alas! that wretched offspring slain,
New woes, new sorrows, shall create again.
'T is not in Fate th' alternate now to give;
Patroclus dead, Achilles hates to live.
Let me revenge it on proud Hector's heart,
Let his last spirit smoke upon my dart;
On these conditions will I breathe: till then,
I blush to walk among the race of men.'
A flood of tears, at this, the Goddess shed:
'Ah then, I see thee dying, see thee dead!
When Hector falls, thou diest.' — 'Let Hector die,
And let me fall!' (Achilles made reply.)
'Far lies Patroclus from his native plain;
He fell, and, falling, wish'd my aid in vain.
Ah then, since from this miserable day
I cast all hope of my return away;
Since, unrevenged, a hundred ghosts demand
The fate of Hector from Achilles' hand;
Since here, for brutal courage far renown'd,
I live an idle burden to the ground
(Others in council famed for nobler skill,
More useful to preserve than I to kill);

Let me — But oh! ye gracious Powers above!
Wrath and revenge from men and Gods remove:
Far, far too dear to ev'ry mortal breast,
Sweet to the soul, as honey to the taste;
Gath'ring like vapours of a noxious kind
From fiery blood, and dark'ning all the mind.
Me Agamemnon urged to deadly hate;
'T is past — I quell it; I resign to Fate.
Yes — I will meet the murd'rer of my friend,
Or (if the Gods ordain it) meet my end.
The stroke of Fate the bravest cannot shun:
The great Alcides, Jove's unequall'd son,
To Juno's hate at length resign'd his breath,
And sunk the victim of all-conquering death.
So shall Achilles fall! stretch'd pale and dead,
No more the Grecian hope, or Trojan dread!
Let me, this instant, rush into the fields,
And reap what glory life's short harvest yields.
Shall I not force some widow'd dame to tear,
With frantic hands, her long dishevell'd hair?
Shall I not force her breast to heave with sighs,
And the soft tears to trickle from her eyes?
Yes, I shall give the fair those mournful charms —
In vain you hold me — Hence! my arms, my arms!
Soon shall the sanguine torrent spread so wide,
That all shall know Achilles swells the tide.'
'My son' (cœrulean Thetis made reply,
To Fate submitting with a secret sigh),
'The host to succour and thy friends to save,
Is worthy thee; the duty of the brave.
But canst thou, naked, issue to the plains?
Thy radiant arms the Trojan foe detains.
Insulting Hector bears the spoils on high,
But vainly glories, for his fate is nigh.
Yet, yet, awhile, thy gen'rous ardour stay,
Assured I meet thee at the dawn of day,
Charged with refulgent arms (a glorious load),
Vulcanian arms, the labour of a God.'

Then turning to the Daughters of the Main,
The Goddess thus dismiss'd her azure train:
'Ye sister Nereids! to your deeps descend;
Haste, and our father's sacred seat attend;
I go to find the architect divine,
Where vast Olympus' starry summits shine:
So tell our hoary Sire.' This charge she gave:
The sea-green Sisters plunge beneath the wave:
Thetis once more ascends the blest abodes,
And treads the brazen threshold of the Gods.
And now the Greeks, from furious Hector's force,
Urge to broad Hellespont their headlong course:
Nor yet their Chiefs Patroclus' body bore
Safe thro' the tempest, to the tented shore.
The horse, the foot, with equal fury join'd,
Pour'd on the rear, and thunder'd close behind;
And like a flame thro' fields of ripen'd corn,
The rage of Hector o'er the ranks was borne.
Thrice the slain hero by the foot he drew:
Thrice to the skies the Trojan clamours flew
As oft th' Ajaces his assault sustain;
But check'd, he turns; repuls'd, attacks again.
With fiercer shouts his ling'ring troops he fires,
Nor yields a step, nor from his post retires:
So watchful shepherds strive to force, in vain,
The hungry lion from a carcass slain.
Ev'n yet, Patroclus had he borne away,
And all the glories of th' extended day;
Had not high Juno, from the realms of air,
Secret despatch'd her trusty messenger,
The various Goddess of the Showery Bow,
Shot in a whirlwind to the shore below;
To great Achilles at his ships she came,
And thus began the Many-coloured Dame:
'Rise, son of Peleus! rise, divinely brave!
Assist the combat, and Patroclus save:
For him the slaughter to the fleet they spread,
And fall with mutual wounds around the dead.

To drag him back to Troy the foe contends;
Nor with his death the rage of Hector ends;
A prey to dogs he dooms the corse to lie,
And marks the place to fix his head on high.
Rise, and prevent (if yet you think of fame)
Thy friend's disgrace; thy own eternal shame!'
'Who sends thee, Goddess! from th' ethereal skies?'
Achilles thus: and Iris thus replies:
'I come, Pelides, from the Queen of Jove,
Th' immortal Empress of the realms above:
Unknown to him who sits remote on high,
Unknown to all the Synod of the Sky.'
'Thou com'st in vain,' he cries (with fury warm'd),
'Arms I have none, and can I fight unarm'd?
Unwilling as I am, of force I stay,
Till Thetis bring me at the dawn of day
Vulcanian arms: what other can I wield,
Except the mighty Telamonian shield?
That, in my friend's defence, has Ajax spread,
While his strong lance around him heaps the dead:
The gallant Chief defends Menœtius' son,
And does what his Achilles should have done.'
'Thy want of arms' (said Iris) 'well we know;
But, tho' unarm'd, yet, clad in terrors, go!
Let but Achilles o'er yon trench appear,
Proud Troy shall tremble, and consent to fear;
Greece from one glance of that tremendous eye
Shall take new courage, and disdain to fly.'
She spoke, and pass'd in air. The hero rose:
Her ægis Pallas o'er his shoulder throws:
Around his brows a golden cloud she spread;
A stream of glory flamed above his head.
As when from some beleaguer'd town arise
The smokes, high curling to the shaded skies
(Seen from some island, o'er the main afar,
When men distress'd hang out the sign of war):
Soon as the sun in ocean hides his rays,
Thick on the hills the flaming beacons blaze;
With long-projected beams the seas are bright,
And Heav'n's high arch reflects the ruddy light:
So from Achilles' head the splendours rise,
Reflecting blaze on blaze, against the skies.
Forth march'd the Chief, and, distant from the crowd,
High on the rampart rais'd his voice aloud;
With her own shout Minerva swells the sound;
Troy starts astonish'd, and the shores rebound.
As the loud trumpet's brazen mouth from far
With shrilling clangour sounds th' alarm of war,
Struck from the walls, the echoes float on high,
And the round bulwarks and thick towers reply;
So high his brazen voice the hero rear'd:
Hosts dropt their arms, and trembled as they heard;
And back the chariots roll, and coursers bound,
And steeds and men lie mingled on the ground.
Aghast they see the living lightnings play,
And turn their eye-balls from the flashing ray.
Thrice from the trench his dreadful voice he raised:
And thrice they fled, confounded and amazed.
Twelve in the tumult wedg'd, untimely rush'd
On their own spears, by their own chariots crush'd;
While, shielded from the darts, the Greeks obtain
The long-contended carcass of the slain.
A lofty bier the breathless warrior bears:
Around, his sad companions melt in tears.
But chief Achilles, bending down his head,
Pours unavailing sorrows o'er the dead,
Whom late, triumphant with his steeds and car,
He sent refulgent to the Field of War
(Unhappy change!): now senseless, pale, he found,
Stretch'd forth, and gash'd with many a gaping wound.
Meantime, unwearied with his heav'nly way,
In ocean's waves th' unwilling light of day

Quench'd his red orb, at Juno's high command,
And from their labours eas'd th' Achaian band.
The frighted Trojans (panting from the war,
Their steeds unharness'd from the weary car)
A sudden council call'd: each Chief appear'd
In haste, and standing; for to sit they fear'd.
'T was now no season for prolong'd debate;
They saw Achilles, and in him their fate.
Silent they stood: Polydamas at last,
Skill'd to discern the future by the past,
The son of Panthus, thus express'd his fears
(The friend of Hector, and of equal years:
The self-same night to both a being gave,
One wise in council, one in action brave):
'In free debate, my friends, your sentence speak:
For me, I move, before the morning break,
To raise our camp: too dangerous here our post,
Far from Troy walls, and on a naked coast.
I deem'd not Greece so dreadful, while engaged
In mutual feuds her King and Hero raged;
Then, while we hoped our armies might prevail,
We boldly camp'd beside a thousand sail.
I dread Pelides now: his rage of mind
Not long continues to the shores confin'd,
Nor to the fields, where long in equal fray
Contending nations won and lost the day;
For Troy, for Troy, shall henceforth be the strife,
And the hard contest, not for Fame, but Life.
Haste then to Ilion, while the fav'ring night
Detains those terrors, keeps that arm from fight;
If but the morrow's sun behold us here,
That arm, those terrors, we shall feel, not fear;
And hearts that now disdain, shall leap with joy,
If Heav'n permits them then to enter Troy.
Let not my fatal prophecy be true,
Nor what I tremble but to think, ensue.
Whatever be our fate, yet let us try
What force of thought and reason can supply;
Let us on council for our guard depend;
The town, her gates and bulwarks shall defend.
When morning dawns, our well-appointed powers,
Array'd in arms, shall line the lofty towers.
Let the fierce hero then, when fury calls,
Vent his mad vengeance on our rocky walls,
Or fetch a thousand circles round the plain,
Till his spent coursers seek the fleet again:
So may his rage be tired, and labour'd down;
And dogs shall tear him ere he sack the town.'
'Return?' (said Hector, fired with stern disdain),
'What! coop whole armies in our walls again?
Was 't not enough, ye valiant warriors say,
Nine years imprison'd in those towers ye lay?
Wide o'er the world was Ilion famed of old
For brass exhaustless, and for mines of gold;
But while inglorious in her walls we stay'd,
Sunk were her treasures, and her stores decay'd;
The Phrygians now her scatter'd spoils enjoy,
And proud Mæonia wastes the fruits of Troy.
Great Jove at length my arms to conquest calls,
And shuts the Grecians in their wooden walls:
Darest thou dispirit whom the Gods incite?
Flies any Trojan? I shall stop his flight.
To better counsel then attention lend;
Take due refreshment, and the watch attend.
If there be one whose riches cost him care,
Forth let him bring them for the troops to share;
'T is better gen'rously bestow'd on those,
Than left the plunder of our country's foes.
Soon as the morn the purple orient warms,
Fierce on yon navy will we pour our arms.
If great Achilles rise in all his might,
His be the danger: I shall stand the fight.

Honour, ye Gods! or let me gain, or give;
And live he glorious, whosoe'er shall live!
Mars is our common Lord, alike to all:
And oft the victor triumphs, but to fall.'
The shouting host in loud applauses join'd:
So Pallas robb'd the many of their mind;
To their own sense condemn'd, and left to choose
The worst advice, the better to refuse.
While the long night extends her sable reign,
Around Patroclus mourn'd the Grecian train.
Stern in superior grief Pelides stood;
Those slaught'ring arms, so used to bathe in blood,
Now clasp his clay-cold limbs: then, gushing, start
The tears, and sighs burst from his swelling heart.
The lion thus, with dreadful anguish stung,
Roars thro' the desert, and demands his young;
When the grim savage, to his rifled den
Too late returning, snuffs the track of men,
And o'er the vales and o'er the forest bounds;
His clam'rous grief the bell'wing wood resounds.
So grieves Achilles; and impetuous vents
To all his Myrmidons, his loud laments:
'In what vain promise, Gods! did I engage,
When, to console Menœtius' feeble age,
I vow'd his much-lov'd offspring to restore,
Charged with rich spoils, to fair Opuntia's shore?
But mighty Jove cuts short, with just disdain,
The long, long views of poor designing man!
One fate the warrior and the friend shall strike,
And Troy's black sands must drink our blood alike:
Me, too, a wretched mother shall deplore,
An aged father never see me more!
Yet, my Patroclus! yet a space I stay,
Then swift pursue thee on the darksome way.
Ere thy dear relics in the grave are laid,
Shall Hector's head be offer'd to thy shade:
That, with his arms, shall hang before thy shrine;
And twelve, the noblest of the Trojan line,
Sacred to vengeance, by this hand expire,
Their lives effused around thy flaming pyre.
Thus let me lie till then! thus, closely press'd,
Bathe thy cold face, and sob upon thy breast!
While Trojan captives here thy mourners stay,
Weep all the night, and murmur all the day,
Spoils of my arms, and thine; when, wasting wide,
Our swords kept time, and conquer'd side by side.'
He spoke, and bid the sad attendants round
Cleanse the pale corse, and wash each honour'd wound.
A massy cauldron of stupendous frame
They brought, and placed it o'er the rising flame;
Then heap the lighted wood; the flame divides
Beneath the vase, and climbs around the sides.
In its wide womb they pour the rushing stream;
The boiling water bubbles to the brim.
The body then they bathe with pious toil,
Embalm the wounds, anoint the limbs with oil;
High on a bed of state extended laid,
And decent cover'd with a linen shade;
Last o'er the dead the milk-white veil they threw;
That done, their sorrows and their sighs renew.
Meanwhile to Juno, in the realms above
(His wife and sister) spoke almighty Jove:
'At last thy will prevails: great Peleus' son
Rises in arms: such grace thy Greeks have won.
Say (for I know not), is their race divine,
And thou the mother of that martial line?'
'What words are these?' (th' Imperial Dame replies,
While anger flash'd from her majestic eyes);
'Succour like this a mortal arm might lend,
And such success mere human wit attend:
And shall not I, the second Power above,
Heav'n's Queen, and Consort of the thund'ring Jove,

Say, shall not I one nation's fate command,
Not wreak my vengeance on one guilty land?'
So they. Meanwhile the Silver-footed Dame
Reach'd the Vulcanian dome, eternal frame!
High-eminent amid the works divine,
Where Heav'n's far-beaming brazen mansions shine.
There the lame architect the Goddess found,
Obscure in smoke, his forges flaming round,
While bathed in sweat from fire to fire he flew,
And, puffing loud, the roaring bellows blew.
That day no common task his labour claim'd:
Full twenty tripods for his hall he framed,
That, placed on living wheels of massy gold
(Wondrous to tell)! instinct with spirit roll'd
From place to place, around the blest abodes,
Self-mov'd, obedient to the beck of Gods:
For their fair handles now, o'erwrought with flowers,
In moulds prepared, the glowing ore he pours.
Just as, responsive to his thought, the frame
Stood prompt to move, the azure Goddess came:
Charis, his spouse, a Grace divinely fair
(With purple fillets round her braided hair),
Observ'd her ent'ring; her soft hand she press'd,
And, smiling, thus the wat'ry Queen address'd:
'What, Goddess! this unusual favour draws?
All hail, and welcome! whatsoe'er the cause:
Till now a stranger, in a happy hour
Approach, and taste the dainties of the bower.'
High on a throne, with stars of silver graced,
And various artifice, the Queen she placed;
A footstool at her feet: then, calling, said,
'Vulcan, draw near, 't is Thetis asks your aid.'
'Thetis' (replied the God) 'our powers may claim,
An ever-dear, an ever-honour'd name!
When my proud mother hurl'd me from the sky
(My awkward form, it seems, displeas'd her eye),
She, and Eurynome, my griefs redress'd,
And soft receiv'd me on their silver breast.
Ev'n then, these arts employ'd my infant thought;
Chains, bracelets, pendants, all their toys I wrought.
Nine years kept secret in the dark abode,
Secure I lay, conceal'd from man and God:
Deep in a cavern'd rock my days were led;
The rushing ocean murmur'd o'er my head.
Now since her presence glads our mansion, say,
For such desert what service can I pay?
Vouchsafe, O Thetis! at our board to share
The genial rites, and hospitable fare;
While I the labours of the forge forego,
And bid the roaring bellows cease to blow.'
Then from his anvil the lame artist rose;
Wide with distorted legs oblique he goes,
And stills the bellows, and (in order laid)
Locks in their chests his instruments of trade:
Then with a sponge the sooty workman dress'd
His brawny arms imbrown'd, and hairy breast.
With his huge sceptre graced, and red attire,
Came halting forth the Sov'reign of the Fire:
The Monarch's steps two female forms uphold,
That mov'd, and breathed, in animated gold;
To whom was voice, and sense, and science giv'n
Of works divine (such wonders are in Heav'n!):
On these supported, with unequal gait,
He reach'd the throne where pensive Thetis sat;
There placed beside her on the shining frame,
He thus address'd the Silver-footed Dame:
'Thee, welcome Goddess! what occasion calls
(So long a stranger) to these honour'd walls?

'T is thine, fair Thetis, the command to lay,
And Vulcan's joy and duty to obey.'
To whom the mournful mother thus replies
(The crystal drops stood trembling in her eyes):
'Oh Vulcan! say, was ever breast divine
So pierc'd with sorrows, so o'erwhelm'd as mine?
Of all the Goddesses, did Jove prepare
For Thetis only such a weight of care?
I, only I, of all the wat'ry race,
By force subjected to a man's embrace,
Who, sinking now with age and sorrow, pays
The mighty fine imposed on length of days.
Sprung from my bed, a godlike Hero came,
The bravest sure that ever bore the name;
Like some fair plant, beneath my careful hand,
He grew, he flourish'd, and he graced the land:
To Troy I sent him; but his native shore
Never, ah never, shall receive him more!
Ev'n while he lives, he wastes with secret woe,
Nor I, a Goddess, can retard the blow!
Robb'd of the prize the Grecian suffrage gave,
The King of Nations forc'd his royal slave:
For this he griev'd; and, till the Greeks oppress'd
Required his arm, he sorrow'd unredress'd.
Large gifts they promise, and their elders send;
In vain — he arms not, but permits his friend
His arms, his steeds, his forces, to employ;
He marches, combats, almost conquers Troy:
Then slain by Phœbus (Hector had the name),
At once resigns his armour, life, and fame.
But thou, in pity, by my prayer be won;
Grace with immortal arms this short-lived son,
And to the field in martial pomp restore,
To shine with glory, till he shines no more!'
To her the Artist-God: 'Thy griefs resign,
Secure, what Vulcan can, is ever thine.
O could I hide him from the Fates as well,
Or with these hands the cruel stroke repel,
As I shall forge most envied arms, the gaze
Of wond'ring ages, and the world's amaze!'
Thus having said, the Father of the Fires
To the black labours of his forge retires.
Soon as he bade them blow, the bellows turn'd
Their iron mouths, and, where the furnace burn'd,
Resounding breathed: at once the blast expires,
And twenty forges catch at once the fires;
Just as the God directs, now loud, now low,
They raise a tempest, or they gently blow.
In hissing flames huge silver bars are roll'd,
And stubborn brass, and tin, and solid gold:
Before, deep fix'd, th' eternal anvils stand;
The pond'rous hammer loads his better hand,
His left with tongs turns the vex'd metal round;
And thick strong strokes the doubling vaults rebound.
Then first he form'd th' immense and solid shield;
Rich various artifice emblazed the field;
Its utmost verge a threefold circle bound;
A silver chain suspends the massy round:
Five ample plates the broad expanse compose,
And godlike labours on the surface rose.
There shone the image of the master-mind:
There Earth, there Heav'n, there Ocean, he design'd;
Th' unwearied sun, the moon completely round;
The starry lights that Heav'n's high convex crown'd;
The Pleiads, Hyads, with the Northern Team;
And great Orion's more refulgent beam;
To which, around the axle of the sky,
The Bear revolving points his golden eye;
Still shines exalted on th' ethereal plain,
Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.
Two cities radiant on the shield appear,
The image one of peace, and one of war.
Here sacred pomp and genial feast delight,
And solemn dance, and Hymeneal rite;
Along the street the new-made brides are led,
With torches flaming, to the nuptial bed:

The youthful dancers in a circle bound
To the soft flute, and cittern's silver sound:
Thro' the fair streets, the matrons in a row
Stand in their porches, and enjoy the show.
There, in the Forum swarm a numerous train;
The subject of debate, a townsman slain:
One pleads the fine discharged, which one denied,
And bade the public and the laws decide:
The witness is produced on either hand:
For this, or that, the partial people stand:
Th' appointed heralds still the noisy bands,
And form a ring, with sceptres in their hands;
On seats of stone, within the sacred place,
The rev'rend elders nodded o'er the case;
Alternate, each th' attending sceptre took,
And, rising solemn, each his sentence spoke.
Two golden talents lay amidst, in sight,
The prize of him who best adjudg'd the right.
Another part (a prospect diff'ring far)
Glow'd with refulgent arms, and horrid war.
Two mighty hosts a leaguer'd town embrace,
And one would pillage, one would burn, the place.
Meantime the townsmen, arm'd with silent care,
A secret ambush on the foe prepare:
Their wives, their children, and the watchful band
Of trembling parents, on the turrets stand.
They march, by Pallas and by Mars made bold;
Gold were the Gods, their radiant garments gold,
And gold their armour; these the squadron led,
August, divine, superior by the head!
A place for ambush fit they found, and stood
Cover'd with shields, beside a silver flood.
Two spies at distance lurk, and watchful seem
If sheep or oxen seek the winding stream.
Soon the white flocks proceeded o'er the plains,
And steers slow-moving, and two shepherd swains;
Behind them, piping on their reeds, they go,
Nor fear an ambush, nor suspect a foe.
In arms the glitt'ring squadron rising round,
Rush sudden; hills of slaughter heap the ground:
Whole flocks and herds lie bleeding on the plains,
And, all amidst them, dead, the shepherd swains!
The bell'wing oxen the besiegers hear;
They rise, take horse, approach, and meet the war;
They fight, they fall, beside the silver flood;
The waving silver seem'd to blush with blood.
There tumult, there contention, stood confess'd;
One rear'd a dagger at a captive's breast,
One held a living foe, that freshly bled
With new-made wounds; another dragg'd a dead;
Now here, now there, the carcasses they tore:
Fate stalk'd amidst them, grim with human gore.
And the whole war came out, and met the eye:
And each bold figure seem'd to live, or die.
A field deep furrow'd next the God design'd,
The third time labour'd by the sweating hind;
The shining shares full many ploughmen guide,
And turn their crooked yokes on ev'ry side.
Still as at either end they wheel around,
The master meets them with his goblet crown'd;
The hearty draught rewards, renews their toil;
Then back the turning ploughshares cleave the soil:
Behind, the rising earth in ridges roll'd,
And sable look'd, tho' form'd of molten gold.
Another field rose high with waving grain;
With bended sickles stand the reaper-train.
Here stretch'd in ranks the levell'd swaths are found,
Sheaves, heap'd on sheaves, here thicken up the ground.
With sweeping stroke the mowers strew the lands;
The gath'rers follow, and collect in bands;

And last the children, in whose arms are borne
(Too short to gripe them) the brown sheaves of corn.
The rustic Monarch of the Field descries,
With silent glee, the heaps around him rise.
A ready banquet on the turf is laid,
Beneath an ample oak's expanded shade.
The victim ox the sturdy youth prepare;
The reaper's due repast, the women's care.
Next ripe, in yellow gold, a vineyard shines,
Bent with the pond'rous harvest of its vines;
A deeper dye the dangling clusters shew,
And, curl'd on silver props, in order glow:
A darker metal mix'd, intrench'd the place;
And pales of glitt'ring tin th' enclosure grace.
To this, one pathway gently winding leads,
Where march a train with baskets on their heads
(Fair maids and blooming youths), that smiling bear
The purple product of th' autumnal year.
To these a youth awakes the warbling strings,
Whose tender lay the fate of Linus sings;
In measured dance behind him move the train,
Tune soft the voice, and answer to the strain.
Here, herds of oxen march, erect and bold,
Rear high their horns, and seem to low in gold,
And speed to meadows, on whose sounding shores
A rapid torrent thro' the rushes roars:
Four golden herdsmen as their guardians stand,
And nine sour dogs complete the rustic band.
Two lions rushing from the wood appear'd;
And seized a bull, the master of the herd;
He roar'd: in vain the dogs, the men, withstood;
They tore his flesh, and drank the sable blood.
The dogs (oft cheer'd in vain) desert the prey,
Dread the grim terrors, and at distance bay.
Next this, the eye the art of Vulcan leads
Deep thro' fair forests, and a length of meads;
And stalls, and folds, and scatter'd cots between;
And fleecy flocks, that whiten all the scene.
A figured dance succeeds: such once was seen
In lofty Gnossus, for the Cretan Queen,
Form'd by Dædalean art: A comely band
Of youths and maidens, bounding hand in hand;
The maids in soft cymars of linen dress'd;
The youths all graceful in the glossy vest;
Of those the locks with flowery wreaths inroll'd,
Of these the sides adorn'd with swords of gold,
That, glitt'ring gay, from silver belts depend.
Now all at once they rise, at once descend,
With well-taught feet: now shape, in oblique ways,
Confusedly regular, the moving maze:
Now forth at once, too swift for sight, they spring,
And undistinguish'd blend the flying ring:
So whirls a wheel, in giddy circle toss'd,
And, rapid as it runs, the single spokes are lost.
The gazing multitudes admire around;
Two active tumblers in the centre bound;
Now high, now low, their pliant limbs they bend,
And gen'ral songs the sprightly revel end.
Thus the broad shield complete the artist crown'd
With his last hand, and pour'd the ocean round:
In living silver seem'd the waves to roll,
And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole.
This done, whate'er a warrior's use requires
He forged; the cuirass that outshines the fires,
The greaves of ductile tin, the helm impress'd
With various sculpture, and the golden crest.

At Thetis' feet the finish'd labour lay;
She, as a falcon, cuts th' aërial way,
Swift from Olympus' snowy summit flies,
And bears the blazing present thro' the skies.

BOOK XIX

THE RECONCILIATION OF ACHILLES AND AGAMEMNON

THE ARGUMENT

Thetis brings to her son the armour made by Vulcan. She preserves the body of his friend from corruption, and commands him to assemble the army, to declare his resentment at an end. Agamemnon and Achilles are solemnly reconciled: the speeches, presents, and ceremonies on that occasion. Achilles is with great difficulty persuaded to refrain from the battle till the troops have refreshed themselves, by the advice of Ulysses. The presents are conveyed to the tent of Achilles: where Briseis laments over the body of Patroclus. The hero obstinately refuses all repast, and gives himself up to lamentations for his friend. Minerva descends to strengthen him, by the order of Jupiter. He arms for the fight; his appearance described. He addresses himself to his horses, and reproaches them with the death of Patroclus. One of them is miraculously endued with voice, and inspired to prophesy his fate; but the hero, not astonished by that prodigy, rushes with fury to the combat.
The thirtieth day. The scene is on the sea-shore.

Soon as Aurora heav'd her orient head
Above the waves that blush'd with early red
(With new-born day to gladden mortal sight,
And gild the courts of Heav'n with sacred light),
Th' immortal arms the Goddess-mother bears
Swift to her son: her son she finds in tears,
Stretch'd o'er Patroclus' corse, while all the rest
Their Sov'reign's sorrows in their own express'd.
A ray divine her heav'nly presence shed,
And thus, his hand soft touching, Thetis said:

'Suppress, my son, this rage of grief, and know
It was not man, but Heav'n, that gave the blow:
Behold what arms by Vulcan are bestow'd,
Arms worthy thee, or fit to grace a God.'
Then drops the radiant burden on the ground;
Clang the strong arms, and ring the shores around;
Back shrink the Myrmidons with dread surprise,
And from the broad effulgence turn their eyes.
Unmov'd, the hero kindles at the show,
And feels with rage divine his bosom glow;
From his fierce eye-balls living flames expire,
And flash incessant like a stream of fire:
He turns the radiant gift, and feeds his mind
On all th' immortal artist had design'd.
'Goddess' (he cried), 'these glorious arms that shine
With matchless art, confess the hand divine.
Now to the bloody battle let me bend:
But ah! the relics of my slaughter'd friend!
In those wide wounds thro' which his spirit fled,
Shall flies, and worms obscene, pollute the dead?'
'That unavailing care be laid aside'
(The azure Goddess to her son replied);
'Whole years untouch'd, uninjured shall remain,
Fresh as in life, the carcass of the slain.
But go, Achilles (as affairs require),
Before the Grecian peers renounce thine ire:
Then uncontroll'd in boundless war engage,
And Heav'n with strength supply the mighty rage!'
Then in the nostrils of the slain she pour'd
Nectareous drops, and rich ambrosia shower'd
O'er all the corse: the flies forbid their prey,
Untouch'd it rests, and sacred from decay.
Achilles to the strand obedient went;
The shores resounded with the voice he sent.

The heroes heard, and all the naval train
That tend the ships, or guide them o'er the main,
Alarm'd, transported, at the well-known sound,
Frequent and full, the great assembly crown'd;
Studious to see that terror of the plain,
Long lost to battle, shine in arms again.
Tydides and Ulysses first appear,
Lame with their wounds, and leaning on the spear:
These on the sacred seats of council placed,
The King of Men, Atrides, came the last:
He too sore wounded by Agenor's son.
Achilles (rising in the midst) begun:
'Oh Monarch! better far had been the fate
Of thee, of me, of all the Grecian state,
If (ere the day when by mad passion sway'd,
Rash we contended for the black-eyed maid)
Preventing Dian had despatch'd her dart,
And shot the shining mischief to the heart!
Then many a hero had not press'd the shore,
Nor Troy's glad fields been fatten'd with our gore:
Long, long shall Greece the woes we caus'd bewail,
And sad posterity repeat the tale.
But this, no more the subject of debate,
Is past, forgotten, and resign'd to Fate:
Why should, alas! a mortal man, as I,
Burn with a fury that can never die?
Here then my anger ends: let war succeed,
And ev'n as Greece hath bled, let Ilion bleed.
Now call the hosts, and try, if in our sight,
Troy yet shall dare to camp a second night?
I deem their mightiest, when this arm he knows,
Shall 'scape with transport, and with joy repose.'
He said; his finish'd wrath with loud acclaim
The Greeks accept, and shout Pelides' name.
When thus, not rising from his lofty throne,
In state unmov'd, the King of Men begun:
'Hear me, ye sons of Greece! with silence hear!
And grant your Monarch an impartial ear:
Awhile your loud untimely joy suspend,
And let your rash injurious clamours end:
Unruly murmurs, or ill-timed applause,
Wrong the best speaker, and the justest cause.
Nor charge on me, ye Greeks, the dire debate;
Know, angry Jove, and all-compelling Fate,
With fell Erinnys, urged my wrath that day
When from Achilles' arms I forc'd the prey.
What then could I, against the will of Heav'n?
Not by myself, but vengeful Até driv'n;
She, Jove's dread daughter, fated to infest
The race of mortals, enter'd in my breast.
Not on the ground that haughty Fury treads,
But prints her lofty footsteps on the heads
Of mighty men; inflicting as she goes
Long-fest'ring wounds, inextricable woes!
Of old, she stalk'd amidst the bright abodes;
And Jove himself, the sire of men and Gods,
The world's great ruler, felt her venom'd dart;
Deceiv'd by Juno's wiles and female art.
For when Alcmena's nine long months were run,
And Jove expected his immortal son,
To Gods and Goddesses th' unruly joy
He shew'd, and vaunted of his matchless boy:
"From us" (he said) "this day an infant springs,
Fated to rule, and born a King of Kings."
Saturnia ask'd an oath, to vouch the truth,
And fix dominion on the favour'd youth.
The Thund'rer, unsuspicious of the fraud,
Pronounc'd those solemn words that bind a God.
The joyful Goddess, from Olympus' height,
Swift to Achaian Argos bent her flight.
Scarce seven moons gone, lay Sthenelus's wife;
She push'd her ling'ring infant into life:
Her charms Alcmena's coming labours stay,
And stop the babe just issuing to the day.
Then bids Saturnius bear his oath in mind;
"A youth" (said she) "of Jove's immortal kind

Is this day born: from Sthenelus he springs,
And claims thy promise to be King of Kings."
Grief seiz'd the Thund'rer, by his oath engaged;
Stung to the soul, he sorrow'd and he raged.
From his ambrosial head, where perch'd she sat,
He snatch'd the Fury-Goddess of Debate,
The dread, th' irrevocable oath he swore,
Th' immortal seats should ne'er behold her more;
And whirl'd her headlong down, for ever driv'n
From bright Olympus and the starry Heav'n;
Thence on the nether world the Fury fell;
Ordain'd with man's contentious race to dwell.
Full oft the God his son's hard toils bemoan'd,
Curs'd the dire Fury, and in secret groan'd.
Ev'n thus, like Jove himself, was I misled,
While raging Hector heap'd our camps with dead.
What can the errors of my rage atone ?
My martial troops, my treasures, are thy own:
This instant from the navy shall be sent
Whate'er Ulysses promis'd at thy tent;
But thou! appeas'd, propitious to our prayer,
Resume thy arms, and shine again in war.'
'O King of Nations! whose superior sway'
(Returns Achilles) 'all our hosts obey!
To keep or send the presents be thy care;
To us, 't is equal: all we ask is war.
While yet we talk, or but an instant shun
The fight, our glorious work remains undone.
Let ev'ry Greek who sees my spear confound
The Trojan ranks, and deal destruction round,
With emulation, what I act, survey,
And learn from thence the business of the day.'
The son of Peleus thus: and thus replies
The great in councils, Ithacus the wise:
'Tho', godlike, thou art by no toils oppress'd,
At least our armies claim repast and rest:
Long and laborious must the combat be,
When by the Gods inspired, and led by thee.
Strength is derived from spirits and from blood,
And those augment by gen'rous wine and food;
What boastful son of war, without that stay,
Can last a hero thro' a single day ?
Courage may prompt; but, ebbing out his strength
Mere unsupported man must yield at length;
Shrunk with dry famine, and with toils declin'd,
The drooping body will desert the mind:
But built anew, with strength-conferring fare,
With limbs and soul untamed, he tires a war.
Dismiss the people then, and give command,
With strong repast to hearten ev'ry band;
But let the presents to Achilles made,
In full assembly of all Greece be laid.
The King of Men shall rise in public sight,
And solemn swear (observant of the rite),
That, spotless as she came, the maid removes,
Pure from his arms, and guiltless of his loves.
That done, a sumptuous banquet shall be made,
And the full price of injured honour paid.
Stretch not henceforth, O Prince! thy sov'reign might,
Beyond the bounds of reason and of right;
'T is the chief praise that e'er to Kings belong'd,
To right with justice whom with power they wrong'd.'
To him the Monarch: 'Just is thy decree,
Thy words give joy, and wisdom breathes in thee.
Each due atonement gladly I prepare;
And Heav'n regard me as I justly swear!
Here then awhile let Greece assembled stay,
Nor great Achilles grudge this short delay;
Till from the fleet our presents be convey'd,
And, Jove attesting, the firm compact made.

A train of noble youth the charge shall bear;
These to select, Ulysses, be thy care;
In order rank'd let all our gifts appear,
And the fair train of captives close the rear:
Talthybius shall the victim boar convey,
Sacred to Jove, and yon bright orb of day.'
'For this' (the stern Æacides replies)
'Some less important season may suffice,
When the stern fury of the war is o'er,
And wrath extinguish'd burns my breast no more.
By Hector slain, their faces to the sky,
All grim with gaping wounds our heroes lie:
Those call to war! and, might my voice incite,
Now, now this instant should commence the fight.
Then, when the day 's complete, let gen'rous bowls,
And copious banquets, glad your weary souls.
Let not my palate know the taste of food,
Till my insatiate rage be cloy'd with blood:
Pale lies my friend, with wounds disfigured o'er,
And his cold feet are pointed to the door.
Revenge is all my soul! no meaner care,
Int'rest, or thought, has room to harbour there;
Destruction be my feast, and mortal wounds,
And scenes of blood, and agonizing sounds.'
'O first of Greeks!' (Ulysses thus rejoin'd)
'The best and bravest of the warrior-kind!
Thy praise it is in dreadful camps to shine,
But old experience and calm wisdom, mine.
Then hear my counsel, and to reason yield;
The bravest soon are satiate of the field;
Tho' vast the heaps that strew the crimson plain,
The bloody harvest brings but little gain:
The scale of conquest ever wav'ring lies,
Great Jove but turns it, and the victor dies!
The great, the bold, by thousands daily fall,
And endless were the grief to weep for all.
Eternal sorrows what avails to shed?
Greece honours not with solemn fasts the dead:
Enough, when death demands the brave to pay
The tribute of a melancholy day.
One Chief with patience to the grave resign'd,
Our care devolves on others left behind.
Let gen'rous food supplies of strength produce,
Let rising spirits flow from sprightly juice,
Let their warm heads with scenes of battle glow,
And pour new furies on the feebler foe.
Yet a short interval, and none shall dare
Expect a second summons to the war;
Who waits for that, the dire effect shall find,
If trembling in the ships he lags behind.
Embodied, to the battle let us bend,
And all at once on haughty Troy descend.'
And now the delegates Ulysses sent,
To bear the presents from the royal tent.
The sons of Nestor, Phyleus' valiant heir,
Thoas and Merion, thunderbolts of war,
With Lycomedes of Creiontian strain,
And Melanippus, form'd the chosen train.
Swift as the word was giv'n, the youths obey'd;
Twice ten bright vases in the midst they laid;
A row of six fair tripods then succeeds;
And twice the number of high-bounding steeds;
Sev'n captives next a lovely line compose;
The eighth Briseïs, like the blooming rose,
Closed the bright band: great Ithacus before,
First of the train, the golden talents bore:
The rest in public view the Chiefs dispose,
A splendid scene! Then Agamemnon rose:
The boar Talthybius held: the Grecian lord
Drew the broad cutlass sheathed beside his sword;
The stubborn bristles from the victim's brow
He crops, and, off'ring, meditates his vow.
His hands uplifted to th' attesting skies,
On Heav'n's broad marble roof were fix'd his eyes;
The solemn words a deep attention draw,
And Greece around sat thrill'd with sacred awe.
'Witness, thou first! thou greatest Power above;
All-good, all-wise, and all-surveying Jove!
And mother Earth, and Heav'n's revolving light,
And ye, fell Furies of the realms of night,

Who rule the dead, and horrid woes prepare
For perjured kings, and all who falsely swear!
The black-eyed maid inviolate removes,
Pure and unconscious of my manly loves.
If this be false, Heav'n all its vengeance shed,
And levell'd thunder strike my guilty head!'
With that, his weapon deep inflicts the wound:
The bleeding savage tumbles to the ground:
The sacred Herald rolls the victim slain
(A feast for fish) into the foaming main.
Then thus Achilles: 'Hear, ye Greeks! and know
Whate'er we feel, 't is Jove inflicts the woe:
Not else Atrides could our rage inflame,
Nor from my arms, unwilling, force the dame.
'T was Jove's high will alone, o'er-ruling all,
That doom'd our strife, and doom'd the Greeks to fall.
Go then, ye Chiefs! indulge the genial rite:
Achilles waits ye, and expects the fight.'
The speedy council at his word adjourn'd;
To their black vessels all the Greeks return'd:
Achilles sought his tent. His train before
March'd onward, bending with the gifts they bore.
Those in the tents the squires industrious spread;
The foaming coursers to the stalls they led.
To their new seats the female captives move:
Briseïs, radiant as the Queen of Love,
Slow as she pass'd, beheld with sad survey
Where, gash'd with cruel wounds, Patroclus lay.
Prone on the body fell the heav'nly Fair,
Beat her sad breast, and tore her golden hair;
All-beautiful in grief, her humid eyes,
Shining with tears, she lifts, and thus she cries:
'Ah youth! for ever dear, for ever kind,
Once tender friend of my distracted mind!
I left thee fresh in life, in beauty gay;
Now find thee cold, inanimated clay!
What woes my wretched race of life attend!
Sorrows on sorrows, never doom'd to end!
The first lov'd consort of my virgin bed
Before these eyes in fatal battle bled:
My three brave brothers in one mournful day
All trod the dark irremeable way:
Thy friendly arm uprear'd me from the plain,
And dried my sorrows for a husband slain;
Achilles' care you promis'd I should prove,
The first, the dearest partner of his love;
That rites divine should ratify the band,
And make me Empress in his native land.
Accept these grateful tears! for thee they flow,
For thee, that ever felt another's woe!'
Her sister captives echoed groan for groan,
Nor mourn'd Patroclus' fortunes, but their own.
The leaders press'd the Chief on ev'ry side;
Unmov'd he heard them, and with sighs denied:
'If yet Achilles have a friend, whose care
Is bent to please him, this request forbear:
Till yonder sun descend, ah, let me pay
To grief and anguish one abstemious day.'
He spoke, and from the warriors turn'd his face:
Yet still the Brother-Kings of Atreus' race,
Nestor, Idomeneus, Ulysses sage,
And Phœnix, strive to calm his grief and rage:
His rage they calm not, nor his grief control:
He groans, he raves, he sorrows from his soul.
'Thou too, Patroclus' (thus his heart he vents)!
'Hast spread th' inviting banquet in our tents;
Thy sweet society, thy winning care,
Oft stay'd Achilles, rushing to the war.
But now, alas! to death's cold arms resign'd,
What banquet but revenge can glad my mind?
What greater sorrow could afflict my breast,
What more, if hoary Peleus were deceas'd?
Who now, perhaps, in Phthia dreads to hear
His son's sad fate, and drops a tender tear.
What more, should Neoptolemus the brave
(My only offspring) sink into the grave?

If yet that offspring lives (I distant far,
Of all neglectful, wage a hateful war).
I could not this, this cruel stroke attend;
Fate claim'd Achilles, but might spare his friend.
I hoped Patroclus might survive to rear
My tender orphan with a parent's care,
From Scyros' isle conduct him o'er the main,
And glad his eyes with his paternal reign,
The lofty palace, and the large domain.
For Peleus breathes no more the vital air;
Or drags a wretched life of age and care,
But till the news of my sad fate invades
His hast'ning soul, and sinks him to the shades.'
Sighing he said: his grief the heroes join'd,
Each stole a tear, for what he left behind.
Their mingled grief the Sire of Heav'n survey'd,
And thus, with pity, to his Blue-eyed Maid:
'Is then Achilles now no more thy care,
And dost thou thus desert the great in war?
Lo, where yon sails their canvas wings extend,
All comfortless he sits, and wails his friend:
Ere thirst and want his forces have oppress'd,
Haste and infuse ambrosia in his breast.'
He spoke, and sudden at the word of Jove
Shot the descending Goddess from above.
So swift thro' ether the shrill Harpy springs,
The wide air floating to her ample wings.
To great Achilles she her flight address'd,
And pour'd divine ambrosia in his breast,
With nectar sweet (refection of the Gods)!
Then, swift ascending, sought the bright abodes.
Now issued from the ships the warrior train,
And like a deluge pour'd upon the plain.
As when the piercing blasts of Boreas blow,
And scatter o'er the fields the driving snow;
From dusky clouds the fleecy winter flies,
Whose dazzling lustre whitens all the skies:
So helms succeeding helms, so shields from shields
Catch the quick beams, and brighten all the fields;
Broad glitt'ring breast-plates, spears with pointed rays,
Mix in one stream, reflecting blaze on blaze:
Thick beats the centre as the coursers bound,
With splendour flame the skies, and laugh the fields around.
Full in the midst, high-tow'ring o'er the rest,
His limbs in arms divine Achilles dress'd;
Arms which the Father of the Fire bestow'd,
Forged on th' eternal anvils of the God.
Grief and revenge his furious heart inspire,
His glowing eye-balls roll with living fire;
He grinds his teeth, and furious with delay
O'erlooks th' embattled host, and hopes the bloody day.
The silver cuishes first his thighs infold;
Then o'er his breast was braced the hollow gold:
The brazen sword a various baldric tied,
That, starr'd with gems, hung glitt'ring at his side;
And, like the moon, the broad refulgent shield
Blazed with long rays, and gleam'd athwart the field.
So to night-wand'ring sailors, pale with fears,
Wide o'er the wat'ry waste a light appears,
Which on the far-seen mountain blazing high,
Streams from some lonely watch-tower to the sky:
With mournful eyes they gaze and gaze again;
Loud howls the storm, and drives them o'er the main.
Next, his high head the helmet graced; behind
The sweepy crest hung floating in the wind:
Like the red star, that from his flaming hair
Shakes down diseases, pestilence, and war;
So stream'd the golden honours from his head,
Trembled the sparkling plumes, and the loose glories shed.
The Chief beholds himself with wond'ring eyes;
His arms he poises, and his motions tries;

Buoy'd by some inward force, he seems to swim,
And feels a pinion lifting ev'ry limb.
And now he shakes his great paternal spear,
Pond'rous and huge! which not a Greek could rear:
From Pelion's cloudy top an ash entire
Old Chiron fell'd, and shaped it for his sire;
A spear which stern Achilles only wields,
The death of heroes, and the dread of fields.
Automedon and Alcimus prepare
Th' immortal coursers and the radiant car
(The silver traces sweeping at their side);
Their fiery mouths resplendent bridles tied;
The iv'ry-studded reins, return'd behind,
Waved o'er their backs, and to the chariot join'd.
The charioteer then whirl'd the lash around,
And swift ascended at one active bound.
All bright in heav'nly arms, above his squire
Achilles mounts, and sets the field on fire;
Not brighter Phœbus in th' ethereal way
Flames from his chariot, and restores the day.
High o'er the host, all terrible he stands,
And thunders to his steeds these dread commands:
'Xanthus and Balius! of Podarges' strain
(Unless ye boast that heav'nly race in vain),
Be swift, be mindful of the load ye bear,
And learn to make your master more your care:
Thro' falling squadrons bear my slaught'ring sword,
Nor, as ye left Patroclus, leave your lord.'
The gen'rous Xanthus, as the words he said,
Seem'd sensible of woe, and droop'd his head:
Trembling he stood before the golden wain,
And bow'd to dust the honours of his mane;
When, strange to tell (so Juno will'd!), he broke
Eternal silence, and portentous spoke:
'Achilles! yes! this day at least we bear
Thy rage in safety thro' the files of war:
But come it will, the fatal time must come,
Not ours the fault, but God decrees thy doom.
Not thro' our crime, or slowness in the course,
Fell thy Patroclus, but by heav'nly force:
The bright far-shooting God who gilds the day
(Confess'd we saw him) tore his arms away.
No: could our swiftness o'er the winds prevail,
Or beat the pinions of the western gale,
All were in vain: the Fates thy death demand,
Due to a mortal and immortal hand.'
Then ceas'd for ever, by the Furies tied,
His fateful voice. Th' intrepid Chief replied
With unabated rage: 'So let it be!
Portents and prodigies are lost on me.
I know my fates: to die, to see no more
My much-lov'd parents, and my native shore —
Enough: when Heav'n ordains, I sink in night;
Now perish Troy!' He said, and rush'd to fight.

BOOK XX

THE BATTLE OF THE GODS, AND THE ACTS OF ACHILLES

THE ARGUMENT

Jupiter, upon Achilles' return to the battle, calls a council of the gods, and permits them to assist either party. The terrors of the combat described when the deities are engaged. Apollo encourages Æneas to meet Achilles. After a long conversation, these two heroes encounter; but Æneas is preserved by the assistance of Neptune. Achilles falls upon the rest of the Trojans, and is upon the point of killing Hector, but Apollo conveys him away in a cloud. Achilles pursues the Trojans with a great slaughter.

The same day continues. The scene is in the field before Troy.

Thus round Pelides breathing war and blood,
Greece, sheathed in arms, beside her vessels stood;

While, near impending from a neighb'ring height,
Troy's black battalions wait the shock of fight.
Then Jove to Themis gives command, to call
The Gods to council in the starry hall:
Swift o'er Olympus' hundred hills she flies,
And summons all the Senate of the Skies.
These, shining on, in long procession come
To Jove's eternal adamantine dome.
Not one was absent, not a rural Power
That haunts the verdant gloom, or rosy bower;
Each fair-hair'd Dryad of the shady wood,
Each azure sister of the silver flood;
All but old Ocean, hoary Sire! who keeps
His ancient seat beneath the sacred deeps.
On marble thrones with lucid columns crown'd
(The work of Vulcan) sat the Powers around.
Ev'n he, whose trident sways the wat'ry reign,
Heard the loud summons, and forsook the main,
Assumed his throne amid the bright abodes,
And question'd thus the Sire of men and Gods:
'What moves the God who Heav'n and earth commands,
And grasps the thunder in his awful hands,
Thus to convene the whole ethereal state?
Is Greece and Troy the subject in debate?
Already met, the low'ring hosts appear,
And death stands ardent on the edge of war.'
''T is true' (the Cloud-compelling Power replies),
'This day we call the Council of the Skies
In care of human race; ev'n Jove's own eye
Sees with regret unhappy mortals die.
Far on Olympus' top in secret state
Ourself will sit, and see the hand of Fate
Work out our will. Celestial Powers! descend,
And, as your minds direct, your succour lend
To either host. Troy soon must lie o'erthrown,
If uncontroll'd Achilles fights alone:
Their troops but lately durst not meet his eyes;
What can they now, if in his rage he rise?
Assist them, Gods! or Ilion's sacred wall
May fall this day, tho' Fate forbids the fall.'
He said, and fired their Heav'nly breasts with rage;
On adverse parts the warring Gods engage.
Heav'n's awful Queen; and he whose azure round
Girds the vast globe; the Maid in arms renown'd;
Hermes, of profitable arts the sire,
And Vulcan, the black Sov'reign of the Fire:
These to the fleet repair with instant flight;
The vessels tremble as the Gods alight.
In aid of Troy, Latona, Phœbus came,
Mars fiery-helm'd, the Laughter-loving Dame,
Xanthus, whose streams in golden currents flow,
And the chaste Huntress of the Silver Bow.
Ere yet the Gods their various aid employ,
Each Argive bosom swell'd with manly joy,
While great Achilles (terror of the plain)
Long lost to battle, shone in arms again.
Dreadful he stood in front of all his host;
Pale Troy beheld, and seem'd already lost;
Her bravest heroes pant with inward fear,
And trembling see another God of War.
But when the Powers descending swell'd the fight,
Then tumult rose; fierce rage and pale affright
Varied each face; then discord sounds alarms,
Earth echoes, and the nations rush to arms.
Now thro' the trembling shores Minerva calls,
And now she thunders from the Grecian walls.
Mars, hov'ring o'er his Troy, his terror shrouds
In gloomy tempests, and a night of clouds:
Now thro' each Trojan heart he fury pours
With voice divine from Ilion's topmost towers;

Now shouts to Simois, from her beauteous hill;
The mountain shook, the rapid stream stood still.
Above, the Sire of Gods his thunder rolls,
And peals on peals redoubled rend the poles.
Beneath, stern Neptune shakes the solid ground;
The forests wave, the mountains nod around;
Thro' all their summits tremble Ida's woods,
And from their sources boil her hundred floods.
Troy's turrets totter on the rocking plain;
And the toss'd navies beat the heaving main.
Deep in the dismal regions of the dead,
Th' Infernal Monarch rear'd his horrid head,
Leap'd from his throne, lest Neptune's arm should lay
His dark dominions open to the day,
And pour in light on Pluto's drear abodes,
Abhorr'd by men, and dreadful ev'n to Gods.
Such war th' Immortals wage: such horrors rend
The world's vast concave, when the Gods contend.
First silver-shafted Phœbus took the plain
Against blue Neptune, Monarch of the Main:
The God of Arms his giant bulk display'd,
Opposed to Pallas, War's triumphant Maid.
Against Latona march'd the son of May;
The quiver'd Dian, sister of the Day
(Her golden arrows sounding at her side),
Saturnia, Majesty of Heav'n, defied.
With fiery Vulcan last in battle stands
The sacred flood that rolls on golden sands;
Xanthus his name with those of heav'nly birth,
But call'd Scamander by the sons of earth.
While thus the Gods in various league engage,
Achilles glow'd with more than mortal rage:
Hector he sought; in search of Hector turn'd
His eyes around, for Hector only burn'd;
And burst like lightning thro' the ranks, and vow'd
To glut the God of Battles with his blood.

Æneas was the first who dared to stay;
Apollo wedg'd him in the warrior's way,
But swell'd his bosom with undaunted might,
Half-forc'd and half-persuaded to the fight.
Like young Lycaon, of the royal line,
In voice and aspect, seem'd the Power divine;
And bade the Chief reflect, how late with scorn
In distant threats he braved the Goddess-born.
Then thus the hero of Anchises' strain:
'To meet Pelides you persuade in vain;
Already have I met, nor void of fear
Observ'd the fury of his flying spear;
From Ida's woods he chased us to the field,
Our force he scatter'd, and our herds he kill'd.
Lyrnessus, Pedasus in ashes lay;
But (Jove assisting) I survived the day.
Else had I sunk oppress'd in fatal fight,
By fierce Achilles and Minerva's might.
Where'er he mov'd, the Goddess shone before,
And bathed his brazen lance in hostile gore.
What mortal man Achilles can sustain?
Th' Immortals guard him thro' the dreadful plain,
And suffer not his dart to fall in vain.
Were God my aid, this arm should check his power,
Tho' strong in battle as a brazen tower.'
To whom the Son of Jove: 'That God implore,
And be what great Achilles was before.
From heav'nly Venus thou derivest thy strain,
And he but from a Sister of the Main;
An aged Sea-God father of his line,
But Jove himself the sacred source of thine.
Then lift thy weapon for a noble blow,
Nor fear the vaunting of a mortal foe.'
This said, and spirit breathed into his breast,
Thro' the thick troops th' embolden'd hero press'd:
His venturous act the White-arm'd Queen survey'd,
And thus, assembling all the Powers, she said:

'Behold an action, Gods! that claims your care,
Lo, great Æneas rushing to the war;
Against Pelides he directs his course;
Phœbus impels, and Phœbus gives him force.
Restrain his bold career; at least, t' attend
Our favour'd Hero, let some Power descend.
To guard his life, and add to his renown,
We, the great Armament of Heav'n, came down.
Hereafter let him fall, as Fates design,
That spun so short his life's illustrious line;
But lest some adverse God now cross his way,
Give him to know what Powers assist this day:
For how shall mortal stand the dire alarms,
When Heav'n's refulgent host appear in arms?'
Thus she, and thus the God whose force can make
The solid globe's eternal basis shake:
'Against the might of man, so feeble known,
Why should celestial Powers exert their own?
Suffice, from yonder mount to view the scene;
And leave to war the fates of mortal men.
But if th' Armipotent, or God of Light,
Obstruct Achilles, or commence the fight,
Thence on the Gods of Troy we swift descend:
Full soon, I doubt not, shall the conflict end;
And these, in ruin and confusion hurl'd,
Yield to our conquering arms the lower world.'
Thus having said, the Tyrant of the Sea,
Cœrulean Neptune, rose, and led the way.
Advanc'd upon the field there stood a mound
Of earth congested, wall'd, and trench'd around;
In elder times to guard Alcides made
(The work of Trojans with Minerva's aid),
What time a vengeful monster of the main
Swept the wide shore, and drove him to the plain.
Here Neptune and the Gods of Greece repair,
With clouds encompass'd, and a veil of air:
The adverse Powers, around Apollo laid,
Crown the fair hills that silver Simois shade.
In circle close each heav'nly party sat,
Intent to form the future scheme of Fate;
But mix not yet in fight, tho' Jove on high
Gives the loud signal, and the Heav'ns reply.
Meanwhile the rushing armies hide the ground;
The trampled centre yields a hollow sound:
Steeds cased in mail, and Chiefs in armour bright,
The gleamy champaign glows with brazen light.
Amidst both hosts (a dreadful space!) appear
There, great Achilles; bold Æneas here.
With tow'ring strides Æneas first advanc'd;
The nodding plumage on his helmet danc'd;
Spread o'er his breast the fencing shield he bore,
And, as he mov'd, his jav'lin flamed before.
Not so Pelides: furious to engage,
He rush'd impetuous. Such the lion's rage,
Who, viewing first his foes with scornful eyes,
Tho' all in arms the peopled city rise,
Stalks careless on, with unregarding pride;
Till at the length, by some brave youth defied,
To his bold spear the savage turns alone;
He murmurs fury with a hollow groan:
He grins, he foams, he rolls his eyes around;
Lash'd by his tail, his heaving sides resound;
He calls up all his rage, he grinds his teeth,
Resolv'd on vengeance, or resolv'd on death.
So fierce Achilles on Æneas flies;
So stands Æneas, and his force defies.
Ere yet the stern encounter join'd, begun
The seed of Thetis thus to Venus' son:
'Why comes Æneas thro' the ranks so far?
Seeks he to meet Achilles' arm in war,
In hope the realms of Priam to enjoy,
And prove his merits to the throne of Troy?
Grant that beneath thy lance Achilles dies,
The partial Monarch may refuse the prize;

Sons he has many: those thy pride may quell;
And 't is his fault to love those sons too well.
Or, in reward of thy victorious hand,
Has Troy proposed some spacious tract of land?
An ample forest, or a fair domain,
Of hills for vines, and arable for grain?
Ev'n this, perhaps, will hardly prove thy lot.
But can Achilles be so soon forgot?
Once (as I think) you saw this brandish'd spear,
And then the great Æneas seem'd to fear.
With hearty haste from Ida's mount he fled,
Nor, till he reach'd Lyrnessus, turn'd his head.
Her lofty walls not long our progress stay'd;
Those, Pallas, Jove, and we, in ruins laid:
In Grecian chains her captive race were cast;
'T is true, the great Æneas fled too fast.
Defrauded of my conquest once before,
What then I lost, the Gods this day restore.
Go; while thou may'st, avoid the threaten'd fate;
Fools stay to feel it, and are wise too late.'
To this Anchises' son: 'Such words employ
To one that fears thee, some unwarlike boy;
Such we disdain; the best may be defied
With mean reproaches, and unmanly pride:
Unworthy the high race from which we came,
Proclaim'd so loudly by the voice of Fame;
Each from illustrious fathers draws his line;
Each Goddess-born; half human, half divine.
Thetis' this day, or Venus' offspring dies,
And tears shall trickle from celestial eyes:
For when two heroes, thus derived, contend,
'T is not in words the glorious strife can end.
If yet thou farther seek to learn my birth
(A tale resounded thro' the spacious earth),
Hear how the glorious orgin we prove
From ancient Dardanus, the first from Jove:
Dardania's walls he rais'd; for Ilion then
(The city since of many-languaged men)
Was not. The natives were content to till
The shady foot of Ida's fountful hill.
From Dardanus, great Erichthonius springs,
The richest once of Asia's wealthy Kings;
Three thousand mares his spacious pastures bred,
Three thousand foals beside their mothers fed.
Boreas, enamour'd of the sprightly train,
Conceal'd his Godhead in a flowing mane,
With voice dissembled to his loves he neigh'd,
And cours'd the dappled beauties o'er the mead:
Hence sprung twelve others of unrivall'd kind,
Swift as their mother mares and father wind.
These lightly skimming, when they swept the plain,
Nor plied the grass, nor bent the tender grain;
And when along the level seas they flew,
Scarce on the surface curl'd the briny dew.
Such Erichthonius was: From him there came
The sacred Tros, of whom the Trojan name.
Three sons renown'd adorn'd his nuptial bed,
Ilus, Assaracus, and Ganymed:
The matchless Ganymed, divinely fair,
Whom Heav'n, enamour'd, snatch'd to upper air,
To bear the cup of Jove (ethereal guest,
The grace and glory of th' ambrosial feast).
The two remaining sons the line divide:
First rose Laomedon from Ilus' side:
From him Tithonus, now in cares grown old,
And Priam (blest with Hector, brave and bold);
Clytius and Lampus, ever-honour'd pair;
And Hicetaon, thunderbolt of war.
From great Assaracus sprung Capys, he
Begat Anchises, and Anchises me,
Such is our race: 't is Fortune gives us birth,
But Jove alone endues the soul with worth:
He, source of power and might! with boundless sway
All human courage gives or takes away.
Long in the field of words we may contend,
Reproach is infinite, and knows no end,

Arm'd or with truth or falsehood, right or wrong,
So voluble a weapon is the tongue;
Wounded, we wound; and neither side can fail,
For ev'ry man has equal strength to rail:
Women alone, when in the streets they jar,
Perhaps excel us in this wordy war;
Like us they stand, encompass'd with the crowd,
And vent their anger, impotent and loud.
Cease then: our bus'ness in the Field of Fight
Is not to question, but to prove our might.
To all those insults thou hast offer'd here
Receive this answer: 't is my flying spear.'
He spoke. With all his force the jav'lin flung,
Fix'd deep, and loudly in the buckler rung.
Far on his outstretch'd arm Pelides held
(To meet the thund'ring lance) his dreadful shield,
That trembled as it struck; nor void of fear
Saw, ere it fell, th' immeasurable spear.
His fears were vain; impenetrable charms
Secured the temper of th' ethereal arms.
Thro' two strong plates the point its passage held,
But stopp'd and rested, by the third repell'd;
Five plates of various metal, various mould,
Composed the shield; of brass each outward fold,
Of tin each inward, and the middle gold:
There stuck the lance. Then, rising ere he threw,
The forceful spear of great Achilles flew,
And pierc'd the Dardan shield's extremest bound,
Where the shrill brass return'd a sharper sound:
Thro' the thin verge the Pelian weapon glides,
And the slight cov'ring of expanded hides.
Æneas his contracted body bends,
And o'er him high the riven targe extends,
Sees, thro' its parting plates, the upper air,
And at his back perceives the quiv'ring spear:
A fate so near him chills his soul with fright,
And swims before his eyes the many-colour'd light.
Achilles, rushing in with dreadful cries,
Draws his broad blade, and at Æneas flies:
Æneas, rousing as the foe came on
(With force collected), heaves a mighty stone;
A mass enormous! which, in modern days
No two of earth's degen'rate sons could raise.
But ocean's God, whose earthquakes rock the ground,
Saw the distress, and mov'd the Powers around:
'Lo! on the brink of fate Æneas stands,
An instant victim to Achilles' hands;
By Phœbus urged; but Phœbus has bestow'd
His aid in vain: the man o'erpowers the God.
And can ye see this righteous Chief atone,
With guiltless blood, for vices not his own?
To all the Gods his constant vows were paid;
Sure, tho' he wars for Troy, he claims our aid.
Fate wills not this; nor thus can Jove resign
The future father of the Dardan line:
The first great ancestor obtain'd his grace,
And still his love descends on all the race.
For Priam now, and Priam's faithless kind,
At length are odious to th' all-seeing mind;
On great Æneas shall devolve the reign,
And sons succeeding sons the lasting line sustain.'
The great earth-shaker thus: to whom replies
Th' imperial Goddess with the radiant eyes:
'Good as he is, to immolate or spare
The Dardan Prince, O Neptune, be thy care;
Pallas and I, by all that Gods can bind,
Have sworn destruction to the Trojan kind;
Not ev'n an instant to protract their fate,
Or save one member of the sinking state;
Till her last flame be quench'd with her last gore,
And ev'n her crumbling ruins are no more.'
The King of Ocean to the fight descends;
Thro' all the whistling darts his course he bends,
Swift interposed between the warriors flies,
And casts thick darkness o'er Achilles' eyes.
From great Æneas' shield the spear he drew,
And at its master's feet the weapon threw.

That done, with force divine he snatch'd on high
The Dardan Prince, and bore him thro' the sky,
Smooth-gliding without step, above the heads
Of warring heroes and of bounding steeds.
Till at the battle's utmost verge they light,
Where the slow Caucons close the rear of fight:
The Godhead there (his heav'nly form confess'd)
With words like these the panting Chief address'd:
'What Power, O Prince, with force inferior far
Urged thee to meet Achilles' arm in war?
Henceforth beware, nor antedate thy doom,
Defrauding Fate of all thy fame to come.
But when the day decreed (for come it must),
Shall lay this dreadful hero in the dust,
Let then the furies of that arm be known,
Secure no Grecian force transcends thy own.'
With that, he left him wond'ring as he lay,
Then from Achilles chased the mist away:
Sudden, returning with the stream of light,
The scene of war came rushing on his sight.
Then thus amazed: 'What wonders strike my mind!
My spear, that parted on the wings of wind,
Laid here before me! and the Dardan lord,
That fell this instant, vanish'd from my sword!
I thought alone with mortals to contend,
But Powers celestial sure this foe defend.
Great as he is, our arm he scarce will try,
Content for once, with all his Gods, to fly.
Now then let others bleed.' This said, aloud
He vents his fury, and inflames the crowd:
'O Greeks' (he cries, and every rank alarms),
'Join battle, man to man, and arms to arms!
'T is not in me, tho' favour'd by the sky,
To mow whole troops, and make whole armies fly:
No God can singly such a host engage,
Not Mars himself, nor great Minerva's rage.
But whatsoe'er Achilles can inspire,
Whate'er of active force, or acting fire,
Whate'er this heart can prompt, or hand obey;
All, all Achilles, Greeks, is yours to-day.
Thro' yon wide host this arm shall scatter fear,
And thin the squadrons with my single spear.'
He said: nor less elate with martial joy,
The godlike Hector warm'd the troops of Troy:
'Trojans, to war! think Hector leads you on;
Nor dread the vaunts of Peleus' haughty son.
Deeds must decide our fate. Ev'n those with words
Insult the brave, who tremble at their swords;
The weakest atheist-wretch all Heav'n defies,
But shrinks and shudders, when the thunder flies.
Nor from yon boaster shall your Chief retire,
Not tho' his heart were steel, his hands were fire;
That fire, that steel, your Hector should withstand,
And brave that vengeful heart, that dreadful hand.'
Thus (breathing rage thro' all) the hero said;
A wood of lances rises round his head,
Clamours on clamours tempest all the air;
They join, they throng, they thicken to the war.
But Phœbus warns him from high Heav'n to shun
The single fight with Thetis' godlike son:
More safe to combat in the mingled band,
Nor tempt too near the terrors of his hand.
He hears, obedient to the God of Light,
And, plunged within the ranks, awaits the fight.
Then fierce Achilles, shouting to the skies,
On Troy's whole force with boundless fury flies.
First falls Iphytion, at his army's head;
Brave was the Chief, and brave the host he led;
From great Otrynteus he derived his blood,
His mother was a Naïs of the flood;
Beneath the shades of Tmolus, crown'd with snow,
From Hyde's walls he ruled the lands below.

Fierce as he springs, the sword his head divides;
The parted visage falls on equal sides:
With loud resounding arms he strikes the plain;
While thus Achilles glories o'er the slain:
'Lie there, Otryntides! the Trojan earth
Receives thee dead, tho' Gygæ boast thy birth;
Those beauteous fields where Hyllus' waves are roll'd,
And plenteous Hermus swells with tides of gold,
Are thine no more.' Th' insulting hero said,
And left him sleeping in eternal shade.
The rolling wheels of Greece the body tore,
And dash'd their axles with no vulgar gore.
Demoleon next, Antenor's offspring, laid
Breathless in dust, the price of rashness paid.
Th' impatient steel with full descending sway
Forc'd thro' his brazen helm its furious way,
Resistless drove the batter'd skull before,
And dash'd and mingled all the brains with gore.
This sees Hippodamas, and, seiz'd with fright,
Deserts his chariot for a swifter flight:
The lance arrests him; an ignoble wound
The panting Trojan rivets to the ground.
He groans away his soul: not louder roars
At Neptune's shrine on Helicé's high shores
The victim bull; the rocks rebellow round,
And ocean listens to the grateful sound.
Then fell on Polydore his vengeful rage,
The youngest hope of Priam's stooping age
(Whose feet for swiftness in the race surpass'd);
Of all his sons, the dearest and the last.
To the forbidden field he takes his flight
In the first folly of a youthful knight;
To vaunt his swiftness wheels around the plain,
But vaunts not long, with all his swiftness slain;
Struck where the crossing belts unite behind,
And golden rings the double back-plate join'd.
Forth thro' the navel burst the thrilling steel;
And on his knees with piercing shrieks he fell;
The rushing entrails pour'd upon the ground
His hands collect: and darkness wraps him round.
When Hector view'd, all ghastly in his gore,
Thus sadly slain, th' unhappy Polydore;
A cloud of sorrow overcast his sight,
His soul no longer brook'd the distant fight;
Full in Achilles' dreadful front he came,
And shook his jav'lin like a waving flame.
The son of Peleus sees, with joy possess'd,
His heart high-bounding in his rising breast:
And, 'Lo! the man, on whom black fates attend;
The man that slew Achilles in his friend!
No more shall Hector's and Pelides' spear
Turn from each other in the walks of war.'
Then with revengeful eyes he scann'd him o'er—
'Come, and receive thy Fate!' He spake no more.
Hector, undaunted, thus: 'Such words employ
To one that dreads thee, some unwarlike boy:
Such we could give, defying and defied,
Mean intercourse of obloquy and pride!
I know thy force to mine superior far;
But Heav'n alone confers success in war;
Mean as I am, the Gods may guide my dart,
And give it entrance in a braver heart.'
Then parts the lance: but Pallas' heav'nly breath
Far from Achilles wafts the winged death:
The bidden dart again to Hector flies,
And at the feet of its great master lies.
Achilles closes with his hated foe,
His heart and eyes with flaming fury glow:
But, present to his aid, Apollo shrouds
The favour'd hero in a veil of clouds.
Thrice struck Pelides with indignant heart,
Thrice in impassive air he plunged the dart:
The spear a fourth time buried in the cloud,
He foams with fury, and exclaims aloud:
'Wretch! thou hast 'scaped again, once more thy flight
Has saved thee, and the partial God of Light;
But long thou shalt not thy just Fate withstand,
If any Power assist Achilles' hand.

Fly then inglorious; but thy flight this day
Whole hecatombs of Trojan ghosts shall pay.'
With that he gluts his rage on numbers slain:
Then Dryops tumbled to th' ensanguin'd plain
Pierc'd thro' the neck: he left him panting there,
And stopp'd Demuchus, great Philetor's heir,
Gigantic Chief! deep gash'd th' enormous blade,
And for the soul an ample passage made.
Laogonus and Dardanus expire,
The valiant sons of an unhappy sire;
Both in one instant from the chariot hurl'd,
Sunk in one instant to the nether world;
This diff'rence only their sad fates afford,
That one the spear destroy'd, and one the sword.
Nor less unpitied, young Alastor bleeds;
In vain his youth, in vain his beauty pleads:
In vain he begs thee, with a suppliant's moan
To spare a form and age so like thy own!
Unhappy boy! no prayer, no moving art
E'er bent that fierce inexorable heart!
While yet he trembled at his knees, and cried,
The ruthless falchion oped his tender side;
The panting liver pours a flood of gore,
That drowns his bosom till he pants no more.
Thro' Mulius' head then drove th' impetuous spear;
The warrior falls transfix'd from ear to ear.
Thy life, Echeclus! next the sword bereaves;
Deep thro' the front the pond'rous falchion cleaves;
Warm'd in the brain the smoking weapon lies,
The purple death comes floating o'er his eyes.
Then brave Deucalion died: the dart was flung
Where the knit nerves the pliant elbow strung:
He dropp'd his arm, an unassisting weight,
And stood all impotent expecting Fate:
Full on his neck the falling falchion sped,
From his broad shoulders hew'd his crested head:
Forth from the bone the spinal marrow flies,
And sunk in dust the corpse extended lies.
Rhigmus, whose race from fruitful Thracia came
(The son of Pireus, an illustrious name),
Succeeds to Fate: the spear his belly rends;
Prone from his car the thund'ring Chief descends;
The squire who saw expiring on the ground
His prostrate master, rein'd the steeds around.
His back scarce turn'd, the Pelian jav'lin gored,
And stretch'd the servant o'er his dying lord.
As when a flame the winding valley fills,
And runs on crackling shrubs between the hills;
Then o'er the stubble up the mountain flies,
Fires the high woods, and blazes to the skies,
This way and that the spreading torrent roars;
So sweeps the hero thro' the wasted shores:
Around him wide immense destruction pours,
And earth is deluged with the sanguine showers.
As with autumnal harvests cover'd o'er,
And thick bestrown, lies Ceres' sacred floor,
When round and round, with never-wearied pain,
The trampling steers beat out th' unnumber'd grain:
So the fierce coursers, as the chariot rolls,
Tread down whole ranks, and crush out heroes' souls.
Dash'd from their hoofs, while o'er the dead they fly,
Black, bloody drops the smoking chariot dye:
The spiky wheels thro' heaps of carnage tore;
And thick the groaning axles dropp'd with gore.
High o'er the scene of death Achilles stood,
All grim with dust, all horrible in blood:
Yet still insatiate, still with rage on flame;
Such is the lust of never-dying Fame!

BOOK XXI

THE BATTLE IN THE RIVER SCAMANDER

THE ARGUMENT.

The Trojans fly before Achilles, some towards the town, others to the river Scamander; he falls upon the latter with great slaughter, takes twelve captives alive, to sacrifice to the shade of Patroclus; and kills Lycaon and Asteropæus. Scamander attacks him with all his waves; Neptune and Pallas assist the hero; Simois joins Scamander; at length Vulcan, by the instigation of Juno, almost dries up the river. This combat ended, the other gods engage each other. Meanwhile Achilles continues the slaughter, and drives the rest into Troy: Agenor only makes a stand, and is conveyed away in a cloud by Apollo: who (to delude Achilles) takes upon him Agenor's shape, and while he pursues him in that disguise, gives the Trojans an opportunity of retiring into their city.

The same day continues. The scene is on the banks and in the stream of Scamander.

And now to Xanthus' gliding stream they drove,
Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove.
The river here divides the flying train:
Part to the town fly diverse o'er the plain,
Where late their troops triumphant bore the fight,
Now chased and trembling in ignoble flight
(These with a gather'd mist Saturnia shrouds,
And rolls behind the rout a heap of clouds);
Part plunge into the stream: old Xanthus roars;
The flashing billows beat the whiten'd shores:
With cries promiscuous all the banks resound,
And here and there, in eddies whirling round,
The flouncing steeds and shrieking warriors drown'd,
As the scorch'd locusts from their fields retire,
While fast behind them runs the blaze of fire;
Driv'n from the land before the smoky cloud,
The clust'ring legions rush into the flood:
So plunged in Xanthus by Achilles' force,
Roars the resounding surge with men and horse.
His bloody lance the hero casts aside
(Which spreading tam'risks on the margin hide),
Then, like a God, the rapid billows braves,
Arm'd with his sword, high brandish'd o'er the waves;
Now down he plunges, now he whirls it round,
Deep groan the waters with the dying sound;
Repeated wounds the redd'ning river dyed,
And the warm purple circled on the tide.
Swift thro' the foamy flood the Trojans fly,
And close in rocks or winding caverns lie:
So the huge dolphin tempesting the main,
In shoals before him fly the scaly train;
Confusedly heap'd, they seek their inmost caves,
Or pant and heave beneath the floating waves.
Now, tired with slaughter, from the Trojan band
Twelve chosen youths he drags alive to land;
With their rich belts their captive arms constrains
(Late their proud ornaments, but now their chains);
These his attendants to the ships convey'd,
Sad victims! destin'd to Patroclus' shade.
Then, as once more he plunged amid the flood,
The young Lycaon in his passage stood;
The son of Priam, whom the hero's hand
But late made captive in his father's land
(As from a sycamore his sounding steel
Lopp'd the green arms to spoke a chariot wheel),
To Lemnos' isle he sold the royal slave,
Where Jason's son the price demanded gave:
But kind Eëtion, touching on the shore,
The ransom'd Prince to fair Arisbe bore.
Ten days were past, since in his father's reign
He felt the sweets of liberty again:
The next, that God whom men in vain withstand,
Gives the same youth to the same conquering hand:
Now never to return! and doom'd to go
A sadder journey to the shades below.
His well-known face when great Achilles eyed
(The helm and vizor he had cast aside

With wild affright, and dropp'd upon the field
His useless lance and unavailing shield),
As trembling, panting, from the stream he fled,
And knock'd his falt'ring knees, the hero said:
'Ye mighty Gods! what wonders strike my view!
Is it in vain our conquering arms subdue?
Sure I shall see yon heaps of Trojans kill'd,
Rise from the shade, and brave me on the field:
As now the captive, whom so late I bound
And sold to Lemnos, stalks on Trojan ground!
Not him the sea's unmeasur'd deeps detain,
That bar such numbers from their native plain:
Lo! he returns. Try then my flying spear!
Try, if the grave can hold the wanderer:
If earth at length this active Prince can seize,
Earth, whose strong grasp has held down Hercules.'
Thus while he spake, the Trojan, pale with fears,
Approach'd, and sought his knees with suppliant tears;
Loath as he was to yield his youthful breath,
And his soul shiv'ring at th' approach of death.
Achilles rais'd the spear, prepared to wound;
He kiss'd his feet, extended on the ground:
And while above the spear suspended stood,
Longing to dip its thirsty point in blood,
One hand embraced them close, one stopp'd the dart;
While thus these melting words attempt his heart:
'Thy well-known captive, great Achilles! see;
Once more Lycaon trembles at thy knee;
Some pity to a suppliant's name afford,
Who shared the gifts of Ceres at thy board;
Whom late thy conquering arm to Lemnos bore,
Far from his father, friends, and native shore;
A hundred oxen were his price that day,
Now sums immense thy mercy shall repay.
Scarce respited from woes I yet appear,
And scarce twelve morning suns have seen me here:
Lo! Jove again submits me to thy hands,
Again, her victim cruel Fate demands!
I sprung from Priam, and Laothoë fair
(Old Altes' daughter, and Lelegia's heir;
Who held in Pedasus his famed abode,
And ruled the fields where silver Satnio flow'd);
Two sons (alas! unhappy sons) she bore;
For ah! one spear shall drink each brother's gore,
And I succeed to slaughter'd Polydore.
How from that arm of terror shall I fly?
Some demon urges, 't is my doom to die!
If ever yet soft pity touch'd thy mind,
Ah! think not me too much of Hector's kind!
Not the same mother gave thy suppliant breath,
With his, who wrought thy lov'd Patroclus' death.'
These words, attended with a shower of tears,
The youth address'd to unrelenting ears:
'Talk not of life, or ransom' (he replies),
'Patroclus dead, whoever meets me, dies:
In vain a single Trojan sues for grace;
But least, the sons of Priam's hateful race.
Die then, my friend! what boots it to deplore?
The great, the good Patroclus is no more!
He, far thy better, was foredoom'd to die,
And thou, dost thou bewail mortality?
Seest thou not me, whom Nature's gifts adorn,
Sprung from a Hero, from a Goddess born?
The day shall come (which nothing can avert)
When by the spear, the arrow, or the dart,
By night, or day, by force or by design,
Impending death and certain fate are mine.
Die then:' he said, and as the word he spoke,
The fainting stripling sunk before the stroke;
His hand forgot its grasp, and left the spear;
While all his trembling frame confess'd his fear.
Sudden Achilles his broad sword display'd,
And buried in his neck the reeking blade.

Prone fell the youth; and, panting on the land,
The gushing purple dyed the thirsty sand:
The victor to the stream the carcass gave,
And thus insults him, floating on the wave:
'Lie there, Lycaon! let the fish surround
Thy bloated corse, and suck thy gory wound:
There no sad mother shall thy funerals weep,
But swift Scamander roll thee to the deep,
Whose ev'ry wave some wat'ry monster brings,
To feast unpunish'd on the fat of Kings.
So perish Troy, and all the Trojan line!
Such ruin theirs, and such compassion mine.
What boots ye now Scamander's worshipp'd stream,
His earthly honours, and immortal name?
In vain your immolated bulls are slain,
Your living coursers glut his gulfs in vain:
Thus he rewards you with this bitter fate;
Thus, till the Grecian vengeance is complete;
Thus is atoned Patroclus' honour'd shade,
And the short absence of Achilles paid.'
These boastful words provoke the raging God;
With fury swells the violated flood.
What means divine may yet the Power employ,
To check Achilles, and to rescue Troy?
Meanwhile the hero springs in arms, to dare
The great Asteropæus to mortal war;
The son of Pelagon, whose lofty line
Flows from the source of Axius, stream divine!
(Fair Peribœa's love the God had crown'd,
With all his refluent waters circled round.)
On him Achilles rush'd: he fearless stood,
And shook two spears, advancing from the flood:
The flood impell'd him, on Pelides' head
T' avenge his waters choked with heaps of dead.
Near as they drew, Achilles thus began:
'What art thou, boldest of the race of man?
Who, or from whence? Unhappy is the sire,
Whose son encounters our resistless ire.'
'O son of Peleus! what avails to trace'
(Replied the warrior) 'our illustrious race?
From rich Pæonia's valleys I command,
Arm'd with protended spears, my native band;
Now shines the tenth bright morning since I came
In aid of Ilion to the Fields of Fame:
Axius, who swells with all the neighb'ring rills,
And wide around the floated region fills,
Begot my sire, whose spear such glory won:
Now lift thy arm, and try that hero's son!'
Threat'ning he said: the hostile Chiefs advance;
At once Asteropæus discharged each lance;
(For both his dext'rous hands the lance could wield);
One struck, but pierc'd not the Vulcanian shield;
One razed Achilles' hand; the spouting blood
Spun forth, in earth the fasten'd weapon stood.
Like lightning next the Pelian jav'lin flies;
Its erring fury hiss'd along the skies;
Deep in the swelling bank was driv'n the spear,
Ev'n to the middle earth; and quiver'd there.
Then from his side the sword Pelides drew,
And on his foe with double fury flew;
The foe thrice tugg'd, and shook the rooted wood,
Repulsive of his might the weapon stood:
The fourth, he tries to break the spear, in vain;
Bent as he stands he tumbles to the plain;
His belly open'd with a ghastly wound,
The reeking entrails pour upon the ground.
Beneath the hero's feet he panting lies,
And his eye darkens, and his spirit flies:
While the proud victor thus triumphing said,
His radiant armour tearing from the dead:
'So ends thy glory! such the fate they prove
Who strive presumptuous with the sons of Jove.
Sprung from a river didst thou boast thy line?
But great Saturnius is the source of mine.
How durst thou vaunt thy wat'ry progeny?
Of Peleus, Æacus, and Jove, am I;
The race of these superior far to those,
As he that thunders to the stream that flows.

What rivers can, Scamander might have shewn:
But Jove he dreads, nor wars against his son.
Ev'n Acheloüs might contend in vain,
And all the roaring billows of the main.
Th' eternal ocean, from whose fountains flow
The seas, the rivers, and the springs below,
The thund'ring voice of Jove abhors to hear,
And in his deep abysses shakes with fear.'
He said: then from the bank his jav'lin tore,
And left the breathless warrior in his gore.
The floating tides the bloody carcass lave,
And beat against it, wave succeeding wave:
Till, roll'd between the banks, it lies the food
Of curling eels, and fishes of the flood.
All scatter'd round the stream (their mightiest slain)
Th' amazed Pæonians scour along the plain:
He vents his fury on the flying crew,
Thrasius, Astypylus, and Mnesus, slew;
Mydon, Thersilochus, with Ænius fell;
And numbers more his lance had plunged to Hell,
But from the bottom of his gulfs profound,
Scamander spoke; the shores return'd the sound:
'O first of mortals (for the Gods are thine)!
In valour matchless, and in force divine!
If Jove have giv'n thee ev'ry Trojan head,
'T is not on me thy rage should heap the dead.
See! my choked streams no more their course can keep,
Nor roll their wonted tribute to the deep.
Turn then, impetuous! from our injured flood;
Content, thy slaughters could amaze a God.'
In human form confess'd, before his eyes
The River thus; and thus the Chief replies:
'O sacred stream! thy word we shall obey;
But not till Troy the destin'd vengeance pay;
Nor till within her towers the perjur'd train
Shall pant, and tremble at our arms again;
Not till proud Hector, guardian of her wall,
Or stain this lance, or see Achilles fall.'
He said: and drove with fury on the foe.
Then to the Godhead of the Silver Bow
The yellow Flood began: 'O Son of Jove!
Was not the mandate of the Sire above
Full and express? that Phœbus should employ
His sacred arrows in defence of Troy,
And make her conquer, till Hyperion's fall
In awful darkness hide the face of all?'
He spoke in vain: the Chief without dismay
Ploughs thro' the boiling surge his desp'rate way.
Then, rising in his rage above the shores,
From all his deep the bell'wing river roars;
Huge heaps of slain disgorges on the coast,
And round the banks the ghastly dead are toss'd;
While all before, the billows ranged on high
(A wat'ry bulwark) screen the bands who fly.
Now bursting on his head with thund'ring sound,
The falling deluge whelms the hero round:
His loaded shield bends to the rushing tide;
His feet, upborne, scarce the strong flood divide,
Slidd'ring, and stagg'ring. On the border stood
A spreading elm, that overhung the flood;
He seiz'd a bending bough, his steps to stay;
The plant uprooted to his weight gave way,
Heaving the bank, and undermining all;
Loud flash the waters to the rushing fall
Of the thick foliage. The large trunk display'd
Bridg'd the rough flood across: the hero stayed
On this his weight, and, rais'd upon his hand,
Leap'd from the channel, and regain'd the land.
Then blacken'd the wild waves; the murmur rose;
The God pursues, a huger billow throws,
And burst the bank, ambitious to destroy
The man whose fury is the Fate of Troy.
He, like the warlike eagle, speeds his pace
(Swiftest and strongest of the aërial race).
Far as a spear can fly, Achilles springs
At every bound; his clanging armour rings
Now here, now there, he turns on ev'ry side,
And winds his course before the foll'wing tide;

The waves flow after, wheresoe'er he wheels,
And gather fast, and murmur at his heels.
So when a peasant to his garden brings
Soft rills of water from the bubbling springs,
And calls the floods from high to bless his bowers,
And feed with pregnant streams the plants and flowers;
Soon as he clears whate'er their passage stay'd,
And marks the future current with his spade,
Swift o'er the rolling pebbles, down the hills
Louder and louder purl the falling rills;
Before him scatt'ring, they prevent his pains,
And shine in mazy wand'rings o'er the plains.
Still flies Achilles, but before his eyes
Still swift Scamander rolls where'er he flies:
Not all his speed escapes the rapid floods;
The first of men, but not a match for Gods:
Oft as he turn'd the torrent to oppose,
And bravely try if all the Powers were foes;
So oft the surge, in wat'ry mountains spread,
Beats on his back, or bursts upon his head.
Yet dauntless still the adverse flood he braves,
And still indignant bounds above the waves.
Tired by the tides, his knees relax with toil;
Wash'd from beneath him slides the slimy soil;
When thus (his eyes on Heav'n's expansion thrown)
Forth bursts the hero with an angry groan:
'Is there no God Achilles to befriend,
No power t' avert his miserable end?
Prevent, oh Jove! this ignominious date,
And make my future life the sport of Fate:
Of all Heav'n's oracles believ'd in vain,
But most of Thetis, must her son complain:
By Phœbus' darts she prophesied my fall,
In glorious arms before the Trojan wall.
Oh! had I died in fields of battle warm,
Stretch'd like a Hero, by a Hero's arm;
Might Hector's spear this dauntless bosom rend,
And my swift soul o'ertake my slaughter'd friend!
Ah no! Achilles meets a shameful fate,
Oh how unworthy of the brave and great!
Like some vile swain, whom, on a rainy day,
Crossing a ford, the torrent sweeps away,
An unregarded carcass to the sea.'
Neptune and Pallas haste to his relief,
And thus in human form address the Chief:
The Power of Ocean first: 'Forbear thy fear,
O son of Peleus! lo, thy Gods appear!
Behold! from Jove descending to thy aid,
Propitious Neptune, and the Blue-eyed Maid.
Stay, and the furious flood shall cease to rave:
'T is not thy fate to glut his angry wave.
But thou the counsel Heav'n suggests attend;
Nor breathe from combat, nor thy sword suspend,
Till Troy receive her flying sons, till all
Her routed squadrons pant behind their wall:
Hector alone shall stand his fatal chance,
And Hector's blood shall smoke upon thy lance;
Thine is the glory doom'd.' Thus spake the Gods:
Then swift ascended to the bright abodes.
Stung with new ardour, thus by Heav'n impell'd,
He springs impetuous, and invades the field:
O'er all th' expanded plain the waters spread;
Heav'd on the bounding billows danc'd the dead,
Floating 'midst scatter'd arms: while casques of gold,
And turn'd-up bucklers, glitter'd as they roll'd.
High o'er the surging tide, by leaps and bounds,
He wades, and mounts; the parted wave resounds.
Not a whole river stops the hero' course,
While Pallas fills him with immortal force.
With equal rage indignant Xanthus roars,
And lifts his billows, and o'erwhelms his shores.
Then thus to Simois: 'Haste, my brother flood!
And check this mortal that controls a God:
Our bravest heroes else shall quit the fight,

And Ilion tumble from her tow'ry height.
Call then thy subject streams, and bid them roar;
From all thy fountains swell thy wat'ry store;
With broken rocks, and with a load of dead
Charge the black surge, and pour it on his head.
Mark how resistless thro' the floods he goes,
And boldly bids the warring Gods be foes!
But nor that force, nor form divine to sight,
Shall aught avail him, if our rage unite:
Whelm'd under our dark gulfs those harms shall lie,
That blaze so dreadful in each Trojan eye;
And deep beneath a sandy mountain hurl'd,
Immers'd remain this terror of the world.
Such pond'rous ruin shall confound the place,
No Greeks shall e'er his perish'd relics grace,
No hand his bones shall gather or inhume;
These his cold rites, and this his wat'ry tomb.'
He said; and on the Chief descends amain,
Increas'd with gore, and swelling with the slain.
Then, murm'ring from his beds, he boils, he raves,
And a foam whitens on the purple waves:
At ev'ry step, before Achilles stood
The crimson surge, and deluged him with blood.
Fear touch'd the Queen of Heav'n: she saw dismay'd,
She call'd aloud, and summon'd Vulcan's aid.
'Rise to the war! th' insulting Flood requires
Thy wasteful arm: assemble all thy fires!
While to their aid, by our command enjoin'd,
Rush the swift eastern and the western wind:
These from old ocean at my word shall blow,
Pour the red torrent on the wat'ry foe,
Corses and arms to one bright ruin turn,
And hissing rivers to their bottoms burn.
Go, mighty in thy rage! display thy power;
Drink the whole flood, the crackling trees devour;
Scorch all the banks! and (till our voice reclaim)
Exert th' unwearied furies of the flame!'
The Power Ignipotent her word obeys:
Wide o'er the plain he pours the boundless blaze;
At once consumes the dead, and dries the soil;
And the shrunk waters in their channel boil.
As when autumnal Boreas sweeps the sky,
And instant blows the water'd gardens dry:
So look'd the field, so whiten'd was the ground,
While Vulcan breathed the fiery blast around.
Swift on the sedgy reeds the ruin preys;
Along the margin winds the running blaze:
The trees in flaming rows to ashes turn,
The flow'ry lotos and the tam'risk burn,
Broad elm, and cypress rising in a spire;
The wat'ry willows hiss before the fire.
Now glow the waves, the fishes pant for breath:
The eels lie twisting in the pangs of death:
Now flounce aloft, now dive the scaly fry,
Or gasping, turn their bellies to the sky.
At length the River rear'd his languid head,
And thus, short panting, to the God he said:
'Oh Vulcan! oh! what Power resists thy might?
I faint, I sink, unequal to the fight ——
I yield — let Ilion fall; if Fate decree ——
Ah bend no more thy fiery arms on me!'
He ceas'd; while, conflagration blazing round,
The bubbling waters yield a hissing sound.
As when the flames beneath a caldron rise,
To melt the fat of some rich sacrifice,
Amid the fierce embrace of circling fires
The waters foam, the heavy smoke aspires:
So boils th' imprison'd flood, forbid to flow,
And, choked with vapours, feels his bottom glow.
To Juno then, imperial Queen of Air,
The burning River sends his earnest prayer:
'Ah why, Saturnia! must thy son engage
Me, only me, with all his wasteful rage?
On other Gods his dreadful arm employ,
For mightier Gods assert the cause of Troy.
Submissive I desist, if thou command,
But ah! withdraw this all-destroying hand.
Hear then my solemn oath, to yield to Fate
Unaided Ilion, and her destin'd state,

Till Greece shall gird her with destructive flame,
And in one ruin sink the Trojan name.'
His warm entreaty touch'd Saturnia's ear:
She bade th' Ignipotent his rage forbear,
Recall the flame, nor in a mortal cause
Infest a God: th' obedient flame withdraws:
Again, the branching streams begin to spread,
And soft re-murmur in their wonted bed.
While these by Juno's will the strife resign,
The warring Gods in fierce contention join:
Rekindling rage each heav'nly breast alarms;
With horrid clangour shock th' ethereal arms:
Heav'n in loud thunder bids the trumpet sound;
And wide beneath them groans the rending ground.
Jove, as his sport, the dreadful scene descries,
And views contending Gods with careless eyes.
The Power of Battles lifts his brazen spear,
And first assaults the radiant Queen of War.
'What mov'd thy madness, thus to disunite
Ethereal minds, and mix all Heav'n in fight?
What wonder this, when in thy frantic mood
Thou drovest a mortal to insult a God?
Thy impious hand Tydides' jav'lin bore,
And madly bathed it in celestial gore.'
He spoke, and smote the loud-resounding shield,
Which bears Jove's thunder on its dreadful field;
The adamantine ægis of her sire,
That turns the glancing bolt, and forked fire.
Then heav'd the Goddess in her mighty hand
A stone, the limit of the neighb'ring land,
There fix'd from eldest times; black, craggy, vast.
This at the heav'nly homicide she cast.
Thund'ring he falls; a mass of monstrous size,
And sev'n broad acres covers as he lies.
The stunning stroke his stubborn nerves unbound;
Loud o'er the fields his ringing arms resound:
The scornful Dame her conquest views with smiles,
And, glorying, thus the prostrate God reviles:
'Hast thou not yet, insatiate fury! known
How far Minerva's force transcends thy own?
Juno, whom thou rebellious dar'st withstand,
Corrects thy folly thus by Pallas' hand;
Thus meets thy broken faith with just disgrace,
And partial aid to Troy's perfidious race.'
The Goddess spoke, and turn'd her eyes away,
That, beaming round, diffused celestial day.
Jove's Cyprian daughter, stooping on the land,
Lent to the wounded God her tender hand:
Slowly he rises, scarcely breathes with pain,
And propt on her fair arm forsakes the plain:
This the bright Empress of the Heav'ns survey'd,
And scoffing thus to War's victorious Maid:
'Lo, what an aid on Mars's side is seen!
The smiles' and loves' unconquerable Queen!
Mark with what insolence, in open view,
She moves: let Pallas, if she dares, pursue.'
Minerva smiling heard, the pair o'ertook,
And slightly on her breast the wanton struck:
She, unresisting, fell (her spirits fled);
On earth together lay the lovers spread.
'And like these heroes, be the fate of all'
(Minerva cries) 'who guard the Trojan wall!
To Grecian Gods such let the Phrygian be,
So dread, so fierce, as Venus is to me;
Then from the lowest stone shall Troy be mov'd:'
Thus she, and Juno with a smile approv'd.
Meantime, to mix in more than mortal fight,
The God of Ocean dares the God of Light.

'What sloth has seiz'd us, when the fields around
Ring with conflicting Powers, and Heav'n returns the sound?
Shall, ignominious, we with shame retire,
No deed perform'd, to our Olympian sire?
Come, prove thy arm! for first the war to wage,
Suits not my greatness, or superior age;
Rash as thou art, to prop the Trojan throne
(Forgetful of my wrongs, and of thy own),
And guard the race of proud Laomedon!
Hast thou forgot, how, at the Monarch's prayer,
We shared the lengthen'd labours of a year?
Troy's walls I rais'd (for such were Jove's commands),
And yon proud bulwarks grew beneath my hands;
Thy task it was to feed the bell'wing droves
Along fair Ida's vales, and pendent groves.
But when the circling seasons in their train
Brought back the grateful day that crown'd our pain;
With menace stern the fraudful King defied
Our latent Godhead, and the prize denied:
Mad as he was, he threaten'd servile bands,
And doom'd us exiles far in barb'rous lands.
Incens'd, we heavenward fled with swiftest wing,
And destin'd vengeance on the perjur'd King.
Dost thou, for this, afford proud Ilion grace,
And not, like us, infest the faithless race?
Like us, their present, future sons destroy,
And from its deep foundations heave their Troy?'

Apollo thus: 'To combat for mankind
Ill suits the wisdom of celestial mind:
For what is man? Calamitous by birth,
They owe their life and nourishment to earth:
Like yearly leaves, that now, with beauty crown'd,
Smile on the sun; now, wither on the ground;
To their own hands commit the frantic scene,
Nor mix Immortals in a cause so mean.'

Then turns his face, far beaming heav'nly fires,
And from the senior Power submiss retires;
Him, thus retreating, Artemis upbraids,
The quiver'd Huntress of the sylvan Shades:
'And is it thus the youthful Phœbus flies,
And yields to Ocean's hoary Sire the prize?
How vain that martial pomp, and dreadful show
Of pointed arrows, and the silver bow!
Now boast no more in yon celestial bower,
Thy force can match the great earth-shaking Power.'
Silent he heard the Queen of Woods upbraid:
Not so Saturnia bore the vaunting maid;
But furious thus: 'What insolence has driv'n
Thy pride to face the Majesty of Heav'n?
What tho' by Jove the female plague design'd,
Fierce to the feeble race of womankind,
The wretched matron feels thy piercing dart;
Thy sex's tyrant, with a tiger's heart?
What tho', tremendous in the woodland chase,
Thy certain arrows pierce the savage race?
How dares thy rashness on the Powers divine
Employ those arms, or match thy force with mine?
Learn hence, no more unequal war to wage'—
She said, and seiz'd her wrists with eager rage;
These in her left hand lock'd, her right untied
The bow, the quiver, and its plumy pride.
About her temples flies the busy bow;
Now here, now there, she winds her from the blow;
The scatt'ring arrows, rattling from the case,
Drop round, and idly mark the dusty place.
Swift from the field the baffled huntress flies,
And scarce restrains the torrent in her eyes:
So when the falcon wings her way above
To the cleft cavern speeds the gentle dove

(Not fated yet to die), there safe retreats,
Yet still her heart against the marble beats.
To her Latona hastes with tender care;
Whom Hermes viewing thus declines the war:
'How shall I face the Dame who gives delight
To him whose thunders blacken Heav'n with night?
Go, matchless Goddess! triumph in the skies,
And boast my conquest, while I yield the prize.'
He spoke, and pass'd: Latona, stooping low,
Collects the scatter'd shafts, and fallen bow,
That, glitt'ring on the dust, lay here and there;
Dishonour'd relics of Diana's war.
Then swift pursued her to her blest abode,
Where, all confused, she sought the sov'reign God;
Weeping she grasp'd his knees: th' ambrosial vest
Shook with her sighs, and panted on her breast.
The Sire superior smiled; and bade her shew
What heav'nly hand had caus'd his daughter's woe?
Abash'd she names his own imperial spouse;
And the pale cresent fades upon her brows.
Thus they above; while, swiftly gliding down,
Apollo enters Ilion's sacred town:
The guardian God now trembled for her wall,
And fear'd the Greeks, tho' Fate forbade her fall.
Back to Olympus, from the war's alarms,
Return the shining bands of Gods in arms;
Some proud in triumph, some with rage on fire;
And take their thrones around th' ethereal Sire.
Thro' blood, thro' death, Achilles still proceeds,
O'er slaughter'd heroes, and o'er rolling steeds.
As when avenging flames, with fury driv'n,
On guilty towns exert the wrath of Heav'n;
The pale inhabitants, some fall, some fly;
And the red vapours purple all the sky:
So raged Achilles: death, and dire dismay,
And toils, and terror, fill'd the dreadful day.
High on a turret hoary Priam stands,
And marks the waste of his destructive hands;
Views, from his arm, the Trojans' scatter'd flight,
And the near hero rising on his sight.
No stop, no check, no aid! With feeble pace,
And settled sorrow on his aged face,
Fast as he could, he sighing quits the walls!
And thus, descending, on the guards he calls:
'You, to whose care our city gates belong,
Set wide your portals to the flying throng.
For lo! he comes, with unresisted sway;
He comes, and desolation marks his way!
But when within the walls our troops take breath,
Lock fast the brazen bars, and shut out death.'
Thus charged the rev'rend Monarch: wide were flung
The opening folds! the sounding hinges rung.
Phœbus rush'd forth, the flying bands to meet,
Struck slaughter back, and cover'd the retreat.
On heaps the Trojans crowd to gain the gate,
And gladsome see their last escape from Fate:
Thither, all parch'd with thirst, a heartless train,
Hoary with dust, they beat the hollow plain;
And gasping, panting, fainting, labour on
With heavier strides, that lengthen tow'rd the town.
Enraged Achilles follows with his spear;
Wild with revenge, insatiable of war.
Then had the Greeks eternal praise acquired,
And Troy inglorious to her walls retired;
But he, the God who darts ethereal flame,
Shot down to save her, and redeem her fame.
To young Agenor force divine he gave
(Antenor's offspring, haughty, bold, and brave):

In aid of him, beside the beech he sat,
And, wrapt in clouds, restrain'd the hand of Fate.
When now the gen'rous youth Achilles spies,
Thick beats his heart, the troubled motions rise
(So, ere a storm, the waters heave and roll):
He stops, and questions thus his mighty soul:
'What! shall I fly this terror of the plain?
Like others fly, and be like others slain?
Vain hope! to shun him by the self-same road
Yon line of slaughter'd Trojans lately trod.
No: with the common heap I scorn to fall —
What if they pass'd me to the Trojan wall,
While I decline to yonder path that leads
To Ida's forests and surrounding shades?
So may I reach, conceal'd, the cooling flood,
From my tired body wash the dirt and blood,
And, soon as Night her dusky veil extends,
Return in safety to my Trojan friends.
What if — ? But wherefore all this vain debate?
Stand I to doubt within the reach of Fate?
Ev'n now perhaps, ere yet I turn the wall,
The fierce Achilles sees me, and I fall:
Such is his swiftness, 't is in vain to fly,
And such his valour, that who stands must die.
Howe'er 't is better, fighting for the state,
Here, and in public view, to meet my fate.
Yet sure he too is mortal; he may feel
(Like all the sons of earth) the force of steel:
One only soul informs that dreadful frame;
And Jove's sole favour gives him all his fame.'
He said, and stood, collected in his might;
And all his beating bosom claim'd the fight.
So from some deep-grown wood a panther starts,
Rous'd from his thicket by a storm of darts:
Untaught to fear or fly, he hears the sounds
Of shouting hunters, and of clam'rous hounds;
Tho' struck, tho' wounded, scarce perceives the pain,
And the barb'd jav'lin stings his breast in vain;
On their whole war, untamed the savage flies;
And tears his hunter, or beneath him dies.
Not less resolv'd Antenor's valiant heir
Confronts Achilles, and awaits the war,
Disdainful of retreat: high-held before,
His shield (a broad circumference) he bore;
Then, graceful as he stood, in act to throw
The lifted jav'lin, thus bespoke the foe:
'How proud Achilles glories in his fame!
And hopes this day to sink the Trojan name
Beneath her ruins! Know, that hope is vain;
A thousand woes, a thousand toils, remain.
Parents and children our just arms employ,
And strong, and many, are the sons of Troy:
Great as thou art, ev'n thou may'st stain with gore
These Phrygian fields, and press a foreign shore.'
He said; with matchless force the jav'lin flung
Smote on his knee, the hollow cuishes rung
Beneath the pointed steel; but safe from harms
He stands impassive in th' ethereal arms.
Then, fiercely rushing on the daring foe,
His lifted arm prepares the fatal blow;
But, jealous of his fame, Apollo shrouds
The godlike Trojan in a veil of clouds:
Safe from pursuit, and shut from mortal view,
Dismiss'd with fame, the favour'd youth withdrew.
Meanwhile the God, to cover their escape,
Assumes Agenor's habit, voice, and shape,
Flies from the furious Chief in this disguise;
The furious Chief still follows where he flies.
Now o'er the fields they stretch with lengthen'd strides,
Now urge the course where swift Scamander glides:
The God, now distant scarce a stride before,
Tempts his pursuit, and wheels about the shore,

While all the flying troops their speed employ,
And pour on heaps into the walls of Troy:
No stop, no stay: no thought to ask or tell,
Who 'scaped by flight, or who by battle fell.
'T was tumult all, and violence of flight;
And sudden joy confused, and mix'd affright:
Pale Troy against Achilles shuts her gate;
And nations breathe, deliver'd from their Fate.

BOOK XXII

THE DEATH OF HECTOR

THE ARGUMENT

The Trojans being safe within the walls, Hector only stays to oppose Achilles. Priam is struck at his approach, and tries to persuade his son to re-enter the town. Hecuba joins her entreaties, but in vain. Hector consults within himself what measures to take; but, at the advance of Achilles, his resolution fails him, and he flies: Achilles pursues him thrice round the walls of Troy. The Gods debate concerning the fate of Hector; at length Minerva descends to the aid of Achilles. She deludes Hector in the shape of Deïphobus; he stands the combat, and is slain. Achilles drags the dead body at his chariot, in the sight of Priam and Hecuba. Their lamentations, tears, and despair. Their cries reach the ears of Andromache, who, ignorant of this, was retired into the inner part of the palace; she mounts up to the walls, and beholds her dead husband. She swoons at the spectacle. Her excess of grief and lamentation.

The thirtieth day still continues. The scene lies under the walls, and on the battlements of Troy.

Thus to their bulwarks, smit with panic fear,
The herded Ilians rush like driven deer;
There safe, they wipe the briny drops away,
And drown in bowls the labours of the day.
Close to the walls, advancing o'er the fields,
Beneath one roof of well-compacted shields,
March, bending on, the Greeks' embodied powers,
Far-stretching in the shade of Trojan towers.
Great Hector singly stay'd; chain'd down by Fate,
There fix'd he stood before the Scæan gate;
Still his bold arms determin'd to employ,
The guardian still of long-defended Troy.
Apollo now to tired Achilles turns
(The Power confess'd in all his glory burns),
'And what' (he cries) 'has Peleus' son in view,
With mortal speed a Godhead to pursue?
For not to thee to know the Gods is giv'n,
Unskill'd to trace the latent marks of Heav'n.
What boots thee now, that Troy forsook the plain?
Vain thy past labour, and thy present vain:
Safe in their walls are now her troops bestow'd,
While here thy frantic rage attacks a God.'
The Chief incens'd: 'Too partial God of Day!
To check my conquest in the middle way:
How few in Ilion else had refuge found!
What gasping numbers now had bit the ground!
Thou robb'st me of a glory justly mine,
Powerful of Godhead, and of fraud divine:
Mean fame, alas! for one of heav'nly strain,
To cheat a mortal who repines in vain.'
Then to the city, terrible and strong,
With high and haughty steps he tower'd along:
So the proud courser, victor of the prize,
To the near goal with double ardour flies.
Him, as he blazing shot across the field,
The careful eyes of Priam first beheld.
Not half so dreadful rises to the sight,
Thro' the thick gloom of some tempestuous night,
Orion's dog (the year when autumn weighs),
And o'er the feebler stars exerts his rays;
Terrific glory! for his burning breath
Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death.
So flamed his fiery mail. Then wept the sage:
He strikes his rev'rend head, now white with age;

He lifts his wither'd arms; obtests the skies;
He calls his much-lov'd son with feeble cries:
The son, resolv'd Achilles' force to dare,
Full at the Scæan gate expects the war:
While the sad father on the rampart stands,
And thus adjures him with extended hands:
'Ah stay not, stay not! guardless and alone;
Hector, my lov'd, my dearest, bravest son!
Methinks already I behold thee slain,
And stretch'd beneath that fury of the plain.
Implacable Achilles! might'st thou be
To all the Gods no dearer than to me!
Thee, vultures wild should scatter round the shore,
And bloody dogs grow fiercer from thy gore!
How many valiant sons I late enjoy'd,
Valiant in vain! by thy curs'd arm destroy'd:
Or, worse than slaughter'd, sold in distant isles
To shameful bondage and unworthy toils.
Two, while I speak, my eyes in vain explore,
Two from one mother sprung, my Polydore
And loved Lycaon; now perhaps no more!
Oh! if in yonder hostile camp they live,
What heaps of gold, what treasures would I give!
(Their grandsire's wealth, by right of birth their own,
Consign'd his daughter with Lelegia's throne):
But if (which Heav'n forbid) already lost,
All pale they wander on the Stygian coast,
What sorrows then must their sad mother know,
What anguish I! unutterable woe!
Yet less that anguish, less to her, to me,
Less to all Troy, if not deprived of thee.
Yet shun Achilles! enter yet the wall;
And spare thyself, thy father, spare us all!
Save thy dear life: or if a soul so brave
Neglect that thought, thy dearer glory save.
Pity, while yet I live, these silver hairs;
While yet thy father feels the woes he bears,
Yet curs'd with sense! a wretch, whom in his rage
(All trembling on the verge of helpless age)
Great Jove has placed, sad spectacle of pain!
The bitter dregs of fortune's cup to drain:
To fill with scenes of death his closing eyes,
And number all his days by miseries!
My heroes slain, my bridal bed o'erturn'd,
My daughters ravish'd, and my city burn'd,
My bleeding infants dash'd against the floor;
These I have yet to see, perhaps yet more!
Perhaps ev'n I, reserv'd by angry Fate
The last sad relic of my ruin'd state
(Dire pomp of sovereign wretchedness!), must fall
And stain the pavement of my regal hall;
Where famish'd dogs, late guardians of my door,
Shall lick their mangled master's spatter'd gore.
Yet for my sons I thank ye, Gods! 't was well:
Well have they perish'd, for in fight they fell.
Who dies in youth and vigour, dies the best,
Struck thro' with wounds, all honest on the breast.
But when the Fates, in fulness of their rage,
Spurn the hoar head of unresisting age,
In dust the rev'rend lineaments deform,
And pour to dogs the life-blood scarcely warm;
This, this is misery! the last, the worst,
That man can feel: man, fated to be curs'd!'
He said, and acting what no words could say,
Rent from his head the silver locks away.
With him the mournful mother bears a part:
Yet all their sorrows turn not Hector's heart:
The zone unbraced, her bosom she display'd;
And thus, fast-falling the salt tears, she said:
'Have mercy on me, O my son! revere
The words of age; attend a parent's prayer!
If ever thee in these fond arms I press'd,
Or still'd thy infant clamours at this breast;
Ah! do not thus our helpless years forego,
But, by our walls secured, repel the foe.

Against his rage if singly thou proceed,
Should'st thou (but Heav'n avert it!) should'st thou bleed,
Nor must thy corse lie honour'd on the bier,
Nor spouse, nor mother, grace thee with a tear;
Far from our pious rites, those dear remains
Must feast the vultures on the naked plains.'
So they, while down their cheeks the torrents roll:
But fix'd remains the purpose of his soul;
Resolv'd he stands, and with a fiery glance
Expects the hero's terrible advance.
So, roll'd up in his den, the swelling snake
Beholds the traveller approach the brake;
When, fed with noxious herbs, his turgid veins
Have gather'd half the poisons of the plains;
He burns, he stiffens with collected ire,
And his red eyeballs glare with living fire.
Beneath a turret, on his shield reclin'd,
He stood, and question'd thus his mighty mind:
'Where lies my way? To enter in the wall?
Honour and shame th' ungen'rous thought recall:
Shall proud Polydamas before the gate
Proclaim, his counsels are obey'd too late,
Which timely follow'd but the former night,
What numbers had been saved by Hector's flight?
That wise advice rejected with disdain,
I feel my folly in my people slain.
Methinks my suff'ring country's voice I hear,
But most, her worthless sons insult my ear,
On my rash courage charge the chance of war,
And blame those virtues which they cannot share.
No — If I e'er return, return I must
Glorious, my country's terror laid in dust:
Or if I perish, let her see my fall
In field at least, and fighting for her wall.
And yet suppose these measures I forego,
Approach unarm'd, and parley with the foe,
The warrior-shield, the helm, and lance lay down,
And treat on terms of peace to save the town:
The wife withheld, the treasure ill-detain'd
(Cause of the war, and grievance of the land),
With honourable justice to restore;
And add half Ilion's yet remaining store,
Which Troy shall, sworn, produce; that injur'd Greece
May share our wealth, and leave our walls in peace.
But why this thought? unarm'd if I should go,
What hope of mercy from this vengeful foe,
But woman-like to fall, and fall without a blow?
We greet not here, as man conversing man,
Met at an oak, or journeying o'er a plain;
No season now for calm, familiar talk,
Like youths and maidens in an ev'ning walk:
War is our business, but to whom is giv'n
To die or triumph, that determine Heav'n!'
Thus pond'ring, like a God the Greek drew nigh:
His dreadful plumage nodded from on high;
The Pelian jav'lin, in his better hand,
Shot trembling rays that glitter'd o'er the land;
And on his breast the beamy splendours shone
Like Jove's own lightning, or the rising sun.
As Hector sees, unusual terrors rise,
Struck by some God, he fears, recedes, and flies:
He leaves the gates, he leaves the walls behind;
Achilles follows like the winged wind.
Thus at the panting dove the falcon flies
(The swiftest racer of the liquid skies);
Just when he holds, or thinks he holds, his prey,
Obliquely wheeling thro' th' aërial way,
With open beak and shrilling cries he springs,
And aims his claws, and shoots upon his wings:

No less fore-right the rapid chase they held,
One urged by fury, one by fear impell'd;
Now circling round the walls their course maintain,
Where the high watch-tower overlooks the plain;
Now where the fig-trees spread their umbrage broad
(A wider compass), smoke along the road.
Next by Scamander's double source they bound,
Where two famed fountains burst the parted ground:
This hot thro' scorching clefts is seen to rise,
With exhalations steaming to the skies;
That the green banks in summer's heat o'erflows,
Like crystal clear, and cold as winter snows.
Each gushing fount a marble cistern fills,
Whose polish'd bed receives the falling rills;
Where Trojan dames (ere yet alarm'd by Greece)
Wash'd their fair garments in the days of peace.
By these they pass'd, one chasing, one in flight
(The mighty fled, pursued by stronger might);
Swift was the course; no vulgar prize they play,
No vulgar victim must reward the day
(Such as in races crown the speedy strife);
The prize contended was great Hector's life.
As when some hero's funerals are decreed,
In grateful honour of the mighty dead;
Where high rewards the vig'rous youth inflame
(Some golden tripod, or some lovely dame),
The panting coursers swiftly turn the goal,
And with them turns the rais'd spectator's soul:
Thus three times round the Trojan wall they fly;
The gazing Gods lean forward from the sky:
To whom, while eager on the chase they look,
The Sire of mortals and immortals spoke:

'Unworthy sight! the man, belov'd of Heav'n,
Behold, inglorious round yon city driv'n!
My heart partakes the gen'rous Hector's pain;
Hector, whose zeal whole hecatombs has slain,
Whose grateful fumes the Gods receiv'd with joy,
From Ida's summits, and the towers of Troy:
Now see him flying! to his fears resign'd,
And Fate, and fierce Achilles, close behind.
Consult, ye Powers ('t is worthy your debate)
Whether to snatch him from impending Fate,
Or let him bear, by stern Pelides slain
(Good as he is), the lot imposed on man?'
Then Pallas thus: 'Shall he whose vengeance forms
The forky bolt, and blackens Heav'n with storms,
Shall he prolong one Trojan's forfeit breath,
A man a mortal, pre-ordain'd to death?
And will no murmurs fill the courts above?
No Gods indignant blame their partial Jove?'
'Go then' (return'd the Sire), 'without delay;
Exert thy will: I give the Fates their way.'
Swift at the mandate pleas'd Tritonia flies,
And stoops impetuous from the cleaving skies.
As thro' the forest, o'er the vale and lawn,
The well-breathed beagle drives the flying fawn;
In vain he tries the covert of the brakes,
Or deep beneath the trembling thicket shakes:
Sure of the vapour in the tainted dews,
The certain hound his various maze pursues:
Thus step by step, where'er the Trojan wheel'd,
There swift Achilles compass'd round the field.
Oft as to reach the Dardan gates he bends,
And hopes th' assistance of his pitying friends

(Whose show'ring arrows, as he cours'd below,
From the high turrets might oppress the foe),
So oft Achilles turns him to the plain:
He eyes the city, but he eyes in vain.
As men in slumbers seem with speedy pace
One to pursue, and one to lead the chase,
Their sinking limbs the fancied course forsake,
Nor this can fly, nor that can overtake:
No less the lab'ring heroes pant and strain;
While that but flies, and this pursues, in vain.
What God, O Muse! assisted Hector's force,
With Fate itself so long to hold the course?
Phœbus it was: who, in his latest hour,
Endued his knees with strength, his nerves with power;
And great Achilles, lest some Greek's advance
Should snatch the glory from his lifted lance,
Sign'd to the troops, to yield his foe the way,
And leave untouch'd the honours of the day.
Jove lifts the golden balances, that show
The fates of mortal men, and things below:
Here each contending hero's lot he tries,
And weighs, with equal hand, their destinies.
Low sinks the scale surcharg'd with Hector's fate;
Heavy with death it sinks, and Hell receives the weight.
Then Phœbus left him. Fierce Minerva flies
To stern Pelides, and, triumphing, cries:
'Oh lov'd of Jove! this day our labours cease,
And conquest blazes with full beams on Greece.
Great Hector falls; that Hector famed so far,
Drunk with renown, insatiable of war,
Falls by thy hand, and mine! nor force nor flight
Shall more avail him, nor his God of Light.
See, where in vain he supplicates above,
Roll'd at the feet of unrelenting Jove!
Rest here: myself will lead the Trojan on,
And urge to meet the fate he cannot shun.'
Her voice divine the Chief with joyful mind
Obey'd, and rested, on his lance reclin'd.
While like Deïphobus the Martial Dame
(Her face, her gesture, and her arms, the same),
In show an aid, by hapless Hector's side
Approach'd, and greets him thus with voice belied:
'Too long, O Hector! have I borne the sight
Of this distress, and sorrow'd in thy flight:
It fits us now a noble stand to make,
And here, as brothers, equal fates partake.'
Then he: 'O Prince! allied in blood and fame,
Dearer than all that own a brother's name;
Of all that Hecuba to Priam bore,
Long tried, long lov'd; much lov'd, but honour'd more!
Since you of all our numerous race alone
Defend my life, regardless of your own.'
Again the Goddess: 'Much my father's prayer,
And much my mother's, press'd me to forbear:
My friends embraced my knees, adjured my stay,
But stronger love impell'd, and I obey.
Come then, the glorious conflict let us try,
Let the steel sparkle and the jav'lin fly;
Or let us stretch Achilles on the field,
Or to his arm our bloody trophies yield.'
Fraudful she said; then swiftly march'd before;
The Dardan hero shuns his foe no more.
Sternly they met. The silence Hector broke;
His dreadful plumage nodded as he spoke:
'Enough, O son of Peleus! Troy has view'd
Her walls thrice circled, and her Chief pursued.
But now some God within me bids me try
Thine, or my fate: I kill thee, or I die.
Yet on the verge of battle let us stay,
And for a moment's space suspend the day:
Let Heav'n's high Powers be call'd to arbitrate
The just conditions of this stern debate
(Eternal witnesses of all below,
And faithful guardians of the treasured vow)!

To them I swear: if, victor in the strife,
Jove by these hands shall shed thy noble life,
No vile dishonour shall thy corse pursue;
Stripp'd of its arms alone (the conqueror's due),
The rest to Greece uninjur'd I 'll restore:
Now plight thy mutual oath, I ask no more.'
'Talk not of oaths' (the dreadful Chief replies,
While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes),
'Detested as thou art, and ought to be,
Nor oath nor pact Achilles plights with thee;
Such pacts, as lambs and rabid wolves combine,
Such leagues, as men and furious lions join,
To such I call the Gods! one constant state
Of lasting rancour and eternal hate:
No thought but rage, and never-ceasing strife,
Till death extinguish rage, and thought, and life.
Rouse then thy forces this important hour,
Collect thy soul, and call forth all thy power.
No farther subterfuge, no farther chance;
'T is Pallas, Pallas gives thee to my lance.
Each Grecian ghost by thee deprived of breath,
Now hovers round, and calls thee to thy death.'
He spoke, and launch'd his jav'lin at the foe;
But Hector shunn'd the meditated blow:
He stoop'd, while o'er his head the flying spear
Sung innocent, and spent its force in air.
Minerva watch'd it falling on the land,
Then drew, and gave to great Achilles' hand,
Unseen of Hector, who, elate with joy,
Now shakes his lance, and braves the dread of Troy:
'The life you boasted to that jav'lin giv'n,
Prince! you have miss'd. My fate depends on Heav'n.
To thee (presumptuous as thou art) unknown
Or what must prove my fortune, or thy own.
Boasting is but an art, our fears to blind,
And with false terrors sink another's mind.
But know, whatever fate I am to try,
By no dishonest wound shall Hector die;
I shall not fall a fugitive at least,
My soul shall bravely issue from my breast.
But first, try thou my arm; and may this dart
End all my country's woes, deep buried in thy heart!'
The weapon flew, its course unerring held;
Unerring, but the heav'nly shield repell'd
The mortal dart; resulting with a bound
From off the ringing orb, it struck the ground.
Hector beheld his jav'lin fall in vain,
Nor other lance nor other hope remain;
He calls Deïphobus, demands a spear,
In vain, for no Deïphobus was there.
All comfortless he stands: then, with a sigh,
'T is so — Heav'n wills it, and my hour is nigh!
I deem'd Deïphobus had heard my call,
But he secure lies guarded in the wall.
A God deceiv'd me; Pallas, 't was thy deed:
Death and black Fate approach! 't is I must bleed:
No refuge now, no succour from above,
Great Jove deserts me, and the son of Jove,
Propitious once, and kind! Then welcome Fate!
'T is true I perish, yet I perish great:
Yet in a mighty deed I shall expire,
Let future ages hear it, and admire!'
Fierce, at the word, his weighty sword he drew,
And, all collected, on Achilles flew.
So Jove's bold bird, high balanc'd in the air,
Stoops from the clouds to truss the quiv'ring hare.
Nor less Achilles his fierce soul prepares;
Before his breast the flaming shield he bears,
Refulgent orb! above his fourfold cone
The gilded horse-hair sparkled in the sun,
Nodding at ev'ry step (Vulcanian frame)!
And as he mov'd, his figure seem'd on flame.
As radiant Hesper shines with keener light,
Far-beaming o'er the silver host of night,

When all the starry train emblaze the sphere:
So shone the point of great Achilles' spear.
In his right hand he waves the weapon round,
Eyes the whole man, and meditates the wound:
But the rich mail Patroclus lately wore,
Securely cased the warrior's body o'er.
One place at length he spies, to let in Fate,
Where 'twixt the neck and throat the jointed plate
Gave entrance: thro' that penetrable part
Furious he drove the well-directed dart:
Nor pierc'd the windpipe yet, nor took the power
Of speech, unhappy! from thy dying hour.
Prone on the field the bleeding warrior lies,
While thus, triumphing, stern Achilles cries:
'At last is Hector stretch'd upon the plain,
Who fear'd no vengeance for Patroclus slain:
Then, Prince! you should have fear'd, what now you feel;
Achilles absent was Achilles still.
Yet a short space the great avenger stay'd,
Then low in dust thy strength and glory laid.
Peaceful he sleeps, with all our rites adorn'd,
For ever honour'd, and for ever mourn'd:
While, cast to all the rage of hostile power,
Thee birds shall mangle, and thee dogs devour.'
Then Hector, fainting at th' approach of death:
'By thy own soul! by those who gave thee breath!
By all the sacred prevalence of prayer;
Ah, leave me not for Grecian dogs to tear!
The common rites of sepulture bestow,
To soothe a father's and a mother's woe;
Let their large gifts procure an urn at least,
And Hector's ashes in his country rest.'
'No, wretch accurs'd!' relentless he replies
(Flames, as he spoke, shot flashing from his eyes),
'Not those who gave me breath should bid me spare,
Nor all the sacred prevalence of prayer.
Could I myself the bloody banquet join!
No—to the dogs that carcass I resign.
Should Troy to bribe me bring forth all her store,
And, giving thousands, offer thousands more;
Should Dardan Priam, and his weeping dame,
Drain their whole realm to buy one funeral flame;
Their Hector on the pile they should not see,
Nor rob the vultures of one limb of thee.'
Then thus the Chief his dying accents drew:
'Thy rage, implacable! too well I knew:
The Furies that relentless breast have steel'd,
And curs'd thee with a heart that cannot yield.
Yet think, a day will come, when Fate's decree
And angry Gods shall wreak this wrong on thee;
Phœbus and Paris shall avenge my fate,
And stretch thee here, before this Scæan gate.'
He ceas'd: the Fates suppress'd his lab'ring breath,
And his eyes stiffen'd at the hand of death;
To the dark realm the spirit wings its way
(The manly body left a load of clay),
And plaintive glides along the dreary coast,
A naked, wand'ring, melancholy ghost!
Achilles, musing as he roll'd his eyes
O'er the dead hero, thus (unheard) replies:
'Die thou the first! when Jove and Heav'n ordain,
I follow thee.' He said, and stripp'd the slain.
Then, forcing backward from the gaping wound
The reeking jav'lin, cast it on the ground.
The thronging Greeks behold with wond'ring eyes
His manly beauty and superior size:
While some, ignobler, the great dead deface
With wounds ungen'rous, or with taunts disgrace.
'How changed that Hector! who, like Jove, of late
Sent lightning on our fleets and scatter'd Fate!'

High o'er the slain the great Achilles stands,
Begirt with heroes and surrounding bands;
And thus aloud, while all the host attends:
'Princes and leaders! countrymen and friends!
Since now at length the powerful will of Heav'n
The dire destroyer to our arm has giv'n,
Is not Troy fall'n already? Haste, ye Powers!
See if already their deserted towers
Are left unmann'd; or if they yet retain
The souls of heroes, their great Hector slain?
But what is Troy, or glory what to me?
Or why reflects my mind on aught but thee,
Divine Patroclus! Death has seal'd his eyes;
Unwept, unhonour'd, uninterr'd he lies!
Can his dear image from my soul depart,
Long as the vital spirit moves my heart?
If, in the melancholy shades below,
The flames of friends and lovers cease to glow,
Yet mine shall sacred last; mine, undecay'd,
Burn on thro' death, and animate my shade.
Meanwhile, ye sons of Greece, in triumph bring
The corse of Hector, and your Pæans sing.
Be this the song, slow moving tow'rd the shore,
"Hector is dead, and Ilion is no more."'
Then his fell soul a thought of vengeance bred
(Unworthy of himself, and of the dead);
The nervous ancles bored, his feet he bound
With thongs inserted thro' the double wound;
These fix'd up high behind the rolling wain,
His graceful head was trail'd along the plain.
Proud on his car th' insulting victor stood,
And bore aloft his arms, distilling blood.
He smites the steeds; the rapid chariot flies;
The sudden clouds of circling dust arise.
Now lost is all that formidable air;
The face divine, and long-descending hair,
Purple the ground, and streak the sable sand;
Deform'd, dishonour'd, in his native land!
Giv'n to the rage of an insulting throng!
And, in his parents' sight, now dragg'd along.
The mother first beheld with sad survey;
She rent her tresses, venerably grey,
And cast far off the regal veils away.
With piercing shrieks his bitter fate she moans,
While the sad father answers groans with groans;
Tears after tears his mournful cheeks o'erflow,
And the whole city wears one face of woe:
No less than if the rage of hostile fires,
From her foundations curling to her spires,
O'er the proud citadel at length should rise,
And the last blaze send Ilion to the skies.
The wretched Monarch of the falling state,
Distracted, presses to the Dardan gate:
Scarce the whole people stop his desp'rate course,
While strong affliction gives the feeble force:
Grief tears his heart, and drives him to and fro,
In all the raging impotence of woe.
At length he roll'd in dust, and thus begun,
Imploring all, and naming one by one:
'Ah! let me, let me go where sorrow calls;
I, only I, will issue from your walls
(Guide or companion, friends! I ask ye none),
And bow before the murd'rer of my son:
My grief perhaps his pity may engage;
Perhaps at least he may respect my age.
He has a father too; a man like me;
One not exempt from age and misery
(Vig'rous no more, as when his young embrace
Begot this pest of me, and all my race).
How many valiant sons, in early bloom,
Has that curs'd hand sent headlong to the tomb!
Thee, Hector! last; thy loss (divinely brave)!
Sinks my sad soul with sorrow to the grave.
Oh had thy gentle spirit pass'd in peace,
The son expiring in the sire's embrace,

While both thy parents wept thy fatal hour,
And, bending o'er thee, mix'd the tender shower!
Some comfort that had been, some sad relief,
To melt in full satiety of grief!'
Thus wail'd the father, grov'ling on the ground,
And all the eyes of Ilion stream'd around.
Amidst her matrons Hecuba appears
(A mourning Princess, and a train in tears):
'Ah! why has Heav'n prolong'd this hated breath,
Patient of horrors, to behold thy death?
O Hector! late thy parents' pride and joy,
The boast of nations! the defence of Troy!
To whom her safety and her fame she owed,
Her Chief, her hero, and almost her God!
O fatal change! become in one sad day
A senseless corse! inanimated clay!'
But not as yet the fatal news had spread
To fair Andromache, of Hector dead;
As yet no messenger had told his Fate,
Nor ev'n his stay without the Scæan gate.
Far in the close recesses of the dome
Pensive she plied the melancholy loom;
A growing work employ'd her secret hours,
Confusedly gay with intermingled flowers.
Her fair-hair'd handmaids heat the brazen urn,
The bath preparing for her lord's return:
In vain: alas! her lord returns no more!
Unbathed he lies, and bleeds along the shore!
Now from the walls the clamours reach her ear
And all her members shake with sudden fear;
Forth from her iv'ry hand the shuttle falls,
As thus, astonish'd, to her maids she calls:
'Ah, follow me' (she cried)! 'what plaintive noise
Invades my ear? 'T is sure my mother's voice.
My falt'ring knees their trembling frame desert,
A pulse unusual flutters at my heart.
Some strange disaster, some reverse of fate
(Ye Gods avert it!) threats the Trojan state.
Far be the omen which my thoughts suggest!
But much I fear my Hector's dauntless breast
Confronts Achilles; chased along the plain,
Shut from our walls! I fear, I fear him slain!
Safe in the crowd he ever scorn'd to wait,
And sought for glory in the jaws of Fate:
Perhaps that noble heat has cost his breath,
Now quench'd for ever in the arms of death.'
She spoke; and, furious, with distracted pace,
Fears in her heart, and anguish in her face,
Flies thro' the dome (the maids her step pursue),
And mounts the walls, and sends around her view.
Too soon her eyes the killing object found,
The godlike Hector dragg'd along the ground.
A sudden darkness shades her swimming eyes:
She faints, she falls; her breath, her colour, flies.
Her hair's fair ornaments, the braids that bound,
The net that held them, and the wreath that crown'd,
The veil and diadem, flew far away
(The gift of Venus on her bridal day).
Around, a train of weeping sisters stands,
To raise her sinking with assistant hands.
Scarce from the verge of death recall'd, again
She faints, or but recovers to complain:
'O wretched husband of a wretched wife!
Born with one fate, to one unhappy life!
For sure one star its baneful beam display'd
On Priam's roof, and Hippoplacia's shade.
From diff'rent parents, diff'rent climes, we came,
At diff'rent periods, yet our fate the same!
Why was my birth to great Eëtion owed,
And why was all that tender care bestow'd?
Would I had never been! — Oh thou, the ghost
Of my dead husband! miserably lost!
Thou to the dismal realms for ever gone!
And I abandon'd, desolate, alone!

An only child, once comfort of my pains,
Sad product now of hapless love, remains!
No more to smile upon his sire! no friend
To help him now! no father to defend!
For should he 'scape the sword, the common doom,
What wrongs attend him, and what griefs to come!
Ev'n from his own paternal roof expell'd,
Some stranger ploughs his patrimonial field.
The day that to the shades the father sends,
Robs the sad orphan of his father's friends:
He, wretched outcast of mankind! appears
For ever sad, for ever bathed in tears;
Amongst the happy, unregarded he
Hangs on the robe or trembles at the knee;
While those his father's former bounty fed,
Nor reach the goblet, nor divide the bread:
The kindest but his present wants allay,
To leave him wretched the succeeding day.
Frugal compassion! Heedless, they who boast
Both parents still, nor feel what he has lost,
Shall cry, Begone! thy father feasts not here:
The wretch obeys, retiring with a tear.
Thus wretched, thus retiring all in tears,
To my sad soul Astyanax appears!
Forc'd by repeated insults to return,
And to his widow'd mother vainly mourn.
He who, with tender delicacy bred,
With Princes sported, and on dainties fed,
And, when still ev'ning gave him up to rest,
Sunk soft in down upon the nurse's breast,
Must — ah what must he not? Whom Ilion calls
Astyanax, from her well-guarded walls,
Is now that name no more, unhappy boy!
Since now no more thy father guards his Troy.
But thou, my Hector! liest exposed in air,
Far from thy parents' and thy consort's care,
Whose hand in vain, directed by her love,
The martial scarf and robe of triumph wove.
Now to devouring flames be these a prey,
Useless to thee, from this accursed day!
Yet let the sacrifice at least be paid,
An honour to the living, not the dead!'

So spake the mournful dame: her matrons hear,
Sigh back her sighs, and answer tear with tear.

BOOK XXIII

FUNERAL GAMES IN HONOUR OF PATROCLUS

THE ARGUMENT

Achilles and the Myrmidons do honours to the body of Patroclus. After the funeral feast he retires to the sea-shore, where, falling asleep, the ghost of his friend appears to him, and demands the rites of burial: the next morning the soldiers are sent with mules and wagons to fetch wood for the pyre. The funeral procession, and the offering their hair to the dead. Achilles sacrifices several animals, and lastly, twelve Trojan captives, at the pile; then sets fire to it. He pays libations to the winds, which (at the instance of Iris) rise, and raise the flame. When the pile has burned all night, they gather the bones, place them in an urn of gold, and raise the tomb. Achilles institutes the funeral games: the chariot-race, the fight of the cæstus, the wrestling, the foot-race, the single combat, the discus, the shooting with arrows, the darting the javelin: the various descriptions of which, and the various success of the several antagonists, make the greatest part of the book.

In this book ends the thirtieth day: the night following, the ghost of Patroclus appears to Achilles: the one-and-thirtieth day is employed in felling the timber for the pile; the two-and-thirtieth in burning it; and the three-and-thirtieth in the games. The scene is generally on the sea-shore.

Thus humbled in the dust, the pensive train
Thro' the sad city mourn'd her hero slain.
The body soil'd with dust, and black with gore,
Lies on broad Hellespont's resounding shore:
The Grecians seek their ships, and clear the strand,
All but the martial Myrmidonian band:
These yet assembled great Achilles holds,
And the stern purpose of his mind unfolds:
'Not yet (my brave companions of the war)
Release your smoking coursers from the car;

But with his chariot each in order led,
Perform due honours to Patroclus dead;
Ere yet from rest or food we seek relief,
Some rites remain, to glut our rage of grief.'
The troops obey'd; and thrice in order led
(Achilles first) their coursers round the dead
And thrice their sorrows and laments renew;
Tears bathe their arms, and tears the sands bedew.
For such a warrior Thetis aids their woe,
Melts their strong hearts, and bids their eyes to flow.
But chief, Pelides; thick-succeeding sighs
Burst from his heart, and torrents from his eyes:
His slaught'ring hands, yet red with blood, he laid
On his dead friend's cold breast, and thus he said:
'All hail, Patroclus! let thy honour'd ghost
Hear and rejoice on Pluto's dreary coast;
Behold! Achilles' promise is complete;
The bloody Hector stretch'd before thy feet.
Lo! to the dogs his carcass I resign;
And twelve sad victims of the Trojan line,
Sacred to vengeance, instant shall expire,
Their lives effused around thy funeral pyre.'
Gloomy he said, and (horrible to view)
Before the bier the bleeding Hector threw,
Prone on the dust. The Myrmidons around
Unbraced their armour, and the steeds unbound.
All to Achilles' sable ship repair,
Frequent and full, the genial feast to share.
Now from the well-fed swine black smokes aspire,
The bristly victims hissing o'er the fire;
The huge ox bell'wing falls; with feebler cries
Expires the goat; the sheep in silence dies.
Around the hero's prostrate body flow'd,
In one promiscuous stream, the reeking blood.
And now a band of Argive Monarchs brings
The glorious victor to the King of Kings.
From his dead friend the pensive warrior went,
With steps unwilling, to the regal tent.
Th' attending heralds, as by office bound,
With kindled flames the tripod-vase surround;
To cleanse his conquering hands from hostile gore,
They urged in vain; the Chief refused, and swore,
'No drop shall touch me, by Almighty Jove!
The first and greatest of the Gods above!
Till on the pyre I place thee; till I rear
The grassy mound, and clip thy sacred hair.
Some ease at least those pious rites may give,
And soothe my sorrows, while I bear to live.
Howe'er, reluctant as I am, I stay,
And share your feast; but, with the dawn of day
(O King of Men!) it claims thy royal care,
That Greece the warrior's funeral pile prepare,
And bid the forests fall (such rites are paid
To heroes slumb'ring in eternal shade).
Then, when his earthly part shall mount in fire,
Let the leagued squadrons to their posts retire.'
He spoke: they hear him, and the word obey;
The rage of hunger and of thirst allay,
Then ease in sleep the labours of the day.
But great Pelides, stretch'd along the shore,
Where dash'd on rocks the broken billows roar,
Lies inly groaning; while on either hand
The martial Myrmidons confusedly stand:
Along the grass his languid members fall,
Tired with his chase around the Trojan wall;
Hush'd by the murmurs of the rolling deep,
At length he sinks in the soft arms of sleep.
When lo! the shade before his closing eyes
Of sad Patroclus rose, or seem'd to rise:
In the same robe he living wore, he came,
In stature, voice, and pleasing look, the same.

The form familiar hover'd o'er his head,
And, 'Sleeps Achilles' (thus the phantom said),
'Sleeps my Achilles, his Patroclus dead?
Living, I seem'd his dearest, tenderest care,
But now forgot, I wander in the air:
Let my pale corse the rites of burial know,
And give me entrance in the realms below;
Till then, the spirit finds no resting-place,
But here and there th' unbodied spectres chase
The vagrant dead around the dark abode,
Forbid to cross th' irremeable flood.
Now give thy hand; for to the farther shore
When once we pass, the soul returns no more.
When once the last funereal flames ascend,
No more shall meet Achilles and his friend;
No more our thoughts to those we love make known,
Or quit the dearest to converse alone.
Me Fate has sever'd from the sons of earth,
The Fate foredoom'd that waited from my birth:
Thee too it waits; before the Trojan wall
Ev'n great and godlike thou art doom'd to fall.
Hear then; and as in Fate and love we join,
Ah, suffer that my bones may rest with thine!
Together have we liv'd, together bred,
One house receiv'd us, and one table fed!
That golden urn thy goddess-mother gave,
May mix our ashes in one common grave.'
'And is it thou?' (he answers) 'To my sight
Once more return'st thou from the realms of night?
Oh more than brother! think each office paid
Whate'er can rest a discontented shade;
But grant one last embrace, unhappy boy!
Afford at least that melancholy joy.'
He said, and with his longing arms essay'd
In vain to grasp the visionary shade;
Like a thin smoke he sees the spirit fly,
And hears a feeble, lamentable cry.
Confused he wakes; amazement breaks the bands
Of golden sleep, and, starting from the sands,
Pensive he muses with uplifted hands:
'T is true, 't is certain; man, tho' dead, retains
Part of himself; th' immortal mind remains:
The form subsists, without the body's aid,
Aërial semblance, and an empty shade!
This night, my friend, so late in battle lost,
Stood at my side a pensive, plaintive ghost;
Ev'n now familiar, as in life, he came,
Alas, how different! yet how like the same!'
Thus while he spoke, each eye grew big with tears;
And now the rosy-finger'd morn appears,
Shows every mournful face with tears o'erspread,
And glares on the pale visage of the dead.
But Agamemnon, as the rites demand,
With mules and wagons sends a chosen band
To load the timber, and the pile to rear;
A charge consign'd to Merion's faithful care.
With proper instruments they take the road,
Axes to cut, and ropes to sling the load.
First march the heavy mules, securely slow,
O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er crags, o'er rocks they go:
Jumping, high o'er the shrubs of the rough ground,
Rattle the clatt'ring cars, and the shock'd axles bound,
But when arrived at Ida's spreading woods
(Fair Ida, water'd with descending floods),
Loud sounds the axe, redoubling strokes on strokes;
On all sides round the forest hurls her oaks
Headlong. Deep-echoing groan the thickets brown;
Then rustling, crackling, crashing, thunder down:
The wood the Grecians cleave, prepared to burn;
And the slow mules the same rough road return.
The sturdy woodmen equal burthens bore
(Such charge was giv'n them) to the sandy shore;
There on the spot which great Achilles show'd,
They eas'd their shoulders and disposed the load;

Circling around the place, where times to come
Shall view Patroclus' and Achilles' tomb.
The hero bids his martial troops appear
High on their cars, in all the pomp of war:
Each in refulgent arms his limbs attires,
All mount their chariots, combatants and squires.
The chariots first proceed, a shining train;
Then clouds of foot that smoke along the plain;
Next these a melancholy band appear;
Amidst, lay dead Patroclus on the bier:
O'er all the corse their scatter'd locks they throw:
Achilles next, oppress'd with mighty woe,
Supporting with his hands the hero's head,
Bends o'er th' extended body of the dead.
Patroclus decent on th' appointed ground
They place, and heap the sylvan pile around.
But great Achilles stands apart in prayer,
And from his head divides the yellow hair;
Those curling locks which from his youth he vow'd,
And sacred grew to Sperchius' honour'd flood:
Then, sighing, to the deep his looks he cast,
And roll'd his eyes around the wat'ry waste:
'Sperchius! whose waves, in mazy errors lost,
Delightful roll along my native coast!
To whom we vainly vow'd, at our return,
These locks to fall, and hecatombs to burn;
Full fifty rams to bleed in sacrifice,
Where to the day thy silver fountains rise,
And where in shade of consecrated bowers
Thy altars stand, perfumed with native flowers!
So vow'd my father, but he vow'd in vain;
No more Achilles sees his native plain;
In that vain hope these hairs no longer grow,
Patroclus bears them to the shades below.'
Thus o'er Patroclus while the hero pray'd,
On his cold hand the sacred lock he laid.
Once more afresh the Grecian sorrows flow:
And now the sun had set upon their woe;
But to the King of Men thus spoke the Chief:
'Enough, Atrides! give the troops relief:
Permit the mourning legions to retire,
And let the Chiefs alone attend the pyre;
The pious care be ours, the dead to burn.'
He said: the people to their ships return:
While those deputed to inter the slain,
Heap with a rising pyramid the plain;
A hundred foot in length, a hundred wide,
The growing structure spreads on ev'ry side;
High on the top the manly corse they lay,
And well-fed sheep and sable oxen slay:
Achilles cover'd with their fat the dead,
And the piled victims round the body spread;
Then jars of honey and of fragrant oil
Suspends around, low-bending o'er the pile.
Four sprightly coursers, with a deadly groan,
Pour forth their lives, and on the pyre are thrown.
Of nine large dogs, domestic at his board,
Fall two, selected to attend their lord.
Then last of all, and horrible to tell,
Sad sacrifice! twelve Trojan captives fell:
On these the rage of fire victorious preys,
Involves, and joins them in one common blaze.
Smear'd with the bloody rites he stands on high,
And calls the spirit with a dreadful cry:
'All hail, Patroclus! let thy vengeful ghost
Hear and exult on Pluto's dreary coast.
Behold Achilles' promise fully paid,
Twelve Trojan heroes offer'd to thy shade;
But heavier fates on Hector's corse attend,
Saved from the flames, for hungry dogs to rend.'
So spake he, threat'ning: but the Gods made vain
His threat, and guard inviolate the slain:
Celestial Venus hover'd o'er his head,
And roseate unguents, heav'nly fragrance! shed:
She watch'd him all the night, and all the day,
And drove the bloodhounds from their destin'd prey.
Nor sacred Phœbus less employ'd his care:
He pour'd around a veil of gather'd air,
And kept the nerves undried, the flesh entire,
Against the solar beam and Sirian fire.
Nor yet the pile, where dead Patroclus lies,
Smokes, nor as yet the sullen flames arise;

But, fast beside, Achilles stood in prayer,
Invoked the Gods whose spirit moves the air,
And victims promis'd, and libations cast,
To gentle Zephyr and the Boreal blast:
He call'd th' aërial Powers, along the skies
To breathe, and whisper to the fires to rise.
The winged Iris heard the hero's call,
And instant hasten'd to their airy hall,
Where, in old Zephyr's open courts on high,
Sat all the blust'ring brethren of the sky.
She shone amidst them, on her painted bow;
The rocky pavement glitter'd with the show.
All from the banquet rise, and each invites
The various Goddess to partake the rites.
'Not so' (the Dame replied), 'I haste to go
To sacred Ocean, and the floods below;
Ev'n now our solemn hecatombs attend,
And Heav'n is feasting on the world's green end,
With righteous Æthiops (uncorrupted train)!
Far on th' extremest limits of the main.
But Peleus' son entreats, with sacrifice,
The Western spirit, and the North to rise;
Let on Patroclus' pile your blast be driv'n,
And bear the blazing honours high to Heav'n.'
Swift as the word, she vanish'd from their view:
Swift as the word, the winds tumultuous flew;
Forth burst the stormy band with thund'ring roar,
And heaps on heaps the clouds are toss'd before.
To the wide main then stooping from the skies,
The heaving deeps in wat'ry mountains rise:
Troy feels the blast along her shaking walls,
Till on the pile the gather'd tempest falls.
The structure crackles in the roaring fires,
And all the night the plenteous flame aspires:
All night Achilles hails Patroclus' soul,
With large libation from the golden bowl,
As a poor father, helpless and undone,
Mourns o'er the ashes of an only son,
Takes a sad pleasure the last bones to burn,
And pour in tears, ere yet they close the urn:
So stay'd Achilles, circling round the shore,
So watch'd the flames, till now they flame no more.
'T was when, emerging thro' the shades of night,
The morning planet told th' approach of light;
And, fast behind, Aurora's warmer ray
O'er the broad ocean pour'd the golden day:
Then sunk the blaze, the pile no longer burn'd,
And to their caves the whistling winds return'd:
Across the Thracian seas their course they bore;
The ruffled seas beneath their passage roar.
Then, parting from the pile, he ceas'd to weep,
And sunk to quiet in th' embrace of sleep,
Exhausted with his grief: meanwhile the crowd
Of thronging Grecians round Achilles stood:
The tumult waked him: from his eyes he shook
Unwilling slumber, and the Chief bespoke:
'Ye Kings and Princes of th' Achaian name!
First let us quench the yet remaining flame
With sable wine; then (as the rites direct)
The hero's bones with careful view select
(Apart, and easy to be known they lie,
Amidst the heap, and obvious to the eye:
The rest around the margins will be seen,
Promiscuous, steeds and immolated men).
These, wrapp'd in double cauls of fat, prepare;
And in the golden vase dispose with care;
There let them rest, with decent honour laid,
Till I shall follow to th' infernal shade.
Meantime erect the tomb with pious hands,
A common structure on the humble sands;
Hereafter Greece some nobler work may raise,
And late posterity record our praise.'
The Greeks obey; where yet the embers glow,
Wide o'er the pile the sable wine they throw,

And deep subsides the ashy heap below.
Next the white bones his sad companions place,
With tears collected, in the golden vase.
The sacred relics to the tent they bore;
The urn a veil of linen cover'd o'er.
That done, they bid the sepulchre aspire,
And cast the deep foundations round the pyre;
High in the midst they heap the swelling bed
Of rising earth, memorial of the dead.
The swarming populace the Chief detains,
And leads amidst a wide extent of plains;
There placed them round; then from the ships proceeds
A train of oxen, mules, and stately steeds,
Vases and tripods, for the funeral games,
Resplendent brass, and more resplendent dames.
First stood the prizes to reward the force
Of rapid racers in the dusty course:
A woman for the first, in beauty's bloom,
Skill'd in the needle, and the lab'ring loom;
And a large vase, where two bright handles rise,
Of twenty measures its capacious size.
The second victor claims a mare unbroke,
Big with a mule, unknowing of the yoke;
The third, a charger yet untouch'd by flame;
Four ample measures held the shining frame:
Two golden talents for the fourth were placed;
An ample double bowl contents the last.
These in fair order ranged upon the plain,
The hero, rising, thus address'd the train:
'Behold the prizes, valiant Greeks! decreed
To the brave rulers of the racing steed;
Prizes which none beside ourself could gain,
Should our immortal coursers take the plain
(A race unrivall'd, which from Ocean's God
Peleus receiv'd, and on his son bestow'd).
But 't is no time our vigour to display,
Nor suit with them the games of this sad day:
Lost is Patroclus now, that wont to deck
Their flowing manes, and sleek their glossy neck.
Sad, as they shared in human grief, they stand,
And trail those graceful honours on the sand!
Let others for the noble task prepare,
Who trust the courser, and the flying car.'
Fired at his word, the rival racers rise;
But, far the first, Eumelus hopes the prize;
Famed thro' Pieria for the fleetest breed,
And skill'd to manage the high-bounding steed.
With equal ardour bold Tydides swell'd,
The steeds of Tros beneath his yoke compell'd
(Which late obey'd the Dardan Chief's command,
When scarce a God redeem'd him from his hand).
Then Menelaüs his Podargus brings,
And the famed courser of the King of Kings:
Whom rich Echepolus (more rich than brave),
To 'scape the wars, to Agamemnon gave
(Æthe her name), at home to end his days,
Base wealth preferring to eternal praise.
Next him Antilochus demands the course,
With beating heart, and cheers his Pylian horse.
Experienc'd Nestor gives his son the reins,
Directs his judgment, and his heat restrains;
Nor idly warns the hoary sire, nor hears
The prudent son with unattending ears:
'My son! tho' youthful ardour fire thy breast,
The Gods have lov'd thee, and with arts have bless'd.
Neptune and Jove on thee conferr'd the skill
Swift round the goal to turn the flying wheel.
To guide thy conduct, little precept needs;
But slow, and past their vigour, are my steeds.
Fear not thy rivals, tho' for swiftness known,
Compare those rivals' judgment, and thy own:
It is not strength, but art, obtains the prize,
And to be swift is less than to be wise:
'T is more by art, than force of numerous strokes,
The dext'rous woodman shapes the stubborn oaks;

By art the pilot, thro' the boiling deep
And howling tempests, steers the fearless ship;
And 't is the artist wins the glorious course,
Not those who trust in chariots and in horse.
In vain, unskilful, to the goal they strive,
And short, or wide, th' ungovern'd courser drive:
While with sure skill, tho' with inferior steeds,
The knowing racer to his end proceeds;
Fix'd on the goal his eye fore-runs the course,
His hand unerring steers the steady horse,
And now contracts, or now extends, the rein,
Observing still the foremost on the plain.
Mark then the goal, 't is easy to be found;
You aged trunk, a cubit from the ground;
Of some once-stately oak the last remains,
Or hardy fir, unperish'd with the rains:
Enclosed with stones, conspicuous from afar,
And round, a circle for the wheeling car
(Some tomb perhaps of old, the dead to grace;
Or then, as now, the limit of a race).
Bear close to this, and warily proceed,
A little bending to the left-hand steed;
But urge the right, and give him all the reins;
While thy strict hand his fellow's head restrains,
And turns him short; till, doubling as they roll,
The wheel's round naves appear to brush the goal;
Yet (not to break the car, or lame the horse),
Clear of the stony heap direct the course;
Lest, thro' incaution failing, thou may'st be
A joy to others, a reproach to me.
So shalt thou pass the goal, secure of mind,
And leave unskilful swiftness far behind,
Tho' thy fierce rival drove the matchless steed
Which bore Adrastus, of celestial breed;
Or the famed race thro' all the regions known,
That whirl'd the car of proud Laomedon.'
Thus (nought unsaid) the much-advising sage
Concludes; then sat, stiff with unwieldy age.

Next bold Meriones was seen to rise,
The last, but not least ardent for the prize.
They mount their seats; the lots their place dispose
(Roll'd in his helmet, these Achilles throws);
Young Nestor leads the race; Eumelus then;
And next, the brother of the King of Men:
Thy lot, Meriones, the fourth was cast;
And, far the bravest, Diomed, was last.
They stand in order, an impatient train;
Pelides points the barrier on the plain,
And sends before old Phœnix to the place,
To mark the racers, and to judge the race.
At once the coursers from the barrier bound;
The lifted scourges all at once resound;
Their heart, their eyes, their voice, they send before;
And up the champaign thunder from the shore:
Thick, where they drive, the dusty clouds arise,
And the lost courser in the whirlwind flies;
Loose on their shoulders the long manes reclin'd,
Float in their speed, and dance upon the wind:
The smoking chariots, rapid as they bound,
Now seem to touch the sky, and now the ground;
While hot for Fame, and conquest all their care
(Each o'er his flying courser hung in air),
Erect with ardour, pois'd upon the rein,
They pant, they stretch, they shout along the plain:
Now (the last compass fetch'd around the goal)
At the near prize each gathers all his soul,
Each burns with double hope, with double pain
Tears up the shore, and thunders tow'rd the main.
First flew Eumelus on Pheretian steeds;
With those of Tros, bold Diomed succeeds:
Close on Eumelus' back they puff the wind,
And seem just mounting on his car behind;
Full on his neck he feels the sultry breeze,
And, hov'ring o'er, their stretching shadows sees.
Then had he lost, or left a doubtful prize;
But angry Phœbus to Tydides flies,

Strikes from his hand the scourge, and renders vain
His matchless horses' labour on the plain.
Rage fills his eye with anguish, to survey,
Snatch'd from his hope, the glories of the day.
The fraud celestial Pallas sees with pain,
Springs to her knight, and gives the scourge again,
And fills his steeds with vigour. At a stroke,
She breaks his rival's chariot from the yoke:
No more their way the startled horses held;
The car revers'd came rattling on the field;
Shot headlong from his seat, beside the wheel,
Prone on the dust th' unhappy master fell;
His batter'd face and elbows strike the ground:
Nose, mouth, and front one undistinguish'd wound:
Grief stops his voice, a torrent drowns his eyes;
Before him far the glad Tydides flies;
Minerva's spirit drives his matchless pace,
And crowns him victor of the labour'd race.
The next, tho' distant, Menelaus succeeds;
While thus young Nestor animates his steeds:
'Now, now, my gen'rous pair, exert your force;
Not that we hope to match Tydides' horse;
Since great Minerva wings their rapid way,
And gives their lord the honours of the day.
But reach Atrides! shall his mare out-go
Your swiftness? vanquish'd by a female foe?
Thro' your neglect, if, lagging on the plain,
The last ignoble gift be all we gain,
No more shall Nestor's hand your food supply;
The old man's fury rises, and ye die.
Haste then! yon narrow road before our sight
Presents th' occasion, could we use it right.'
Thus he. The coursers at their master's threat
With quicker steps the sounding champaign beat.
And now Antilochus, with nice survey,
Observes the compass of the hollow way.
'T was where by force of wintry torrents torn,
Fast by the road a precipice was worn:
Here, where but one could pass, to shun the throng,
The Spartan hero's chariot smoked along.
Close up the venturous youth resolves to keep,
Still edging near, and bears him tow'rd the steep.
Atrides, trembling, casts his eye below,
And wonders at the rashness of his foe:
'Hold, stay your steeds — what madness thus to ride
This narrow way! Take larger field' (he cried),
'Or both must fall.' Atrides cried in vain;
He flies more fast, and throws up all the rein.
Far as an able arm the disc can send,
When youthful rivals their full force extend,
So far, Antilochus! thy chariot flew
Before the King: he, cautious, backward drew
His horse compell'd; foreboding in his fears
The rattling ruin of the clashing cars,
The flound'ring coursers rolling on the plain,
And conquest lost thro' frantic haste to gain.
But thus upbraids his rival as he flies:
'Go, furious youth! ungen'rous and unwise!
Go, but expect not I'll the prize resign;
Add perjury to fraud, and make it thine.'
Then to his steeds with all his force he cries:
'Be swift, be vig'rous, and regain the prize!
Your rivals, destitute of youthful force,
With fainting knees shall labour in the course,
And yield the glory yours.' The steeds obey;
Already at their heels they wing their way,
And seem already to retrieve the day.

Meantime the Grecians in a ring beheld
The coursers bounding o'er the dusty field.
The first who mark'd them was the Cretan King;
High on a rising ground, above the ring,
The Monarch sat; from whence with sure survey
He well observ'd the Chief who led the way,
And heard from far his animating cries,
And saw the foremost steed with sharpen'd eyes;
On whose broad front a blaze of shining white,
Like the full moon, stood obvious to the sight.
He saw; and, rising, to the Greeks begun:
'Are yonder horse discern'd by me alone?
Or can ye, all, another Chief survey,
And other steeds, than lately led the way?
Those, tho' the swiftest, by some God withheld,
Lie sure disabled in the middle field:
For since the goal they doubled, round the plain
I search to find them, but I search in vain.
Perchance the reins forsook the driver's hand,
And, turn'd too short, he tumbled on the strand,
Shot from the chariot; while his coursers stray
With frantic fury from the destin'd way.
Rise then some other, and inform my sight
(For these dim eyes, perhaps, discern not right);
Yet sure he seems (to judge by shape and air)
The great Ætolian Chief, renown'd in war.'
'Old man!' (Oïleus rashly thus replies),
'Thy tongue too hastily confers the prize.
Of those who view the course, not sharpest eyed,
Nor youngest, yet the readiest to decide.
Eumelus' steeds high-bounding in the chase,
Still, as at first, unrivall'd lead the race;
I well discern him, as he shakes the rein,
And hear his shouts victorious o'er the plain.'
Thus he. Idomeneus incens'd rejoin'd:
'Barb'rous of words! and arrogant of mind!
Contentious Prince! of all the Greeks beside
The last in merit, as the first in pride!
To vile reproach what answer can we make?
A goblet or a tripod let us stake,
And be the King the judge. The most unwise
Will learn their rashness, when they pay the price.'
He said: and Ajax, by mad passion borne,
Stern had replied; fierce scorn enhancing scorn
To fell extremes. But Thetis' godlike son,
Awful, amidst them rose; and thus begun:
'Forbear, ye Chiefs! reproachful to contend:
Much would ye blame, should others thus offend:
And lo! th' approaching steeds your contest end.'
No sooner had he spoke, but, thund'ring near,
Drives, thro' a stream of dust, the charioteer;
High o'er his head the circling lash he wields;
His bounding horses scarcely touch the fields:
His car amidst the dusty whirlwind roll'd,
Bright with the mingled blaze of tin and gold,
Refulgent thro' the cloud: no eye could find
The track his flying wheels had left behind:
And the fierce coursers urged their rapid pace
So swift, it seem'd a flight, and not a race.
Now victor at the goal Tydides stands,
Quits his bright car, and springs upon the sands;
From the hot steeds the sweaty torrents stream;
The well-plied whip is hung athwart the beam:
With joy brave Sthenelus receives the prize,
The tripod-vase, and dame with radiant eyes:
These to the ships his train triumphant leads,
The Chief himself unyokes the panting steeds.

Young Nestor follows (who by art, not force,
O'erpass'd Atrides), second in the course.
Behind, Atrides urged the race, more near
Than to the courser in his swift career
The foll'wing car, just touching with his heel
And brushing with his tail the whirling wheel:
Such, and so narrow, now the space between
The rivals, late so distant on the green;
So soon swift Æthe her lost ground regain'd,
One length, one moment, had the race obtain'd.
Merion pursued, at greater distance still,
With tardier coursers, and inferior skill.
Last came, Admetus! thy unhappy son;
Slow dragg'd the steeds his batter'd chariot on;
Achilles saw, and pitying thus begun:
'Behold! the man whose matchless art surpass'd
The sons of Greece! the ablest, yet the last!
Fortune denies, but justice bids us pay
(Since great Tydides bears the first away)
To him the second honours of the day.'
The Greeks consent with loud applauding cries,
And then Eumelus had receiv'd the prize,
But youthful Nestor, jealous of his fame,
Th' award opposes, and asserts his claim:
'Think not' (he cries), 'I tamely will resign,
O Peleus' son! the mare so justly mine.
What if the Gods, the skilful to confound,
Have thrown the horse and horseman to the ground?
Perhaps he sought not Heav'n by sacrifice,
And vows omitted forfeited the prize.
If yet (distinction to thy friend to show,
And please a soul desirous to bestow)
Some gift must grace Eumelus, view thy store
Of beauteous handmaids, steeds, and shining ore;
An ample present let him thence receive,
And Greece shall praise thy gen'rous thirst to give.
But this, my prize, I never shall forego;
This, who but touches, Warriors! is my foe.'
Thus spake the youth, nor did his words offend;
Pleas'd with the well-turn'd flattery of a friend,
Achilles smiled: 'The gift proposed' (he cried),
'Antilochus! we shall ourselves provide.
With plates of brass the corslet cover'd o'er
(The same renown'd Asteropæus wore),
Whose glitt'ring margins rais'd with silver shine
(No vulgar gift), Eumelus, shall be thine.'
He said: Automedon at his command
The corslet brought, and gave it to his hand.
Distinguish'd by his friend, his bosom glows
With gen'rous joy; then Menelaus rose;
The herald placed the sceptre in his hands,
And still'd the clamour of the shouting bands.
Not without cause incens'd at Nestor's son,
And inly grieving, thus the King begun:
'The praise of wisdom, in thy youth obtain'd,
An act so rash, Antilochus, has stain'd.
Robb'd of my glory and my just reward,
To you, O Grecians! be my wrong declared:
So not a leader shall our conduct blame,
Or judge me envious of a rival's fame.
But shall not we, ourselves, the truth maintain?
What needs appealing in a fact so plain?
What Greek shall blame me, if I bid thee rise
And vindicate by oath th' ill-gotten prize?
Rise, if thou darest, before thy chariot stand,
The driving scourge high lifted in thy hand,
And touch thy steeds, and swear thy whole intent
Was but to conquer, not to circumvent.
Swear by that God whose liquid arms surround
The globe, and whose dread earthquakes heave the ground.'
The prudent Chief with calm attention heard;
Then mildly thus: 'Excuse, if youth have err'd;
Superior as thou art, forgive th' offence,
Nor I thy equal, or in years, or sense.
Thou know'st the errors of unripen'd age,
Weak are its counsels, headlong is its rage.

The prize I quit, if thou thy wrath resign;
The mare, or aught thou ask'st, be freely thine,
Ere I become (from thy dear friendship torn)
Hateful to thee, and to the Gods forsworn.'
So spoke Antilochus; and at the word
The mare contested to the King restor'd.
Joy swells his soul, as when the vernal grain
Lifts the green ear above the springing plain,
The fields their vegetable life renew,
And laugh and glitter with the morning dew:
Such joy the Spartan's shining face o'erspread,
And lifted his gay heart, while thus he said:
'Still may our souls, O gen'rous youth! agree;
'T is now Atrides' turn to yield to thee.
Rash heat perhaps a moment might control,
Not break, the settled temper of thy soul.
Not but (my friend) t' is still the wiser way
To waive contention with superior sway:
For ah! how few, who should like thee offend,
Like thee, have talents to regain the friend?
To plead indulgence, and thy fault atone,
Suffice thy father's merits, and thy own:
Gen'rous alike, for me the sire and son
Have greatly suffer'd, and have greatly done.
I yield that all may know my soul can bend,
Nor is my pride preferr'd before my friend.'
He said: and pleas'd his passion to command,
Resign'd the courser to Noëmon's hand,
Friend of the youthful Chief: himself content,
The shining charger to his vessel sent.
The golden talents Merion next obtain'd;
The fifth reward, the double bowl, remain'd.
Achilles this to rev'rend Nestor bears,
And thus the purpose of his gift declares:
'Accept thou this, O sacred Sire' (he said),
'In dear memorial of Patroclus dead;
Dead, and for ever lost, Patroclus lies,
For ever snatch'd from our desiring eyes!
Take thou this token of a grateful heart:
Tho' 't is not thine to hurl the distant dart,
The quoit to toss, the pond'rous mace to wield,
Or urge the race, or wrestle on the field:
Thy pristine vigour age has overthrown,
But left the glory of the past thy own.'
He said, and placed the goblet at his side:
With joy the venerable King replied:
'Wisely and well, my son, thy words have prov'd
A senior honour'd and a friend belov'd!
Too true it is, deserted of my strength,
These wither'd arms and limbs have fail'd at length.
Oh! had I now that force I felt of yore,
Known thro' Buprasium and the Pylian shore!
Victorious then in ev'ry solemn game,
Ordain'd to Amarynces' mighty name;
The brave Epeians gave my glory way,
Ætolians, Pylians, all resign'd the day.
I quell'd Clytomedes in fights of hand,
And backward hurled Ancæus on the sand,
Surpassed Iphiclus in the swift career,
Phyleus and Polydorus, with the spear:
The sons of Actor won the prize of horse,
But won by numbers, not by art or force:
For the famed twins, impatient to survey
Prize after prize by Nestor borne away,
Sprung to their car; and with united pains
One lash'd the coursers, while one ruled the reins.
Such once I was! Now to these tasks succeeds
A younger race, that emulate our deeds:
I yield, alas! (to age who must not yield?)
Tho' once the foremost hero of the field.
Go thou, my son! by gen'rous friendship led,
With martial honours decorate the dead;
While pleas'd I take the gift thy hands present
(Pledge of benevolence, and kind intent);
Rejoic'd, of all the numerous Greeks, to see
Not one but honours sacred age and me:
Those due distinctions thou so well canst pay,
May the just Gods return another day.'
Proud of the gift, thus spake the Full of Days:
Achilles heard him, prouder of the praise.
The prizes next are order'd to the field,
For the bold champions who the cæstus wield.

A stately mule, as yet by toils unbroke,
Of six years' age, unconscious of the yoke,
Is to the circus led, and firmly bound;
Next stands a goblet, massy, large, and round.
Achilles rising thus: 'Let Greece excite
Two heroes equal to this hardy fight;
Who dares his foe with lifted arms provoke,
And rush beneath the long-descending stroke.
On whom Apollo shall the palm bestow,
And whom the Greeks supreme by conquest know,
This mule his dauntless labour shall repay;
The vanquish'd bear the massy bowl away.'
The dreadful combat great Epeüs chose:
High o'er the crowd, enormous bulk! he rose,
And seiz'd the beast, and thus began to say:
'Stand forth some man, to bear the bowl away!
(Price of his ruin) for who dares deny
This mule my right? th' undoubted victor I.
Others, 't is own'd, in fields of battle shine,
But the first honours of this fight are mine;
For who excels in all? Then let my foe
Draw near, but first his certain fortune know,
Secure, this hand shall his whole frame confound,
Mash all his bones, and all his body pound:
So let his friends be nigh, a needful train,
To heave the batter'd carcass off the plain.'
The Giant spoke; and in a stupid gaze
The host beheld him, silent with amaze!
'T was thou, Euryalus! who durst aspire
To meet his might, and emulate thy sire,
The great Mecistheus; who in days of yore
In Theban games the noblest trophy bore
(The games ordain'd dead Œdipus to grace),
And singly vanquish'd the Cadmean race.
Him great Tydides urges to contend,
Warm with the hopes of conquest for his friend;
Officious with the cincture girds him round;
And to his wrist the gloves of death are bound.
Amid the circle now each champion stands,
And poises high in air his iron hands:
With clashing gauntlets now they fiercely close,
Their crackling jaws re-echo to the blows,
And painful sweat from all their members flows.
At length Epeüs dealt a weighty blow
Full on the cheek of his unwary foe;
Beneath that pond'rous arm's resistless sway
Down dropp'd he, nerveless, and extended lay.
As a large fish, when winds and waters roar,
By some huge billow dash'd against the shore,
Lies panting: not less batter'd with his wound,
The bleeding hero pants upon the ground.
To rear his fallen foe the victor lends,
Scornful, his hand; and gives him to his friends;
Whose arms support him, reeling thro' the throng.
And dragging his disabled legs along;
Nodding, his head hangs down, his shoulder o'er;
His mouth and nostrils pour the clotted gore;
Wrapp'd round in mists he lies, and lost to thought;
His friends receive the bowl, too dearly bought.
The third bold game Achilles next demands,
And calls the wrestlers to the level sands:
A massy tripod for the victor lies,
Of twice six oxen its reputed price:
And next, the loser's spirits to restore,
A female captive, valued but at four;
Scarce did the Chief the vig'rous strife propose,
When tower-like Ajax and Ulysses rose.
Amid the ring each nervous rival stands,
Embracing rigid with implicit hands:
Close lock'd above, their heads and arms are mix'd;
Below, their planted feet at distance fix'd:
Like two strong rafters, which the builder forms
Proof to the wintry winds and howling storms,
Their tops connected, but at wider space
Fix'd on the centre stands their solid base.
Now to the grasp each manly body bends;
The humid sweat from every pore descends;

Their bones resound with blows: sides, shoulders, thighs,
Swell to each gripe, and bloody tumours rise.
Nor could Ulysses, for his art renown'd,
O'erturn the strength of Ajax on the ground;
Nor could the strength of Ajax overthrow
The watchful caution of his artful foe.
While the long strife ev'n tired the lookers-on,
Thus to Ulysses spoke great Telamon:
'Or let me lift thee, Chief, or lift thou me:
Prove we our force, and Jove the rest decree.'
He said: and, straining, heav'd him off the ground
With matchless strength: that time Ulysses found
The strength t' evade, and where the nerves combine
His ankle struck: the giant fell supine;
Ulysses foll'wing, on his bosom lies;
Shouts of applause run rattling thro' the skies.
Ajax to lift, Ulysses next essays,
He barely stirr'd him, but he could not raise;
His knee lock'd fast, the foe's attempt denied;
And, grappling close, they tumble side by side.
Defiled with honourable dust, they roll,
Still breathing strife, and unsubdued of soul:
Again they rage, again to combat rise;
When great Achilles thus divides the prize:
'Your noble vigour, oh my friends, restrain;
Nor weary out your gen'rous strength in vain.
Ye both have won: let others who excel,
Now prove that prowess you have prov'd so well.'
The hero's words the willing Chiefs obey,
From their tired bodies wipe the dust away,
And, clothed anew, the foll'wing games survey.
And now succeed the gifts ordain'd to grace
The youths contending in the rapid race:
A silver urn that full six measures held,
By none in weight or workmanship excell'd:
Sidonian artists taught the frame to shine,
Elaborate, with artifice divine;
Whence Tyrian sailors did the prize transport,
And gave to Thoas at the Lemnian port:
From him descended, good Eunæus heir'd
The glorious gift; and, for Lycaon spared,
To brave Patroclus gave the rich reward.
Now, the same hero's funeral rites to grace,
It stands the prize of swiftness in the race.
A well-fed ox was for the second placed;
And half a talent must content the last.
Achilles rising then bespoke the train:
'Who hope the palm of swiftness to obtain,
Stand forth, and bear these prizes from the plain.'
The hero said, and, starting from his place,
Oïlean Ajax rises to the race;
Ulysses next; and he whose speed surpass'd
His youthful equals, Nestor's son the last.
Ranged in a line the ready racers stand;
Pelides points the barrier with his hand:
All start at once; Oïleus led the race;
The next Ulysses, measuring pace with pace:
Behind him, diligently close, he sped,
As closely foll'wing as the running thread
The spindle follows, and displays the charms
Of the fair spinster's breast, and moving arms:
Graceful in motion thus, his foe he plies,
And treads each footstep ere the dust can rise:
His glowing breath upon his shoulders plays;
Th' admiring Greeks loud acclamations raise:
To him they give their wishes, hearts, and eyes,
And send their souls before him as he flies.
Now three times turn'd in prospect of the goal,
The panting chief to Pallas lifts his soul:
'Assist, O Goddess!' (thus in thought he pray'd)
And, present at his thought, descends the maid.
Buoy'd by her heav'nly force, he seems to swim,
And feels a pinion lifting ev'ry limb.
All fierce, and ready now the prize to gain,
Unhappy Ajax stumbles on the plain

(O'erturn'd by Pallas) where the slipp'ry shore
Was clogg'd with slimy dung, and mingled gore
(The self-same place beside Patroclus' pyre,
Where late the slaughter'd victims fed the fire):
Besmear'd with filth, and blotted o'er with clay,
Obscene to sight, the rueful racer lay:
The well-fed bull (the second prize) he shared,
And left the urn Ulysses' rich reward.
Then, grasping by the horn the mighty beast,
The baffled hero thus the Greeks address'd:
'Accursed Fate! the conquest I forego;
A mortal I, a Goddess was my foe:
She urged her fav'rite on the rapid way,
And Pallas, not Ulysses, won the day.'
Thus sourly wail'd he, sputt'ring dirt and gore;
A burst of laughter echoed thro' the shore.
Antilochus, more humorous than the rest,
Takes the last prize and takes it with a jest:
'Why with our wiser elders should we strive?
The Gods still love them, and they always thrive.
Ye see, to Ajax I must yield the prize;
He to Ulysses, still more aged and wise
(A green old age unconscious of decays,
That proves the hero born in better days);
Behold his vigour in this active race!
Achilles only boasts a swifter pace:
For who can match Achilles? He who can,
Must yet be more than hero, more than man.'
Th' effect succeeds the speech. Pelides cries,
'Thy artful praise deserves a better prize.
Nor Greece in vain shall hear thy friend extoll'd;
Receive a talent of the purest gold.'
The youth departs content. The host admire
The son of Nestor, worthy of his sire.
Next these a buckler, spear, and helm he brings;
Cast on the plain the brazen burthen rings:
Arms, which of late divine Sarpedon wore,
And great Patroclus in short triumph bore.
'Stand forth, the bravest of our host' (he cries),
'Whoever dares deserve so rich a prize!
Now grace the lists before our army's sight,
And, sheathed in steel, provoke his foe to fight.
Who first the jointed armour shall explore,
And stain his rival's mail with issuing gore;
The sword Asteropæus possess'd of old
(A Thracian blade, distinct with studs of gold),
Shall pay the stroke, and grace the striker's side;
These arms in common let the chiefs divide:
For each brave champion, when the combat ends,
A sumptuous banquet at our tent attends.'
Fierce at the word, up rose great Tydeus' son,
And the huge bulk of Ajax Telamon:
Clad in refulgent steel, on either hand,
The dreadful chiefs amid the circle stand:
Low'ring they meet, tremendous to the sight;
Each Argive bosom beats with fierce delight.
Opposed in arms not long they idly stood,
But thrice they closed, and thrice the charge renew'd.
A furious pass the spear of Ajax made
Thro' the broad shield, but at the corslet stay'd:
Not thus the foe; his jav'lin aim'd above
The buckler's margin, at the neck he drove.
But Greece, now trembling for her hero's life,
Bade share the honours, and surcease the strife.
Yet still the victor's due Tydides gains,
With him the sword and studded belt remains.
Then hurl'd the hero, thund'ring on the ground,
A mass of iron (an enormous round),
Whose weight and size the circling Greeks admire,
Rude from the furnace, and but shaped by fire.
This mighty quoit Eëtion wont to rear,
And from his whirling arm dismiss in air:

The giant by Achilles slain, he stow'd
Among his spoils this memorable load.
For this he bids those nervous artists vie,
That teach the disc to sound along the sky:
'Let him whose might can hurl this bowl, arise;
Who farthest hurls it, takes it as his prize:
If he be one enrich'd with large domain
Of downs for flocks, and arable for grain,
Small stock of iron needs that man provide;
His hinds and swains whole years shall be supplied
From hence; nor ask the neighb'ring city's aid
For ploughshares, wheels, and all the rural trade.'
Stern Polypœtes stepp'd before the throng,
And great Leonteus, more than mortal strong:
Whose force with rival forces to oppose,
Up rose great Ajax; up Epeüs rose.
Each stood in order: first Epeüs threw;
High o'er the wond'ring crowds the whirling circle flew.
Leonteus next a little space surpass'd,
And third, the strength of godlike Ajax cast:
O'er both their marks it flew; till, fiercely flung
From Polypœtes' arm, the discus sung:
Far as a swain his whirling sheephook throws,
That distant falls among the grazing cows,
So past them all the rapid circle flies:
His friends (while loud applauses shake the skies)
With force conjoin'd heave off the weighty prize.
Those who in skilful archery contend
He next invites, the twanging bow to bend:
And twice ten axes casts amidst the round
(Ten double-edg'd, and ten that singly wound).
The mast, which late a first-rate galley bore,
The hero fixes in the sandy shore:
To the tall top a milk-white dove they tie,
The trembling mark at which their arrows fly.
'Whose weapon strikes yon flutt'ring bird shall bear
These two-edg'd axes, terrible in war:
The single, he whose shaft divides the cord.'
He said: experienc'd Merion took the word;
And skilful Teucer: in the helm they threw
Their lots inscribed, and forth the latter flew.
Swift from the string the sounding arrow flies;
But flies unblest! No grateful sacrifice,
No firstling lambs, unheedful! didst thou vow
To Phœbus, patron of the shaft and bow.
For this, thy well-aim'd arrow, turn'd aside,
Err'd from the dove, yet cut the cord that tied:
Adown the main-mast fell the parted string,
And the free bird to Heav'n displays her wing:
Seas, shores, and skies with loud applause resound,
And Merion eager meditates the wound:
He takes the bow, directs the shaft above,
And, foll'wing with his eye the soaring dove,
Implores the God to speed it thro' the skies,
With vows of firstling lambs, and grateful sacrifice.
The dove, in airy circles as she wheels,
Amid the clouds the piercing arrow feels;
Quite thro' and thro' the point its passage found,
And at his feet fell bloody to the ground.
The wounded bird, ere yet she breathed her last
With flagging wings alighted on the mast,
A moment hung, and spread her pinions there,
Then sudden dropp'd, and left her life in air.
From the pleas'd crowd new peals of thunder rise,
And to the ships brave Merion bears the prize.
To close the funeral games, Achilles last
A massy spear amid the circle placed,
And ample charger of unsullied frame,
With flowers high wrought, not blacken'd yet by flame.
For these he bids the heroes prove their art,
Whose dext'rous skill directs the flying dart.

Here too great Merion hopes the noble prize;
Nor here disdain'd the King of Men to rise.
With joy Pelides saw the honour paid,
Rose to the Monarch, and respectful said:
'Thee first in virtue, as in power supreme,
O King of Nations! all thy Greeks proclaim;
In ev'ry martial game thy worth attest,
And know thee both their greatest and their best;
Take then the prize, but let brave Merion bear
This beamy jav'lin in thy brother's war.'
Pleas'd from the hero's lips his praise to hear,
The King to Merion gives the brazen spear;
But, set apart for sacred use, commands
The glitt'ring charger to Talthybius' hands.

BOOK XXIV

THE REDEMPTION OF THE BODY OF HECTOR

THE ARGUMENT

The Gods deliberate about the redemption of Hector's body. Jupiter sends Thetis to Achilles to dispose him for the restoring it, and Iris to Priam, to encourage him to go in person, and treat for it. The old King, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his Queen, makes ready for the journey, to which he is encouraged by an omen from Jupiter. He sets forth in his chariot, with a wagon loaded with presents, under the charge of Idæus the herald. Mercury descends in the shape of a young man, and conducts him to the pavilion of Achilles. Their conversation on the way. Priam finds Achilles at his table, casts himself at his feet, and begs for the body of his son: Achilles, moved with compassion, grants his request, detains him one night in his tent, and the next morning sends him home with the body: the Trojans run out to meet him. The lamentation of Andromache, Hecuba, and Helen, with the solemnities of the funeral.

The time of twelve days is employed in this book, while the body of Hector lies in the tent of Achilles. And as many more are spent in the truce allowed for his interment. The scene is partly in Achilles's camp, and partly in Troy.

Now from the finish'd games the Grecian band
Seek their black ships, and clear the crowded strand:
All stretch'd at ease the genial banquet share,
And pleasing slumbers quiet all their care.
Not so Achilles: he, to grief resign'd,
His friend's dear image present to his mind,
Takes his sad couch, more unobserv'd to weep,
Nor tastes the gifts of all-composing sleep;
Restless he roll'd around his weary bed,
And all his soul on his Patroclus fed:
The form so pleasing, and the heart so kind,
That youthful vigour, and that manly mind,
What toils they shared, what martial works they wrought,
What seas they measured, and what fields they fought;
All pass'd before him in remembrance dear,
Thought follows thought, and tear succeeds to tear.
And now supine, now prone, the hero lay,
Now shifts his side, impatient for the day:
Then starting up, disconsolate he goes
Wide on the lonely beach to vent his woes.
There as the solitary mourner raves,
The ruddy morning rises o'er the waves:
Soon as it rose, his furious steeds he join'd;
The chariot flies, and Hector trails behind.
And thrice, Patroclus! round thy monument
Was Hector dragg'd, then hurried to the tent.
There sleep at last o'ercomes the hero's eyes;
While foul in dust th' unhonour'd carcass lies,
But not deserted by the pitying skies.
For Phœbus watch'd it with superior care,
Preserv'd from gaping wounds, and tainting air;
And, ignominious as it swept the field,
Spread o'er the sacred corse his golden shield.
All Heav'n was mov'd, and Hermes will'd to go
By stealth to snatch him from th' insulting foe:
But Neptune this, and Pallas this denies,
And th' unrelenting Empress of the Skies:
E'er since that day implacable to Troy,
What time young Paris, simple shepherd boy,

Won by destructive lust (reward obscene)
Their charms rejected for the Cyprian Queen.
But when the tenth celestial morning broke,
To Heav'n assembled, thus Apollo spoke:
'Unpitying Powers! how oft each holy fane
Has Hector tinged with blood of victims slain?
And can ye still his cold remains pursue?
Still grudge his body to the Trojans' view?
Deny to consort, mother, son, and sire,
The last sad honours of a funeral fire?
Is then the dire Achilles all your care?
That iron heart, inflexibly severe;
A lion, not a man, who slaughters wide
In strength of rage and impotence of pride,
Who hastes to murder with a savage joy,
Invades around, and breathes but to destroy.
Shame is not of his soul; nor understood,
The greatest evil and the greatest good.
Still for one loss he rages unresign'd,
Repugnant to the lot of all mankind;
To lose a friend, a brother, or a son,
Heav'n dooms each mortal, and its will is done:
Awhile they sorrow, then dismiss their care;
Fate gives the wound, and man is born to bear.
But this insatiate the commission giv'n
By Fate, exceeds; and tempts the wrath of Heav'n:
Lo how his rage dishonest drags along
Hector's dead earth, insensible of wrong!
Brave tho' he be, yet by no reason awed,
He violates the laws of man and God!'
'If equal honours by the partial skies
Are doom'd both heroes' (Juno thus replies),
'If Thetis' son must no distinction know,
Then hear, ye Gods! the Patron of the Bow.
But Hector only boasts a mortal claim,
His birth deriving from a mortal dame:
Achilles of your own ethereal race
Springs from a Goddess, by a man's embrace
(A Goddess by ourself to Peleus giv'n,
A man divine, and chosen friend of Heav'n):
To grace those nuptials, from the bright abode
Yourselves were present; where this Minstrel-God
(Well-pleas'd to share the feast) amid the quire
Stood proud to hymn, and tune his youthful lyre.'
Then thus the Thund'rer checks th' Imperial Dame:
'Let not thy wrath the Court of Heav'n inflame;
Their merits, nor their honours, are the same.
But mine, and ev'ry God's peculiar grace
Hector deserves, of all the Trojan race:
Still on our shrines his grateful off'rings lay
(The only honours men to Gods can pay),
Nor ever from our smoking altar ceas'd
The pure libation, and the holy feast.
Howe'er, by stealth to snatch the corse away,
We will not: Thetis guards it night and day.
But haste, and summon to our courts above
The azure Queen: let her persuasion move
Her furious son from Priam to receive
The proffer'd ransom, and the corse to leave.'
He added not: and Iris from the skies,
Swift as a whirlwind, on the message flies;
Meteorous the face of ocean sweeps,
Refulgent gliding o'er the sable deeps.
Between where Samos wide his forests spreads,
And rocky Imbrus lifts its pointed heads,
Down plunged the Maid (the parted waves resound);
She plunged, and instant shot the dark profound.
As, bearing death in the fallacious bait,
From the bent angle sinks the leaden weight;
So pass'd the Goddess thro' the closing wave,
Where Thetis sorrow'd in her secret cave:
There placed amidst her melancholy train
(The blue-hair'd Sisters of the Sacred Main)
Pensive she sat, revolving fates to come,
And wept her godlike son's approaching doom.
Then thus the Goddess of the Painted Bow:
'Arise, O Thetis! from thy seats below;
'T is Jove that calls.' 'And why' (the Dame replies)
'Calls Jove his Thetis to the hated skies?

Sad object as I am for heav'nly sight!
Ah! may my sorrows ever shun the light!
Howe'er, be Heav'n's almighty Sire obey'd.'
She spake, and veil'd her head in sable shade,
Which, flowing long, her graceful person clad;
And forth she paced majestically sad.
Then thro' the world of waters they repair
(The way fair Iris led) to upper air.
The deeps dividing, o'er the coast they rise,
And touch with momentary flight the skies.
There in the lightning's blaze the sire they found,
And all the Gods in shining synod round.
Thetis approach'd with anguish in her face
(Minerva rising gave the mourner place),
Ev'n Juno sought her sorrows to console,
And offer'd from her hand the nectar bowl:
She tasted, and resign'd it: then began
The sacred Sire of Gods and mortal Man:
'Thou com'st, fair Thetis, but with grief o'ercast,
Maternal sorrows, long, ah long to last!
Suffice, we know, and we partake, thy cares:
But yield to Fate, and hear what Jove declares.
Nine days are past, since all the court above
In Hector's cause have mov'd the ear of Jove;
'T was voted, Hermes from his godlike foe
By stealth should bear him, but we will'd not so:
We will, thy son himself the corse restore,
And to his conquest add this glory more.
Then hie thee to him, and our mandate bear;
Tell him he tempts the wrath of Heav'n too far:
Nor let him more (our anger if he dread)
Vent his mad vengeance on the sacred dead:
But yield to ransom and the father's prayer.
The mournful father Iris shall prepare,
With gifts to sue; and offer to his hands
Whate'er his honour asks or heart demands.'
His word the Silver-footed Queen attends,
And from Olympus' snowy tops descends.
Arrived, she heard the voice of loud lament,
And echoing groans that shook the lofty tent.
His friends prepare the victim, and dispose
Repast unheeded, while he vents his woes.
The Goddess seats her by her pensive son;
She press'd his hand, and tender thus begun:
'How long, unhappy! shall thy sorrows flow?
And thy heart waste with life-consuming woe?
Mindless of food, or love, whose pleasing reign
Soothes weary life, and softens human pain.
O snatch the moments yet within thy power;
Not long to live, indulge the am'rous hour!
Lo! Jove himself (for Jove's command I bear),
Forbids to tempt the wrath of Heav'n too far.
No longer then (his fury if thou dread)
Detain the relics of great Hector dead;
Nor vent on senseless earth thy vengeance vain,
But yield to ransom, and restore the slain.'
To whom Achilles: 'Be the ransom giv'n,
And we submit, since such the will of Heav'n.'
While thus they communed, from th' Olympian bowers
Jove orders Iris to the Trojan towers:
'Haste, winged Goddess, to the sacred town,
And urge her Monarch to redeem his son;
Alone, the Ilian ramparts let him leave,
And bear what stern Achilles may receive:
Alone, for so we will: no Trojan near;
Except, to place the dead with decent care,
Some aged herald, who, with gentle hand,
May the slow mules and funeral car command.

Nor let him death, nor let him danger dread,
Safe thro' the foe by our protection led:
Him Hermes to Achilles shall convey,
Guard of his life, and partner of his way.
Fierce as he is, Achilles' self shall spare
His age, nor touch one venerable hair:
Some thought there must be in a soul so brave,
Some sense of duty, some desire to save.'
Then down her bow the winged Iris drives,
And swift at Priam's mournful court arrives:
Where the sad sons beside their father's throne
Sat bathed in tears, and answer'd groan with groan.
And all amidst them lay the hoary sire
(Sad scene of woe), his face, his wrapp'd attire
Conceal'd from sight; with frantic hands he spread
A shower of ashes o'er his neck and head.
From room to room his pensive daughters roam:
Whose shrieks and clamours fill the vaulted dome;
Mindful of those, who, late their pride and joy,
Lie pale and breathless round the fields of Troy!
Before the King Jove's messenger appears,
And thus in whispers greets his trembling ears:
'Fear not, oh Father! no ill news I bear;
From Jove I come, Jove makes thee still his care;
For Hector's sake these walls he bids thee leave,
And bear what stern Achilles may receive:
Alone, for so he wills: no Trojan near,
Except, to place the dead with decent care,
Some aged herald, who, with gentle hand,
May the slow mules and funeral car command.
Nor shalt thou death, nor shalt thou danger dread;
Safe thro' the foe by his protection led:
Thee Hermes to Pelides shall convey,
Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way;
Fierce as he is, Achilles' self shall spare
Thy age, nor touch one venerable hair:
Some thought there must be in a soul so brave,
Some sense of duty, some desire to save.'
She spoke, and vanish'd. Priam bids prepare
His gentle mules, and harness to the car;
There, for the gifts, a polish'd casket lay:
His pious sons the King's commands obey.
Then pass'd the Monarch to his bridal-room,
Where cedar-beams the lofty roofs perfume,
And where the treasures of his empire lay;
Then call'd his Queen, and thus began to say:
'Unhappy consort of a King distress'd!
Partake the troubles of thy husband's breast:
I saw descend the messenger of Jove,
Who bids me try Achilles' mind to move,
Forsake these ramparts, and with gifts obtain
The corse of Hector, at yon navy slain.
Tell me thy thought: my heart impels to go
Thro' hostile camps, and bears me to the foe.'
The hoary Monarch thus: her piercing cries
Sad Hecuba renews, and then replies:
'Ah! whither wanders thy distemper'd mind;
And where the prudence now that awed mankind,
Thro' Phrygia once, and foreign regions known?
Now all confused, distracted, overthrown!
Singly to pass thro' hosts of foes! to face
(Oh heart of steel!) the murd'rer of thy race!
To view that deathful eye, and wander o'er
Those hands, yet red with Hector's noble gore!
Alas! my lord! he knows not how to spare,
And what his mercy, thy slain sons declare;
So brave! so many fall'n! to calm his rage
Vain were thy dignity, and vain thy age.
No — pent in this sad palace, let us give
To grief the wretched days we have to live.

Still, still, for Hector let our sorrows flow,
Born to his own, and to his parents' woe!
Doom'd from the hour his luckless life begun,
To dogs, to vultures, and to Peleus' son!
Oh! in his dearest blood might I allay
My rage, and these barbarities repay!
For ah! could Hector merit thus? whose breath
Expired not meanly, in inactive death:
He pour'd his latest blood in manly fight,
And fell a hero in his country's right.'
'Seek not to stay me, nor my soul affright
With words of omen, like a bird of night'
(Replied unmov'd the venerable man):
''T is Heav'n commands me, and you urge in vain.
Had any mortal voice th' injunction laid,
Nor Augur, Priest, nor Seer had been obey'd.
A present Goddess brought the high command:
I saw, I heard her, and the word shall stand.
I go, ye Gods! obedient to your call:
If in yon camp your powers have doom'd my fall,
Content: by the same hand let me expire!
Add to the slaughter'd son the wretched sire!
One cold embrace at least may be allow'd,
And my last tears flow mingled with his blood!'
Forth from his open'd stores, this said, he drew
Twelve costly carpets of refulgent hue;
As many vests, as many mantles told,
And twelve fair veils, and garments stiff with gold;
Two tripods next, and twice two chargers shine,
With ten pure talents from the richest mine;
And last a large, well-labour'd bowl had place
(The pledge of treaties once with friendly Thrace);
Seem'd all too mean the stores he could employ,
For one last look to buy him back to Troy!
Lo! the sad father, frantic with his pain,
Around him furious drives his menial train:
In vain each slave with duteous care attends,
Each office hurts him, and each face offends.
'What make ye here, officious crowds!' (he cries)
'Hence, nor obtrude your anguish on my eyes.
Have ye no griefs at home, to fix ye there?
Am I the only object of despair?
Am I become my people's common show,
Set up by Jove your spectacle of woe?
No, you must feel him too: yourselves must fall;
The same stern God to ruin gives you all:
Nor is great Hector lost by me alone:
Your sole defence, your guardian power, is gone!
I see your blood the fields of Phrygia drown;
I see the ruins of your smoking town!
Oh send me, Gods, ere that sad day shall come,
A willing ghost to Pluto's dreary dome!'
He said, and feebly drives his friends away:
The sorr'wing friends his frantic rage obey.
Next on his sons his erring fury falls,
Polites, Paris, Agathon, he calls;
His threats Deïphobus and Dius hear,
Hippothoüs, Pammon, Helenus the seer,
And gen'rous Antiphon; for yet these nine
Survived, sad relics of his numerous line:
'Inglorious sons of an unhappy sire!
Why did not all in Hector's cause expire?
Wretch that I am! my bravest offspring slain,
You, the disgrace of Priam's house, remain!
Mestor the brave, renown'd in ranks of war,
With Troilus, dreadful on his rushing car,
And last great Hector, more than man divine,
For sure he seem'd not of terrestrial line!
All those relentless Mars untimely slew,
And left me these, a soft and servile crew,
Whose days the feast and wanton dance employ,
Gluttons and flatt'rers, the contempt of Troy!
Why teach ye not my rapid wheels to run,
And speed my journey to redeem my son?'

The sons their father's wretched age revere,
Forgive his anger, and produce the car.
High on the seat the cabinet they bind:
The new-made car with solid beauty shined:
Box was the yoke, emboss'd with costly pains,
And hung with ringlets to receive the reins:
Nine cubits long, the traces swept the ground;
These to the chariot's polish'd pole they bound,
Then fix'd a ring the running reins to guide,
And, close beneath, the gather'd ends were tied.
Next with the gifts (the price of Hector slain)
The sad attendants load the groaning wain:
Last to the yoke the well-match'd mules they bring
(The gift of Mysia to the Trojan King).
But the fair horses, long his darling care,
Himself receiv'd, and harness'd to his car:
Griev'd as he was, he not this task denied;
The hoary herald help'd him at his side.
While careful these the gentle coursers join'd,
Sad Hecuba approach'd with anxious mind;
A golden bowl, that foam'd with fragrant wine
(Libation destin'd to the Power divine),
Held in her right, before the steeds she stands,
And thus consigns it to the Monarch's hands:
'Take this, and pour to Jove; that, safe from harms,
His grace restore thee to our roof and arms.
Since, victor of thy fears, and slighting mine,
Heav'n, or thy soul, inspire this bold design,
Pray to that God, who, high on Ida's brow
Surveys thy desolated realms below,
His winged messenger to send from high,
And lead the way with heav'nly augury:
Let the strong Sov'reign of the plumy race
Tower on the right of yon ethereal space.
That sign beheld, and strengthen'd from above,
Boldly pursue the journey mark'd by Jove;
But if the God his augury denies,
Suppress thy impulse, nor reject advice.'
'T is just' (said Priam) 'to the Sire above
To raise our hands; for who so good as Jove?'
He spoke, and bade th' attendant handmaid bring
The purest water of the living spring
(Her ready hands the ewer and basin held);
Then took the golden cup his Queen had fill'd;
On the mid pavement pours the rosy wine,
Uplifts his eyes, and calls the Power divine:
'Oh First and Greatest! Heav'n's imperial Lord!
On lofty Ida's holy hill ador'd!
To stern Achilles now direct my ways,
And teach him mercy when a father prays.
If such thy will, despatch from yonder sky
Thy sacred bird, celestial augury!
Let the strong sov'reign of the plumy race
Tower on the right of yon ethereal space:
So shall thy suppliant, strengthen'd from above,
Fearless pursue the journey mark'd by Jove.'
Jove heard his prayer, and from the throne on high
Despatch'd his bird, celestial augury!
The swift-wing'd chaser of the feather'd game,
And known to Gods by Percnos' lofty name.
Wide as appears some palace-gate display'd,
So broad his pinions stretch'd their ample shade,
As, stooping dexter with resounding wings,
Th' imperial bird descends in airy rings.
A dawn of joy in ev'ry face appears;
The mourning matron dries her tim'rous tears.
Swift on his car th' impatient Monarch sprung;
The brazen portal in his passage rung.
The mules preceding draw the loaded wain,
Charged with the gifts; Idæus holds the rein:
The King himself his gentle steeds controls,
And thro' surrounding friends the chariot rolls;
On his slow wheels the foll'wing people wait,
Mourn at each step, and give him up to Fate;

With hands uplifted, eye him as he pass'd,
And gaze upon him as they gazed their last.
Now forward fares the father on his way,
Thro' the lone fields, and back to Ilion they.
Great Jove beheld him as he cross'd the plain,
And felt the woes of miserable man.
Then thus to Hermes: 'Thou, whose constant cares
Still succour mortals, and attend their prayers!
Behold an object to thy charge consign'd;
If ever pity touch'd thee for mankind,
Go, guard the sire; th' observing foe prevent,
And safe conduct him to Achilles' tent.'
The God obeys, his golden pinions binds,
And mounts incumbent on the wings of winds,
That high thro' fields of air his flight sustain,
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundless main:
Then grasps the wand that causes sleep to fly,
Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye:
Thus arm'd, swift Hermes steers his airy way,
And stoops on Hellespont's resounding sea.
A beauteous youth, majestic and divine,
He seem'd; fair offspring of some princely line!
Now Twilight veil'd the glaring face of Day,
And clad the dusky fields in sober gray;
What time the herald and the hoary King,
Their chariot stopping at the silver spring,
That circling Ilus' ancient marble flows,
Allow'd their mules and steeds a short repose.
Thro' the dim shade the herald first espies
A man's approach, and thus to Priam cries:
'I mark some foe's advance: O King! beware;
This hard adventure claims thy utmost care;
For much I fear destruction hovers nigh:
Our state asks counsel. Is it best to fly?
Or, old and helpless, at his feet to fall
(Two wretched suppliants), and for mercy call?'
Th' afflicted Monarch shiver'd with despair;
Pale grew his face, and upright stood his hair;
Sunk was his heart; his colour went and came;
A sudden trembling shook his aged frame:
When Hermes, greeting, touch'd his royal hand,
And, gentle, thus accosts with kind demand:
'Say whither, Father! when each mortal sight
Is seal'd in sleep, thou wander'st thro' the night?
Why roam thy mules and steeds the plains along,
Thro' Grecian foes, so numerous and so strong?
What couldst thou hope, shouldst these thy treasures view:
These, who with endless hate thy race pursue?
For what defence, alas! couldst thou provide?
Thyself not young, a weak old man thy guide.
Yet suffer not thy soul to sink with dread;
From me no harm shall touch thy rev'rend head:
From Greece I'll guard thee too; for in those lines
The living image of my father shines.'
'Thy words, that speak benevolence of mind,
Are true, my son!' (the godlike Sire rejoin'd)
'Great are my hazards; but the Gods survey
My steps and send thee, guardian of my way.
Hail! and be blest; for scarce of mortal kind
Appear thy form, thy feature, and thy mind.'
'Nor true are all thy words, nor erring wide'
(The sacred Messenger of Heav'n replied);
'But say, convey'st thou thro' the lonely plains
What yet most precious of thy store remains,
To lodge in safety with some friendly hand?
Prepared perchance to leave thy native land?
Or fly'st thou now? What hopes can Troy retain,

Thy matchless son, her guard and glory, slain?'
The King, alarm'd: 'Say what, and whence thou art,
Who search the sorrows of a parent's heart,
And know so well how godlike Hector died?'
Thus Priam spoke, and Hermes thus replied:
'You tempt me, Father, and with pity touch:
On this sad subject you inquire too much.
Oft have these eyes the godlike Hector view'd
In glorious fight, with Grecian blood imbrued:
I saw him, when, like Jove, his flames he toss'd
On thousand ships, and wither'd half a host:
I saw, but help'd not, stern Achilles' ire
Forbade assistance, and enjoy'd the fire.
For him I serve, of Myrmidonian race;
One ship convey'd us from our native place;
Polyctor is my sire, an honour'd name,
Old, like thyself, and not unknown to fame;
Of sev'n his sons, by whom the lot was cast
To serve our Prince, it fell on me the last.
To watch this quarter my adventure falls;
For with the morn the Greeks attack your walls;
Sleepless they sit, impatient to engage,
And scarce their rulers check their martial rage.'
'If then thou art of stern Pelides' train,'
(The mournful Monarch thus rejoin'd again),
'Ah, tell me truly, where, oh where are laid
My son's dear relics? what befalls him dead?
Have dogs dismember'd on the naked plains,
Or yet unmangled rest, his cold remains?'
'O Favour'd of the Skies!' (thus answer'd then
The Power that mediates between Gods and men)
'Nor dogs, nor vultures, have thy Hector rent,
But whole he lies, neglected in the tent:
This the twelfth ev'ning since he rested there,
Untouch'd by worms, untainted by the air.
Still as Aurora's ruddy beam is spread,
Round his friend's tomb Achilles drags the dead;
Yet undisfigured, or in limb or face,
All fresh he lies, with every living grace,
Majestical in death! No stains are found
O'er all the corse, and closed is ev'ry wound;
Tho' many a wound they gave. Some heav'nly care,
Some hand divine, preserves him ever fair:
Or all the Host of Heav'n, to whom he led
A life so grateful, still regard him dead.'
Thus spoke to Priam the celestial Guide,
And joyful thus the royal Sire replied:
'Bless'd is the man who pays the Gods above
The constant tribute of respect and love!
Those who inhabit the Olympian bower
My son forgot not, in exalted power;
And Heav'n, that ev'ry virtue bears in mind,
Ev'n to the ashes of the just is kind.
But thou, oh gen'rous youth! this goblet take,
A pledge of gratitude for Hector's sake;
And while the fav'ring Gods our steps survey,
Safe to Pelides' tent conduct my way.'
To whom the latent God: 'O King, forbear
To tempt my youth, for apt is youth to err:
But can I, absent from my Prince's sight,
Take gifts in secret, that must shun the light?
What from our master's interest thus we draw,
Is but a licens'd theft that 'scapes the law.
Respecting him, my soul abjures th' offence;
And, as the crime, I dread the consequence.
Thee, far as Argos, pleas'd I could convey;
Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way:

On thee attend, thy safety to maintain,
O'er pathless forests, or the roaring main.'
He said, then took the chariot at a bound,
And snatch'd the reins, and whirl'd the lash around:
Before th' inspiring God that urged them on
The coursers fly, with spirit not their own.
And now they reach'd the naval walls, and found
The guards repasting, while the bowls go round:
On these the virtue of his wand he tries,
And pours deep slumber on their watchful eyes:
Then heav'd the massy gates, remov'd the bars,
And o'er the trenches led the rolling cars.
Unseen, thro' all the hostile camp they went,
And now approach'd Pelides' lofty tent.
Of fir the roof was rais'd, and cover'd o'er
With reeds collected from the marshy shore;
And, fenc'd with palisades, a hall of state
(The work of soldiers), where the hero sat.
Large was the door, whose well-compacted strength
A solid pine-tree barr'd of wondrous length;
Scarce three strong Greeks could lift its mighty weight,
But great Achilles singly closed the gate.
This Hermes (such the power of Gods) set wide;
Then swift alighted the celestial guide,
And thus, reveal'd: 'Hear, Prince! and understand
Thou ow'st thy guidance to no mortal hand;
Hermes I am, descended from above,
The King of Arts, the Messenger of Jove.
Farewell: to shun Achilles' sight I fly;
Uncommon are such favours of the sky,
Nor stand confess'd to frail mortality.
Now fearless enter, and prefer thy prayers;
Adjure him by his father's silver hairs,
His son, his mother! urge him to bestow
Whatever pity that stern heart can know.'
Thus having said, he vanish'd from his eyes,
And in a moment shot into the skies:
The King, confirm'd from Heav'n, alighted there,
And left his aged herald on the car.

With solemn pace thro' various rooms he went,
And found Achilles in his inner tent:
There sat the hero; Alcimus the brave,
And great Automedon, attendance gave;
These serv'd his person at the royal feast;
Around, at awful distance, stood the rest.
Unseen by these, the King his entry made;
And, prostrate now before Achilles laid,
Sudden (a venerable sight!) appears;
Embraced his knees, and bathed his hands in tears;
Those direful hands his kisses press'd, imbrued
Ev'n with the best, the dearest of his blood!
As when a wretch (who, conscious of his crime,
Pursued for murder, flies his native clime)
Just gains some frontier, breathless, pale, amazed!
All gaze, all wonder: thus Achilles gazed:
Thus stood th' attendants stupid with surprise:
All mute, yet seem'd to question with their eyes:
Each look'd on other, none the silence broke,
Till thus at last the kingly suppliant spoke:
'Ah think, thou favour'd of the Powers divine!
Think of thy father's age, and pity mine!
In me, that father's rev'rend image trace,
Those silver hairs, that venerable face;
His trembling limbs, his helpless person, see!
In all my equal, but in misery!
Yet now, perhaps, some turn of human Fate
Expels him helpless from his peaceful state;
Think, from some powerful foe thou see'st him fly,
And beg protection with a feeble cry.
Yet still one comfort in his soul may rise;
He hears his son still lives to glad his eyes;
And, hearing, still may hope a better day
May send him thee, to chase that foe away.
No comfort to my griefs, no hopes remain,
The best, the bravest of my sons are slain!

Yet what a race! ere Greece to Ilion came,
The pledge of many a lov'd and loving dame!
Nineteen one mother bore — Dead, all are dead!
How oft, alas! has wretched Priam bled!
Still one was left, their loss to recompense;
His father's hope, his country's last defence.
Him too thy rage has slain! beneath thy steel,
Unhappy, in his country's cause, he fell!
For him, thro' hostile camps I bent my way,
For him thus prostrate at thy feet I lay;
Large gifts, proportion'd to thy wrath, I bear:
Oh, hear the wretched, and the Gods revere!
Think of thy father, and this face behold!
See him in me, as helpless and as old;
Tho' not so wretched: there he yields to me,
The first of men in sov'reign misery.
Thus forc'd to kneel, thus grov'ling to embrace
The scourge and ruin of my realm and race:
Suppliant my children's murd'rer to implore,
And kiss those hands yet reeking with their gore!'
These words soft pity in the Chief inspire,
Touch'd with the dear remembrance of his sire.
Then with his hand (as prostrate still he lay)
The old man's cheek he gently turn'd away.
Now each by turns indulged the gush of woe;
And now the mingled tides together flow:
This low on earth, that gently bending o'er,
A father one, and one a son deplore:
But great Achilles diff'rent passions rend,
And now his Sire he mourns, and now his Friend.
Th' infectious softness thro' the heroes ran;
One universal solemn shower began;
They bore as heroes, but they felt as man.

Satiate at length with unavailing woes,
From the high throne divine Achilles rose;
The rev'rend Monarch by the hand he rais'd;
On his white beard and form majestic gazed,
Not unrelenting: then serene began
With words to soothe the miserable man:
'Alas! what weight of anguish hast thou known,
Unhappy Prince! thus guardless and alone
To pass thro' foes, and thus undaunted face
The man whose fury has destroy'd thy race!
Heav'n sure has arm'd thee with a heart of steel,
A strength proportion'd to the woes you feel.
Rise then: let reason mitigate our care:
To mourn avails not: man is born to bear.
Such is, alas! the Gods' severe decree;
They, only they, are blest, and only free.
Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever stood,
The source of evil one, and one of good;
From thence the cup of mortal man he fills,
Blessings to these, to those distributes ills;
To most he mingles both: the wretch decreed
To taste the bad, unmix'd, is curs'd indeed:
Pursued by wrongs, by meagre famine driv'n,
He wanders, outcast both of earth and Heav'n.
The happiest taste not Happiness sincere,
But find the cordial draught is dash'd with Care.
Who more than Peleus shone in wealth and power?
What stars concurring bless'd his natal hour!
A realm, a Goddess, to his wishes giv'n,
Graced by the Gods with all the gifts of Heav'n!
One evil, yet, o'ertakes his latest day;
No race succeeding to imperial sway:
An only son! and he (alas!) ordain'd
To fall untimely in a foreign land!
See him, in Troy, the pious care decline
Of his weak age, to live the curse of thine!
Thou too, old man, hast happier days beheld;
In riches once, in children once excell'd;

Extended Phrygia own'd thy ample reign,
And all fair Lesbos' blissful seats contain,
And all wide Hellespont's unmeasured main.
But since the God his hand has pleas'd to turn,
And fill thy measure from his bitter urn,
What sees the sun, but hapless heroes' falls?
War, and the blood of men, surround thy walls!
What must be, must be. Bear thy lot, nor shed
These unavailing sorrows o'er the dead;
Thou canst not call him from the Stygian shore,
But thou, alas! may'st live to suffer more!'
To whom the King: 'O favour'd of the skies!
Here let me grow to earth! since Hector lies
On the bare beach, deprived of obsequies.
O give me Hector: to my eyes restore
His corse, and take the gifts: I ask no more!
Thou, as thou may'st, these boundless stores enjoy;
Safe may'st thou sail, and turn thy wrath from Troy;
So shall thy pity and forbearance give
A weak old man to see the light, and live!'
'Move me no more' (Achilles thus replies,
While kindling anger sparkled in his eyes),
'Nor seek by tears my steady soul to bend;
To yield thy Hector I myself intend:
For know, from Jove my Goddess-mother came
(Old Ocean's daughter, Silver-footed Dame);
Nor com'st thou but by Heav'n; nor com'st alone;
Some God impels with courage not thy own:
No human hand the weighty gate unbarr'd,
Nor could the boldest of our youth have dared
To pass our out-works, or elude the guard.
Cease; lest, neglectful of high Jove's command,
I shew thee, King! thou tread'st on hostile land;
Release my knees, thy suppliant arts give o'er,
And shake the purpose of my soul no more.'
The Sire obey'd him, trembling and o'erawed.
Achilles, like a lion, rush'd abroad;
Automedon and Alcimus attend,
Whom most he honour'd, since he lost his friend;
These to unyoke the mules and horses went,
And led the hoary herald to the tent:
Next, heap'd on high, the numerous presents bear
(Great Hector's ransom) from the polish'd car.
Two splendid mantles, and a carpet spread,
They leave, to cover and enwrap the dead:
Then call the handmaids, with assistant toil
To wash the body, and anoint with oil,
Apart from Priam; lest th' unhappy sire,
Provok'd to passion, once more rouse to ire
The stern Pelides; and nor sacred age,
Nor Jove's command, should check the rising rage.
This done, the garments o'er the corse they spread;
Achilles lifts it to the funeral bed:
Then, while the body on the car they laid,
He groans, and calls on lov'd Patroclus' shade:
'If, in that gloom which never light must know,
The deeds of mortals touch the ghosts below;
O Friend! forgive me, that I thus fulfil
(Restoring Hector) Heav'n's unquestion'd will.
The gifts the Father gave, be ever thine,
To grace thy manes, and adorn thy shrine.'
He said, and, ent'ring, took his seat of state,
Where full before him rev'rend Priam sate:
To whom, composed, the godlike Chief began:
'Lo! to thy prayer restor'd, thy breathless son;
Extended on the funeral couch he lies;
And, soon as morning paints the eastern skies,
The sight is granted to thy longing eyes.
But now the peaceful hours of sacred night
Demand refection, and to rest invite:
Nor thou, O Father! thus consumed with woe,
The common cares that nourish life forego.

Not thus did Niobe, of form divine,
A parent once, whose sorrows equall'd thine:
Six youthful sons, as many blooming maids,
In one sad day beheld the Stygian shades:
Those by Apollo's silver bow were slain,
These, Cynthia's arrows stretch'd upon the plain.
So was her pride chastised by wrath divine,
Who match'd her own with bright Latona's line;
But two the Goddess, twelve the Queen enjoy'd;
Those boasted twelve th' avenging two destroy'd.
Steep'd in their blood, and in the dust outspread,
Nine days, neglected, lay exposed the dead;
None by to weep them, to inhume them none
(For Jove had turn'd the nation all to stone);
The Gods themselves, at length, relenting, gave
Th' unhappy race the honours of a grave.
Herself a rock (for such was Heav'n's high will)
Thro' deserts wild now pours a weeping rill;
Where round the bed whence Acheloüs springs,
The wat'ry fairies dance in mazy rings:
There, high on Sipylus's shady brow,
She stands, her own sad monument of woe:
The rock for ever lasts, the tears for ever flow.
Such griefs, O King! have other parents known:
Remember theirs, and mitigate thy own.
The care of Heav'n thy Hector has appear'd;
Nor shall he lie unwept, and uninterr'd;
Soon may thy aged cheeks in tears be drown'd,
And all the eyes of Ilion stream around.'
He said, and, rising, chose the victim ewe
With silver fleece, which his attendants slew.
The limbs they sever from the reeking hide,
With skill prepare them, and in parts divide:
Each on the coals the sep'rate morsels lays,
And hasty snatches from the rising blaze.
With bread the glitt'ring canisters they load,
Which round the board Automedon bestow'd:
The chief himself to each his portion placed,
And each indulging shared in sweet repast.
When now the rage of hunger was repress'd,
The wond'ring Hero eyes his royal Guest;
No less the royal Guest the Hero eyes,
His godlike aspect, and majestic size;
Here, youthful grace and noble fire engage,
And there, the mild benevolence of age.
Thus gazing long, the silence neither broke
(A solemn scene); at length the father spoke:
'Permit me now, belov'd of Jove, to steep
My careful temples in the dew of sleep:
For since the day that number'd with the dead
My hapless son, the dust has been my bed,
Soft sleep a stranger to my weeping eyes,
My only food, my sorrows and my sighs!
Till now, encouraged by the grace you give,
I share thy banquet, and consent to live.'
With that, Achilles bade prepare the bed,
With purple soft, and shaggy carpets spread;
Forth, by the flaming lights, they bend their way,
And place the couches, and the cov'rings lay.
Then he: 'Now, Father, sleep, but sleep not here,
Consult thy safety, and forgive my fear,
Lest any Argive (at this hour awake,
To ask our counsel, or our orders take),
Approaching sudden to our open tent,
Perchance behold thee, and our grace prevent.
Should such report thy honour'd person here,
The King of Men the ransom might defer.
But say with speed, if aught of thy desire
Remains unask'd, what time the rites require
T' inter thy Hector? For, so long we stay
Our slaught'ring arm, and bid the hosts obey.'

'If then thy will permit' (the Monarch said),
'To finish all due honours to the dead,
This, of thy grace, accord: to thee are known
The fears of Ilion, closed within her town;
And at what distance from our walls aspire
The hills of Ide, and forests for the fire.
Nine days to vent our sorrows I request,
The tenth shall see the funeral and the feast;
The next, to raise his monument be giv'n;
The twelfth we war, if war be doom'd by Heav'n!'
'This thy request' (replied the Chief) 'enjoy:
Till then, our arms suspend the fall of Troy.'
Then gave his hand at parting, to prevent
The old man's fears, and turn'd within the tent
Where fair Briseïs, bright in blooming charms,
Expects her hero with desiring arms.
But in the porch the King and Herald rest,
Sad dreams of care yet wand'ring in their breast.
Now Gods and men the gifts of sleep partake;
Industrious Hermes only was awake,
The King's return revolving in his mind,
To pass the ramparts, and the watch to blind.
The Power descending hover'd o'er his head,
And, 'Sleep'st thou, Father?' (thus the vision said):
'Now dost thou sleep, when Hector is restor'd?
Nor fear the Grecian foes, or Grecian lord?
Thy presence here should stern Atrides see,
Thy still-surviving sons may sue for thee;
May offer all thy treasures yet contain,
To spare thy age; and offer all in vain.'
Waked with the word, the trembling Sire arose,
And rais'd his friend: the God before him goes:
He joins the mules, directs them with his hand,
And moves in silence thro' the hostile land.
When now to Xanthus' yellow stream they drove
(Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove),
The winged Deity forsook their view,
And in a moment to Olympus flew.
Now shed Aurora round her saffron ray,
Sprung thro' the gates of light, and gave the day.
Charged with their mournful load to Ilion go
The Sage and King, majestically slow.
Cassandra first beholds, from Ilion's spire,
The sad procession of her hoary sire;
Then, as the pensive pomp advanc'd more near
(Her breathless brother stretch'd upon the bier),
A shower of tears o'erflows her beauteous eyes,
Alarming thus all Ilion with her cries:
'Turn here your steps, and here your eyes employ,
Ye wretched daughters, and ye sons of Troy!
If e'er ye rush'd in crowds, with vast delight,
To hail your hero glorious from the fight;
Now meet him dead, and let your sorrows flow!
Your common triumph, and your common woe.'
In throngings crowds they issue to the plains,
Nor man, nor woman, in the walls remains:
In ev'ry face the self-same grief is shewn,
And Troy sends forth one universal groan.
At Scæa's gates, they meet the mourning wain,
Hang on the wheels, and grovel round the slain.
The wife and mother, frantic with despair,
Kiss his pale cheek, and rend their scatter'd hair;
Thus wildly wailing, at the gates they lay;
And there had sigh'd and sorrow'd out the day;
But godlike Priam from the chariot rose,
'Forbear' (he cried) 'this violence of woes;
First to the palace let the car proceed,
Then pour your boundless sorrows o'er the dead.'
The waves of people at his word divide;
Slow rolls the chariot thro' the foll'wing tide:

Ev'n to the palace the sad pomp they wait:
They weep, and place him on the bed of state.
A melancholy choir attend around,
With plaintive sighs and music's solemn sound:
Alternately they sing, alternate flow
Th' obedient tears, melodious in their woe;
While deeper sorrows groan from each full heart,
And Nature speaks at ev'ry pause of Art.
First to the corse the weeping consort flew;
Around his neck her milk-white arms she threw:
And, 'Oh my Hector! oh my lord!' she cries,
'Snatch'd in thy bloom from these desiring eyes!
Thou to the dismal realms for ever gone!
And I abandon'd, desolate, alone!
An only son, once comfort of our pains,
Sad product now of hapless love, remains!
Never to manly age that son shall rise,
Or with increasing graces glad my eyes;
For Ilion now (her great defender slain)
Shall sink a smoking ruin on the plain.
Who now protects her wives with guardian care?
Who saves her infants from the rage of war?
Now hostile fleets must waft those infants o'er
(Those wives must wait them) to a foreign shore!
Thou too, my son! to barb'rous climes shalt go,
The sad companion of thy mother's woe;
Driv'n hence a slave before the victor's sword,
Condemn'd to toil for some inhuman lord:
Or else some Greek, whose father press'd the plain,
Or son, or brother, by great Hector slain,
In Hector's blood his vengeance shall enjoy,
And hurl thee headlong from the towers of Troy.
For thy stern father never spared a foe:
Thence all these tears, and all this scene of woe!
Thence, many evils his sad parents bore,
His parents many, but his consort more.
Why gavest thou not to me thy dying hand?
And why receiv'd not I thy last command?
Some word thou would'st have spoke, which, sadly dear,
My soul might keep, or utter with a tear;
Which never, never could be lost in air,
Fix'd in my heart, and oft repeated there!'
Thus to her weeping maids she makes her moan:
Her weeping handmaids echo groan for groan.
The mournful mother next sustains her part:
'O thou, the best, the dearest to my heart!
Of all my race thou most by Heav'n approv'd,
And by th' immortals ev'n in death belov'd!
While all my other sons in barb'rous bands
Achilles bound, and sold to foreign lands,
This felt no chains, but went, a glorious ghost,
Free, and a hero, to the Stygian coast.
Sentenc'd, 't is true, by his inhuman doom,
Thy noble corse was dragg'd around the tomb
(The tomb of him thy warlike arm had slain);
Ungen'rous insult, impotent and vain!
Yet glow'st thou fresh with ev'ry living grace,
No mark of pain, or violence of face;
Rosy and fair! as Phœbus' silver bow
Dismiss'd thee gently to the shades below!'
Thus spoke the Dame, and melted into tears.
Sad Helen next in pomp of grief appears:
Fast from the shining sluices of her eyes
Fall the round crystal drops, while thus she cries:
'Ah, dearest friend! in whom the Gods had join'd
The mildest manners with the bravest mind!
Now twice ten years (unhappy years) are o'er
Since Paris brought me to the Trojan shore
(Oh had I perish'd, ere that form divine
Seduced this soft, this easy heart of mine!)
Yet was it ne'er my fate from thee to find
A deed ungentle, or a word unkind:
When others curs'd the authoress of their woe,
Thy pity check'd my sorrows in their flow:

If some proud brother eyed me with disdain,
Or scornful sister with her sweeping train,
Thy gentle accents soften'd all my pain.
For thee I mourn; and mourn myself in thee,
The wretched source of all this misery!
The fate I caus'd, for ever I bemoan;
Sad Helen has no friend, now thou art gone!
Thro' Troy's wide streets abandon'd shall I roam,
In Troy deserted, as abhorr'd at home!'
So spoke the Fair, with sorrow-streaming eye:
Distressful beauty melts each stander-by;
On all around th' infectious sorrow grows;
But Priam check'd the torrent as it rose:
'Perform, ye Trojans! what the rites require,
And fell the forests for a funeral pyre!
Twelve days nor foes nor secret ambush dread;
Achilles grants these honours to the dead.'
He spoke; and at his word the Trojan train
Their mules and oxen harness to the wain,
Pour thro' the gates, and, fell'd from Ida's crown,
Roll back the gather'd forests to the town.
These toils continue nine succeeding days,
And high in air a sylvan structure raise.
But when the tenth fair morn began to shine,
Forth to the pile was borne the man divine,
And placed aloft: while all, with streaming eyes,
Beheld the flames and rolling smokes arise.
Soon as Aurora, Daughter of the Dawn,
With rosy lustre streak'd the dewy lawn,
Again the mournful crowds surround the pyre,
And quench with wine the yet-remaining fire.
The snowy bones his friends and brothers place
(With tears collected) in a golden vase;
The golden vase in purple palls they roll'd,
Of softest texture, and inwrought with gold.
Last, o'er the urn the sacred earth they spread,
And rais'd the tomb, memorial of the dead
(Strong guards and spies, till all the rites were done,
Watch'd from the rising to the setting sun).
All Troy then moves to Priam's court again,
A solemn, silent, melancholy train:
Assembled there, from pious toil they rest,
And sadly shared the last sepulchral feast.
Such honours Ilion to her hero paid,
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade.

POPE'S CONCLUDING NOTE.

We have now passed through the Iliad, and seen the anger of Achilles, and the terrible effects of it, at an end: as that only was the subject of the poem, and the nature of epic poetry would not permit our author to proceed to the event of the war, it may perhaps be acceptable to the common reader to give a short account of what happened to Troy and the chief actors in this poem, after the conclusion of it.

I need not mention that Troy was taken soon after the death of Hector, by the stratagem of the wooden horse, the particulars of which are described by Virgil in the second book of the Æneis.

Achilles fell before Troy, by the hand of Paris, by the shot of an arrow in his heel, as Hector had prophesied at his death, book xxii.

The unfortunate Priam was killed by Pyrrhus, the son of Achilles.

Ajax, after the death of Achilles, had a contest with Ulysses for the armour of Vulcan, but being defeated in his aim, he slew himself through indignation.

Helen, after the death of Paris, married Deïphobus his brother, and at the taking of Troy betrayed him, in order to reconcile herself to Menelaus, her first husband, who received her again into favour.

Agamemnon at his return was barbarously murdered by Ægisthus, at the instigation of Clytæmnestra, his wife, who in his absence had dishonoured his bed with Ægisthus.

Diomed, after the fall of Troy, was expelled his own country, and scarce escaped with life from his adulterous wife Ægiale; but at last was received by Daunus in Apulia, and shared his kingdom; it is uncertain how he died.

Nestor lived in peace, with his children, in Pylos, his native country.

Ulysses also, after innumerable troubles by sea and land, at last returned in safety to Ithaca, which is the subject of Homer's Odyssey.

I must end these notes by discharging my duty to two of my friends, which is the more an indispensable piece of justice, as the one of them is since dead. The merit of their kindness to me will appear infinitely the greater, as the task they undertook was, in its own nature, of much more labour, than either pleasure or reputation. The larger part of the extracts from Eustathius, together with several excellent observations, were sent me by Mr. Broome: and the whole Essay upon Homer was written, upon such memoirs as I had collected, by the late Dr. Parnell, Archdeacon of Clogher in Ireland. How very much that gentleman's friendship prevailed over his genius, in detaining a writer of his spirit in the drudgery of removing the rubbish of past pedants, will soon appear to the world, when they shall see those beautiful pieces of poetry, the publication of which he left to my charge, almost with his dying breath.

For what remains, I beg to be excused from the ceremonies of taking leave at the end of my work; and from embarrassing myself, or others, with any defences or apologies about it. But instead of endeavouring to raise a vain monument to myself, of the merits or difficulties of it (which must be left to the world, to truth, and to posterity), let me leave behind me a memorial of my friendship with one of the most valuable men, as well as finest writers, of my age and country; one who has tried, and knows by his own experience how hard an undertaking it is, to do justice to Homer; and one who (I am sure) sincerely rejoices with me at the period of my labours. To him, therefore, having brought this long work to a conclusion, I desire to *dedicate* it; and to have the honour and satisfaction of placing together, in this manner, the names of Mr. CONGREVE, and of

A. POPE.

March 25, 1720.

THE ODYSSEY

THE remarkable success which met the translation of *The Iliad*, encouraged Pope to attempt *The Odyssey*. He had already made some experiment at translating certain fragments, which had been published in one of Lintot's *Miscellanies* in 1714. His experience with *The Iliad* had, however, left him no strong inclination for the drudgery of translation. He therefore enlisted the services of two friends, Fenton and Broome. Eventually he himself translated only the third, fifth, seventh, ninth, thirteenth, fourteenth, seventeenth, twenty-first, twenty-second, and twenty-fourth books, and most of the tenth and the fifteenth. Pope was slow in admitting publicly the extent of his indebtedness to his collaborators, but it has long been known that Fenton translated the first, fourth, nineteenth, and twentieth books, and Broome the rest. Fenton's manuscript has been preserved in the British Museum and shows few alterations in Pope's hand. Broome's work is said to have needed much more careful revision, but there is no direct evidence in the matter. Broome supplied all the notes. With the exception of the hardly distinguishable portions of the tenth and fifteenth books which he accredited to his helpers, only Pope's own work is included here.

BOOK III

THE INTERVIEW OF TELEMACHUS AND NESTOR

THE ARGUMENT

Telemachus, guided by Pallas in the shape of Mentor, arrives in the morning at Pylos, where Nestor and his sons are sacrificing on the sea-shore to Neptune. Telemachus declares the occasion of his coming, and Nestor relates what passed in their return from Troy, how their fleets were separated, and he never since heard of Ulysses. They discourse concerning the death of Agamemnon, the revenge of Orestes, and the injuries of the suitors. Nestor advises him to go to Sparta, and inquire further of Menelaus. The sacrifice ending with the night, Minerva vanishes from them in the form of an eagle: Telemachus is lodged in the palace. The next morning they sacrifice a bullock to Minerva; and Telemachus proceeds on his journey to Sparta, attended by Pisistratus.

The scene lies on the sea-shore of Pylos.

THE sacred Sun, above the waters rais'd,
Thro' Heav'n's eternal brazen portals blazed;
And wide o'er earth diffused his cheering ray,
To Gods and men to give the golden day.

Now on the coast of Pyle the vessel falls,
Before old Neleus' venerable walls.
There, suppliant to the Monarch of the Flood,
At nine green theatres the Pylians stood.
Each held five hundred (a deputed train),
At each, nine oxen on the sand lay slain.
They taste the entrails, and the altars load
With smoking thighs, an off'ring to the God.
Full for the port the Ithacensians stand,
And furl their sails, and issue on the land.
Telemachus already press'd the shore;
Not first; the Power of Wisdom march'd before,
And, ere the sacrificing throng he join'd,
Admonish'd thus his well-attending mind:
'Proceed, my son! this youthful shame expel;
An honest business never blush to tell.
To learn what Fates thy wretched sire detain,
We pass'd the wide immeasurable main.
Meet then the senior far renown'd for sense,
With rev'rend awe, but decent confidence:
Urge him with truth to frame his fair replies;
And sure he will: for Wisdom never lies.'
'O tell me, Mentor! tell me, faithful guide'
(The youth with prudent modesty replied),
'How shall I meet, or how accost the sage,
Unskill'd in speech, nor yet mature of age.
Awful th' approach, and hard the task appears,
To question wisely men of riper years.'
To whom the martial Goddess thus rejoin'd:
'Search, for some thoughts, thy own suggesting mind;
And others, dictated by heav'nly Power,
Shall rise spontaneous in the needful hour.
For nought unprosperous shall thy ways attend,
Born with good omens, and with Heav'n thy friend.'
She spoke, and led the way with swiftest speed:
As swift, the youth pursued the way she led;
And join'd the band before the sacred fire,
Where sate encompass'd with his sons, the sire.
The youth of Pylos, some on pointed wood
Transfix'd the fragments, some prepared the food:
In friendly throngs they gather to embrace
Their unknown guests, and at the banquet place.
Pisistratus was first to grasp their hands,
And spread soft hides upon the yellow sands;
Along the shore th' illustrious pair he led,
Where Nestor sate with youthful Thrasymed.
To each a portion of the feast he bore,
And held the golden goblet foaming o'er;
Then first approaching to the elder guest,
The latent Goddess in these words address'd:
'Whoe'er thou art, whom Fortune brings to keep
These rites of Neptune, Monarch of the Deep,
Thee first it fits, O Stranger! to prepare
The due libation and the solemn prayer:
Then give thy friend to shed the sacred wine;
Tho' much thy younger, and his years like mine,
He too, I deem, implores the Powers divine:
For all mankind alike require their grace,
All born to want; a miserable race!'
He spake, and to her hand preferr'd the bowl:
A secret pleasure touch'd Athena's soul,
To see the pref'rence due to sacred age
Regarded ever by the just and sage.
Of Ocean's King she then implores the grace:
'O thou! whose arms this ample globe embrace,
Fulfil our wish, and let thy glory shine
On Nestor first, and Nestor's royal line;
Next grant the Pylian states their just desires,
Pleas'd with their hecatomb's ascending fires;
Last, deign Telemachus and me to bless,
And crown our voyage with desired success.'
Thus she: and, having paid the rite divine,
Gave to Ulysses' son the rosy wine.
Suppliant he pray'd. And now, the victims dress'd,
They draw, divide, and celebrate the feast.

The banquet done, the narrative old man,
Thus mild, the pleasing conference began:
'Now, gentle guests! the genial banquet o'er,
It fits to ask ye, what your native shore,
And whence your race? on what adventure, say,
Thus far you wander thro' the wat'ry way?
Relate, if business, or the thirst of gain,
Engage your journey o'er the pathless main:
Where savage pirates seek thro' seas unknown
The lives of others, venturous of their own.'
Urged by the precepts by the Goddess giv'n,
And fill'd with confidence infused from Heav'n,
The youth, whom Pallas destin'd to be wise
And famed among the sons of men, replies:
'Inquirest thou, father! from what coast we came?
(Oh grace and glory of the Grecian name!)
From where high Ithaca o'erlooks the floods,
Brown with o'er-arching shades and pendent woods,
Us to these shores our filial duty draws,
A private sorrow, not a public cause.
My sire I seek, where'er the voice of Fame
Has told the glories of his noble name,
The great Ulysses; famed from shore to shore
For valour much, for hardy suff'ring more.
Long time with thee before proud Ilion's wall
In arms he fought: with thee beheld her fall.
Of all the Chiefs, this hero's fate alone
Has Jove reserv'd, unheard of, and unknown;
Whether in fields by hostile fury slain,
Or sunk by tempests in the gulfy main,
Of this to learn, oppress'd with tender fears,
Lo, at thy knee his suppliant son appears.
If or thy certain eye, or curious ear,
Have learn'd his fate, the whole dark story clear:
And, oh! whate'er Heav'n destin'd to betide,
Let neither flatt'ry smooth, nor pity hide.
Prepared I stand: he was but born to try
The lot of man; to suffer, and to die.

Oh then, if ever thro' the ten years' war
The wise, the good Ulysses claim'd thy care;
If e'er he join'd thy council, or thy sword,
True in his deed, and constant to his word;
Far as thy mind thro' backward time can see,
Search all thy stores of faithful memory:
'T is sacred truth I ask, and ask of thee.'
To him experienc'd Nestor thus rejoin'd:
'O friend! what sorrows dost thou bring to mind!
Shall I the long, laborious scene review,
And open all the wounds of Greece anew?
What toils by sea! where dark in quest of prey
Dauntless we roved; Achilles led the way:
What toils by land! where, mix'd in fatal fight,
Such numbers fell, such heroes sunk to night:
There Ajax great, Achilles there the brave:
There wise Patroclus, fill an early grave:
There, too, my son — ah! once my best delight,
Once swift of foot, and terrible in fight;
In whom stern courage with soft virtue join'd,
A faultless body and a blameless mind:
Antilochus — what more can I relate?
How trace the tedious series of our Fate?
Not added years on years my task could close,
The long historian of my country's woes:
Back to thy native islands might'st thou sail,
And leave half-heard the melancholy tale.
Nine painful years on that detested shore,
What stratagems we form'd, what toils we bore!
Still lab'ring on, till scarce at last we found
Great Jove propitious, and our conquest crown'd.
Far o'er the rest thy mighty father shin'd,
In wit, in prudence, and in force of mind.
Art thou the son of that illustrious sire?
With joy I grasp thee, and with love admire.
So like your voices, and your words so wise.
Who finds thee younger must consult his eyes.
Thy sire and I were one; nor varied aught
In public sentence or in private thought;

Alike to council or th' assembly came,
With equal souls, and sentiments the same.
But when (by wisdom won) proud Ilion burn'd,
And in their ships the conquering Greeks return'd,
'T was God's high will the victors to divide,
And turn th' event, confounding human pride:
Some he destroy'd, some scatter'd as the dust
(Not all were prudent, and not all were just).
Then Discord, sent by Pallas from above,
Stern daughter of the great avenger Jove,
The Brother-Kings inspired with fell debate;
Who call'd to council all th' Achaian state,
But call'd untimely (not the sacred rite
Observ'd, nor heedful of the setting light,
Nor herald sworn the session to proclaim);
Sour with debauch, a reeling tribe they came.
To these the cause of meeting they explain,
And Menelaüs moves to cross the main;
Not so the King of Men: he will'd to stay,
The sacred rites and hecatombs to pay,
And calm Minerva's wrath. Oh blind to Fate!
The Gods not lightly change their love, or hate.
With ireful taunts each other they oppose,
Till in loud tumult all the Greeks arose.
Now diff'rent counsels ev'ry breast divide,
Each burns with rancour to the adverse side:
Th' unquiet night strange projects entertain'd
(So Jove, that urged us to our fate, ordain'd).
We with the rising morn our ships unmoor'd,
And brought our captives and our stores aboard;
But half the people with respect obey'd
The King of Men, and at his bidding stay'd.
Now on the wings of winds our course we keep
(For God had smooth'd the waters of the deep);
For Tenedos we spread our eager oars,
There land, and pay due victims to the powers:
To bless our safe return, we join in prayer;
But angry Jove dispers'd our vows in air,
And rais'd new discord. Then (so Heav'n decreed)
Ulysses first and Nestor disagreed:
Wise as he was, by various counsels sway'd,
He there, tho' late, to please the Monarch, stay'd.
But I, determin'd, stem the foamy floods,
Warn'd of the coming fury of the Gods.
With us Tydides fear'd, and urged his haste:
And Menelaüs came, but came the last:
He join'd our vessels in the Lesbian bay,
While yet we doubted of our wat'ry way;
If to the right to urge the pilot's toil
(The safer road) beside the Psyrian isle;
Or the straight course to rocky Chios plough,
And anchor under Mimas' shaggy brow?
We sought direction of the Power divine:
The God propitious gave the guiding sign;
Thro' the mid seas he bid our navy steer
And in Eubœa shun the woes we fear.
The whistling winds already waked the sky;
Before the whistling winds the vessels fly;
With rapid swiftness cut the liquid way,
And reach Gerestus at the point of day.
There hecatombs of bulls, to Neptune slain,
High-flaming please the Monarch of the Main.
The fourth day shone, when, all their labours o'er,
Tydides' vessels touch'd the wish'd-for shore.
But I to Pylos scud before the gales,
The God still breathing on my swelling sails;
Sep'rate from all I safely landed here;
Their fates or fortunes never reach'd my ear.
Yet what I learn'd, attend; as here I sate,
And ask'd each voyager each hero's fate;
Curious to know, and willing to relate.
'Safe reach'd the Myrmidons their native land,
Beneath Achilles' warlike son's command.
Those, whom the heir of great Apollo's art,
Brave Philoctetes, taught to wing the dart;
And those whom Idomen from Ilion's plain
Had led, securely cross'd the dreadful main.

How Agamemnon touch'd his Argive coast,
And how his life by fraud and force he lost,
And how the murd'rer paid his forfeit breath;
What lands so distant from that scene of death
But trembling heard the fame? and heard, admire
How well the son appeas'd his slaughter'd sire!
Ev'n to th' unhappy, that unjustly bleed,
Heav'n gives posterity t' avenge the deed.
So fell Ægisthus: and mayst thou, my friend
(On whom the virtues of thy sire descend),
Make future times thy equal act adore,
And be what brave Orestes was before!'
The prudent youth replied: 'O thou the grace
And lasting glory of the Grecian race!
Just was the vengeance, and to latest days
Shall long posterity resound the praise.
Some God this arm with equal prowess bless!
And the proud suitors shall its force confess;
Injurious men! who, while my soul is sore
Of fresh affronts, are meditating more.
But Heav'n denies this honour to my hand,
Nor shall my father repossess the land:
The father's fortune never to return,
And the sad son's to suffer and to mourn!'
Thus he; and Nestor took the word: 'My son,
Is it then true, as distant rumours run,
That crowds of rivals for thy mother's charms
Thy palace fill with insults and alarms?
Say, is the fault, thro' tame submission, thine?
Or, leagued against thee, do thy people join,
Mov'd by some oracle, or voice divine?
And yet who knows but ripening lies in Fate
An hour of vengeance for th' afflicted state;
When great Ulysses shall suppress these harms,
Ulysses singly, or all Greece in arms.
But if Athena, War's triumphant Maid,
The happy son will, as the father, aid
(Whose fame and safety was her constant care
In ev'ry danger and in ev'ry war:
Never on man did heav'nly favour shine
With rays so strong, distinguish'd, and divine,
As those with which Minerva mark'd thy sire;
So might she love thee, so thy soul inspire!),
Soon should their hopes in humble dust be laid,
And long oblivion of the bridal bed.'
'Ah! no such hope' (the Prince with sighs replies)
'Can touch my breast; that blessing Heav'n denies.
Ev'n by celestial favour were it giv'n,
Fortune or Fate would cross the will of Heav'n.'
'What words are these, and what imprudence thine?'
(Thus interposed the Martial Maid divine)
'Forgetful youth! but know, the Power above,
With ease can save each object of his love;
Wide as his will extends his boundless grace;
Nor lost in time, nor circumscribed by place.
Happier his lot, who, many sorrows pass'd,
Long lab'ring gains his natal shore at last,
Than who, too speedy, hastes to end his life
By some stern ruffian, or adult'rous wife.
Death only is the lot which none can miss,
And all is possible to Heav'n but this.
The best, the dearest fav'rite of the sky
Must taste that cup, for man is born to die.'
Thus check'd, replied Ulysses' prudent heir:
'Mentor, no more — the mournful thought forbear;
For he no more must draw his country's breath,
Already snatch'd by Fate, and the black doom of Death!
Pass we to other subjects; and engage
On themes remote the venerable sage
(Who thrice has seen the perishable kind
Of men decay, and thro' three ages shin'd
Like Gods majestic, and like Gods in mind);

For much he knows, and just conclusions draws,
From various precedents and various laws.
O son of Neleus! awful Nestor, tell
How he, the mighty Agamemnon, fell;
By what strange fraud Ægisthus wrought, relate
(By force he could not), such a hero's fate?
Liv'd Menelaüs not in Greece? or where
Was then the martial brother's pious care?
Condemn'd perhaps some foreign shore to tread;
Or sure Ægisthus had not dared the deed.'
To whom the full of days: 'Illustrious youth,
Attend (tho' partly thou hast guess'd) the truth.
For had the martial Menelaüs found
The ruffian breathing yet on Argive ground,
Nor earth had hid his carcass from the skies,
Nor Grecian virgin shriek'd his obsequies,
But fowls obscene dismember'd his remains,
And dogs had torn him on the naked plains.
While us the works of bloody Mars employ'd,
The wanton youth inglorious peace enjoy'd;
He, stretch'd at ease in Argos' calm recess
(Whose stately steeds luxuriant pastures bless),
With Flattery's insinuating art
Sooth'd the frail Queen, and poison'd all her heart.
At first, with worthy shame and decent pride,
The royal dame his lawless suit denied.
For virtue's image yet possess'd her mind,
Taught by a master of the tuneful kind:
Atrides, parting for the Trojan war,
Consign'd the youthful consort to his care.
True to his charge, the bard preserv'd her long
In honour's limits; such the power of song.
But when the Gods these objects of their hate
Dragg'd to destruction by the links of Fate,
The bard they banish'd from his native soil,
And left all helpless in a desert isle:
There he, the sweetest of the sacred train,
Sung dying to the rocks, but sung in vain.
Then Virtue was no more; her guard away,
She fell, to lust a voluntary prey.
Ev'n to the temple stalk'd th' adult'rous spouse,
With impious thanks, and mockery of vows,
With images, with garments, and with gold;
And od'rous fumes from loaded altars roll'd.
'Meantime from flaming Troy we cut the way,
With Menelaüs, thro' the curling sea.
But when to Sunium's sacred point we came,
Crown'd with the temple of th' Athenian Dame;
Atrides' pilot, Phrontes, there expired
(Phrontes, of all the sons of men admired,
To steer the bounding bark with steady toil,
When the storm thickens, and the billows boil);
While yet he exercised the steersman's art,
Apollo touch'd him with his gentle dart;
Ev'n with the rudder in his hand, he fell.
To pay whose honours to the shades of Hell,
We check'd our haste, by pious office bound,
And laid our old companion in the ground.
And now, the rites discharged, our course we keep
Far on the gloomy bosom of the deep:
Soon as Malæa's misty tops arise,
Sudden the Thund'rer blackens all the skies,
And the winds whistle, and the surges roll
Mountains on mountains, and obscure the pole.
The tempest scatters, and divides our fleet;
Part, the storm urges on the coast of Crete,
Where, winding round the rich Cydonian plain,
The streams of Jardan issue to the main.
There stands a rock, high eminent and steep,
Whose shaggy brow o'erhangs the shady deep,
And views Gortyna on the western side;
On this rough Auster drove th' impetuous tide:
With broken force the billows roll'd away,
And heav'd the fleet into the neighb'ring bay.

Thus saved from death, they gain'd the Phæstan shores,
With shatter'd vessels and disabled oars:
But five tall barks the winds and waters toss'd,
Far from their fellows, on th' Ægyptian coast.
There wander'd Menelaüs thro' foreign shores,
Amassing gold, and gath'ring naval stores;
While curs'd Ægisthus the detested deed
By fraud fulfill'd, and his great brother bled.
Sev'n years, the traitor rich Mycenæ sway'd,
And his stern rule the groaning land obey'd;
The eighth, from Athens to his realm restor'd,
Orestes brandish'd the revenging sword,
Slew the dire pair, and gave to funeral flame
The vile assassin, and adult'rous dame.
That day, ere yet the bloody triumphs cease,
Return'd Atrides to the coast of Greece,
And safe to Argos' port his navy brought,
With gifts of price and pond'rous treasure fraught.
Hence warn'd, my son, beware! nor idly stand
Too long a stranger to thy native land;
Lest heedless absence wear thy wealth away,
While lawless feasters in thy palace sway;
Perhaps may seize thy realm, and share the spoil;
And thou return, with disappointed toil,
From thy vain journey, to a rifled isle.
Howe'er, my friend, indulge one labour more,
And seek Atrides on the Spartan shore.
He, wand'ring long, a wider circle made,
And many-languaged nations has survey'd;
And measured tracks unknown to other ships
Amid the monstrous wonders of the deeps
(A length of ocean and unbounded sky,
Which scarce the sea-fowl in a year o'erfly):
Go then; to Sparta take the wat'ry way,
Thy ship and sailors but for orders stay;
Or if by land thou choose thy course to bend,
My steeds, my chariots, and my sons attend:
Thee to Atrides they shall safe convey,
Guides of thy road, companions of thy way.
Urge him with truth to frame his free replies,
And sure he will: for Menelaüs is wise.'
Thus while he speaks, the ruddy sun descends,
And twilight gray her ev'ning shade extends.
Then thus the Blue-eyed Maid: 'O Full of Days!
Wise are thy words, and just are all thy ways.
Now immolate the tongues, and mix the wine,
Sacred to Neptune and the Powers divine.
The lamp of day is quench'd beneath the deep,
And soft approach the balmy hours of sleep:
Nor fits it to prolong the heav'nly feast,
Timeless, indecent, but retire to rest.'
So spake Jove's daughter, the celestial Maid.
The sober train attended and obey'd.
The sacred heralds on their hands around
Pour'd the full urns; the youths the goblets crown'd:
From bowl to bowl the holy bev'rage flows;
While to the final sacrifice they rose.
The tongues they cast upon the fragrant flame,
And pour, above, the consecrated stream.
And now, their thirst by copious draughts allay'd,
The youthful hero and th' Athenian maid
Propose departure from the finish'd rite,
And in their hollow bark to pass the night.
But this the hospitable sage denied:
'Forbid it, Jove! and all the Gods!' he cried,
'Thus from my walls the much-lov'd son to send
Of such a Hero, and of such a Friend!
Me, as some needy peasant, would ye leave,
Whom Heav'n denies the blessing to relieve?
Me would ye leave, who boast imperial sway,
When beds of royal state invite your stay?
No — long as life this mortal shall inspire,
Or as my children imitate their sire,

Here shall the wand'ring stranger find his home,
And hospitable rites adorn the dome.'
'Well hast thou spoke' (the Blue-eyed Maid replies),
'Belov'd old man! benevolent as wise.
Be the kind dictates of thy heart obey'd,
And let thy words Telemachus persuade:
He to thy palace shall thy steps pursue;
I to the ship, to give the orders due,
Prescribe directions, and confirm the crew.
For I alone sustain their naval cares,
Who boast experience from these silver hairs;
All youths the rest, whom to this journey move
Like years, like tempers, and their Prince's love.
There in the vessel shall I pass the night;
And soon as morning paints the fields of light,
I go to challenge from the Caucons bold
A debt, contracted in the days of old.
But this thy guest, receiv'd with friendly care,
Let thy strong coursers swift to Sparta bear;
Prepare thy chariot at the dawn of day,
And be thy son companion of his way.'
Then, turning with the word, Minerva flies,
And soars an eagle thro' the liquid skies.
Vision divine! the throng'd spectators gaze
In holy wonder fix'd, and still amaze.
But chief the rev'rend sage admired; he took
The hand of young Telemachus, and spoke:
'Oh, happy Youth! and favour'd of the skies,
Distinguish'd care of guardian Deities!
Whose early years for future worth engage,
No vulgar manhood, no ignoble age.
For lo! none other of the court above
Than she, the daughter of Almighty Jove,
Pallas herself, the war-triumphant Maid,
Confess'd is thine, as once thy father's aid.
So guide me, Goddess! so propitious shine
On me, my consort, and my royal line!
A yearling bullock to thy name shall smoke,
Untamed, unconscious of the galling yoke,
With ample forehead, and yet tender horns,
Whose budding honours ductile gold adorns.'

Submissive thus the hoary sire preferr'd
His holy vow: the fav'ring Goddess heard.
Then, slowly rising, o'er the sandy space
Precedes the father, follow'd by his race
(A long procession), timely marching home
In comely order to the regal dome.
There when arrived, on thrones around him placed,
His sons and grandsons the wide circle graced.
To these the hospitable sage, in sign
Of social welcome, mix'd the racy wine
(Late from the mell'wing cask restor'd to light,
By ten long years refin'd, and rosy bright).
To Pallas high the foaming bowl he crown'd,
And sprinkled large libations on the ground.
Each drinks a full oblivion of his cares,
And to the gifts of balmy sleep repairs.
Deep in a rich alcove the Prince was laid,
And slept beneath the pompous colonnade:
Fast by his side Pisistratus lay spread
(In age his equal), on a splendid bed:
But in an inner court, securely closed,
The rev'rend Nestor and his Queen reposed.
When now Aurora, Daughter of the Dawn,
With rosy lustre purpled o'er the lawn;
The old man early rose, walk'd forth, and sate
On polish'd stone before his palace-gate:
With unguents smooth the lucid marble shone,
Where ancient Neleus sate, a rustic throne;
But he descending to th' infernal shade,
Sage Nestor fill'd it, and the sceptre sway'd.
His sons around him mild obeisance pay,
And duteous take the orders of the day.
First Echephron and Stratius quit their bed;
Then Perseus, Aretus, and Thrasymed;
The last Pisistratus arose from rest:
They came, and near him place the stranger-guest.
To these the senior thus declared his will:
'My sons! the dictates of your sire fulfil.
To Pallas, first of Gods, prepare the feast,
Who graced our rites, a more than mortal guest.
Let one, despatchful, bid some swain to lead
A well-fed bullock from the grassy mead;

One seek the harbour where the vessels moor,
And bring thy friends, Telemachus! ashore
(Leave only two the galley to attend);
Another to Learceus must we send,
Artist divine, whose skilful hands infold
The victim's horn with circumfusile gold.
The rest may here the pious duty share,
And bid the handmaids for the feast prepare,
The seats to range, the fragrant wood to bring,
And limpid waters from the living spring.'
He said, and busy each his care bestow'd;
Already at the gates the bullock low'd,
Already came the Ithacensian crew,
The dext'rous smith the tools already drew:
His pond'rous hammer, and his anvil sound,
And the strong tongs to turn the metal round.
Nor was Minerva absent from the rite;
She view'd her honours, and enjoy'd the sight.
With rev'rent hand the King presents the gold,
Which round th' intorted horns the gilder roll'd,
So wrought, as Pallas might with pride behold.
Young Aretus from forth his bridal bower
Brought the full laver, o'er their hands to pour,
And canisters of consecrated flour.
Stratius and Echephron the victim led;
The axe was held by warlike Thrasymed,
In act to strike: before him Perseus stood,
The vase extending to receive the blood,
The King himself initiates to the Power;
Scatters with quiv'ring hand the sacred flour,
And the stream sprinkles: from the curling brows
The hair collected in the fire he throws.
Soon as due vows on every part were paid,
And sacred wheat upon the victim laid,
Strong Thrasymed discharged the speeding blow
Full on his neck, and cut the nerves in two.
Down sunk the heavy beast: the females round,
Maids, wives, and matrons, mix a shrilling sound,
Nor scorn'd the Queen the holy choir to join.
(The first-born she, of old Clymenus' line;
In youth by Nestor lov'd, of spotless fame,
And lov'd in age, Eurydice her name.)
From earth they rear him, struggling now with death;
And Nestor's youngest stops the vents of breath.
The soul for ever flies: on all sides round
Streams the black blood, and smokes upon the ground.
The beast they then divide, and disunite
The ribs and limbs, observant of the rite:
On these, in double cauls involv'd with art,
The choicest morsels lay from ev'ry part.
The sacred sage before his altar stands,
Turns the burnt-off'ring with his holy hands,
And pours the wine, and bids the flames aspire:
The youth with instruments surround the fire.
The thighs now sacrificed, and entrails dress'd,
Th' assistants part, transfix, and broil the rest.
While these officious tend the rites divine,
The last fair branch of the Nestorean line,
Sweet Polycaste, took the pleasing toil
To bathe the Prince, and pour the fragrant oil.
O'er his fair limbs a flowery vest he threw,
And issued, like a God, to mortal view.
His former seat beside the King he found
(His people's father with his peers around);
All placed at ease the holy banquet join,
And in the dazzling goblet laughs the wine.
The rage of thirst and hunger now suppress'd,
The Monarch turns him to his royal guest;
And for the promis'd journey bids prepare
The smooth-hair'd horses, and the rapid car.
Observant of his word, the word scarce spoke,
The sons obey, and join them to the yoke.
Then bread and wine a ready handmaid brings,
And presents, such as suit the state of kings;
The glitt'ring seat Telemachus ascends;
His faithful guide Pisistratus attends;
With hasty hand the ruling reins he drew:
He lash'd the coursers, and the coursers flew.

Beneath the bounding yoke alike they held
Their equal pace, and smoked along the field.
The towers of Pylos sink, its views decay,
Fields after fields fly back, till close of day:
Then sunk the sun, and darken'd all the way.
To Pheræ now, Diocleus' stately seat
(Of Alpheus' race), the weary youths retreat.
His house affords the hospitable rite,
And pleas'd they sleep, the blessing of the night.
But when Aurora, Daughter of the Dawn,
With rosy lustre purpled o'er the lawn,
Again they mount, their journey to renew,
And from the sounding portico they flew.
Along the waving fields their way they hold,
The fields receding as their chariot roll'd:
Then slowly sunk the ruddy globe of light,
And o'er the shaded landscape rush'd the night.

BOOK V

THE DEPARTURE OF ULYSSES FROM CALYPSO

THE ARGUMENT

Pallas in a council of the Gods complains of the detention of Ulysses in the island of Calypso; whereupon Mercury is sent to command his removal. The seat of Calypso described. She consents with much difficulty; and Ulysses builds a vessel with his own hands, on which he embarks. Neptune overtakes him with a terrible tempest, in which he is shipwrecked, and in the last danger of death; till Leucothea, a sea-goddess, assists him, and, after innumerable perils, he gets ashore on Phæacia.

The saffron Morn, with early blushes spread,
Now rose refulgent from Tithonus' bed;
With new-born Day to gladden mortal sight,
And gild the courts of Heav'n with sacred light.
Then met th' eternal Synod of the Sky,
Before the God, who thunders from on high,
Supreme in might, sublime in majesty.
Pallas, to these, deplores th' unequal Fates
Of wise Ulysses, and his toils relates:
Her hero's danger touch'd the pitying Power,
The nymph's seducements, and the magic bower.
Thus she began her plaint. 'Immortal Jove!
And you who fill the blissful seats above!
Let Kings no more with gentle mercy sway,
Or bless a people willing to obey,
But crush the nations with an iron rod,
And ev'ry Monarch be the scourge of God;
If from your thoughts Ulysses you remove,
Who ruled his subjects with a father's love.
Sole in an isle, encircled by the main,
Abandon'd, banish'd from his native reign,
Unbless'd he sighs, detain'd by lawless charms,
And press'd unwilling in Calypso's arms.
Nor friends are there, nor vessels to convey,
Nor oars to cut th' immeasurable way.
And now fierce traitors, studious to destroy
His only son, their ambush'd fraud employ;
Who, pious, foll'wing his great father's fame,
To sacred Pylos and to Sparta came.'
'What words are these?' (replied the Power who forms
The clouds of night, and darkens Heav'n with storms);
'Is not already in thy soul decreed,
The Chief's return shall make the guilty bleed?
What cannot Wisdom do? Thou may'st restore
The son in safety to his native shore;
While the fell foes, who late in ambush lay,
With fraud defeated measure back their way.'
Then thus to Hermes the command was giv'n.
'Hermes, thou chosen messenger of Heav'n!
Go, to the Nymph be these our orders borne:
'T is Jove's decree, Ulysses shall return:
The patient man shall view his old abodes,
Nor help'd by mortal hand, nor guiding Gods:
In twice ten days shall fertile Scheria find,
Alone, and floating to the wave and wind.
The bold Phæacians there, whose haughty line
Is mix'd with Gods, half human, half divine,

The Chief shall honour as some heav'nly guest,
And swift transport him to his place of rest.
His vessels loaded with a plenteous store
Of brass, of vestures, and resplendent ore
(A richer prize than if his joyful isle
Receiv'd him charged with Ilion's noble spoil),
His friends, his country, he shall see, tho' late;
Such is our sov'reign will, and such is Fate.'
He spoke. The God who mounts the winged winds
Fast to his feet the golden pinions binds,
That high thro' fields of air his flight sustain
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundless main.
He grasps the wand that causes sleep to fly,
Or in soft slumber seals the wakeful eye:
Then shoots from Heav'n to high Pieria's steep,
And stoops incumbent on the rolling deep.
So wat'ry fowl, that seek their fishy food,
With wings expanded o'er the foaming flood,
Now sailing smooth the level surface sweep,
Now dip their pinions in the briny deep.
Thus o'er the world of waters Hermes flew,
Till now the distant island rose in view:
Then, swift ascending from the azure wave,
He took the path that winded to the cave.
Large was the grot, in which the Nymph he found
(The fair-hair'd Nymph with ev'ry beauty crown'd);
She sate and sung; the rocks resound her lays;
The cave was brighten'd with a rising blaze;
Cedar and frankincense, an od'rous pile,
Flamed on the hearth and wide perfumed the isle;
While she with work and song the time divides,
And thro' the loom the golden shuttle guides.
Without the grot a various sylvan scene
Appear'd around, and groves of living green;
Poplars and alders ever quiv'ring play'd,
And nodding cypress form'd a fragrant shade;
On whose high branches, waving with the storm,
The birds of broadest wing their mansions form,
The chough, the sea-mew, the loquacious crow,
And scream aloft, and skim the deeps below.
Depending vines the shelving cavern screen,
With purple clusters blushing thro' the green.
Four limpid fountains from the clefts distil;
And ev'ry fountain pours a sev'ral rill,
In mazy windings wand'ring down the hill;
Where bloomy meads with vivid greens were crown'd,
And glowing violets threw odours round.
A scene, where if a God should cast his sight,
A God might gaze, and wander with delight!
Joy touch'd the Messenger of Heav'n: he stay'd
Entranc'd, and all the blissful haunts survey'd.
Him, ent'ring in the cave, Calypso knew;
For Powers celestial to each other's view
Stand still confess'd, tho' distant far they lie
To habitants of earth, or sea, or sky.
But sad Ulysses, by himself apart,
Pour'd the big sorrows of his swelling heart;
All on the lonely shore he sate to weep,
And roll'd his eyes around the restless deep;
Toward his lov'd coast he roll'd his eyes in vain,
Till, dimm'd with rising grief, they stream'd again.
Now graceful seated on her shining throne,
To Hermes thus the Nymph divine begun:
'God of the Golden Wand! on what behest
Arrivest thou here, an unexpected guest?
Lov'd as thou art, thy free injunctions lay:
'T is mine with joy and duty to obey.

Till now a stranger, in a happy hour
Approach, and taste the dainties of my bower.'
Thus having spoke, the Nymph the table spread
(Ambrosial cates, with nectar rosy-red);
Hermes the hospitable rite partook,
Divine refection! then, recruited, spoke:
'What mov'd this journey from my native sky,
A Goddess asks, nor can a God deny:
Hear then the truth. By mighty Jove's command
Unwilling have I trod this pleasing land;
For who, self-mov'd, with weary wing would sweep
Such length of ocean and unmeasured deep:
A world of waters! far from all the ways
Where men frequent, or sacred altars blaze?
But to Jove's will submission we must pay;
What Power so great to dare to disobey?
A man, he says, a man resides with thee,
Of all his kind most worn with misery;
The Greeks (whose arms for nine long years employ'd
Their force on Ilion, in the tenth destroy'd),
At length embarking in a luckless hour,
With conquest proud, incens'd Minerva's power:
Hence on the guilty race her vengeance hurl'd
With storms pursued them thro' the liquid world.
There all his vessels sunk beneath the wave!
There all his dear companions found their grave!
Saved from the jaws of death by Heav'n's decree,
The tempest drove him to these shores and thee.
Him, Jove now orders to his native lands
Straight to dismiss: so destiny commands:
Impatient Fate his near return attends,
And calls him to his country, and his friends.'
Ev'n to her inmost soul the Goddess shook;
Then thus her anguish and her passion broke:
'Ungracious Gods! with spite and envy curs'd!
Still to your own ethereal race the worst!
Ye envy mortal and immortal joy,
And love, the only sweet of life, destroy.
Did ever Goddess by her charms engage
A favour'd mortal, and not feel your rage?
So when Aurora sought Orion's love,
Her joys disturb'd your blissful hours above,
Till, in Ortygia, Dian's winged dart
Had pierc'd the hapless hunter to the heart.
So when the covert of the thrice-ear'd field
Saw stately Ceres to her passion yield,
Scarce could Iasion taste her heav'nly charms,
But Jove's swift lightning scorch'd him in her arms.
'And is it now my turn, ye mighty Powers!
Am I the envy of your blissful bowers?
A man, an outcast to the storm and wave,
It was my crime to pity and to save;
When he who thunders rent his bark in twain,
And sunk his brave companions in the main.
Alone, abandon'd, in mid-ocean toss'd,
The sport of winds, and driv'n from ev'ry coast,
Hither this man of miseries I led,
Receiv'd the friendless, and the hungry fed;
Nay, promis'd (vainly promis'd!) to bestow
Immortal life, exempt from age and woe.
'T is past — and Jove decrees he shall remove:
Gods as we are, we are but slaves to Jove.
Go then he may (he must, if he ordain,
Try all those dangers, all those deeps, again);
But never, never shall Calypso send
To toils like these her husband and her friend.
What ships have I, what sailors to convey,
What oars to cut the long laborious way?
Yet I 'll direct the safest means to go;
That last advice is all I can bestow.'
To her the Power who bears the Charming Rod:
'Dismiss the man, nor irritate the God;
Prevent the rage of him who reigns above,
For what so dreadful as the wrath of Jove?'
Thus having said, he cut the cleaving sky,
And in a moment vanish'd from her eye.

The Nymph, obedient to divine command,
To seek Ulysses paced along the sand,
Him pensive on the lonely beach she found,
With streaming eyes in briny torrents drown'd,
And inly pining for his native shore;
For now the soft enchantress pleas'd no more:
For now, reluctant, and constrain'd by charms,
Absent he lay in her desiring arms:
In slumber wore the heavy night away,
On rocks and shores consumed the tedious day;
There sate all desolate, and sigh'd alone,
With echoing sorrows made the mountains groan,
And roll'd his eyes o'er all the restless main,
Till, dimm'd with rising grief, they stream'd again.
Here, on his musing mood the Goddess press'd
Approaching soft; and thus the Chief address'd:
'Unhappy man! to wasting woes a prey,
No more in sorrows languish life away:
Free as the winds I give thee now to rove —
Go, fell the timber of yon lofty grove,
And form a raft, and build the rising ship,
Sublime to bear thee o'er the gloomy deep.
To store the vessel let the care be mine,
With water from the rock, and rosy wine,
And life-sustaining bread, and fair array,
And prosp'rous gales to waft thee on the way.
These, if the Gods with my desire comply
(The Gods, alas, more mighty far than I,
And better skill'd in dark events to come),
In peace shall land thee at thy native home.'
With sighs Ulysses heard the words she spoke,
Then thus his melancholy silence broke:
'Some other motive, Goddess! sways thy mind
(Some close design, or turn of womankind),
Nor my return the end, nor this the way,
On a slight raft to pass the swelling sea,
Huge, horrid, vast! where scarce in safety sails
The best-built ship, tho' Jove inspire the gales.
The bold proposal how shall I fulfil,
Dark as I am, unconscious of thy will?
Swear, then, thou mean'st not what my soul forebodes;
Swear by the solemn oath that binds the Gods.'
Him, while he spoke, with smiles Calypso eyed,
And gently grasp'd his hand, and thus replied:
'This shows thee, friend, by old experience taught,
And learn'd in all the wiles of human thought,
How prone to doubt, how cautious are the wise!
But hear, O earth, and hear, ye sacred skies!
And thou, O Styx! whose formidable floods
Glide thro' the shades, and bind th' attesting Gods!
No form'd design, no meditated end,
Lurks in the council of thy faithful friend;
Kind the persuasion, and sincere my aim;
The same my practice, were my fate the same.
Heav'n has not curs'd me with a heart of steel,
But given the sense to pity and to feel.'
Thus having said, the Goddess march'd before:
He trod her footsteps in the sandy shore.
At the cool cave arrived, they took their state;
He fill'd the throne where Mercury had sate.
For him the Nymph a rich repast ordains,
Such as the mortal life of man sustains;
Before herself were placed the cates divine,
Ambrosial banquet, and celestial wine.
Their hunger satiate, and their thirst repress'd,
Thus spoke Calypso to her godlike guest:
'Ulysses!' (with a sigh she thus began)
'O sprung from Gods! in wisdom more than man!
Is then thy home the passion of thy heart?
Thus wilt thou leave me, are we thus to part?
Farewell! and ever joyful may'st thou be,
Nor break the transport with one thought of me.
But, ah, Ulysses! wert thou giv'n to know
What Fate yet dooms thee, yet, to undergo;
Thy heart might settle in this scene of ease,

And ev'n these slighted charms might learn to please.
A willing Goddess, and immortal life,
Might banish from thy mind an absent wife.
Am I inferior to a mortal dame?
Less soft my feature, lest august my frame?
Or shall the daughters of mankind compare
Their earth-born beauties with the heav'nly fair?'
'Alas! for this' (the prudent man replies)
'Against Ulysses shall thy anger rise?
Lov'd and ador'd, O Goddess, as thou art,
Forgive the weakness of a human heart.
Tho' well I see thy graces far above
The dear, tho' mortal, object of my love,
Of youth eternal well the diff'rence know,
And the short date of fading charms below;
Yet ev'ry day, while absent thus I roam,
I languish to return and die at home.
Whate'er the Gods shall destine me to bear
In the black ocean, or the wat'ry war,
'T is mine to master with a constant mind;
Inured to perils, to the worst resign'd.
By seas, by wars, so many dangers run;
Still I can suffer: their high will be done!'
Thus while he spoke, the beamy sun descends,
And rising night her friendly shade extends.
To the close grot the lonely pair remove,
And slept delighted with the gifts of love.
When rosy morning call'd them from their rest,
Ulysses robed him in the cloak and vest.
The Nymph's fair head a veil transparent graced,
Her swelling loins a radiant zone embraced
With flowers of gold: an under robe, unbound,
In snowy waves flow'd glitt'ring on the ground.
Forth issuing thus, she gave him first to wield
A weighty axe, with truest temper steel'd,
And double-edg'd; the handle smooth and plain,
Wrought of the clouded olive's easy grain;
And next, a wedge to drive with sweepy sway:
Then to the neighb'ring forest led the way.
On the lone island's utmost verge there stood
Of poplars, pines, and firs, a lofty wood,
Whose leafless summits to the skies aspire,
Scorch'd by the sun, or sear'd by heav'nly fire
(Already dried). These pointing out to view,
The Nymph just show'd him, and with tears withdrew.
Now toils the hero: trees on trees o'erthrown
Fall crackling round him, and the forests groan:
Sudden, full twenty on the plain are strow'd,
And lopp'd and lighten'd of their branchy load.
At equal angles these disposed to join,
He smoothed and squared them by the rule and line
(The wimbles for the work Calypso found).
With those he pierc'd them, and with clinchers bound.
Long and capacious as a shipwright forms
Some bark's broad bottom to out-ride the storms,
So large he built the raft; then ribb'd it strong
From space to space, and nail'd the planks along;
These form'd the sides: the deck he fashion'd last;
Then o'er the vessel rais'd the taper mast,
With crossing sail-yards dancing in the wind;
And to the helm the guiding rudder join'd
(With yielding osiers fenc'd, to break the force
Of surging waves, and steer the steady course).
Thy loom, Calypso! for the future sails
Supplied the cloth, capacious of the gales.
With stays and cordage last he rigg'd the ship,
And, roll'd on levers, launch'd her in the deep.
Four days were past, and now, the work complete,
Shone the fifth morn, when from her sacred seat
The Nymph dismiss'd him (od'rous garments giv'n,
And bathed in fragrant oils that breathed of Heav'n):
Then fill'd two goat-skins with her hands divine,
With water one, and one with sable wine:

Of ev'ry kind provisions heav'd aboard;
And the full decks with copious viands stor'd.
The Goddess, last, a gentle breeze supplies,
To curl old Ocean, and to warm the skies.
And now, rejoicing in the prosp'rous gales,
With beating heart Ulysses spreads his sails:
Placed at the helm he sate, and mark'd the skies,
Nor closed in sleep his ever-watchful eyes.
There view'd the Pleiads, and the Northern Team,
And great Orion's more refulgent beam,
To which, around the axle of the sky,
The Bear, revolving, points his golden eye:
Who shines exalted on th' ethereal plain,
Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.
Far on the left those radiant fires to keep
The Nymph directed, as he sail'd the deep.
Full sev'nteen nights he cut the foamy way;
The distant land appear'd the foll'wing day:
Then swell'd to sight Phæacia's dusky coast,
And woody mountains, half in vapours lost;
That lay before him indistinct and vast,
Like a broad shield amid the wat'ry waste.
But him, thus voyaging the deeps below,
From far, on Solyme's aërial brow,
The King of Ocean saw, and seeing burn'd
(From Æthiopia's happy climes return'd);
The raging Monarch shook his azure head,
And thus in secret to his soul he said:
'Heav'ns! how uncertain are the Powers on high!
Is then revers'd the sentence of the sky,
In one man's favour: while a distant guest
I shared secure the Æthiopian feast?
Behold how near Phæacia's land he draws!
The land affix'd by Fate's eternal laws
To end his toils. Is then our anger vain?
No; if this sceptre yet commands the main.'
He spoke, and high the forky trident hurl'd,
Rolls clouds on clouds, and stirs the wat'ry world,
At once the face of earth and sea deforms,
Swells all the winds, and rouses all the storms.
Down rush'd the night: east, west, together roar;
And south and north roll mountains to the shore:
Then shook the hero, to despair resign'd,
And question'd thus his yet unconquer'd mind:
'Wretch that I am! what farther Fates attend
This life of toils, and what my destin'd end?
Too well, alas! the island Goddess knew
On the black sea what perils should ensue.
New horrors now this destin'd head enclose;
Unfill'd as yet the measure of my woes:
With what a cloud the brows of Heav'n are crown'd!
What raging winds! what roaring waters round!
'T is Jove himself the swelling tempest rears;
Death, present death, on ev'ry side appears.
Happy! thrice happy! who, in battle slain,
Press'd, in Atrides' cause, the Trojan plain!
Oh! had I died before that well-fought wall;
Had some distinguish'd day renown'd my fall
(Such as was that when showers of jav'lins fled
From conquering Troy around Achilles dead);
All Greece had paid me solemn funerals then,
And spread my glory with the sons of men.
A shameful fate now hides my hapless head,
Unwept, unnoted, and for ever dead!'
A mighty wave rush'd o'er him as he spoke,
The raft it cover'd, and the mast it broke:
Swept from the deck, and from the rudder torn,
Far on the swelling surge the Chief was borne;
While by the howling tempest rent in twain
Flew sail and sail-yards rattling o'er the main.
Long-press'd, he heav'd beneath the weighty wave,
Clogg'd by the cumb'rous vest Calypso gave:
At length emerging, from his nostrils wide
And gushing mouth effused the briny tide;
Ev'n then, not mindless of his last retreat,
He seiz'd the raft, and leap'd into his seat,

Strong with the fear of death. The rolling flood
Now here, now there, impell'd the floating wood.
As when a heap of gather'd thorns is cast
Now to, now fro, before th' autumnal blast;
Together clung, it rolls around the field;
So roll'd the float, and so its texture held:
And now the south, and now the north, bear sway,
And now the east the foamy floods obey,
And now the west wind whirls it o'er the sea.
The wand'ring Chief, with toils on toils oppress'd,
Leucothea saw, and pity touch'd her breast
(Herself a mortal once, of Cadmus' strain,
But now an azure sister of the main).
Swift as a sea-mew springing from the flood,
All radiant on the raft the Goddess stood:
Then thus address'd him: 'Thou whom Heav'n decrees
To Neptune's wrath, stern Tyrant of the Seas
(Unequal contest)! not his rage and power,
Great as he is, such virtue shall devour.
What I suggest, thy wisdom will perform:
Forsake thy float, and leave it to the storm:
Strip off thy garments; Neptune's fury brave
With naked strength, and plunge into the wave.
To reach Phæacia all thy nerves extend,
There Fate decrees thy miseries shall end.
This heav'nly scarf beneath thy bosom bind,
And live; give all thy terrors to the wind.
Soon as thy arms the happy shore shall gain,
Return the gift, and cast it in the main;
Observe my orders, and with heed obey,
Cast it far off, and turn thy eyes away.'
With that, her hand the sacred veil bestows,
Then down the deeps she dived from whence she rose;
A moment snatch'd the shining form away,
And all was cover'd with the curling sea.
Struck with amaze, yet still to doubt inclin'd,
He stands suspended, and explores his mind.
'What shall I do? unhappy me! who knows
But other Gods intend me other woes?
Whoe'er thou art, I shall not blindly join
Thy pleaded reason, but consult with mine:
For scarce in ken appears that distant isle
Thy voice foretells me shall conclude my toil.
Thus then I judge: while yet the planks sustain
The wild waves' fury, here I fix'd remain:
But when their texture to the tempest yields,
I launch adventurous on the liquid fields,
Join to the help of Gods the strength of man,
And take this method, since the best I can.'
While thus his thoughts an anxious council hold,
The raging God a wat'ry mountain roll'd;
Like a black sheet the whelming billows spread,
Burst o'er the float, and thunder'd on his head.
Planks, beams, disparted fly; the scatter'd wood
Rolls diverse, and in fragments strews the flood.
So the rude Boreas, o'er the field new-shorn,
Tosses and drives the scatter'd heaps of corn.
And now a single beam the chief bestrides:
There, pois'd awhile above the bounding tides,
His limbs discumbers of the clinging vest,
And binds the sacred cincture round his breast;
Then, prone on ocean in a moment flung,
Stretch'd wide his eager arms, and shot the seas along.
All naked now, on heaving billows laid,
Stern Neptune eyed him, and contemptuous said:
'Go, learn'd in woes, and other foes essay!
Go, wander helpless on the wat'ry way:
Thus, thus find out the destin'd shore, and then
(If Jove ordains it) mix with happier men:
Whate'er thy fate, the ills our wrath could raise
Shall last remember'd in thy best of days.'
This said, his sea-green steeds divide the foam,
And reach high Ægæ and the tow'ry dome.

Now, scarce withdrawn the fierce earth-shaking Power,
Jove's daughter Pallas watch'd the fav'ring hour;
Back to their caves she bade the winds to fly,
And hush'd the blust'ring Brethren of the Sky.
The drier blasts alone of Boreas sway,
And bear him soft on broken waves away;
With gentle force impelling to that shore,
Where Fate has destin'd he shall toil no more.
And now two nights and now two days were past,
Since wide he wander'd on the wat'ry waste;
Heav'd on the surge with intermitting breath,
And hourly panting in the arms of Death.
The third fair morn now blazed upon the main;
Then glassy smooth lay all the liquid plain;
The winds were hush'd, the billows scarcely curl'd,
And a dead silence still'd the wat'ry world,
When, lifted on a ridgy wave, he spies
The land at distance, and with sharpen'd eyes.
As pious children joy with vast delight
When a lov'd sire revives before their sight
(Who, ling'ring long, has call'd on death in vain,
Fix'd by some demon to his bed of pain,
Till Heav'n by miracle his life restore);
So joys Ulysses at th' appearing shore;
And sees (and labours onward as he sees)
The rising forests, and the tufted trees.
And now, as near approaching as the sound
Of human voice the list'ning ear may wound,
Amidst the rocks he hears a hollow roar
Of murm'ring surges breaking on the shore:
Nor peaceful port was there, nor winding bay,
To shield the vessel from the rolling sea,
But cliffs, and shaggy shores, a dreadful sight!
All rough with rocks, with foamy billows white.
Fear seiz'd his slacken'd limbs and beating heart,
And thus he communed with his soul apart:

'Ah me! when o'er a length of waters toss'd,
These eyes at last behold th' unhoped-for coast,
No port receives me from the angry main,
But the loud deeps demand me back again.
Above sharp rocks forbid access; around
Roar the wild waves; beneath is sea profound!
No footing sure affords the faithless sand,
To stem too rapid, and too deep to stand.
If here I enter, my efforts are vain,
Dash'd on the cliffs or heav'd into the main:
Or round the island if my course I bend,
Where the ports open, or the shores descend,
Back to the seas the rolling surge may sweep,
And bury all my hopes beneath the deep.
Or some enormous whale the God may send
(For many such on Amphitrite attend);
Too well the turns of mortal chance I know,
And hate relentless of my heav'nly foe.'
While thus he thought, a monstrous wave upbore
The Chief, and dash'd him on the craggy shore;
Torn was his skin, nor had the ribs been whole,
But instant Pallas enter'd in his soul.
Close to the cliff with both his hands he clung,
And stuck adherent, and suspended hung;
Till the huge surge roll'd off: then, backward sweep
The refluent tides, and plunge him in the deep.
As when the polypus, from forth his cave
Torn with full force, reluctant beats the wave;
His ragged claws are stuck with stones and sands;
So the rough rock had shagg'd Ulysses' hands.
And now had perish'd, whelm'd beneath the main,
Th' unhappy man; ev'n Fate had been in vain;
But all-subduing Pallas lent her power,
And prudence saved him in the needful hour.

Beyond the beating surge his course he bore
(A wider circle, but in sight of shore),
With longing eyes, observing, to survey
Some smooth ascent, or safe sequester'd bay.
Between the parting rocks at length he spied
A falling stream with gentler waters glide;
Where to the seas the shelving shore declin'd,
And form'd a bay impervious to the wind.
To this calm port the glad Ulysses press'd,
And hail'd the river, and its God address'd:
'Whoe'er thou art, before whose stream unknown
I bend, a suppliant at thy wat'ry throne,
Hear, azure King! nor let me fly in vain
To thee from Neptune and the raging main.
Heav'n hears and pities hapless men like me,
For sacred ev'n to Gods is misery:
Let then thy waters give the weary rest,
And save a suppliant, and a man distress'd.'
He pray'd, and straight the gentle stream subsides,
Detains the rushing current of his tides,
Before the wand'rer smooths the wat'ry way,
And soft receives him from the rolling sea.
That moment, fainting as he touch'd the shore,
He dropp'd his sinewy arms; his knees no more
Perform'd their office, or his weight upheld;
His swoln heart heav'd; his bloated body swell'd;
From mouth and nose the briny torrent ran;
And lost in lassitude lay all the man,
Deprived of voice, of motion, and of breath;
The soul scarce waking in the arms of death.
Soon as warm life its wonted office found,
The mindful chief Leucothea's scarf unbound;
Observant of her word, he turn'd aside
His head, and cast it on the rolling tide.
Behind him far, upon the purple waves
The waters waft it, and the nymph receives.

Now parting from the stream, Ulysses found
A mossy bank with pliant rushes crown'd;
The bank he press'd, and gently kiss'd the ground;
Where on the flow'ry herb as soft he lay,
Thus to his soul the sage began to say:
'What will ye next ordain, ye Powers on high!
And yet, ah yet, what fates are we to try?
Here by the stream, if I the night outwear,
Thus spent already, how shall nature bear
The dews descending, and nocturnal air?
Or chilly vapours breathing from the flood
When morning rises? — If I take the wood,
And in thick shelter of innumerous boughs
Enjoy the comfort gentle sleep allows;
Tho' fenc'd from cold, and tho' my toil be past,
What savage beasts may wander in the waste!
Perhaps I yet may fall a bloody prey
To prowling bears, or lions in the way.'
Thus long debating in himself he stood:
At length he took the passage to the wood,
Whose shady horrors on a rising brow
Waved high, and frown'd upon the stream below.
There grew two olives, closest of the grove,
With roots entwin'd, and branches interwove;
Alike their leaves, but not alike they smil'd
With sister-fruits; one fertile, one was wild.
Nor here the sun's meridian rays had power,
Nor wind sharp-piercing, nor the rushing shower;
The verdant arch so close its texture kept:
Beneath this covert great Ulysses crept.
Of gather'd leaves an ample bed he made
(Thick strewn by tempest thro' the bow'ry shade);
Where three at least might winter's cold defy,
Tho' Boreas raged along th' inclement sky.
This store with joy the patient hero found,
And, sunk amidst them, heap'd the leaves around.
As some poor peasant, fated to reside
Remote from neighbours in a forest wide,

Studious to save what human wants require,
In embers heap'd, preserves the seeds of fire:
Hid in dry foliage thus Ulysses lies,
Till Pallas pour'd soft slumbers on his eyes:
And golden dreams (the gift of sweet repose)
Lull'd all his cares, and banish'd all his woes.

BOOK VII

THE COURT OF ALCINOÜS

ARGUMENT

The princess Nausicaa returns to the city, and Ulysses soon after follows thither. He is met by Pallas in the form of a young virgin, who guides him to the palace, and directs him in what manner to address the queen Areté. She then involves him in a mist, which causes him to pass invisible. The palace and gardens of Alcinoüs described. Ulysses falling at the feet of the Queen, the mist disperses, the Phæacians admire, and receive him with respect. The Queen inquiring by what means he had the garments he then wore, he relates to her and Alcinoüs his departure from Calypso, and his arrival on their dominions.

The same day continues, and the book ends with the night.

THE patient heav'nly man thus suppliant pray'd;
While the slow mules draw on th' imperial maid:
Thro' the proud street she moves, the public gaze;
The turning wheel before the palace stays.
With ready love her brothers gath'ring round,
Receiv'd the vestures, and the mules unbound.
She seeks the bridal bower: a matron there
The rising fire supplies with busy care,
Whose charms in youth her father's heart inflamed,
Now worn with age, Eurymedusa named:
The captive dame Phæacian rovers bore,
Snatch'd from Epirus, her sweet native shore
(A grateful prize), and in her bloom bestow'd
On good Alcinoüs, honour'd as a God;
Nurse of Nausicaa from her infant years,
And tender second to a mother's cares.
Now from the sacred thicket, where he lay,
To town Ulysses took the winding way.
Propitious Pallas, to secure her care,
Around him spread a veil of thicken'd air;
To shun th' encounter of the vulgar crowd,
Insulting still, inquisitive and loud.
When near the famed Phæacian walls he drew,
The beauteous city opening to his view,
His step a virgin met, and stood before:
A polish'd urn the seeming virgin bore,
And youthful smil'd; but in the low disguise
Lay hid the Goddess with the Azure Eyes.
'Show me, fair daughter' (thus the Chief demands),
'The house of him who rules these happy lands;
Thro' many woes and wand'rings, lo! I come
To good Alcinoüs' hospitable dome.
Far from my native coast, I rove alone,
A wretched stranger, and of all unknown!'
The Goddess answer'd: 'Father, I obey,
And point the wand'ring traveller his way:
Well known to me the palace you inquire,
For fast beside it dwells my honour'd sire:
But silent march, nor greet the common train
With question needless, or inquiry vain:
A race of rugged mariners are these:
Unpolish'd men, and boist'rous as their seas:
The native islanders alone their care,
And hateful he who breathes a foreign air.
These did the ruler of the deep ordain
To build proud navies, and command the main;
On canvas wings to cut the wat'ry way;
No bird so light, no thought so swift as they.'
Thus having spoke, th' unknown Celestial leads:
The footsteps of the deity he treads,
And secret moves along the crowded space,
Unseen of all the rude Phæacian race
(So Pallas order'd. Pallas to their eyes
The mist objected, and condens'd the skies).
The Chief with wonder sees th' extended streets,
The spreading harbours, and the riding fleets;

He next their Princes' lofty domes admires,
In sep'rate islands, crown'd with rising spires;
And deep intrenchments, and high walls of stone,
That gird the city like a marble zone.
At length the kingly palace gates he view'd;
There stopp'd the Goddess, and her speech renew'd.
'My task is done; the mansion you inquire
Appears before you: enter, and admire.
High-throned, and feasting, there thou shalt behold
The sceptred rulers. Fear not, but be bold:
A decent boldness ever meets with friends,
Succeeds, and ev'n a stranger recommends.
First to the Queen prefer a suppliant's claim,
Alcinoüs' Queen, Aretè is her name,
The same her parents, and her power the same.
For know, from Ocean's God Nausithoüs sprung,
And Peribœa, beautiful and young;
(Eurymedon's last hope, who ruled of old
The race of giants, impious, proud, and bold;
Perish'd the nation in unrighteous war,
Perish'd the Prince, and left this only heir);
Who now, by Neptune's am'rous power compress'd,
Produced a Monarch that his people bless'd,
Father and Prince of the Phæacian name;
From him Rhexenor and Alcinoüs came.
The first by Phœbus' burning arrows fired,
New from his nuptials, hapless youth! expired.
No son survived: Aretè heir'd his state,
And her Alcinoüs chose his royal mate.
With honours yet to womankind unknown
This Queen he graces, and divides the throne;
In equal tenderness her sons conspire,
And all the children emulate their sire.
When thro' the street she gracious deigns to move
(The public wonder and the public love),
The tongues of all with transport sound her praise,
The eyes of all, as on a Goddess, gaze.
She feels the triumph of a gen'rous breast;
To heal divisions, to relieve th' oppress'd;
In virtue rich; in blessing others, bless'd.
Go then secure, thy humble suit prefer,
And owe thy country and thy friends to her.'
With that the Goddess deign'd no longer stay,
But o'er the world of waters wing'd her way:
Forsaking Scheria's ever-pleasing shore,
The winds to Marathon the virgin bore:
Thence, where proud Athens rears her tow'ry head,
With opening streets and shining structures spread,
She pass'd, delighted with the well-known seats;
And to Erectheus' sacred dome retreats.
Meanwhile Ulysses at the palace waits,
There stops, and anxious with his soul debates,
Fix'd in amaze before the royal gates.
The front appear'd with radiant splendours gay,
Bright as the lamp of night, or orb of day.
The walls were massy brass: the cornice high
Blue metals crown'd in colours of the sky;
Rich plates of gold the folding doors incase;
The pillars silver, on a brazen base;
Silver the lintels deep-projecting o'er,
And gold the ringlets that command the door.
Two rows of stately dogs on either hand,
In sculptured gold and labour'd silver stand.
These Vulcan form'd with art divine, to wait
Immortal guardians at Alcinoüs' gate;
Alive each animated frame appears,
And still to live beyond the power of years.
Fair thrones within from space to space were rais'd,
Where various carpets with embroid'ry blazed,
The work of matrons: these the Princes press'd,
Day foll'wing day, a long continued feast.
Refulgent pedestals the walls surround,
Which boys of gold with flaming torches crown'd;

The polish'd ore, reflecting every ray,
Blazed on the banquets with a double day.
Full fifty handmaids form'd the household train;
Some turn the mill, or sift the golden grain;
Some ply the loom; their busy fingers move
Like poplar-leaves when Zephyr fans the grove.
Not more renown'd the men of Scheria's isle,
For sailing arts and all the naval toil,
Than works of female skill their women's pride,
The flying shuttle thro' the threads to guide:
Pallas to these her double gifts imparts,
Inventive genius, and industrious arts.
Close to the gates a spacious garden lies,
From storms defended and inclement skies.
Four acres was th' allotted space of ground,
Fenc'd with a green enclosure all around.
Tall thriving trees confess'd the fruitful mould;
The redd'ning apple ripens here to gold.
Here the blue fig with luscious juice o'erflows,
With deeper red the full pomegranate glows;
The branch here bends beneath the weighty pear,
And verdant olives flourish round the year.
The balmy spirit of the western gale
Eternal breathes on fruits, untaught to fail;
Each dropping pear a foll'wing pear supplies,
On apples apples, figs on figs arise:
The same mild season gives the blooms to blow,
The buds to harden, and the fruits to grow.
Here order'd vines in equal ranks appear,
With all th' united labours of the year;
Some to unload the fertile branches run,
Some dry the black'ning clusters in the sun;
Others to tread the liquid harvest join,
The groaning presses foam with floods of wine,
Here are the vines in early flower descried,
Here grapes discolour'd on the sunny side,
And there in Autumn's richest purple dyed.
Beds of all various herbs, for ever green,
In beauteous order terminate the scene.
Two plenteous fountains the whole prospect crown'd:
This thro' the gardens leads its streams around,
Visits each plant, and waters all the ground;
While that in pipes beneath the palace flows,
And thence its current on the town bestows:
To various use their various streams they bring,
The people one, and one supplies the King.
Such were the glories which the Gods ordain'd,
To grace Alcinoüs, and his happy land.
Ev'n from the Chief whom men and nations knew,
Th' unwonted scene surprise and rapture drew;
In pleasing thought he ran the prospect o'er,
Then hasty enter'd at the lofty door.
Night now approaching, in the palace stand,
With goblets crown'd, the rulers of the land;
Prepared for rest, and off'ring to the God
Who bears the virtue of the sleepy rod.
Unseen he glided thro' the joyous crowd,
With darkness circled, and an ambient cloud,
Direct to great Alcinoüs' throne he came,
And prostrate fell before th' imperial dame.
Then from around him dropp'd the veil of night;
Sudden he shines, and manifest to sight.
The nobles gaze, with awful fear oppress'd;
Silent they gaze, and eye the godlike guest.
'Daughter of great Rhexenor!' (thus began,
Low at her knees, the much-enduring man),

'To thee, thy consort, and this royal train,
To all that share the blessings of your reign,
A suppliant bends: oh pity human woe!
'T is what the happy to th' unhappy owe.
A wretched exile to his country send,
Long worn with griefs, and long without a friend.
So may the Gods your better days increase,
And all your joys descend on all your race:
So reign for ever on your country's breast,
Your people blessing, by your people bless'd!'
Then to the genial hearth he bow'd his face,
And humbled in the ashes took his place.
Silence ensued. The eldest first began,
Echeneus sage, a venerable man!
Whose well-taught mind the present age surpass'd,
And join'd to that th' experience of the last.
Fit words attended on his weighty sense,
And mild persuasion flow'd in eloquence.
'Oh sight' (he cried) 'dishonest and unjust!
A guest, a stranger, seated in the dust!
To raise the lowly suppliant from the ground
Befits a Monarch. Lo! the peers around
But wait thy word, the gentle guest to grace,
And seat him fair in some distinguish'd place.
Let first the herald due libation pay
To Jove, who guides the wand'rer on his way;
Then set the genial banquet in his view,
And give the stranger-guest a stranger's due.'
His sage advice the list'ning King obeys;
He stretch'd his hand the prudent Chief to raise,
And from his seat Laodamas remov'd
(The Monarch's offspring, and his best-belov'd);
There next his side the godlike Hero sate;
With stars of silver shone the bed of state.
The golden ewer a beauteous handmaid brings,
Replenish'd from the cool translucent springs,
Whose polish'd vase with copious streams supplies
A silver laver of capacious size.
The table next in regal order spread,
The glitt'ring canisters are heap'd with bread:
Viands of various kinds invite the taste,
Of choicest sort and savour, rich repast!
Thus feasting high, Alcinoüs gave the sign,
And bade the Herald pour the rosy wine.
'Let all around the due libation pay
To Jove, who guides the wand'rer on his way.'
He said. Pontonoüs heard the King's command;
The circling goblet moves from hand to hand;
Each drinks the juice that glads the heart of man.
Alcinoüs then, with aspect mild, began:
'Princes and Peers, attend; while we impart
To you the thoughts of no inhuman heart.
Now pleas'd and satiate from the social rite
Repair we to the blessings of the night;
But with the rising day, assembled here,
Let all the elders of the land appear,
Pious observe our hospitable laws,
And Heav'n propitiate in the stranger's cause;
Then join'd in council, proper means explore
Safe to transport him to the wished-for shore
(How distant that, imports not us to know,
Nor weigh the labour, but relieve the woe).
Meantime, nor harm nor anguish let him bear:
This interval, Heav'n trusts him to our care;
But to his native land our charge resign'd,
Heav'n's is his life to come, and all the woes behind.
Then must he suffer what the Fates ordain;
For Fate has wove the thread of life with pain!
And twins ev'n from the birth are Misery and Man!
But if, descended from th' Olympian bower,
Gracious approach us some immortal Power;
If in that form thou com'st a guest divine;
Some high event the conscious Gods design.
As yet, unbid they never graced our feast,
The solemn sacrifice call'd down the guest;

Then manifest of Heav'n the vision stood,
And to our eyes familiar was the God.
Oft with some favour'd traveller they stray,
And shine before him all the desert way;
With social intercourse, and face to face,
The friends and guardians of our pious race.
So near approach we their celestial kind,
By justice, truth, and probity of mind;
As our dire neighbours of Cyclopean birth
Match in fierce wrong the giant-sons of earth.'
'Let no such thought' (with modest grace rejoin'd
The prudent Greek) 'possess the royal mind.
Alas! a mortal, like thyself, am I;
No glorious native of yon azure sky:
In form, ah how unlike their heav'nly kind!
How more inferior in the gifts of mind!
Alas, a mortal! most oppress'd of those
Whom Fate has loaded with a weight of woes;
By a sad train of miseries alone
Distinguish'd long, and second now to none!
By Heav'n's high will compell'd from shore to shore,
With Heav'n's high will prepared to suffer more.
What histories of toil could I declare!
But still long-wearied nature wants repair;
Spent with fatigue, and shrunk with pining fast,
My craving bowels still require repast.
Howe'er the noble, suff'ring mind may grieve
Its load of anguish, and disdain to live,
Necessity demands our daily bread;
Hunger is insolent, and will be fed.
But finish, O ye Peers! what you propose,
And let the morrow's dawn conclude my woes.
Pleas'd will I suffer all the Gods ordain,
To see my soil, my son, my friends again.
That view vouchsafed, let instant death surprise
With ever-during shade these happy eyes!'
Th' assembled Peers with gen'ral praise approv'd
His pleaded reason, and the suit he mov'd.
Each drinks a full oblivion of his cares,
And to the gifts of balmy sleep repairs.
Ulysses in the regal walls alone
Remain'd: beside him, on a splendid throne
Divine Aretè and Alcinoüs shone.
The Queen, on nearer view, the guest survey'd,
Robed in the garments her own hands had made,
Not without wonder seen. Then thus began,
Her words addressing to the godlike man:
'Camest thou not hither, wondrous stranger! say,
From lands remote, and o'er a length of sea?
Tell then whence art thou? whence that princely air?
And robes like these, so recent and so fair?'
'Hard is the task, O Princess! you impose'
(Thus sighing spoke the man of many woes),
'The long, the mournful series to relate
Of all my sorrows sent by Heav'n and Fate!
Yet what you ask, attend. An island lies
Beyond these tracts, and under other skies,
Ogygia named, in Ocean's wat'ry arms;
Where dwells Calypso, dreadful in her charms!
Remote from Gods or men she holds her reign,
Amid the terrors of the rolling main.
Me, only me, the hand of Fortune bore,
Unblest! to tread that interdicted shore:
When Jove tremendous in the sable deeps
Launch'd his red lightning at our scatter'd ships,
Then, all my fleet, and all my foll'wers lost,
Sole on a plank, on boiling surges toss'd,
Heav'n drove my wreck th' Ogygian isle to find,
Full nine days floating to the wave and wind.
Met by the Goddess there with open arms,
She bribed my stay with more than human charms;
Nay, promis'd, vainly promis'd, to bestow
Immortal life, exempt from age and woe;
But all her blandishments successless prove,
To banish from my breast my country's love.
I stay reluctant sev'n continued years,
And water her ambrosial couch with tears;
The eighth she voluntary moves to part,
Or urged by Jove, or her own changeful heart.

A raft was form'd to cross the surging sea;
Herself supplied the stores and rich array,
And gave the gales to waft me on the way.
In sev'nteen days appear'd your pleasing coast,
And woody mountains half in vapours lost.
Joy touch'd my soul: my soul was joy'd in vain,
For angry Neptune rous'd the raging main;
The wild winds whistle, and the billows roar;
The splitting raft the furious tempest tore;
And storms vindictive intercept the shore.
Soon as their rage subsides, the seas I brave
With naked force, and shoot along the wave,
To reach this isle; but there my hopes were lost;
The surge impell'd me on a craggy coast.
I chose the safer sea, and chanced to find
A river's mouth impervious to the wind,
And clear of rocks. I fainted by the flood;
Then took the shelter of the neighb'ring wood.
'T was night, and cover'd in the foliage deep,
Jove plunged my senses in the death of sleep.
All night I slept, oblivious of my pain:
Aurora dawn'd, and Phœbus shined in vain,
Nor, till oblique he sloped his ev'ning ray,
Had Somnus dried the balmy dews away.
Then female voices from the shore I heard:
A maid amidst them, goddess-like, appear'd;
To her I sued, she pitied my distress;
Like thee in beauty, nor in virtue less.
Who from such youth could hope consid'rate care?
In youth and beauty wisdom is but rare!
She gave me life, reliev'd with just supplies
My wants, and lent these robes that strike your eyes.
This is the truth: and oh, ye Powers on high!
Forbid that want should sink me to a lie.'
To this the King: 'Our daughter but express'd
Her cares imperfect to her godlike guest.
Suppliant to her since first he chose to pray,
Why not herself did she conduct the way,
And with her handmaids to our court convey?'
'Hero and King' (Ulysses thus replied),
'Nor blame her faultless, nor suspect of pride:
She bade me follow in th' attendant train;
But fear and rev'rence did my steps detain,
Lest rash suspicion might alarm thy mind:
Man 's of a jealous and mistaking kind.'
'Far from my soul' (he cried) 'the Gods efface
All wrath ill-grounded, and suspicion base!
Whate'er is honest, stranger, I approve,
And would to Phœbus, Pallas, and to Jove,
Such as thou art, thy thought and mine were one,
Nor thou unwilling to be call'd my son.
In such alliance could'st thou wish to join,
A palace stor'd with treasures should be thine.
But if reluctant, who shall force thy stay?
Jove bids to set the stranger on his way,
And ships shall wait thee with the morning ray.
Till then, let slumber cross thy careful eyes;
The wakeful mariners shall watch the skies,
And seize the moment when the breezes rise,
Then gently waft thee to the pleasing shore,
Where thy soul rests, and labour is no more.
Far as Eubœa tho' thy country lay,
Our ships with ease transport thee in a day.
Thither of old, earth's giant son to view,
On wings of winds with Rhadamanth they flew;
This land, from whence their morning course begun,
Saw them returning with the setting sun.
Your eyes shall witness and confirm my tale,
Our youth how dext'rous and how fleet our sail,
When justly timed with equal sweep they row,
And ocean whitens in long tracks below.'
Thus he. No word the experienc'd man replies,
But thus to Heav'n (and Heav'nward lifts his eyes):
'O Jove! O Father! what the King accords
Do thou make perfect! sacred be his words!

Wide o'er the world Alcinoüs' glory shine!
Let fame be his, and ah! my country mine!'
Meantime Aretè, for the hour of rest,
Ordains the fleecy couch, and cov'ring vest;
Bids her fair train the purple quilts prepare,
And the thick carpets spread with busy care.
With torches blazing in their hands they pass'd,
And finish'd all their Queen's command with haste:
Then gave the signal to the willing guest:
He rose with pleasure, and retired to rest.
There soft-extended, to the murm'ring sound
Of the high porch, Ulysses sleeps profound!
Within, releas'd from cares Alcinoüs lies;
And fast beside were closed Aretè's eyes.

BOOK IX

THE ADVENTURES OF THE CICONS, LOTOPHAGI, AND CYCLOPS

ARGUMENT

Ulysses begins the relation of his adventures; how, after the destruction of Troy, he with his companions made an incursion on the Cicons, by whom they were repulsed; and meeting with a storm, were driven to the coast of the Lotophagi. From thence they sailed to the land of the Cyclops, whose manners and situation are particularly characterized. The giant Polyphemus and his cave described; the usage Ulysses and his companions met with there; and lastly, the method and artifice by which he escaped.

Then thus Ulysses: 'Thou whom first in sway,
As first in virtue, these thy realms obey;
How sweet the products of a peaceful reign!
The Heav'n-taught poet, and enchanting strain,
The well-fill'd palace, the perpetual feast,
A land rejoicing, and a people bless'd:
How goodly seems it ever to employ
Man's social days in union and in joy;
The plenteous board high-heap'd with cates divine,
And o'er the foaming bowl the laughing wine!
'Amid these joys, why seeks thy mind to know
Th' unhappy series of a wand'rer's woe?
Remembrance sad, whose image to review,
Alas! must open all my wounds anew!
And oh, what first, what last shall I relate,
Of woes unnumber'd sent by Heav'n and Fate?
'Know first the man (tho' now a wretch distress'd)
Who hopes thee, Monarch, for his future guest:
Behold Ulysses! no ignoble name,
Earth sounds my wisdom, and high Heav'n my fame.
'My native soil is Ithaca the fair,
Where high Neritus waves his woods in air;
Dulichium, Samè, and Zacynthus crown'd
With shady mountains, spread their isles around
(These to the north and night's dark regions run,
Those to Aurora and the rising sun);
Low lies our isle, yet bless'd in fruitful stores;
Strong are her sons, tho' rocky are her shores;
And none, ah none, so lovely to my sight,
Of all the lands that Heav'n o'erspreads with light!
In vain Calypso long constrain'd my stay,
With sweet, reluctant, amorous delay;
With all her charms as vainly Circe strove,
And added magic to secure my love.
In pomps or joys, the palace or the grot,
My country's image never was forgot,
My absent parents rose before my sight,
And distant lay contentment and delight.
'Hear, then, the woes which mighty Jove ordain'd
To wait my passage from the Trojan land.
The winds from Ilion to the Cicons' shore,
Beneath cold Ismarus, our vessels bore.
We boldly landed on the hostile place,
And sack'd the city, and destroy'd the race,
Their wives made captive, their possessions shared,
And ev'ry soldier found a like reward.
I then advised to fly; not so the rest,
Who stay'd to revel, and prolong the feast:
The fatted sheep and sable bulls they slay,
And bowls flow round, and riot wastes the day.
Meantime the Cicons, to their holds retired
Call on the Cicons, with new fury fired;

With early morn the gather'd country swarms
And all the continent is bright with arms;
Thick as the budding leaves or rising flowers
O'erspread the land, when spring descends in showers:
All expert soldiers, skill'd on foot to dare,
Or from the bounding courser urge the war.
Now fortune changes (so the Fates ordain);
Our hour was come to taste our share of pain.
Close at the ships the bloody fight began,
Wounded they wound, and man expires on man.
Long as the morning sun increasing bright
O'er Heav'n's pure azure spread the growing light,
Promiscuous death the form of war confounds,
Each adverse battle gor'd with equal wounds;
But when his ev'ning wheels o'erhung the main,
Then conquest crown'd the fierce Ciconian train.
Six brave companions from each ship we lost,
The rest escape in haste, and quit the coast.
With sails outspread we fly th' unequal strife,
Sad for their loss, but joyful of our life.
Yet as we fled, our fellows' rites we paid,
And thrice we call'd on each unhappy shade.
'Meanwhile the God, whose hand the thunder forms,
Drives clouds on clouds, and blackens Heav'n with storms,
Wide o'er the waste the rage of Boreas sweeps,
And night rush'd headlong on the shaded deeps.
Now here, now there, the giddy ships are borne,
And all the rattling shrouds in fragments torn.
We furl'd the sail, we plied the lab'ring oar,
Took down our masts, and row'd our ships to shore.
Two tedious days, and two long nights we lay,
O'erwatch'd and batter'd in the naked bay.
But the third morning when Aurora brings,
We rear the masts, we spread the canvas wings;
Refresh'd and careless on the deck reclin'd,
We sit, and trust the pilot and the wind.
Then to my native country had I sail'd:
But, the cape doubled, adverse winds prevail'd.
Strong was the tide, which, by the northern blast
Impell'd, our vessels on Cythera cast.
Nine days our fleet th' uncertain tempest bore
Far in wide ocean, and from sight of shore:
The tenth we touch'd, by various errors toss'd,
The land of Lotus, and the flow'ry coast.
We climb'd the beach, and springs of water found,
Then spread our hasty banquet on the ground.
Three men were sent, deputed from the crew
(A herald one) the dubious coast to view,
And learn what habitants possess'd the place.
They went, and found a hospitable race:
Not prone to ill, nor strange to foreign guest,
They eat, they drink, and Nature gives the feast:
The trees around them all their food produce;
Lotus the name: divine, nectareous juice
(Thence called Lotophagi); which whoso tastes,
Insatiate riots in the sweet repasts,
Nor other home nor other care intends,
But quits his house, his country, and his friends.
The three we sent, from off th' enchanting ground
We dragged reluctant, and by force we bound:
The rest in haste forsook the pleasing shore,
Or, the charm tasted, had return'd no more.
Now placed in order on their banks, they sweep
The sea's smooth face, and cleave the hoary deep;
With heavy hearts we labour thro' the tide,
To coasts unknown, and oceans yet untried.

'The land of Cyclops first, a savage kind,
Nor tamed by manners, nor by laws confin'd:
Untaught to plant, to turn the glebe and sow,
They all their products to free Nature owe.
The soil untill'd a ready harvest yields,
With wheat and barley wave the golden fields;
Spontaneous wines from weighty clusters pour,
And Jove descends in each prolific shower.
By these no statutes and no rights are known,
No Council held, no Monarch fills the throne,
But high on hills, or airy cliffs, they dwell,
Or deep in caves whose entrance leads to Hell.
Each rules his race, his neighbour not his care,
Heedless of others, to his own severe.
'Opposed to the Cyclopean coasts, there lay
An isle, whose hills their subject fields survey;
Its name Lachæa, crown'd with many a grove,
Where savage goats thro' pathless thickets rove:
No needy mortals here, with hunger bold,
Or wretched hunters thro' the wintry cold
Pursue their flight; but leave them safe to bound
From hill to hill, o'er all the desert ground.
Nor knows the soil to feed the fleecy care,
Or feels the labours of the crooked share;
But uninhabited, untill'd, unsown
It lies, and breeds the bleating goat alone.
For there no vessel with vermilion prore,
Or bark of traffic, glides from shore to shore;
The rugged race of savages, unskill'd
The seas to traverse, or the ships to build,
Gaze on the coast, nor cultivate the soil,
Unlearn'd in all th' industrious arts of toil.
Yet here all products and all plants abound,
Sprung from the fruitful genius of the ground;
Fields waving high with heavy crops are seen,
And vines that flourish in eternal green,
Refreshing meads along the murm'ring main,
And fountains streaming down the fruitful plain.
'A port there is, inclosed on either side,
Where ships may rest, unanchor'd and untied;
Till the glad mariners incline to sail,
And the sea whitens with the rising gale.
High at the head from out the cavern'd rock,
In living rills a gushing fountain broke:
Around it, and above, for ever green,
The bushy alders form'd a shady scene.
Hither some fav'ring God, beyond our thought,
Thro' all-surrounding shade our navy brought;
For gloomy night descended on the main,
Nor glimmer'd Phœbe in th' ethereal plain:
But all unseen the clouded island lay,
And all unseen the surge and rolling sea,
Till safe we anchor'd in the shelter'd bay:
Our sails we gather'd, cast our cables o'er,
And slept secure along the sandy shore.
Soon as again the rosy morning shone,
Reveal'd the landscape and the scene unknown,
With wonder seiz'd, we view the pleasing ground,
And walk delighted, and expatiate round.
Rous'd by the woodland nymphs at early dawn,
The mountain goats came bounding o'er the lawn:
In haste our fellows to the ships repair,
For arms and weapons of the sylvan war;
Straight in three squadrons all our crew we part,
And bend the bow, or wing the missile dart;
The bounteous Gods afford a copious prey,
And nine fat goats each vessel bears away:
The royal bark had ten. Our ships complete
We thus supplied (for twelve were all the fleet).
'Here, till the setting sun roll'd down the light,
We sat indulging in the genial rite:
Nor wines were wanting; those from ample jars
We drain'd, the prize of our Ciconian wars.

The land of Cyclops lay in prospect near;
The voice of goats and bleating flocks we hear,
And from their mountains rising smokes appear.
Now sunk the sun, and darkness cover'd o'er
The face of things: along the sea-beat shore
Satiate we slept; but when the sacred dawn
Arising glitter'd o'er the dewy lawn,
I call'd my fellows, and these words address'd:
"My dear associates, here indulge your rest:
While, with my single ship, adventurous I
Go forth, the manners of yon men to try;
Whether a race unjust, of barb'rous might,
Rude, and unconscious of a stranger's right,
Or such who harbour pity in their breast,
Revere the Gods, and succour the distress'd."
'This said, I climb'd my vessel's lofty side;
My train obey'd me, and the ship untied.
In order seated on their banks, they sweep
Neptune's smooth face, and cleave the yielding deep.
When to the nearest verge of land we drew,
Fast by the sea a lonely cave we view,
High, and with dark'ning laurels cover'd o'er;
Where sheep and goats lay slumb'ring round the shore.
Near this, a fence of marble from the rock,
Brown with o'erarching pine and spreading oak:
A giant shepherd here his flock maintains
Far from the rest, and solitary reigns,
In shelter thick of horrid shade reclin'd;
And gloomy mischiefs labour in his mind.
A form enormous! far unlike the race
Of human birth, in stature, or in face;
As some lone mountain's monstrous growth he stood,
Crown'd with rough thickets, and a nodding wood.
I left my vessel at the point of land,
And close to guard it gave our crew command:
With only twelve, the boldest and the best,
I seek th' adventure, and forsake the rest.
Then took a goatskin, fill'd with precious wine,
The gift of Maron of Evantheus' line
(The priest of Phœbus at th' Ismarian shrine).
In sacred shade his honour'd mansion stood
Amidst Apollo's consecrated wood;
Him, and his house, Heav'n mov'd my mind to save,
And costly presents in return he gave;
Sev'n golden talents to perfection wrought,
A silver bowl that held a copious draught,
And twelve large vessels of unmingled wine,
Mellifluous, undecaying, and divine!
Which now, some ages from his race conceal'd,
The hoary sire in gratitude reveal'd.
Such was the wine: to quench whose fervent steam
Scarce twenty measures from the living stream
To cool one cup sufficed: the goblet crown'd
Breathed aromatic fragrances around.
Of this an ample vase we heav'd aboard,
And brought another with provisions stor'd.
My soul foreboded I should find the bower
Of some fell monster, fierce with barb'rous power;
Some rustic wretch, who liv'd in Heav'n's despite,
Contemning laws, and trampling on the right.
The cave we found, but vacant all within
(His flock the giant tended on the green):
But round the grot we gaze; and all we view,
In order ranged, our admiration drew:
The bending shelves with loads of cheeses press'd,
The folded flocks each sep'rate from the rest
(The larger here, and there the lesser lambs,
The new-fall'n young here bleating for their dams;
The kid distinguish'd from the lambkin lies):
The cavern echoes with responsive cries.
Capacious chargers all around were laid,
Full pails, and vessels of the milking trade.

With fresh provisions hence our fleet to store
My friends advise me, and to quit the shore;
Or drive a flock of sheep and goats away,
Consult our safety, and put off to sea.
The wholesome counsel rashly I declin'd,
Curious to view the man of monstrous kind,
And try what social rites a savage lends:
Dire rites, alas! and fatal to my friends!
'Then first a fire we kindle, and prepare!
For his return with sacrifice and prayer.
The laden shelves afford us full repast;
We sit expecting. Lo! he comes at last.
Near half a forest on his back he bore,
And cast the pond'rous burden at the door.
It thunder'd as it fell. We trembled then,
And sought the deep recesses of the den.
Now, driv'n before him thro' the arching rock,
Came tumbling, heaps on heaps, th' unnumber'd flock:
Big-udder'd ewes, and goats of female kind
(The males were penn'd in outward courts behind);
Then, heav'd on high, a rock's enormous weight
To the cave's mouth he roll'd, and closed the gate
(Scarce twenty four-wheel'd cars, compact and strong,
The massy load could bear, or roll along).
He next betakes him to his evening cares,
And, sitting down, to milk his flocks prepares;
Of half their udders eases first the dams,
Then to the mothers' teats submits the lambs.
Half the white stream to hard'ning cheese he press'd,
And high in wicker-baskets heap'd: the rest,
Reserv'd in bowls, supplied his nightly feast.
His labour done, he fired the pile, that gave
A sudden blaze, and lighted all the cave.
We stand discover'd by the rising fires;
Askance the giant glares, and thus inquires:
'"What are ye, guests? on what adventure, say,
Thus far ye wander thro' the wat'ry way?
Pirates perhaps, who seek thro' seas unknown
The lives of others, and expose your own?"
'His voice like thunder thro' the cavern sounds:
My bold companions thrilling fear confounds,
Appall'd at sight of more than mortal man!
At length, with heart recover'd, I began:
'"From Troy's famed fields, sad wand'rers o'er the main,
Behold the relics of the Grecian train!
Thro' various seas, by various perils, toss'd,
And forc'd by storms, unwilling, on your coast;
Far from our destin'd course and native land,
Such was our fate, and such high Jove's command!
Nor what we are befits us to disclaim,
Atrides' friends (in arms a mighty name),
Who taught proud Troy and all her sons to bow:
Victors of late, but humble suppliants now!
Low at thy knee thy succour we implore;
Respect us, human, and relieve us, poor.
At least, some hospitable gift bestow;
'T is what the happy to th' unhappy owe:
'T is what the Gods require: those Gods revere;
The poor and stranger are their constant care;
To Jove their cause, and their revenge belongs,
He wanders with them, and he feels their wrongs."
'"Fools that ye are" (the savage thus replies,
His inward fury blazing at his eyes),
"Or strangers, distant far from our abodes,
To bid me rev'rence or regard the Gods,
Know then, we Cyclops are a race above
Those air-bred people, and their goat-nurs'd Jove;
And learn, our power proceeds with thee and thine,
Not as he wills, but as ourselves incline.
But answer, the good ship that brought ye o'er,
Where lies she anchor'd? near or off the shore?"
'Thus he. His meditated fraud I find
(Vers'd in the turns of various humankind),

And, cautious, thus: "Against a dreadful rock,
Fast by your shore, the gallant vessel broke.
Scarce with these few I 'scaped, of all my train:
Whom angry Neptune whelm'd beneath the main:
The scatter'd wreck the winds blew back again."
'He answer'd with his deed: his bloody hand
Snatch'd two, unhappy! of my martial band;
And dash'd like dogs against the stony floor:
The pavement swims with brains and mingled gore.
Torn limb from limb, he spreads his horrid feast,
And fierce devours it like a mountain beast:
He sucks the marrow, and the blood he drains,
Nor entrails, flesh, nor solid bone remains.
We see the death from which we cannot move,
And humbled groan beneath the hand of Jove.
His ample maw with human carnage fill'd,
A milky deluge next the giant swill'd;
Then, stretch'd in length o'er half the cavern'd rock,
Lay senseless, and supine, amidst the flock.
To seize the time, and with a sudden wound
To fix the slumb'ring monster to the ground,
My soul impels me! and in act I stand
To draw the sword; but wisdom held my hand.
A deed so rash had finish'd all our fate,
No mortal forces from the lofty gate
Could roll the rock. In hopeless grief we lay,
And sigh, expecting the return of day.
'Now did the Rosy-finger'd Morn arise,
And shed her sacred light along the skies.
He wakes, he lights the fires, he milks the dams,
And to the mothers' teats submits the lambs.
The task thus finish'd of his morning hours,
Two more he snatches, murders and devours.
Then pleas'd, and whistling, drives his flock before,
Removes the rocky mountain from the door,
And shuts again: with equal ease disposed
As a light quiver's lid is oped and closed.
His giant voice the echoing region fills:
His flocks, obedient, spread o'er all the hills.
'Thus left behind, ev'n in the last despair
I thought, devised, and Pallas heard my prayer.
Revenge, and doubt, and caution, work'd my breast;
But this of many counsels seem'd the best:
The monster's club within the cave I spied,
A tree of stateliest growth, and yet undried,
Green from the wood: of height and bulk so vast,
The largest ship might claim it for a mast.
This shorten'd of its top, I gave my train
A fathom's length, to shape it and to plane:
The narrower end I sharpen'd to a spire;
Whose point we harden'd with the force of fire,
And hid it in the dust that strew'd the cave.
Then to my few companions, bold and brave,
Proposed, who first the venturous deed should try,
In the broad orbit of his monstrous eye
To plunge the brand, and twirl the pointed wood,
When slumber next should tame the man of blood.
Just as I wish'd, the lots were cast on four:
Myself the fifth. We stand and wait the hour.
He comes with ev'ning: all his fleecy flock
Before him march, and pour into the rock:
Not one, or male or female, stay'd behind
(So fortune chanc'd, or so some God design'd);
Then heaving high the stone's unwieldy weight,
He roll'd it on the cave, and closed the gate.
First down he sits, to milk the woolly dams,
And then permits their udders to the lambs.

Next seiz'd two wretches more, and headlong cast,
Brain'd on the rock; his second dire repast.
I then approach'd him reeking with their gore,
And held the brimming goblet foaming o'er:
"Cyclop! since human flesh has been thy feast,
Now drain this goblet, potent to digest;
Know hence what treasures in our ship we lost,
And what rich liquors other climates boast.
We to thy shore the precious freight shall bear,
If home thou send us, and vouchsafe to spare.
But oh! thus furious, thirsting thus for gore,
The sons of men shall ne'er approach thy shore,
And never shalt thou taste this nectar more."
'He heard, he took, and, pouring down his throat,
Delighted, swill'd the large luxurious draught.
"More! give me more" (he cried), "the boon be thine,
Whoe'er thou art that bear'st celestial wine!
Declare thy name: not mortal is this juice,
Such as th' unbless'd Cyclopean climes produce
(Tho' sure our vine the largest cluster yields,
And Jove's scorn'd thunder serves to drench our fields);
But this descended from the bless'd abodes,
A rill of nectar, streaming from the Gods."
'He said, and greedy grasp'd the heady bowl,
Thrice drain'd, and pour'd the deluge on his soul.
His sense lay cover'd with the dozy fume;
While thus my fraudful speech I reassume.
"Thy promised boon, O Cyclop! now I claim,
And plead my title; Noman is my name.
By that distinguish'd from my tender years,
'T is what my parents call me, and my peers."
'The giant then: "Our promised grace receive,
The hospitable boon we mean to give:
When all thy wretched crew have felt my power,
Noman shall be the last I will devour."
'He said: then, nodding with the fumes of wine,
Dropp'd his huge head, and snoring lay supine.
His neck obliquely o'er his shoulders hung,
Press'd with the weight of sleep, that tames the strong:
There belch'd the mingled streams of wine and blood,
And human flesh, his indigested food.
Sudden I stir the embers, and inspire
With animating breath the seeds of fire;
Each drooping spirit with bold words repair,
And urge my train the dreadful deed to dare:
The stake now glow'd beneath the burning bed
(Green as it was) and sparkled fiery red.
Then forth the vengeful instrument I bring;
With beating hearts my fellows form a ring.
Urged by some present God, they swift let fall
The pointed torment on his visual ball.
Myself above them from a rising ground
Guide the sharp stake, and twirl it round and round.
As when a shipwright stands his workmen o'er,
Who ply the wimble, some huge beam to bore;
Urged on all hands, it nimbly spins about,
The grain deep-piercing till it scoops it out:
In his broad eye so whirls the fiery wood;
From the pierc'd pupil spouts the boiling blood;
Singed are his brows; the scorching lids grow black;
The jelly bubbles, and the fibres crack.
And as when arm'rers temper in the ford
The keen-edg'd pole-axe, or the shining sword,
The red-hot metal hisses in the lake,
Thus in his eye-ball hiss'd the plunging stake.
He sends a dreadful groan, the rocks around
Thro' all their inmost winding caves resound.

Scared we receded. Forth with frantic hand,
He tore, and dash'd on earth the gory brand:
Then calls the Cyclops, all that round him dwell,
With voice like thunder, and a direful yell.
From all their dens the one-eyed race repair,
From rifted rocks, and mountains bleak in air.
All haste, assembled at his well-known roar,
Inquire the cause, and crowd the cavern door.
'"What hurts thee, Polypheme? what strange affright
Thus breaks our slumbers, and disturbs the night?
Does any mortal, in th' unguarded hour
Of sleep, oppress thee, or by fraud or power?
Or thieves insidious thy fair flock surprise?"
Thus they: the Cyclop from his den replies:
'"Friends, Noman kills me; Noman, in the hour
Of sleep, oppresses me with fraudful power."
"If no man hurt thee, but the hand divine
Inflict disease, it fits thee to resign:
To Jove or to thy father Neptune pray!"
The brethren cried, and instant strode away.
'Joy touch'd my secret soul and conscious heart,
Pleas'd with th' effect of conduct and of art.
Meantime the Cyclop, raging with his wound,
Spreads his wide arms, and searches round and round:
At last, the stone removing from the gate,
With hands extended in the midst he sate:
And search'd each passing sheep, and felt it o'er,
Secure to seize us ere we reach'd the door
(Such as his shallow wit he deem'd was mine);
But secret I revolv'd the deep design:
'T was for our lives my lab'ring bosom wrought;
Each scheme I turn'd, and sharpen'd ev'ry thought;
This way and that I cast to save my friends,
Till one resolve my varying counsel ends.
'Strong were the rams, with native purple fair,
Well fed, and largest of the fleecy care.
These, three and three, with osier bands we tied
(The twining bands the Cyclop's bed supplied);
The midmost bore a man, the outward two
Secured each side: so bound we all the crew.
One ram remain'd, the leader of the flock;
In his deep fleece my grasping hands I lock,
And fast beneath, in woolly curls inwove,
There cling implicit, and confide in Jove.
When rosy morning glimmer'd o'er the dales,
He drove to pasture all the lusty males:
The ewes still folded, with distended thighs
Unmilk'd, lay bleating in distressful cries.
But heedless of those cares, with anguish stung,
He felt their fleeces as they pass'd along,
(Fool that he was), and let them safely go,
All unsuspecting of their freight below.
'The master ram at last approach'd the gate,
Charged with his wool, and with Ulysses' fate.
Him, while he pass'd, the monster blind bespoke:
"What makes my ram the lag of all the flock?
First thou wert wont to crop the flow'ry mead,
First to the field and river's bank to lead;
And first with stately step at ev'ning hour
Thy fleecy fellows usher to their bower.
Now far the last, with pensive pace and slow
Thou mov'st, as conscious of thy master's woe!
Seest thou these lids that now unfold in vain?
(The deed of Noman and his wicked train!)
Oh! didst thou feel for thy afflicted lord,
And would but Fate the power of speech afford,
Soon might'st thou tell me, where in secret here
The dastard lurks, all trembling with his fear:

Swung round and round, and dash'd from rock to rock,
His batter'd brains should on the pavement smoke.
No ease, no pleasure my sad heart receives,
While such a monster as vile Noman lives."
'The giant spoke, and thro' the hollow rock
Dismiss'd the ram, the father of the flock.
No sooner freed, and thro' th' inclosure pass'd,
First I release myself, my fellows last:
Fat sheep and goats in throngs we drive before,
And reach our vessel on the winding shore.
With joy the sailors view their friends return'd,
And hail us living, whom as dead they mourn'd.
Big tears of transport stand in ev'ry eye:
I check their fondness, and command to fly.
Aboard in haste they heave the wealthy sheep,
And snatch their oars, and rush into the deep.
'Now off at sea, and from the shallows clear,
As far as human voice could reach the ear,
With taunts the distant giant I accost:
"Hear me, O Cyclop! hear, ungracious host!
'T was on no coward, no ignoble slave,
Thou meditat'dst thy meal in yonder cave;
But one the vengeance fated from above
Doom'd to inflict; the instrument of Jove.
Thy barb'rous breach of hospitable bands
The God, the God revenges by my hands."
'These words the Cyclop's burning rage provoke;
From the tall hill he rends a pointed rock;
High o'er the billows flew the massy load,
And near the ship came thund'ring on the flood.
It almost brush'd the helm, and fell before:
The whole sea shook, and refluent beat the shore.
The strong concussion on the heaving tide
Roll'd back the vessel to the island's side:
Again I shov'd her off; our fate to fly,
Each nerve we stretch, and ev'ry oar we ply.
Just 'scaped impending death, when now again
We twice as far had furrow'd back the main,
Once more I raise my voice; my friends, afraid,
With mild entreaties my design dissuade:
"What boots the godless giant to provoke,
Whose arm may sink us at a single stroke?
Already, when the dreadful rock he threw,
Old Ocean shook, and back his surges flew.
The sounding voice directs his aim again;
The rock o'erwhelms us, and we 'scaped in vain."
'But I, of mind elate, and scorning fear,
Thus with new taunts insult the monster's ear:
"Cyclop! if any, pitying thy disgrace,
Ask who disfigured thus that eyeless face?
Say 't was Ulysses; 't was his deed, declare,
Laërtes' son, of Ithaca the fair;
Ulysses, far in fighting fields renown'd,
Before whose arm Troy tumbled to the ground."
'Th' astonish'd savage with a roar replies:
"Oh Heav'ns! oh faith of ancient prophecies!
This Telemus Eurymedes foretold
(The mighty seer who on these hills grew old;
Skill'd the dark fates of mortals to declare,
And learn'd in all wing'd omens of the air);
Long since he menaced, such was Fate's command;
And named Ulysses' as the destin'd hand.
I deem'd some godlike giant to behold,
Or lofty hero, haughty, brave, and bold;
Not this weak pigmy-wretch, of mean design,
Who not by strength subdued me, but by wine.
But come, accept our gifts, and join to pray
Great Neptune's blessing on the wat'ry way;
For his I am, and I the lineage own;
Th' immortal father no less boasts the son.
His power can heal me, and re-light my eye;
And only his, of all the Gods on high."
'"Oh! could this arm" (I thus aloud rejoin'd)
"From that vast bulk dislodge thy bloody mind,

And send thee howling to the realms of night,
As sure as Neptune cannot give thee sight!"
'Thus I; while raging he repeats his cries,
With hands uplifted to the starry skies:
"Hear me, O Neptune; thou whose arms are hurl'd
From shore to shore, and gird the solid world.
If thine I am, nor thou my birth disown,
And if th' unhappy Cyclop be thy son,
Let not Ulysses breathe his native air,
Laërtes' son, of Ithaca the fair!
If to review his country be his fate,
Be it thro' toils and suff'rings, long and late;
His lost companions let him first deplore;
Some vessel, not his own, transport him o'er;
And when at home from foreign suff'rings freed,
More near and deep, domestic woes succeed!"
'With imprecations thus he fill'd the air,
And angry Neptune heard th' unrighteous prayer.
A larger rock then heaving from the plain,
He whirl'd it round; it sung across the main;
It fell, and brush'd the stern: the billows roar,
Shake at the weight, and refluent beat the shore.
'With all our force we kept aloof to sea,
And gain'd the island where our vessels lay.
Our sight the whole collected navy cheer'd,
Who, waiting long, by turns had hoped and fear'd.
There, disembarking on the green sea side,
We land our cattle, and the spoil divide:
Of these due shares to ev'ry sailor fall;
The master ram was voted mine by all:
And him (the guardian of Ulysses' fate)
With pious mind to Heav'n I consecrate.
But the great God, whose thunder rends the skies,
Averse, beholds the smoking sacrifice;
And sees me wand'ring still from coast to coast:
And all my vessels, all my people, lost!
While thoughtless we indulge the genial rite,
As plenteous cates and flowing bowls invite;
Till ev'ning Phœbus roll'd away the light:
Stretch'd on the shores in careless ease we rest,
Till ruddy morning purpled o'er the east;
Then from their anchors all our ships unbind,
And mount the decks, and call the willing wind.
Now ranged in order on our banks, we sweep
With hasty strokes the hoarse resounding deep;
Blind to the future, pensive with our fears,
Glad for the living, for the dead in tears.'

BOOK X

ADVENTURES WITH ÆOLUS, THE LÆSTRYGONS, AND CIRCE

ARGUMENT

Ulysses arrives at the island of Æolus, who gives him prosperous winds, and incloses the adverse ones in a bag, which his companions untying, they are driven back again, and rejected. Then they sail to the Læstrygons, where they lose eleven ships, and, with one only remaining, proceed to the island of Circe. Eurylochus is sent first with some companions, all which, except Eurylochus, are transformed into swine. Ulysses then undertakes the adventure, and by the help of Mercury, who gives him the herb Moly, overcomes the enchantress, and procures the restoration of his men. After a year's stay with her, he prepares, at her instigation, for his voyage to the infernal shades.

'At length we reach'd Æolia's sea-girt shore,
Where great Hippotades the sceptre bore,
A floating isle! High rais'd by toil divine,
Strong walls of brass the rocky coast confine.
Six blooming youths, in private grandeur bred,
And six fair daughters, graced the royal bed:
These sons their sisters wed, and all remain
Their parents' pride, and pleasure of their reign.
All day they feast, all day the bowls flow round,
And joy and music thro' the isle resound:

At night each pair on splendid carpets lay,
And crown'd with love the pleasures of the day.
'This happy port affords our wand'ring fleet
A month's reception, and a safe retreat.
Full oft the Monarch urged me to relate
The fall of Ilion, and the Grecian Fate;
Full oft I told; at length for parting mov'd;
The King with mighty gifts my suit approv'd.
The adverse winds in leathern bags he braced,
Compress'd their force, and lock'd each struggling blast:
For him the mighty Sire of Gods assign'd
The tempest's lord, the Tyrant of the Wind:
His word alone the list'ning storms obey,
To smooth the deep, or swell the foamy sea.
These in my hollow ship the Monarch hung,
Securely fetter'd by a silver thong:
But Zephyrus exempt, with friendly gales
He charged to fill and guide the swelling sails:
Rare gift! but O, what gift to fools avails?
'Nine prosp'rous days we plied the lab'ring oar;
The tenth presents our welcome native shore:
The hills display the beacon's friendly light,
And rising mountains gain upon our sight.
Then first my eyes, by watchful toils oppress'd,
Complied to take the balmy gifts of rest:
Then first my hands did from the rudder part
(So much the love of home possess'd my heart):
When lo! on board a fond debate arose,
What rare device those vessels might inclose?
What sum, what prize from Æolus I brought?
Whilst to his neighbour each express'd his thought:
'"Say, whence, ye Gods, contending nations strive
Who most shall please, who most our hero give?
Long have his coffers groan'd with Trojan spoils;
Whilst we, the wretched partners of his toils,
Reproach'd by want, our fruitless labours mourn,
And only rich in barren fame return.
Now Æolus, ye see, augments his store:
But come, my friends, these mystic gifts explore."
They said: and (oh curs'd Fate!) the thongs unbound;
The gushing tempest sweeps the ocean round;
Snatch'd in the whirl, the hurried navy flew,
The ocean widen'd, and the shores withdrew.
Rous'd from my fatal sleep, I long debate
If still to live, or desp'rate plunge to fate;
Thus doubting, prostrate on the deck I lay,
Till all the coward thoughts of death gave way.
'Meanwhile our vessels plough the liquid plain,
And soon the known Æolian coast regain;
Our groans the rocks remurmur'd to the main.
We leap'd on shore, and with a scanty feast
Our thirst and hunger hastily repress'd;
That done, two chosen heralds straight attend
Our second progress to my royal friend:
And him amidst his jovial sons we found;
The banquet steaming, and the goblets crown'd:
There humbly stopp'd with conscious shame and awe,
Nor nearer than the gate presumed to draw.
But soon his sons their well-known guest descried,
And, starting from their couches, loudly cried,
"Ulysses here! what dæmon couldst thou meet
To thwart thy passage, and repel thy fleet?
Wast thou not furnish'd by our choicest care
For Greece, for home, and all thy soul held dear?"

Thus they; in silence long my fate I mourn'd,
At length these words with accent low return'd:
"Me, lock'd in sleep, my faithless crew bereft
Of all the blessings of your godlike gift!
But grant, oh grant our loss we may retrieve;
A favour you, and you alone can give."
'Thus I with art to move their pity tried,
And touch'd the youths; but their stern Sire replied:
"Vile wretch, begone! this instant I command
Thy fleet accurs'd to leave our hallow'd land.
His baneful suit pollutes these bless'd abodes,
Whose Fate proclaims him hateful to the Gods."
'Thus fierce he said: we sighing went our way,
And with desponding hearts put off to sea.
The sailors spent with toils their folly mourn,
But mourn in vain; no prospect of return.
Six days and nights a doubtful course we steer;
The next proud Lamos' stately towers appear,
And Læstrygonia's gates arise distinct in air.
The shepherd, quitting here at night the plain,
Calls, to succeed his cares, the watchful swain;
But he that scorns the chains of sleep to wear,
And adds the herdsman's to the shepherd's care,
So near the pastures, and so short the way,
His double toils may claim a double pay,
And join the labours of the night and day.
'Within a long recess a bay there lies,
Edg'd round with cliffs high pointing to the skies;
The jutting shores that swell on either side
Contract its mouth, and break the rushing tide.
Our eager sailors seize the fair retreat,
And bound within the port their crowded fleet;
For here retired the sinking billows sleep,
And smiling calmness silver'd o'er the deep.
I only in the bay refused to moor,
And fix'd, without, my halsers to the shore.
'From thence we climb'd a point, whose airy brow
Commands the prospect of the plains below:
No tracks of beasts, or signs of men, we found,
But smoky volumes rolling from the ground.
Two with our herald thither we command,
With speed to learn what men possess'd the land.
They went, and kept the wheel's smooth beaten road
Which to the city drew the mountain wood;
When lo! they met, beside a crystal spring,
The daughter of Antiphates the king;
She to Artacia's silver streams came down
(Artacia's streams alone supply the town);
The damsel they approach, and ask'd what race
The people were? who Monarch of the place?
With joy the maid th' unwary strangers heard,
And show'd them where the royal dome appear'd.
They went; but, as they ent'ring saw the Queen
Of size enormous, and terrific mien
(Not yielding to some bulky mountain's height),
A sudden horror struck their aching sight.
Swift at her call her husband scour'd away
To wreak his hunger on the destin'd prey;
One for his food the raging glutton slew,
But two rush'd out, and to the navy flew.
'Balk'd of his prey, the yelling monster flies,
And fills the city with his hideous cries:
A ghastly band of giants hear the roar,
And, pouring down the mountains, crowd the shore.
Fragments they rend from off the craggy brow,
And dash the ruins on the ships below:

The crackling vessels burst; hoarse groans arise,
And mingled horrors echo to the skies:
The men, like fish, they stuck upon the flood,
And cramm'd their filthy throats with human food.
Whilst thus their fury rages at the bay,
My sword our cables cut, I call'd to weigh;
And charged my men, as they from Fate would fly,
Each nerve to strain, each bending oar to ply.
The sailors catch the word, their oars they seize,
And sweep with equal strokes the smoky seas.
Clear of the rocks th' impatient vessel flies;
Whilst in the port each wretch encumber'd dies.
With earnest haste my frighted sailors press,
While kindling transports glow'd at our success;
But the sad fate that did our friends destroy,
Cool'd every breast, and damp'd the rising joy.
'Now dropp'd our anchors in the Ææan bay,
Where Circe dwelt, the Daughter of the Day!
Her mother Persè, of old Ocean's strain,
Thus from the Sun descended, and the Main
(From the same lineage stern Æætes came,
The far-famed brother of th' enchantress dame):
Goddess, and Queen, to whom the powers belong
Of dreadful magic, and commanding song.
Some God directing, to this peaceful bay
Silent we came, and melancholy lay,
Spent and o'erwatch'd. Two days and nights roll'd on,
And now the third succeeding morning shone.
I climb'd a cliff, with spear and sword in hand,
Whose ridge o'erlook'd a shady length of land;
To learn if aught of mortal works appear,
Or cheerful voice of mortal strike the ear?
From the high point I mark'd, in distant view,
A stream of curling smoke ascending blue,
And spiry tops, the tufted trees above,
Of Circe's palace bosom'd in the grove.
'Thither to haste, the region to explore,
Was first my thought: but, speeding back to shore,
I deem'd it best to visit first my crew,
And send out spies the dubious coast to view.
As down the hill I solitary go,
Some Power divine, who pities human woe,
Sent a tall stag, descending from the wood,
To cool his fervour in the crystal flood;
Luxuriant on the wave-worn bank he lay,
Stretch'd forth and panting in the sunny ray.
I launch'd my spear, and with a sudden wound
Transpierc'd his back, and fix'd him to the ground.
He falls, and mourns his fate with human cries:
Thro' the wide wound the vital spirit flies.
I drew, and casting on the river's side
The bloody spear, his gather'd feet I tied
With twining osiers which the bank supplied.
An ell in length the pliant wisp I weav'd,
And the huge body on my shoulders heav'd:
Then, leaning on my spear with both my hands,
Upbore my load, and press'd the sinking sands
With weighty steps, till at the ship I threw
The welcome burden, and bespoke my crew:
'"Cheer up, my friends! it is not yet our fate
To glide with ghosts thro' Pluto's gloomy gate.
Food in the desert land, behold! is giv'n;
Live, and enjoy the providence of Heav'n."
'The joyful crew survey his mighty size,
And on the future banquet feast their eyes,
As huge in length extended lay the beast;
Then wash their hands, and hasten to the feast.
There, till the setting sun roll'd down the light,
They sate indulging in the genial rite.

When ev'ning rose, and darkness cover'd o'er
The face of things, we slept along the shore.
But when the rosy morning warm'd the east,
My men I summon'd, and these words address'd:
'"Foll'wers and Friends! attend what I propose,
Ye sad companions of Ulysses' woes!
We know not here what land before us lies,
Or to what quarter now we turn our eyes,
Or where the sun shall set, or where shall rise.
Here let us think (if thinking be not vain)
If any counsel, any hope remain.
Alas! from yonder promontory's brow
I view'd the coast, a region flat and low;
An isle encircled with the boundless flood;
A length of thickets, and entangled wood.
Some smoke I saw amidst the forest rise,
And all around it only seas and skies!"
'With broken hearts my sad companions stood,
Mindful of Cyclops and his human food,
And horrid Læstrygons, the men of blood.
Presaging tears apace began to rain:
But tears in mortal miseries are vain.
In equal parts I straight divide my band,
And name a chief each party to command;
I led the one, and of the other side
Appointed brave Eurylochus the guide.
Then in the brazen helm the lots we throw,
And Fortune casts Eurylochus to go:
He march'd with twice eleven in his train;
Pensive they march, and pensive we remain.
'The palace in a woody vale they found,
High rais'd of stone; a shaded space around;
Where mountain wolves and brindled lions roam
(By magic tamed), familiar to the dome.
With gentle blandishment our men they meet,
And wag their tails, and fawning lick their feet.
As from some feast a man returning late,
His faithful dogs all meet him at the gate,
Rejoicing round, some morsel to receive
(Such as the good man ever used to give),
Domestic thus the grisly beasts drew near;
They gaze with wonder not unmix'd with fear.
Now on the threshold of the dome they stood,
And heard a voice resounding thro' the wood:
Placed at her loom within, the Goddess sung;
The vaulted roofs and solid pavement rung.
O'er the fair web the rising figures shine,
Immortal labour! worthy hands divine.
Polites to the rest the question mov'd
(A gallant leader, and a man I lov'd):
'"What voice celestial, chanting to the loom
(Or Nymph, or Goddess), echoes from the room?
Say, shall we seek access?" With that they call;
And wide unfold the portals of the hall.
'The Goddess, rising, asks her guests to stay,
Who blindly follow where she leads the way.
Eurylochus alone of all the band,
Suspecting fraud, more prudently remain'd.
On thrones around with downy cov'rings graced,
With semblance fair, th' unhappy men she placed.
Milk newly press'd, the sacred flour of wheat,
And honey fresh, and Pramnian wines the treat:
But venom'd was the bread, and mix'd the bowl,
With drugs of force to darken all the soul:
Soon in the luscious feast themselves they lost,
And drank oblivion of their native coast.
Instant her circling wand the Goddess waves,
To hogs transforms them, and the sty receives.
No more was seen the human form divine;
Head, face, and members, bristle into swine:
Still curs'd with sense, their minds remain alone,
And their own voice affrights them when they groan.

Meanwhile the Goddess in disdain bestows
The mast and acorn, brutal food! and strows
The fruits and cornel, as their feast, around;
Now prone and grov'ling on unsav'ry ground.
'Eurylochus, with pensive steps and slow,
Aghast returns; the messenger of woe,
And bitter fate. To speak he made essay;
In vain essay'd, nor would his tongue obey.
His swelling heart denied the words their way:
But speaking tears the want of words supply,
And the full soul burst copious from his eye.
Affrighted, anxious for our fellows' fates,
We press to hear what sadly he relates:
'"We went, Ulysses (such was thy command),
Thro' the lone thicket and the desert land.
A palace in a woody vale we found,
Brown with dark forests, and with shades around.
A voice celestial echoed thro' the dome,
Or Nymph or Goddess, chanting to the loom.
Access we sought, nor was access denied:
Radiant she came; the portals open'd wide:
The Goddess mild invites the guests to stay:
They blindly follow where she leads the way.
I only wait behind of all the train:
I waited long, and eyed the doors in vain:
The rest are vanish'd, none repass'd the gate;
And not a man appears to tell their fate."
'I heard, and instant o'er my shoulder flung
The belt in which my weighty faulchion hung
(A beamy blade): then seiz'd the bended bow,
And bade him guide the way, resolv'd to go.
He, prostrate falling, with both hands embraced
My knees, and weeping thus his suit address'd:
'"O King, belov'd of Jove, thy servant spare,
And ah, thyself the rash attempt forbear!
Never, alas! thou never shalt return,
Or see the wretched, for whose loss we mourn.
With what remains from certain ruin fly,
And save the few not fated yet to die."
'I answer'd stern: "Inglorious then remain,
Here feast and loiter, and desert thy train.
Alone, unfriended, will I tempt my way;
The laws of Fate compel, and I obey."
'This said, and scornful turning from the shore
My haughty step, I stalk'd the valley o'er.
Till now, approaching nigh the magic bower,
Where dwelt th' enchantress skill'd in herbs of power,
A form divine forth issued from the wood
(Immortal Hermes with the golden rod),
In human semblance. On his bloomy face
Youth smiled celestial, with each opening grace.
He seiz'd my hand, and gracious thus began:
'"Ah whither roam'st thou, much-enduring man?
O blind to Fate! what led thy steps to rove
The horrid mazes of this magic grove?
Each friend you seek in yon enclosure lies,
All lost their form, and habitants of sties.
Think'st thou by wit to model their escape?
Sooner shalt thou, a stranger to thy shape,
Fall prone their equal: first thy danger know,
Then take the antidote the Gods bestow.
The plant I give thro' all the direful bower
Shall guard thee, and avert the evil hour.
Now hear her wicked arts. Before thy eyes
The bowl shall sparkle, and the banquet rise;
Take this, nor from the faithless feast abstain,
For temper'd drugs and poison shall be vain.
Soon as she strikes her wand, and gives the word,
Draw forth and brandish thy refulgent sword,
And menace death: those menaces shall move
Her alter'd mind to blandishment and love.
Nor shun the blessing proffer'd to thy arms.
Ascend her bed, and taste celestial charms:

So shall thy tedious toils a respite find,
And thy lost friends return to human-kind.
But swear her first by those dread oaths that tie
The powers below, the blessed in the sky;
Lest to thee naked secret fraud be meant,
Or magic bind thee cold and impotent."
'Thus while he spoke, the sov'reign plant he drew,
Where on th' all-bearing earth unmark'd it grew,
And show'd its nature and its wondrous power:
Black was the root, but milky white the flower;
Moly the name, to mortals hard to find,
But all is easy to th' ethereal kind.
This Hermes gave, then, gliding off the glade,
Shot to Olympus from the woodland shade.
While, full of thought, revolving fates to come,
I speed my passage to th' enchanted dome.
Arrived, before the lofty gates I stay'd;
The lofty gates the Goddess wide display'd:
She leads before, and to the feast invites;
I follow sadly to the magic rites.
Radiant with starry studs, a silver seat
Receiv'd my limbs: a footstool eas'd my feet.
She mix'd the potion, fraudulent of soul;
The poison mantled in the golden bowl.
I took, and quaff'd it, confident in Heav'n:
Then waved the wand, and then the word was giv'n.
"Hence to thy fellows!" (dreadful she began)
"Go, be a beast!" — I heard, and yet was man.
'Then sudden whirling, like a waving flame,
My beamy faulchion, I assault the dame.
Struck with unusual fear, she trembling cries,
She faints, she falls; she lifts her weeping eyes.
'"What art thou? say! from whence, from whom you came?
O more than human! tell thy race, thy name.
Amazing strength, these poisons to sustain!
Not mortal thou, nor mortal is thy brain.
Or art thou he, the man to come (foretold
By Hermes, powerful with the wand of gold),
The man from Troy, who wander'd ocean round;
The man for wisdom's various arts renown'd,
Ulysses? Oh! thy threat'ning fury cease,
Sheathe thy bright sword, and join our hands in peace!
Let mutual joys our mutual trust combine,
And love, and love-born confidence be thine."
'"And how, dread Circe!" (furious I rejoin)
"Can love, and love-born confidence, be mine,
Beneath thy charms when my companions groan,
Transform'd to beasts, with accents not their own?
O thou of fraudful heart, shall I be led
To share thy feast-rites, or ascend thy bed;
That, all unarm'd, thy vengeance may have vent,
And magic bind me cold and impotent?
Celestial as thou art, yet stand denied;
Or swear that oath by which the Gods are tied,
Swear, in thy soul no latent frauds remain,
Swear by the vow which never can be vain."
'The Goddess swore: then seiz'd my hand and led
To the sweet transports of the genial bed.
Ministrant to the Queen, with busy care
Four faithful handmaids the soft rites prepare;
Nymphs sprung from fountains, or from shady woods,
Or the fair offspring of the sacred floods.
One o'er the couches painted carpets threw,
Whose purple lustre glow'd against the view:
White linen lay beneath. Another placed
The silver stands, with golden flaskets graced:
With dulcet bev'rage this the beaker crown'd
Fair in the midst, with gilded cups around;
That in the tripod o'er the kindled pile
The water pours; the bubbling waters boil;
An ample vase receives the smoking wave;
And, in the bath prepared, my limbs I lave:
Reviving sweets repair the mind's decay,
And take the painful sense of toil away.
A vest and tunic o'er me next she threw,
Fresh from the bath, and dropping balmy dew:

Then led and placed me on the sov'reign seat,
With carpets spread; a footstool at my feet.
The golden ewer a nymph obsequious brings,
Replenish'd from the cool translucent springs;
With copious water the bright vase supplies
A silver laver of capacious size.
I wash'd. The table in fair order spread,
They heap the glitt'ring canisters with bread;
Viands of various kinds allure the taste,
Of choicest sort and savour, rich repast!
Circe in vain invites the feast to share;
Absent I ponder, and absorb'd in care:
While scenes of woe rose anxious in my breast,
The Queen beheld me, and these words address'd:
'"Why sits Ulysses silent and apart,
Some hoard of grief close harbour'd at his heart?
Untouch'd before thee stand the cates divine,
And unregarded laughs the rosy wine.
Can yet a doubt or any dread remain,
When sworn that oath which never can be vain?"
'I answered: "Goddess! human is my breast,
By justice sway'd, by tender pity press'd:
Ill fits it me, whose friends are sunk to beasts,
To quaff thy bowls, or riot in thy feasts.
Me would'st thou please? for them thy cares employ,
And them to me restore, and me to joy."
'With that she parted: in her potent hand
She bore the virtue of the magic wand.
Then, hast'ning to the sties, set wide the door,
Urged forth, and drove the bristly herd before;
Unwieldy, out they rush'd with gen'ral cry,
Enormous beasts dishonest to the eye.
Now, touch'd by counter-charms, they change again,
And stand majestic, and recall'd to men.
Those hairs of late that bristled ev'ry part,
Fall off, miraculous effect of art!
Till all the form in full proportion rise,
More young, more large, more graceful to my eyes.
They saw, they knew me, and with eager pace
Clung to their master in a long embrace:
Sad, pleasing sight! with tears each eye ran o'er,
And sobs of joy re-echoed thro' the bower;
Ev'n Circe wept, her adamantine heart
Felt pity enter, and sustain'd her part.
'"Son of Laërtes!" (then the Queen began)
"Oh much-enduring, much-experienc'd man!
Haste to thy vessel on the sea-beat shore,
Unload thy treasures, and the galley moor;
Then bring thy friends, secure from future harms,
And in our grottoes stow thy spoils and arms."
'She said. Obedient to her high command
I quit the place, and hasten to the strand.
My sad companions on the beach I found,
Their wistful eyes in floods of sorrow drown'd.
As from fresh pastures and the dewy field
(When loaded cribs their ev'ning banquet yield),
The lowing herds return; around them throng
With leaps and bounds their late imprison'd young,
Rush to their mothers with unruly joy,
And echoing hills return the tender cry:
So round me press'd, exulting at my sight,
With cries and agonies of wild delight,
The weeping sailors; nor less fierce their joy
Than if return'd to Ithaca from Troy.
"Ah master! ever honour'd, ever dear!"
(These tender words on ev'ry side I hear)
"What other joy can equal thy return?
Not that lov'd country for whose sight we mourn,
The soil that nurs'd us, and that gave us breath:
But ah! relate our lost companions' death."
'I answer'd cheerful: "Haste, your galley moor
And bring our treasures and our arms ashore:
Those in yon hollow caverns let us lay;
Then rise, and follow where I lead the way.

Your fellows live; believe your eyes, and come
To taste the joys of Circe's sacred dome."
'With ready speed the joyful crew obey;
Alone Eurylochus persuades their stay.
'"Whither" (he cried), "ah whither will ye run?
Seek ye to meet those evils ye should shun?
Will you the terrors of the dome explore,
In swine to grovel, or in lions roar,
Or wolf-like howl away the midnight hour
In dreadful watch around the magic bower?
Remember Cyclops, and his bloody deed;
The leader's rashness made the soldiers bleed."
'I heard incens'd, and first resolv'd to speed
My flying faulchion at the rebel's head.
Dear as he was, by ties of kindred bound,
This hand had stretch'd him breathless on the ground;
But all at once my interposing train
For mercy pleaded, nor could plead in vain:
"Leave here the man who dares his Prince desert,
Leave to repentance and his own sad heart,
To guard the ship. Seek we the sacred shades
Of Circe's palace, where Ulysses leads."
'This with one voice declared, the rising train
Left the black vessel by the murm'ring main.
Shame touch'd Eurylochus's alter'd breast;
He fear'd my threats, and follow'd with the rest.
'Meanwhile the Goddess, with indulgent cares
And social joys, the late transform'd repairs;
The bath, the feast, their fainting soul renews;
Rich in refulgent robes, and dropping balmy dews:
Bright'ning with joy their eager eyes behold
Each other's face, and each his story told;
Then gushing tears the narrative confound,
And with their sobs the vaulted roofs resound.
When hush'd their passion, thus the Goddess cries:
"Ulysses, taught by labours to be wise,
Let this short memory of grief suffice.
To me are known the various woes ye bore,
In storms by sea, in perils on the shore;
Forget whatever was in Fortune's power,
And share the pleasures of this genial hour.
Such be your minds as ere ye left the coast,
Or learn'd to sorrow for a country lost.
Exiles and wand'rers now, where'er ye go,
Too faithful memory renews your woe:
The cause remov'd, habitual griefs remain,
And the soul saddens by the use of pain."
'Her kind entreaty mov'd the gen'ral breast;
Tired with long toil, we willing sunk to rest.
We plied the banquet, and the bowl we crown'd,
Till the full circle of the year came round.
But when the seasons, foll'wing in their train,
Brought back the months, the days, and hours again,
As from a lethargy at once they rise,
And urge their chief with animating cries:
'"Is this, Ulysses, our inglorious lot?
And is the name of Ithaca forgot?
Shall never the dear land in prospect rise,
Or the lov'd palace glitter in our eyes?"
'Melting I heard: yet till the sun's decline
Prolong'd the feast, and quaff'd the rosy wine:
But when the shades came on at ev'ning hour,
And all lay slumb'ring in the dusky bower,
I came a suppliant to fair Circe's bed,
The tender moment seiz'd, and thus I said:
"Be mindful, Goddess! of thy promise made;
Must sad Ulysses ever be delay'd?
Around their lord my sad companions mourn,
Each breast beats homeward, anxious to return:
If but a moment parted from thy eyes,
Their tears flow round me, and my heart complies."
'"Go then" (she cried), "ah go! yet think not I,
Not Circe, but the Fates, your wish deny.
Ah hope not yet to breathe thy native air!
Far other journey first demands thy care;
To tread th' uncomfortable paths beneath,
And view the realms of darkness and of death.

There seek the Theban bard, deprived of sight;
Within, irradiate with prophetic light;
To whom Persephonè, entire and whole,
Gave to retain th' unseparated soul:
The rest are forms, of empty ether made;
Impassive semblance, and a flitting shade."
'Struck at the word, my very heart was dead:
Pensive I sate: my tears bedew'd the bed:
To hate the light and life my soul begun,
And saw that all was grief beneath the sun.
Composed at length, the gushing tears suppress'd,
And my toss'd limbs now wearied into rest,
"How shall I tread" (I cried), "ah, Circe! say,
The dark descent, and who shall guide the way?
Can living eyes behold the realms below?
What bark to waft me, and what wind to blow?"
'"Thy fated road" (the magic Power replied),
"Divine Ulysses! asks no mortal guide.
Rear but the mast, the spacious sail display,
The northern winds shall wing thee on thy way.
Soon shalt thou reach old Ocean's utmost ends,
Where to the main the shelving shore descends:
The barren trees of Proserpine's black woods,
Poplars and willows trembling o'er the floods;
There fix thy vessel in the lonely bay,
And enter there the kingdoms void of day:
Where Phlegethon's loud torrents, rushing down,
Hiss in the flaming gulf of Acheron;
And where, slow-rolling from the Stygian bed,
Cocytus' lamentable waters spread:
Where the dark rock o'erhangs th' infernal lake,
And mingling streams eternal murmurs make.
First draw thy faulchion, and on ev'ry side
Trench the black earth a cubit long and wide:
To all the shades around libations pour,
And o'er th' ingredients strew the hallow'd flour:
New wine and milk, with honey temper'd bring,
And living water from the crystal spring.
Then the wan shades and feeble ghosts implore,
With promis'd off'rings on thy native shore:
A barren cow, the stateliest of the isle,
And, heap'd with various wealth, a blazing pile:
These to the rest; but to the seer must bleed
A sable ram, the pride of all thy breed.
These solemn vows, and holy off'rings, paid
To all the phantom nations of the dead,
Be next thy care the sable sheep to place
Full o'er the pit, and hellward turn their face;
But from th' infernal rite thine eye withdraw,
And back to Ocean glance with rev'rent awe.
Sudden shall skim along the dusky glades
Thin airy shoals, and visionary shades.
Then give command the sacrifice to haste,
Let the flay'd victims in the flame be cast,
And sacred vows and mystic song applied
To grisly Pluto and his gloomy bride.
Wide o'er the pool thy faulchion waved around
Shall drive the spectres from forbidden ground:
The sacred draught shall all the dead forbear,
Till awful from the shades arise the seer.
Let him, oraculous, the end, the way,
The turns of all thy future fate display,
Thy pilgrimage to come, and remnant of thy day."
'So speaking, from the ruddy orient shone
The Morn, conspicuous on her golden throne.
The Goddess with a radiant tunic dress'd
My limbs, and o'er me cast a silken vest.
Long flowing robes, of purest white, array
The Nymph, that added lustre to the day:
A tiar wreath'd her head with many a fold;
Her waist was circled with a zone of gold.

Forth issuing then, from place to place I flew;
Rouse man by man, and animate my crew.
"Rise, rise, my mates! 't is Circe gives command:
Our journey calls us: haste, and quit the land."
All rise and follow, yet depart not all,
For Fate decreed one wretched man to fall.
'A youth there was, Elpenor was he named,
Not much for sense, nor much for courage famed:
The youngest of our band, a vulgar soul,
Born but to banquet, and to drain the bowl.
He, hot and careless, on a turret's height
With sleep repair'd the long debauch of night:
The sudden tumult stirr'd him where he lay,
And down he hasten'd, but forgot the way;
Full headlong from the roof the sleeper fell,
And snapp'd the spinal joint, and waked in Hell.
'The rest crowd round me with an eager look;
I met them with a sigh, and thus bespoke:
"Already, friends! ye think your toils are o'er,
Your hopes already touch your native shore:
Alas! far otherwise the Nymph declares,
Far other journey first demands our cares:
To tread th' uncomfortable paths beneath,
The dreary realms of darkness and of death;
To seek Tiresias' awful shade below,
And thence our fortunes and our fates to know."
'My sad companions heard in deep despair;
Frantic they tore their manly growth of hair;
To earth they fell; the tears began to rain;
But tears in mortal miseries are vain.
Sadly they fared along the sea-beat shore:
Still heav'd their hearts, and still their eyes ran o'er.
The ready victims at our bark we found,
The sable ewe and ram, together bound.
For, swift as thought, the Goddess had been there,
And thence had glided viewless as the air:
The paths of Gods what mortal can survey?
Who eyes their motion? who shall trace their way?'

BOOK XIII

THE ARRIVAL OF ULYSSES IN ITHACA

THE ARGUMENT

Ulysses takes his leave of Alcinoüs and Aretè, and embarks in the evening. Next morning the ship arrives at Ithaca; where the sailors, as Ulysses is yet sleeping, lay him on the shore with all his treasures. On their return, Neptune changes their ship into a rock. In the mean time, Ulysses awaking, knows not his native Ithaca, by reason of a mist which Pallas had cast round him. He breaks into loud lamentations; till the Goddess appearing to him in the form of a shepherd, discovers the country to him, and points out the particular places. He then tells a feigned story of his adventures, upon which she manifests herself, and they consult together on the measures to be taken to destroy the suitors. To conceal his return, and disguise his person the more effectually, she changes him into the figure of an old beggar.

He ceas'd; but left so pleasing on their ear
His voice, that list'ning still they seem'd to hear.
A pause of silence hush'd the shady rooms:
The grateful conf'rence then the King resumes:
'Whatever toils the great Ulysses pass'd,
Beneath this happy roof they end at last;
No longer now from shore to shore to roam,
Smooth seas and gentle winds invite him home.
But hear me, Princes! whom these walls enclose,
For whom my chanter sings, and goblet flows
With wine unmix'd (an honour due to age,
To cheer the grave, and warm the poet's rage),
Tho' labour'd gold, and many a dazzling vest
Lie heap'd already for our godlike guest:
Without new treasures let him not remove,
Large, and expressive of the public love:

Each Peer a tripod, each a vase bestow,
A gen'ral tribute, which the state shall owe.'
This sentence pleas'd: then all their steps address'd
To sep'rate mansions, and retired to rest.
Now did the Rosy-finger'd Morn arise,
And shed her sacred light along the skies.
Down to the haven and the ships in haste
They bore the treasures, and in safety placed.
The King himself the vases ranged with care;
Then bade his foll'wers to the feast repair.
A victim ox beneath the sacred hand
Of great Alcinoüs falls, and stains the sand.
To Jove th' Eternal (Power above all Powers!
Who wings the winds, and darkens Heav'n with showers),
The flames ascend: till ev'ning they prolong
The rites, more sacred made by heav'nly song:
For in the midst with public honours graced,
Thy lyre, divine Demodocus! was placed.
All, but Ulysses, heard with fix'd delight:
He sate, and eyed the sun, and wish'd the night:
Slow seem'd the sun to move, the hours to roll,
His native home deep-imaged in his soul.
As the tired ploughman spent with stubborn toil,
Whose oxen long have torn the furrow'd soil,
Sees with delight the sun's declining ray,
When home with feeble knees he bends his way
To late repast (the day's hard labour done),
So to Ulysses welcome set the sun;
Then instant to Alcinoüs and the rest
(The Scherian states) he turn'd, and thus address'd.
'O thou, the first in merit and command!
And you the Peers and Princes of the land!
May ev'ry joy be yours! nor this the least,
When due libation shall have crown'd the feast,
Safe to my home to send your happy guest.
Complete are now the bounties you have giv'n,
Be all those bounties but confirm'd by Heav'n!
So may I find, when all my wand'rings cease,
My consort blameless, and my friends in peace.
On you be ev'ry bliss; and ev'ry day,
In home-felt joys, delighted roll away:
Yourselves, your wives, your long-descending race,
May ev'ry God enrich with ev'ry grace!
Sure fix'd on virtue may your nation stand,
And public evil never touch the land!'
His words well weigh'd, the gen'ral voice approv'd
Benign, and instant his dismission mov'd.
The Monarch to Pontonoüs gave the sign,
To fill the goblet high with rosy wine:
'Great Jove the Father first' (he cried) 'implore;
Then send the stranger to his native shore.'
The luscious wine th' obedient herald brought;
Around the mansion flow'd the purple draught;
Each from his seat to each immortal pours,
Whom glory circles in th' Olympian bowers.
Ulysses sole with air majestic stands,
The bowl presenting to Aretè's hands;
Then thus: 'O Queen, farewell! be still possess'd
Of dear remembrance, blessing still and bless'd!
Till age and death shall gently call thee hence
(Sure fate of ev'ry mortal excellence).
Farewell! and joys successive ever spring
To thee, to thine, the people and the King!'
Thus he: then parting prints the sandy shore
To the fair port: a herald march'd before,
Sent by Alcinoüs; of Aretè's train
Three chosen maids attend him to the main:
This does a tunic and white vest convey,
A various casket that, of rich inlay,
And bread and wine the third. The cheerful mates
Safe in the hollow poop dispose the cates:

Upon the deck soft painted robes they spread,
With linen cover'd, for the hero's bed.
He climb'd the lofty stern; then gently press'd
The swelling couch, and lay composed to rest.
Now placed in order, the Phæacian train
Their cables loose, and launch into the main:
At once they bend, and strike their equal oars,
And leave the sinking hills and less'ning shores.
While on the deck the Chief in silence lies,
And pleasing slumbers steal upon his eyes.
As fiery coursers in the rapid race
Urged by fierce drivers thro' the dusty space,
Toss their high heads, and scour along the plain;
So mounts the bounding vessel o'er the main.
Back to the stern the parted billows flow,
And the black ocean foams and roars below.
Thus with spread sails the winged galley flies;
Less swift an eagle cuts the liquid skies;
Divine Ulysses was her sacred load,
A man in wisdom equal to a God!
Much danger, long and mighty toils he bore,
In storms by sea, and combats on the shore:
All which soft sleep now banish'd from his breast,
Wrapp'd in a pleasing, deep, and death-like rest.
But when the morning-star with early ray
Flamed in the front of Heav'n, and promis'd day,
Like distant clouds the mariner descries
Fair Ithaca's emerging hills arise.
Far from the town a spacious port appears,
Sacred to Phorcys' power, whose name it bears:
Two craggy rocks, projecting to the main,
The roaring wind's tempestuous rage restrain;
Within, the waves in softer murmurs glide,
And ships secure without their halsers ride.
High at the head a branching olive grows,
And crowns the pointed cliffs with shady boughs.
Beneath, a gloomy grotto's cool recess
Delights the Nereids of the neighb'ring seas,
Where bowls and urns were form'd of living stone,
And massy beams in native marble shone:
On which the labours of the Nymphs were roll'd,
Their webs divine of purple mix'd with gold.
Within the cave the clust'ring bees attend
Their waxen works, or from the roof depend.
Perpetual waters o'er the pavement glide;
Two marble doors unfold on either side;
Sacred the south, by which the Gods descend;
But mortals enter at the northern end.
Thither they bent, and haul'd their ship to land
(The crooked keel divides the yellow sand);
Ulysses sleeping on his couch they bore,
And gently placed him on the rocky shore.
His treasures next, Alcinoüs' gifts, they laid
In the wild olive's unfrequented shade,
Secure from theft; then launch'd the bark again,
Resumed their oars, and measured back the main.
Nor yet forgot old Ocean's dread Supreme
The vengeance vow'd for eyeless Polypheme.
Before the throne of mighty Jove he stood;
And sought the secret counsels of the God.
'Shall then no more, O Sire of Gods! be mine
The rights and honours of a power divine?
Scorn'd ev'n by man, and (oh severe disgrace!)
By soft Phæacians, my degen'rate race!
Against yon destin'd head in vain I swore,
And menaced vengeance, ere he reach'd his shore;
To reach his natal shore was thy decree;
Mild I obey'd, for who shall war with thee?
Behold him landed, careless and asleep,
From all th' eluded dangers of the deep;

Lo where he lies, amidst a shining store
Of brass, rich garments, and refulgent ore;
And bears triumphant to his native isle
A prize more worth than Ilion's noble spoil.'
To whom the Father of th' immortal Powers,
Who swells the clouds, and gladdens earth with showers:
'Can mighty Neptune thus of man complain?
Neptune, tremendous o'er the boundless main!
Revered and awful ev'n in Heav'n's abodes,
Ancient and great! a God above the Gods!
If that low race offend thy power divine,
(Weak, daring creatures!) is not vengeance thine?
Go then, the guilty at thy will chastise.'
He said. The Shaker of the Earth replies:
'This then I doom: to fix the gallant ship
A mark of vengeance on the sable deep;
To warn the thoughtless self-confiding train,
No more unlicens'd thus to brave the main.
Full in their port a shady hill shall rise,
If such thy will.'—'We will it,' Jove replies.
'Ev'n when with transport, black'ning all the strand,
The swarming people hail their ship to land,
Fix her for ever, a memorial stone:
Still let her seem to sail, and seem alone.
The trembling crowds shall see the sudden shade
Of whelming mountains overhang their head!'
With that the God whose earthquakes rock the ground
Fierce to Phæacia cross'd the vast profound.
Swift as a swallow sweeps the liquid way,
The winged pinnace shot along the sea.
The God arrests her with a sudden stroke,
And roots her down an everlasting rock.
Aghast the Scherians stand in deep surprise;
All press to speak, all question with their eyes.
'What hands unseen the rapid bark restrain?
And yet it swims, or seems to swim, the main!'
Thus they, unconscious of the deed divine:
Till great Alcinoüs, rising, own'd the sign.
'Behold the long-predestin'd day!' (he cries);
'O certain faith of ancient prophecies!
These ears have heard my royal sire disclose
A dreadful story, big with future woes:
How, mov'd with wrath, that careless we convey
Promiscuous ev'ry guest to ev'ry bay,
Stern Neptune raged; and how by his command
Firm rooted in the surge a ship should stand
(A monument of wrath); and mound on mound
Should hide our walls, or whelm beneath the ground.
'The Fates have follow'd as declared the seer:
Be humbled, nations! and your Monarch hear.
No more unlicens'd brave the deeps, no more
With ev'ry stranger pass from shore to shore:
On angry Neptune now for mercy call;
To his high name let twelve black oxen fall.
So may the God reverse his purpos'd will,
Nor o'er our city hang the dreadful hill.'
The Monarch spoke: they trembled and obey'd,
Forth on the sands the victim oxen led:
The gather'd tribes before the altars stand,
And Chiefs and rulers, a majestic band.
The King of Ocean all the tribes implore;
The blazing altars redden all the shore.
Meanwhile Ulysses in his country lay,
Releas'd from sleep, and round him might survey
The solitary shore and rolling sea.
Yet had his mind thro' tedious absence lost
The dear resemblance of his native coast;
Besides, Minerva, to secure her care
Diffused around a veil of thicken'd air:
For so the Gods ordain'd, to keep unseen
His royal person from his friends and Queen:

Till the proud suitors for their crimes afford
An ample vengeance to their injured lord.
Now all the land another prospect bore,
Another port appear'd, another shore.
And long-continued ways, and winding floods,
And unknown mountains, crown'd with unknown woods.
Pensive and slow, with sudden grief oppress'd,
The King arose, and beat his careful breast,
Cast a long look o'er all the coast and main,
And sought, around, his native realm in vain:
Then with erected eyes stood fix'd in woe,
And, as he spoke, the tears began to flow:
'Ye Gods' (he cried), 'upon what barren coast,
In what new region, is Ulysses toss'd?
Possess'd by wild barbarians, fierce in arms?
Or men whose bosom tender pity warms?
Where shall this treasure now in safety lie?
And whither, whither its sad owner fly?
Ah why did I Alcinoüs' grace implore?
Ah why forsake Phæacia's happy shore?
Some juster Prince perhaps had entertain'd,
And safe restor'd me to my native land.
Is this the promis'd, long-expected coast,
And this the faith Phæacia's rulers boast?
O righteous Gods! of all the great, how few
Are just to Heav'n, and to their promise true!
But he, the Power to whose all-seeing eyes
The deeds of men appear without disguise,
'T is his alone t' avenge the wrongs I bear:
For still th' oppress'd are his peculiar care.
To count these presents, and from thence to prove
Their faith, is mine: the rest belongs to Jove.'
Then on the sands he ranged his wealthy store,
The gold, the vests, the tripods number'd o'er:
All these he found; but still, in error lost,
Disconsolate he wanders on the coast,
Sighs for his country, and laments again
To the deaf rocks, and hoarse resounding main.
When lo! the guardian Goddess of the Wise,
Celestial Pallas, stood before his eyes;
In show a youthful swain, of form divine,
Who seem'd descended from some princely line.
A graceful robe her slender body dress'd;
Around her shoulders flew the waving vest;
Her decent hand a shining jav'lin bore,
And painted sandals on her feet she wore.
To whom the King: 'Whoe'er of human race
Thou art, that wander'st in this desert place,
With joy to thee, as to some God, I bend,
To thee my treasures and myself commend.
O tell a wretch in exile doom'd to stray,
What air I breathe, what country I survey?
The fruitful continent's extremest bound,
Or some fair isle which Neptune's arms surround?'
'From what far clime' (said she), 'remote from Fame,
Arrivest thou here, a stranger to our name?
Thou seest an island, not to those unknown
Whose hills are brighten'd by the rising sun,
Nor those that placed beneath his utmost reign
Behold him sinking in the western main.
The rugged soil allows no level space
For flying chariots, or the rapid race;
Yet, not ungrateful to the peasant's pain,
Suffices fulness to the swelling grain:
The loaded trees their various fruits produce,
And clust'ring grapes afford a gen'rous juice;
Woods crown our mountains, and in ev'ry grove
The bounding goats and frisking heifers rove:
Soft rains and kindly dews refresh the field,
And rising springs eternal verdure yield:
Ev'n to those shores is Ithaca renown'd,
Where Troy's majestic ruins strew the ground.'
At this, the Chief with transport was possess'd;
His panting heart exulted in his breast:
Yet, well dissembling his untimely joys,
And veiling truth in plausible disguise,
Thus, with an air sincere, in fiction bold,
His ready tale th' inventive hero told:
'Oft have I heard in Crete this island's name;
For 't was from Crete, my native soil, I came,

Self-banish'd thence. I sail'd before the wind,
And left my children and my friends behind.
From fierce Idomeneus' revenge I flew,
Whose son, the swift Orsilochus, I slew
(With brutal force he seiz'd my Trojan prey,
Due to the toils of many a bloody day).
Unseen I 'scaped, and, favour'd by the night,
In a Phœnician vessel took my flight,
For Pyle or Elis bound: but tempests toss'd
And raging billows drove us on your coast.
In dead of night an unknown port we gain'd,
Spent with fatigue, and slept secure on land.
But ere the rosy morn renew'd the day,
While in th' embrace of pleasing sleep I lay,
Sudden, invited by auspicious gales,
They land my goods, and hoist their flying sails.
Abandon'd here, my fortune I deplore,
A hapless exile on a foreign shore.'
Thus while he spoke, the Blue-eyed Maid began
With pleasing smiles to view the godlike man:
Then changed her form: and now, divinely bright,
Jove's heav'nly daughter stood confess'd to sight:
Like a fair virgin in her beauty's bloom,
Skill'd in th' illustrious labours of the loom.
'O still the same Ulysses!' (she rejoin'd)
'In useful craft successfully refin'd!
Artful in speech, in action, and in mind!
Sufficed it not, that, thy long labours pass'd,
Secure thou seest thy native shores at last?
But this to me? who, like thyself, excel
In arts of counsel, and dissembling well;
To me? whose wit exceeds the Powers divine,
No less than mortals are surpass'd by thine.
Know'st thou not me? who made thy life my care,
Thro' ten years' wand'ring, and thro' ten years' war,
Who taught thee arts, Alcinoüs to persuade,
To raise his wonder, and engage his aid;
And now appear, thy treasures to protect,
Conceal thy person, thy designs direct,
And tell what more thou must from Fate expect;
Domestic woes far heavier to be borne!
The pride of fools, and slaves' insulting scorn!
But thou be silent, nor reveal thy state;
Yield to the force of unresisted Fate,
And bear unmov'd the wrongs of base mankind,
The last, and hardest, conquest of the mind.'
'Goddess of Wisdom!' (Ithacus replies)
'He who discerns thee must be truly wise,
So seldom view'd, and ever in disguise!
When the bold Argives led their warring powers
Against proud Ilion's well-defended towers,
Ulysses was thy care, celestial Maid!
Graced with thy sight, and favour'd with thy aid.
But when the Trojan piles in ashes lay,
And bound for Greece we plough'd the wat'ry way,
Our fleet dispers'd and driven from coast to coast,
Thy sacred presence from that hour I lost;
Till I beheld thy radiant form once more,
And heard thy counsels on Phæacia's shore.
But, by th' Almighty Author of thy race,
Tell me, oh tell, is this my native place?
For much I fear, long tracts of land and sea
Divide this coast from distant Ithaca;
The sweet delusion kindly you impose,
To soothe my hopes, and mitigate my woes.'
Thus he. The Blue-eyed Goddess thus replies:
'How prone to doubt, how cautious are the wise!
Who, vers'd in fortune, fear the flatt'ring show,
And taste not half the bliss the Gods bestow.
The more shall Pallas aid thy just desires,
And guard the wisdom which herself inspires.

Others, long absent from their native place,
Straight seek their home, and fly with eager pace
To their wives' arms, and children's dear embrace.
Not thus Ulysses: he decrees to prove
His subjects' faith, and Queen's suspected love;
Who mourn'd her lord twice ten revolving years,
And wastes the days in grief, the nights in tears.
But Pallas knew (thy friends and navy lost)
Once more 't was given thee to behold thy coast:
Yet how could I with adverse Fate engage,
And mighty Neptune's unrelenting rage?
Now lift thy longing eyes, while I restore
The pleasing prospect of thy native shore.
Behold the port of Phorcys! fenc'd around
With rocky mountains, and with olives crown'd.
Behold the gloomy grot! whose cool recess
Delights the Nereids of the neighb'ring seas:
Whose now neglected altars, in thy reign,
Blush'd with the blood of sheep and oxen slain.
Behold! where Neritus the clouds divides,
And shakes the waving forests on his sides.'
So spake the Goddess, and the prospect clear'd;
The mists dispers'd, and all the coast appear'd.
The King with joy confess'd his place of birth,
And on his knees salutes his Mother Earth:
Then, with his suppliant hands upheld in air,
Thus to the sea-green Sisters sends his prayer:
'All hail! ye virgin Daughters of the Main!
Ye streams, beyond my hopes beheld again!
To you once more your own Ulysses bows;
Attend his transports, and receive his vows!
If Jove prolong my days, and Pallas crown
The growing virtues of my youthful son,
To you shall rites divine be ever paid,
And grateful off'rings on your altars laid.'
Thus then Minerva: 'From that anxious breast
Dismiss those cares, and leave to Heav'n the rest.
Our task be now thy treasured stores to save,
Deep in the close recesses of the cave:
Then future means consult.' She spoke, and trod
The shady grot, that brighten'd with the God.
The closest caverns of the grot she sought;
The gold, the brass, the robes, Ulysses brought;
These in the secret gloom the Chief disposed;
The entrance with a rock the Goddess closed.
Now, seated in the olive's sacred shade,
Confer the Hero and the Martial Maid.
The Goddess of the Azure Eyes began:
'Son of Laërtes! much-experienc'd man!
The suitor-train thy earliest care demand,
Of that luxurious race to rid the land:
Three years thy house their lawless rule has seen,
And proud addresses to the matchless Queen.
But she thy absence mourns from day to day,
And inly bleeds, and silent wastes away:
Elusive of the bridal hour, she gives
Fond hopes to all, and all with hopes deceives.'
To this Ulysses: 'O celestial Maid!
Prais'd be thy counsel, and thy timely aid:
Else had I seen my native walls in vain,
Like great Atrides, just restor'd and slain.
Vouchsafe the means of vengeance to debate,
And plan with all thy arts the scene of fate.
Then, then be present, and my soul inspire,
As when we wrapp'd Troy's Heav'n-built walls in fire.
Though leagued against me hundred heroes stand,
Hundreds shall fall, if Pallas aid my hand.'
She answer'd: 'In the dreadful day of fight
Know I am with thee, strong in all my might.
If thou but equal to thyself be found,
What gasping numbers then shall press the ground!

What human victims stain the feastful floor!
How wide the pavements float with guilty gore!
It fits thee now to wear a dark disguise,
And secret walk unknown to mortal eyes.
For this, my hand shall wither ev'ry grace,
And ev'ry elegance of form and face;
O'er thy smooth skin a bark of wrinkles spread,
Turn hoar the auburn honours of thy head;
Disfigure every limb with coarse attire,
And in thy eyes extinguish all the fire;
Add all the wants and the decays of life;
Estrange thee from thy own; thy son, thy wife:
From the loathed object ev'ry eye shall turn,
And the blind suitors their destruction scorn.
'Go first the master of thy herds to find,
True to his charge, a loyal swain and kind:
For thee he sighs; and to the royal heir
And chaste Penelope extends his care.
At the Coracian rock he now resides,
Where Arethusa's sable water glides;
The sable water and the copious mast
Swell the fat herd; luxuriant, large repast!
With him rest peaceful in the rural cell,
And all you ask his faithful tongue shall tell.
Me into other realms my cares convey,
To Sparta, still with female beauty gay:
For know, to Sparta thy lov'd offspring came,
To learn thy fortunes from the voice of Fame.'
At this the father, with a father's care:
'Must he too suffer? he, O Goddess! bear
Of wand'rings and of woes a wretched share?
Thro' the wild ocean plough the dangerous way,
And leave his fortunes and his house a prey?
Why would'st not thou, O all-enlighten'd Mind!
Inform him certain, and protect him, kind?'
To whom Minerva: 'Be thy soul at rest:
And know, whatever Heav'n ordains is best.
To fame I sent him, to acquire renown;
To other regions is his virtue known:
Secure he sits, near great Atrides placed:
With friendships strengthen'd, and with honours graced.
But lo! an ambush waits his passage o'er;
Fierce foes insidious intercept the shore:
In vain; far sooner all the murd'rous brood
This injured land shall fatten with their blood.'
She spake, then touch'd him with her powerful wand:
The skin shrunk up, and wither'd at her hand:
A swift old age o'er all his members spread;
A sudden frost was sprinkled on his head;
Nor longer in the heavy eye-ball shined
The glance divine, forth-beaming from the mind.
His robe, which spots indelible besmear,
In rags dishonest flutters with the air:
A stag's torn hide is lapp'd around his reins;
A rugged staff his trembling hand sustains;
And at his side a wretched scrip was hung,
Wide-patch'd, and knotted to a twisted thong.
So look'd the chief, so mov'd; to mortal eyes
Object uncouth! a man of miseries!
While Pallas, cleaving the wide fields of air,
To Sparta flies, Telemachus her care.

BOOK XIV

THE CONVERSATION WITH EUMÆUS

THE ARGUMENT

Ulysses arrives in disguise at the house of Eumæus, where he is received, entertained, and lodged with the utmost hospitality. The several discourses of that faithful old servant, with the feigned story told by Ulysses to conceal himself, and other conversations on various subjects, take up this entire book.

But he, deep-musing, o'er the mountains stray'd
Thro' mazy thickets of the woodland shade,
And cavern'd ways, the shaggy coast along,
With cliffs and nodding forests overhung.
Eumæus at his sylvan lodge he sought,
A faithful servant, and without a fault.

Ulysses found him busied, as he sate
Before the threshold of his rustic gate:
Around, the mansion in a circle shone,
A rural portico of rugged stone
(In absence of his lord, with honest toil
His own industrious hands had rais'd the pile);
The wall was stone from neighb'ring quarries borne,
Encircled with a fence of native thorn,
And strong with pales, by many a weary stroke
Of stubborn labour hewn from heart of oak;
Frequent and thick. Within the space were rear'd
Twelve ample cells, the lodgments of his herd.
Full fifty pregnant females each contain'd:
The males without (a smaller race) remain'd;
Doom'd to supply the suitors' wasteful feast,
A stock by daily luxury decreas'd;
Now scarce four hundred left. These to defend,
Four savage dogs, a watchful guard, attend.
Here sat Eumæus, and his cares applied
To form strong buskins of well-season'd hide.
Of four assistants who his labour share,
Three now were absent on the rural care:
The fourth drove victims to the suitor train:
But he, of ancient faith, a simple swain,
Sigh'd, while he furnish'd the luxurious board,
And wearied Heav'n with wishes for his lord.
Soon as Ulysses near th' inclosure drew,
With open mouths the furious mastiffs flew:
Down sate the sage, and, cautious to withstand,
Let fall th' offensive truncheon from his hand.
Sudden, the master runs: aloud he calls;
And from his hasty hand the leather falls;
With showers of stones he drives them far away;
The scatt'ring dogs around at distance bay.
'Unhappy stranger' (thus the faithful swain
Began with accent gracious and humane),
'What sorrow had been mine, if at my gate
Thy rev'rend age had met a shameful fate!
Enough of woes already have I known:
Enough my master's sorrows and my own.
While here (ungrateful task!) his herds I feed,
Ordain'd for lawless rioters to bleed!
Perhaps, supported at another's board,
Far from his country roams my hapless lord!
Or sigh'd in exile forth his latest breath,
Now cover'd with th' eternal shade of death!
'But enter this my homely roof, and see
Our woods not void of hospitality.
Then tell me whence thou art, and what the share
Of woes and wand'rings thou wert born to bear.'
He said, and, seconding the kind request,
With friendly step precedes his unknown guest.
A shaggy goat's soft hide beneath him spread,
And with fresh rushes heap'd an ample bed:
Joy touch'd the Hero's tender soul, to find
So just reception from a heart so kind;
And 'Oh, ye Gods! with all your blessings grace'
(He thus broke forth) 'this friend of human race!'
The swain replied: 'It never was our guise
To slight the poor, or aught humane despise:
For Jove unfolds our hospitable door,
'T is Jove that sends the stranger and the poor.
Little, alas! is all the good I can;
A man oppress'd, dependent, yet a man:
Accept such treatment as a swain affords,
Slave to the insolence of youthful lords!
Far hence is by unequal Gods remov'd
That man of bounties, loving and belov'd!
To whom whate'er his slave enjoys is ow'd.
And more, had Fate allow'd, had been bestow'd.
But Fate comdemn'd him to a foreign shore;
Much have I sorrow'd, but my master more.

Now cold he lies, to Death's embrace resign'd:
Ah, perish Helen! perish all her kind!
For whose curs'd cause, in Agamemnon's name,
He trod so fatally the paths of Fame.'
His vest succinct then girding round his waist,
Forth rush'd the swain with hospitable haste;
Straight to the lodgments of his herd he run,
Where the fat porkers slept beneath the sun;
Of two, his cutlass launch'd the spouting blood;
These, quarter'd, singed, and fix'd on forks of wood,
All hasty on the hissing coals he threw;
And, smoking, back the tasteful viands drew,
Broachers and all; then on the board display'd
The ready meal, before Ulysses laid
With flour imbrown'd; next mingled wine yet new,
And luscious as the bees' nectareous dew:
Then sate, companion of the friendly feast,
With open look; and thus bespoke his guest:
'Take with free welcome what our hands prepare,
Such food as falls to simple servants' share;
The best our lords consume; those thoughtless peers,
Rich without bounty, guilty without fears.
Yet sure the Gods their impious acts detest,
And honour justice and the righteous breast.
Pirates and conquerors of harden'd mind,
The foes of peace, and scourges of mankind,
To whom offending men are made a prey
When Jove in vengeance gives a land away;
Ev'n these, when of their ill-got spoils possess'd,
Find sure tormentors in the guilty breast:
Some voice of God close whisp'ring from within,
"Wretch! this is villany, and this is sin."
But these, no doubt, some oracle explore,
That tells, the great Ulysses is no more.
Hence springs their confidence, and from our sighs
Their rapine strengthens, and their riots rise:
Constant as Jove the night and day bestows,
Bleeds a whole hecatomb, a vintage flows.
None match'd this hero's wealth, of all who reign
O'er the fair islands of the neighb'ring main.
Nor all the Monarchs whose far-dreaded sway
The wide-extended continents obey:
First, on the mainland, of Ulysses' breed
Twelve herds, twelve flocks, on ocean's margin feed;
As many stalls for shaggy goats are rear'd;
As many lodgments for the tusky herd;
Those, foreign keepers guard: and here are seen
Twelve herds of goats that graze our utmost green;
To native pastors is their charge assign'd,
And mine the care to feed the bristly kind:
Each day the fattest bleeds of either herd,
All to the suitors' wasteful board preferr'd.'
Thus he, benevolent: his unknown guest
With hunger keen devours the sav'ry feast;
While schemes of vengeance ripen in his breast.
Silent and thoughtful while the board he eyed,
Eumæus pours on high the purple tide;
The King with smiling looks his joy express'd,
And thus the kind inviting host address'd:
'Say, now, what man is he, the man deplor'd,
So rich, so potent, whom you style your lord?
Late with such affluence and possessions bless'd,
And now in honour's glorious bed at rest.
Whoever was the warrior, he must be
To Fame no stranger, nor perhaps to me;
Who (so the Gods and so the Fates ordain'd)
Have wander'd many a sea and many a land.'
'Small is the faith the Prince and Queen ascribe'
(Replied Eumæus) 'to the wand'ring tribe.

For needy strangers still to flatt'ry fly,
And want too oft betrays the tongue to lie.
Each vagrant traveller, that touches here,
Deludes with fallacies the royal ear,
To dear remembrance makes his image rise,
And calls the springing sorrows from her eyes.
Such thou may'st be. But he whose name you crave
Moulders in earth, or welters on the wave,
Or food for fish or dogs his relics lie,
Or torn by birds are scatter'd thro' the sky.
So perish'd he: and left (for ever lost)
Much woe to all, but sure to me the most.
So mild a master never shall I find;
Less dear the parents whom I left behind,
Less soft my mother, less my father kind.
Not with such transport would my eyes run o'er,
Again to hail them in their native shore,
As lov'd Ulysses once more to embrace,
Restor'd and breathing in his natal place.
That name for ever dread, yet ever dear,
Ev'n in his absence I pronounce with fear:
In my respect, he bears a Prince's part;
But lives a very brother in my heart.'
Thus spoke the faithful swain, and thus rejoin'd
The master of his grief, the man of patient mind:
'Ulysses' friend shall view his old abodes
(Distrustful as thou art), nor doubt the Gods.
Nor speak I rashly, but with faith averr'd,
And what I speak attesting Heav'n has heard.
If so, a cloak and vesture be my meed;
Till his return, no title shall I plead,
Tho' certain be my news, and great my need;
Whom want itself can force untruths to tell,
My soul detests him as the gates of Hell.
'Thou first be witness, hospitable Jove!
And ev'ry God inspiring social love!
And witness ev'ry household Power that waits,
Guard of these fires, and angel of these gates!
Ere the next moon increase, or this decay,
His ancient realms Ulysses shall survey,
In blood and dust each proud oppressor mourn,
And the lost glories of his house return.'
'Nor shall that meed be thine, nor ever more
Shall lov'd Ulysses hail this happy shore'
(Replied Eumæus): 'to the present hour
Now turn thy thought, and joys within our power.
From sad reflection let my soul repose;
The name of him awakes a thousand woes.
But guard him, Gods! and to these arms restore!
Not his true consort can desire him more;
Not old Laërtes, broken with despair;
Not young Telemachus, his blooming heir.
Alas, Telemachus! my sorrows flow
Afresh for thee, my second cause of woe!
Like some fair plant set by a heav'nly hand,
He grew, he flourish'd, and he bless'd the land;
In all the youth his father's image shined,
Bright in his person, brighter in his mind.
What man, or God, deceiv'd his better sense,
Far on the swelling seas to wander hence?
To distant Pylos hapless is he gone,
To seek his father's fate, and find his own!
For traitors wait his way, with dire design
To end at once the great Arcesian line.
But let us leave him to their wills above;
The fates of men are in the hand of Jove.
And now, my venerable Guest! declare
Your name, your parents, and your native air:
Sincere from whence begun your course relate,
And to what ship I owe the friendly freight?'
Thus he: and thus (with prompt invention bold)
The cautious Chief his ready story told:
'On dark reserve what better can prevail,
Or from the fluent tongue produce the tale,
Than when two friends, alone, in peaceful place
Confer, and wines and cates the table grace;
But most, the kind inviter's cheerful face?

Thus might we sit, with social goblets crown'd,
Till the whole circle of the year goes round;
Not the whole circle of the year would close
My long narration of a life of woes.
But such was Heav'n's high will! Know then, I came
From sacred Crete, and from a sire of fame:
Castor Hylacides (that name he bore),
Belov'd and honour'd in his native shore;
Bless'd in his riches, in his children more.
Sprung of a handmaid, from a bought embrace,
I shared his kindness with his lawful race:
But when that Fate, which all must undergo,
From earth remov'd him to the shades below,
The large domain his greedy sons divide,
And each was portion'd as the lots decide.
Little, alas! was left my wretched share,
Except a house, a covert from the air:
But what by niggard Fortune was denied,
A willing widow's copious wealth supplied.
My valour was my plea, a gallant mind
That, true to honour, never lagg'd behind
(The sex is ever to a soldier kind).
Now wasting years my former strength confound,
And added woes have bow'd me to the ground;
Yet by the stubble you may guess the grain,
And mark the ruins of no vulgar man.
Me Pallas gave to lead the martial storm,
And the fair ranks of battle to deform;
Me Mars inspired to turn the foe to flight,
And tempt the secret ambush of the night.
Let ghastly Death in all his forms appear,
I saw him not, it was not mine to fear.
Before the rest I rais'd my ready steel;
The first I met, he yielded, or he fell.
But works of peace my soul disdain'd to bear,
The rural labour, or domestic care.
To raise the mast, the missile dart to wing,
And send swift arrows from the bounding string,
Were arts the Gods made grateful to my mind;
Those Gods, who turn (to various ends design'd)
The various thoughts and talents of mankind.
Before the Grecians touch'd the Trojan plain,
Nine times commander or by land or main,
In foreign fields I spread my glory far,
Great in the praise, rich in the spoils of war:
Thence, charged with riches, as increas'd in fame,
To Crete return'd, an honourable name.
But when great Jove that direful war decreed,
Which rous'd all Greece, and made the mighty bleed;
Our states myself and Idomen employ
To lead their fleets, and carry death to Troy.
Nine years we warr'd; the tenth saw Ilion fall;
Homeward we sail'd, but Heav'n dispers'd us all.
One only month my wife enjoy'd my stay;
So will'd the God who gives and takes away.
Nine ships I mann'd, equipp'd with ready stores,
Intent to voyage to th' Ægyptian shores;
In feast and sacrifice my chosen train
Six days consumed; the sev'nth we plough'd the main.
Crete's ample fields diminish to our eye;
Before the Boreal blast the vessels fly;
Safe thro' the level seas we sweep our way;
The steersman governs, and the ships obey.
The fifth fair morn we stem th' Ægyptian tide,
And tilting o'er the bay the vessels ride:
To anchor there my fellows I command,
And spies commission to explore the land.
But, sway'd by lust of gain, and headlong will,
The coasts they ravage, and the natives kill.
The spreading clamour to their city flies,
And horse and foot in mingled tumult rise.
The redd'ning dawn reveals the circling fields,
Horrid with bristly spears, and glancing shields.

Jove thunder'd on their side. Our guilty head
We turn'd to flight; the gath'ring vengeance spread
On all parts round, and heaps on heaps lie dead.
I then explor'd my thought, what course to prove
(And sure the thought was dictated by Jove);
Oh, had he left me to that happier doom,
And saved a life of miseries to come!
The radiant helmet from my brows unlaced,
And low on earth my shield and jav'lin cast,
I meet the Monarch with a suppliant's face,
Approach his chariot, and his knees embrace.
He heard, he saved, he placed me at his side;
My state he pitied, and my tears he dried,
Restrain'd the rage the vengeful foe express'd,
And turn'd the deadly weapons from my breast.
Pious! to guard the hospitable rite,
And fearing Jove, whom mercy's works delight.
'In Ægypt thus with peace and plenty bless'd,
I liv'd (and happy still had liv'd) a guest.
On sev'n bright years successive blessings wait;
The next changed all the colour of my fate.
A false Phœnician, of insidious mind,
Vers'd in vile arts, and foe to humankind,
With semblance fair invites me to his home.
I seiz'd the proffer (ever fond to roam):
Domestic in his faithless roof I stay'd,
Till the swift sun his annual circle made.
To Libya then he meditates the way;
With guileful art a stranger to betray,
And sell to bondage in a foreign land:
Much doubting, yet compell'd, I quit the strand.
Thro' the mid seas the nimble pinnace sails,
Aloof from Crete, before the northern gales:
But when remote her chalky cliffs we lost,
And far from ken of any other coast,
When all was wild expanse of sea and air,
Then doom'd high Jove due vengeance to prepare.
He hung a night of horrors o'er their head
(The shaded ocean blacken'd as it spread);
He launch'd the fiery bolt; from pole to pole
Broad burst the lightnings, deep the thunders roll;
In giddy rounds the whirling ship is toss'd,
And all in clouds of smoth'ring sulphur lost.
As from a hanging rock's tremendous height,
The sable crows with intercepted flight
Drop endlong; scarr'd and black with sulphurous hue,
So from the deck are hurl'd the ghastly crew.
Such end the wicked found! but Jove's intent
Was yet to save th' oppress'd and innocent.
Placed on the mast (the last resource of life),
With winds and waves I held unequal strife;
For nine long days the billows tilting o'er,
The tenth soft wafts me to Thesprotia's shore.
The Monarch's son a shipwreck'd wretch reliev'd,
The Sire with hospitable rites receiv'd,
And in his palace like a brother placed,
With gifts of price and gorgeous garments graced.
While here I sojourn'd, oft I heard the fame
How late Ulysses to the country came,
How lov'd, how honour'd, in this court he stay'd,
And here his whole collected treasure laid;
I saw myself the vast unnumber'd store
Of steel elab'rate, and refulgent ore,
And brass high heap'd amidst the regal dome;
Immense supplies for ages yet to come!
Meantime he voyaged to explore the will
Of Jove, on high Dodona's holy hill,
What means might best his safe return avail,
To come in pomp, or bear a secret sail?
Full oft has Phidon, whilst he pour'd the wine,
Attesting solemn all the Powers divine,

That soon Ulysses would return, declared,
The sailors waiting, and the ships prepared.
But first the King dismiss'd me from his shores,
For fair Dulichium crown'd with fruitful stores;
To good Acastus' friendly care consign'd:
But other counsels pleas'd the sailors' mind:
New frauds were plotted by the faithless train,
And misery demands me once again.
Soon as remote from shore they plough the wave,
With ready hands they rush to seize their slave;
Then with these tatter'd rags they wrapp'd me round
(Stripp'd of my own), and to the vessel bound.
At eve, at Ithaca's delightful land
The ship arrived: forth issuing on the sand,
They sought repast: while, to th' unhappy kind,
The pitying Gods themselves my chains unbind.
Soft I descended, to the sea applied
My naked breast, and shot along the tide.
Soon pass'd beyond their sight, I left the flood,
And took the spreading shelter of the wood.
Their prize escaped the faithless pirates mourn'd;
But deem'd inquiry vain, and to their ships return'd.
Screen'd by protecting Gods from hostile eyes,
They led me to a good man and a wise,
To live beneath thy hospitable care,
And wait the woes Heav'n dooms me yet to bear.'

'Unhappy Guest! whose sorrows touch my mind'
(Thus good Eumæus with a sigh rejoin'd),
'For real suff'rings since I grieve sincere,
Check not with fallacies the springing tear:
Nor turn the passion into groundless joy
For him whom Heav'n has destin'd to destroy.
Oh! had he perish'd on some well-fought day,
Or in his friends' embraces died away!
That grateful Greece with streaming eyes might raise
Historic marbles to record his praise;
His praise, eternal on the faithful stone,
Had with transmissive honours graced his son.
Now, snatch'd by Harpies to the dreary coast,
Sunk is the hero, and his glory lost.
While pensive in this solitary den,
Far from gay cities and the ways of men,
I linger life; nor to the Court repair,
But when my constant Queen commands my care;
Or when, to taste her hospitable board,
Some guest arrives, with rumours of her lord;
And these indulge their want, and those their woe,
And here the tears, and there the goblets flow.
By many such have I been warn'd; but chief
By one Ætolian robb'd of all belief,
Whose hap it was to this our roof to roam,
For murder banish'd from his native home
He swore, Ulysses on the coast of Crete
Stay'd but a season to refit his fleet;
A few revolving months should waft him o'er,
Fraught with bold warriors, and a boundless store.
O thou! whom age has taught to understand,
And Heav'n has guided with a fav'ring hand!
On God or mortal to obtrude a lie
Forbear, and dread to flatter, as to die.
Not for such ends my house and heart are free,
But dear respect to Jove, and charity.'

'And why, O swain of unbelieving mind!'
(Thus quick replied the wisest of mankind),
'Doubt you my oath? yet more my faith to try,
A solemn compact let us ratify,
And witness ev'ry Power that rules the sky!
If here Ulysses from his labours rest,
Be then my prize a tunic and a vest;
And, where my hopes invite me, straight transport
In safety to Dulichium's friendly court.
But if he greets not thy desiring eye,
Hurl me from yon dread precipice on high;
The due reward of fraud and perjury.'

'Doubtless, O Guest! great laud and praise were mine'
(Replied the swain), 'for spotless faith divine,
If, after social rites and gifts bestow'd,
I stain'd my hospitable hearth with blood.
How would the Gods my righteous toils succeed,
And bless the hand that made a stranger bleed?
No more — th' approaching hours of silent night
First claim refection, then to rest invite;
Beneath our humble cottage let us haste,
And here, unenvied, rural dainties taste.'
Thus communed these; while to their lowly dome
The full-fed swine return'd with ev'ning home:
Compell'd, reluctant, to their sev'ral sties,
With din obstrep'rous, and ungrateful cries.
Then to the slaves: 'Now from the herd the best
Select, in honour of our foreign guest:
With him let us the genial banquet share,
For great and many are the griefs we bear;
While those who from our labours heap their board
Blaspheme their feeder, and forget their lord.'
Thus speaking, with despatchful hand he took
A weighty axe, and cleft the solid oak;
This on the earth he piled; a boar full fed,
Of five years' age, before the pile was led:
The swain, whom acts of piety delight,
Observant of the Gods, begins the rite;
First shears the forehead of the bristly boar,
And suppliant stands, invoking ev'ry Power
To speed Ulysses to his native shore.
A knotty stake then aiming at his head,
Down dropp'd he groaning, and the spirit fled.
The scorching flames climb round on ev'ry side:
Then the singed members they with skill divide;
On these, in rolls of fat involv'd with art,
The choicest morsels lay from ev'ry part.
Some in the flames bestrew'd with flour they threw;
Some cut in fragments from the forks they drew.
These, while on sev'ral tables they dispose,
A priest himself, the blameless rustic rose;
Expert the destin'd victim to dispart
In sev'n just portions, pure of hand and heart.
One sacred to the Nymphs apart they lay;
Another to the winged son of May:
The rural tribe in common share the rest,
The King, the chine, the honour of the feast;
Who sate delighted at his servant's board;
The faithful servant joy'd his unknown lord.
'O be thou dear' (Ulysses cried) 'to Jove,
As well thou claim'st a grateful stranger's love!'
'Be then thy thanks' (the bounteous swain replied)
'Enjoyment of the good the Gods provide.
From God's own hand descend our joys and woes;
These he decrees, and he but suffers those:
All power is his, and whatsoe'er he wills,
The will itself, omnipotent, fulfils.'
This said, the first-fruits to the Gods he gave;
Then pour'd of offer'd wine the sable wave:
In great Ulysses' hand he placed the bowl;
He sate, and sweet refection cheer'd his soul.
The bread from canisters Mesaulius gave
(Eumæus' proper treasure bought this slave,
And led from Taphos, to attend his board,
A servant added to his absent lord);
His task it was the wheaten loaves to lay,
And from the banquet take the bowls away.
And now the rage of hunger was repress'd,
And each betakes him to his couch to rest.
Now came the night, and darkness cover'd o'er
The face of things; the winds began to roar;
The driving storm the wat'ry west-wind pours,
And Jove descends in deluges of showers.
Studious of rest and warmth, Ulysses lies,
Foreseeing from the first the storm would rise;
In mere necessity of coat and cloak,
With artful preface to his host he spoke:
'Hear me, my friends, who this good banquet grace;
'T is sweet to play the fool in time and place,

And wine can of their wits the wise beguile,
Make the sage frolic, and the serious smile,
The grave in merry measures frisk about,
And many a long repented word bring out.
Since to be talkative I now commence,
Let Wit cast off the sullen yoke of Sense.
Once I was strong (would Heav'n restore those days!)
And with my betters claim'd a share of praise.
Ulysses, Menelaüs, led forth a band,
And join'd me with them ('t was their own command);
A deathful ambush for the foe to lay,
Beneath Troy walls by night we took our way;
There, clad in arms, along the marshes spread,
We made the ozier-fringed bank our bed.
Full soon th' inclemency of Heav'n I feel,
Nor had these shoulders cov'ring, but of steel.
Sharp blew the north; snow whitening all the fields
Froze with the blast, and, gath'ring, glazed our shields.
There all but I, well-fenc'd with cloak and vest,
Lay cover'd by their ample shields at rest.
Fool that I was! I left behind my own,
The skill of weather and of winds unknown,
And trusted to my coat and shield alone!
When now was wasted more than half the night,
And the stars faded at approaching light,
Sudden I jogg'd Ulysses, who was laid
Fast by my side, and shiv'ring thus I said:
"'Here longer in this field I cannot lie;
The winter pinches, and with cold I die;
And die ashamed (O wisest of mankind!),
The only fool who left his cloak behind."
'He thought and answer'd; hardly waking yet,
Sprung in his mind the momentary wit
(That wit which, or in council or in fight,
Still met th' emergence, and determin'd right).
"Hush thee" (he cried, soft whisp'ring in my ear),
"Speak not a word, lest any Greek may hear" —
And then (supporting on his arm his head),
"Hear me, Companions!" (thus aloud he said):
"Methinks too distant from the fleet we lie:
Ev'n now a vision stood before my eye,
And sure the warning vision was from high:
Let from among us some swift courier rise,
Haste to the Gen'ral, and demand supplies."
'Up started Thoas straight, Andræmon's son,
Nimbly he rose, and cast his garment down;
Instant, the racer vanish'd off the ground;
That instant in his cloak I wrapp'd me round;
And safe I slept, till, brightly dawning, shone
The Morn conspicuous on her golden throne.
'Oh were my strength as then, as then my age!
Some friend would fence me from the winter's rage.
Yet, tatter'd as I look, I challenged then
The honours and the offices of men:
Some master, or some servant would allow
A cloak and vest — but I am nothing now!'
'Well hast thou spoke' (rejoin'd th' attentive swain);
'Thy lips let fall no idle word or vain!
Nor garment shall thou want, nor aught beside,
Meet for the wand'ring suppliant to provide.
But in the morning take thy clothes again,
For here one vest suffices ev'ry swain;
No change of garments to our hinds is known;
But when return'd, the good Ulysses' son
With better hand shall grace with fit attires
His guest, and send thee where thy soul desires.'
The honest herdsman rose, as this he said,
And drew before the hearth the stranger's bed;
The fleecy spoils of sheep, a goat's rough hide
He spreads: and adds a mantle thick and wide:
With store to heap above him, and below,
And guard each quarter as the tempests blow.
There lay the King, and all the rest supine;
All, but the careful master of the swine:

Forth hasted he to tend his bristly care;
Well arm'd, and fenc'd against nocturnal air:
His weighty faulchion o'er his shoulder tied;
His shaggy cloak a mountain goat supplied:
With his broad spear, the dread of dogs and men,
He seeks his lodging in the rocky den.
There to the tusky herd he bends his way,
Where, screen'd from Boreas, high o'erarch'd they lay.

BOOK XV

THE RETURN OF TELEMACHUS

ARGUMENT

The Goddess Minerva commands Telemachus in a vision to return to Ithaca. Pisistratus and he take leave of Menelaüs, and arrive at Pylos, where they part; Telemachus sets sail, after having received on board Theoclymenus the soothsayer. The scene then changes to the cottage of Eumæus, who entertains Ulysses with a recital of his adventures. In the meantime Telemachus arrives on the coast, and, sending the vessel to the town, proceeds by himself to the lodge of Eumæus.

Now had Minerva reach'd those ample plains,
Famed for the dance, where Menelaüs reigns;
Anxious she flies to great Ulysses' heir,
His instant voyage challenged all her care.
Beneath the royal portico display'd,
With Nestor's son Telemachus was laid;
In sleep profound the son of Nestor lies;
Not thine, Ulysses! Care unseal'd his eyes:
Restless he griev'd, with various fears oppress'd,
And all thy fortunes roll'd within his breast.
When 'O Telemachus!' (the Goddess said)
'Too long in vain, too widely hast thou stray'd,
Thus leaving careless thy paternal right
The robbers' prize, the prey to lawless might.
On fond pursuits neglectful while you roam,
Ev'n now the hand of rapine sacks the dome.
Hence to Atrides; and his leave implore
To launch thy vessel for thy natal shore:
Fly, whilst thy mother virtuous yet withstands
Her kindred's wishes, and her sire's commands;
Thro' both, Eurymachus pursues the dame,
And with the noblest gifts asserts his claim.
Hence therefore, while thy stores thy own remain;
Thou know'st the practice of the female train;
Lost in the children of the present spouse,
They slight the pledges of their former vows;
Their love is always with the lover past;
Still the succeeding flame expels the last.
Let o'er thy house some chosen maid preside,
Till Heav'n decrees to bless thee in a bride.
But now thy more attentive ears incline,
Observe the warnings of a Power divine;
For thee their snares the suitor lords shall lay
In Samos' sands, or straits of Ithaca;
To seize thy life shall lurk the murd'rous band,
Ere yet thy footsteps press thy native land.
No — sooner far their riot and their lust
All-cov'ring earth shall bury deep in dust.
Then distant from the scatter'd islands steer,
Nor let the night retard thy full career;
Thy heav'nly guardian shall instruct the gales
To smooth thy passage and supply thy sails:
And when at Ithaca thy labour ends,
Send to the town the vessel with thy friends;
But seek thou first the master of the swine,
(For still to thee his loyal thoughts incline);
There pass the night; while he his course pursues
To bring Penelope the wish'd-for news,
That thou, safe sailing from the Pylian strand,
Art come to bless her in thy native land.'
Thus spoke the Goddess, and resumed her flight
To the pure regions of eternal light.
Meanwhile Pisistratus he gently shakes,
And with these words the slumb'ring youth awakes:

'Rise, son of Nestor; for the road prepare,
And join the harness'd coursers to the car.'
'What cause,' he cried, 'can justify our flight
To tempt the dangers of forbidding night?
Here wait we rather, till approaching day
Shall prompt our speed, and point the ready way.
Nor think of flight before the Spartan King
Shall bid farewell, and bounteous presents bring;
Gifts, which to distant ages safely stor'd,
The sacred act of friendship shall record.'
Thus he. But when the dawn bestreak'd the east,
The King from Helen rose, and sought his guest.
As soon as his approach the Hero knew,
The splendid mantle round him first he threw,
Then o'er his ample shoulders whirl'd the cloak,
Respectful met the Monarch, and bespoke:
'Hail, great Atrides, favour'd of high Jove!
Let not thy friends in vain for license move.
Swift let us measure back the wat'ry way,
Nor check our speed, impatient of delay.'
'If with desire so strong thy bosom glows,
Ill,' said the King, 'should I thy wish oppose:
For oft in others freely I reprove
The ill-timed efforts of officious love;
Who love too much, hate in the like extreme,
And both the golden mean alike condemn.
Alike he thwarts the hospitable end,
Who drives the free, or stays the hasty friend:
True friendship's laws are by this rule express'd,
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.
Yet stay, my friends, and in your chariot take
The noblest presents that our love can make;
Meantime commit we to our women's care
Some choice domestic viands to prepare;
The trav'ler, rising from the banquet gay,
Eludes the labours of the tedious way.
Then if a wider course shall rather please,
Thro' spacious Argos and the realms of Greece,
Atrides in his chariot shall attend;
Himself thy convoy to each royal friend.
No Prince will let Ulysses' heir remove
Without some pledge, some monument of love:
These will the cauldron, these the tripod give;
From those the well-pair'd mules we shall receive,
Or bowl emboss'd whose golden figures live.'
To whom the youth, for prudence famed, replied:
'O Monarch, Care of Heav'n! thy people's pride!
No friend in Ithaca my place supplies,
No powerful hands are there, no watchful eyes:
My stores exposed and fenceless house demand
The speediest succour from my guardian hand;
Lest, in a search too anxious and too vain
Of one lost joy, I lose what yet remain.'
His purpose when the gen'rous Warrior heard,
He charged the household cates to be prepared.
Now with the dawn, from his adjoining home,
Was Bœthœdes Eteoneus come;
Swift at the word he forms the rising blaze,
And o'er the coals the smoking fragments lays.
Meantime the King, his son, and Helen went
Where the rich wardrobe breathed a costly scent.
The King selected from the glitt'ring rows
A bowl; the Prince a silver beaker chose.
The beauteous Queen revolv'd with careful eyes
Her various textures of unnumber'd dyes,
And chose the largest; with no vulgar art
Her own fair hands embroider'd every part:
Beneath the rest it lay divinely bright,
Like radiant Hesper o'er the gems of night.

Then with each gift they hasten'd to their guest,
And thus the King Ulysses' heir address'd:
'Since fix'd are thy resolves, may thund'ring Jove
With happiest omens thy desires approve!
This silver bowl, whose costly margins shine
Enchased with gold, this valued gift be thine;
To me this present, of Vulcanian frame,
From Sidon's hospitable Monarch came;
To thee we now consign the precious load,
The pride of Kings, and labour of a God.'
Then gave the cup, while Megapenthe brought
The silver vase with living sculpture wrought.
The beauteous Queen, advancing next, display'd
The shining veil, and thus endearing said:
'Accept, dear youth, this monument of love,
Long since, in better days, by Helen wove:
Safe in thy mother's care the vesture lay,
To deck thy bride, and grace thy nuptial day.
Meantime may'st thou with happiest speed regain
Thy stately palace, and thy wide domain.'
She said, and gave the veil; with grateful look
The Prince the variegated present took.
And now, when thro' the royal dome they pass'd,
High on a throne the King each stranger placed.
A golden ewer th' attendant damsel brings,
Replete with water from the crystal springs;
With copious streams the shining vase supplies
A silver laver of capacious size.
They wash. The tables in fair order spread,
The glitt'ring canisters are crown'd with bread;
Viands of various kinds allure the taste,
Of choicest sort and savour; rich repast!
Whilst Eteoneus portions out the shares,
Atrides' son the purple draught prepares.
And now (each sated with the genial feast,
And the short rage of thirst and hunger ceas'd),
Ulysses' son, with his illustrious friend,
The horses join, the polish'd car ascend.
Along the court the fiery steeds rebound,
And the wide portal echoes to the sound.
The King precedes; a bowl with fragrant wine
(Libation destin'd to the Powers divine)
His right hand held: before the steeds he stands,
Then, mix'd with prayers, he utters these commands:
'Farewell, and prosper, Youths! let Nestor know
What grateful thoughts still in this bosom glow,
For all the proofs of his paternal care,
Thro' the long dangers of the ten years' war.'
'Ah! doubt not our report' (the Prince rejoin'd)
'Of all the virtues of thy gen'rous mind.
And oh! return'd might we Ulysses meet!
To him thy presents show, thy words repeat:
How will each speech his grateful wonder raise!
How will each gift indulge us in thy praise!'
Scarce ended thus the Prince, when on the right
Advanc'd the bird of Jove: auspicious sight!
A milk-white fowl his clinching talons bore,
With care domestic pamper'd at the floor.
Peasants in vain with threat'ning cries pursue,
In solemn speed the bird majestic flew
Full dexter to the car: the prosp'rous sight
Fill'd ev'ry breast with wonder and delight.
But Nestor's son the cheerful silence broke,
And in these words the Spartan Chief bespoke:
'Say if to us the Gods these omens send,
Or fates peculiar to thyself portend?'
Whilst yet the Monarch paus'd, with doubts oppress'd,
The beauteous Queen reliev'd his lab'ring breast:
'Hear me' (she cried), 'to whom the Gods have given
To read this sign, and mystic sense of Heav'n.

As thus the plumy sov'reign of the air
Left on the mountain's brow his callow care,
And wander'd thro' the wide ethereal way
To pour his wrath on you luxurious prey;
So shall thy godlike father, toss'd in vain
Thro' all the dangers of the boundless main,
Arrive (or is perchance already come),
From slaughter'd gluttons to release the dome.'
'Oh! if this promis'd bliss by thund'ring Jove'
(The Prince replied) 'stand fix'd in Fate above;
To thee, as to some God, I'll temples raise,
And crown thy altars with the costly blaze.'
He said; and, bending o'er his chariot, flung
Athwart the fiery steeds the smarting thong;
The bounding shafts upon the harness play,
Till night descending intercepts the way.
To Diocles at Pheræ they repair,
Whose boasted sire was sacred Alpheus' heir;
With him all night the youthful strangers stay'd,
Nor found the hospitable rites unpaid.
But soon as Morning from her orient bed
Had tinged the mountains with her earliest red,
They join'd the steeds, and on the chariot sprung;
The brazen portals in their passage rung.
To Pylos soon they came; when thus begun
To Nestor's heir Ulysses' godlike son:
'Let not Pisistratus in vain be press'd,
Nor unconsenting hear his friend's request;
His friend by long hereditary claim,
In toils his equal, and in years the same.
No farther from our vessel, I implore,
The coursers drive; but lash them to the shore.
Too long thy father would his friend detain;
I dread his proffer'd kindness urged in vain.'
The Hero paus'd, and ponder'd this request,
While love and duty warr'd within his breast.
At length resolv'd, he turn'd his ready hand,
And lash'd his panting coursers to the strand.
There, while within the poop with care he stor'd
The regal presents of the Spartan lord,
'With speed begone' (said he); 'call every mate,
Ere yet to Nestor I the tale relate:
'T is true, the fervour of his gen'rous heart
Brooks no repulse, nor couldst thou soon depart:
Himself will seek thee here, nor wilt thou find,
In words alone, the Pylian Monarch kind.
But when, arrived, he thy return shall know,
How will his breast with honest fury glow!'
This said, the sounding strokes his horses fire,
And soon he reach'd the palace of his sire.
'Now' (cried Telemachus) 'with speedy care
Hoist ev'ry sail, and ev'ry oar prepare!'
Swift as the word his willing mates obey,
And seize their seats, impatient for the sea.
Meantime the Prince with sacrifice adores
Minerva, and her guardian aid implores;
When lo! a wretch ran breathless to the shore,
New from his crime; and reeking yet with gore.
A seer he was, from great Melampus sprung,
Melampus, who in Pylos flourish'd long,
Till, urged by wrongs, a foreign realm he chose,
Far from the hateful cause of all his woes.
Neleus his treasures one long year detains:
As long he groan'd in Phylacus's chains:
Meantime, what anguish and what rage combin'd,
For lovely Pero rack'd his lab'ring mind!
Yet 'scaped he death: and, vengeful of his wrong,
To Pylos drove the lowing herds along:
Then (Neleus vanquish'd, and consign'd the fair
To Bias' arms) he sought a foreign air;

Argos the rich for his retreat he chose;
There form'd his empire: there his palace rose.
From him Antiphates and Mantius came;
The first begot Oïcleus great in fame,
And he Amphiaraüs, immortal name!
The people's saviour, and divinely wise,
Belov'd by Jove, and him who gilds the skies;
Yet short his date of life! by female pride he dies.
From Mantius Clitus, whom Aurora's love
Snatch'd for his beauty to the thrones above;
And Polyphides, on whom Phœbus shone
With fullest rays, Amphiaraüs now gone;
In Hyperesia's groves he made abode,
And taught mankind the counsels of the God.
From him sprung Theoclymenus, who found
(The sacred wine yet foaming on the ground)
Telemachus: whom, as to Heav'n he press'd
His ardent vows, the stranger thus address'd:
'O thou! that dost thy happy course prepare
With pure libations and with solemn prayer;
By that dread Power to whom thy vows are paid;
By all the lives of these; thy own dear head,
Declare sincerely to no foe's demand
Thy name, thy lineage, and paternal land.'
'Prepare, then,' said Telemachus, 'to know
A tale from falsehood free, not free from woe.
From Ithaca, of royal birth I came,
And great Ulysses (ever-honour'd name!)
Once was my sire, tho' now for ever lost,
In Stygian gloom he glides a pensive ghost!
Whose fate inquiring thro' the world we rove:
The last, the wretched proof of filial love.'
The stranger then: 'Nor shall I aught conceal,
But the dire secret of my fate reveal.
Of my own tribe an Argive wretch I slew;
Whose powerful friends the luckless deed pursue
With unrelenting rage, and force from home
The blood-stain'd exile, ever doom'd to roam.
But bear, oh bear me o'er yon azure flood;
Receive the suppliant! spare my destin'd blood!'
'Stranger' (replied the Prince), 'securely rest
Affianc'd in our faith, henceforth our guest.'
Thus affable, Ulysses' godlike heir
Takes from the stranger's hand the glitt'ring spear:
He climbs the ship, ascends the stern with haste,
And by his side the guest accepted placed.
The Chief his order gives: th' obedient band
With due observance wait the Chief's command.
With speed the mast they rear, with speed unbind
The spacious sheet, and stretch it to the wind.
Minerva calls; the ready gales obey
With rapid speed to whirl them o'er the sea.
Crunus they pass'd, next Chalcis roll'd away,
When thick'ning darkness closed the doubtful day;
The silver Phæa's glitt'ring rills they lost,
And skimm'd along by Elis' sacred coast.
Then cautious thro' the rocky reaches wind,
And, turning sudden, shun the death design'd.
Meantime, the King, Eumæus, and the rest,
Sate in the cottage, at their rural feast:
The banquet pass'd, and satiate ev'ry man,
To try his host, Ulysses thus began:
'Yet one night more, my friends, indulge your guest;
The last I purpose in your walls to rest;
To-morrow for myself I must provide,
And only ask your counsel, and a guide;
Patient to roam the street, by hunger led,
And bless the friendly hand that gives me bread.
There in Ulysses' roof I may relate
Ulysses' wand'rings to his royal mate;
Or, mingling with the suitors' haughty train,
Not undeserving some support obtain.

Hermes to me his various gifts imparts,
Patron of industry and manual arts:
Few can with me in dext'rous works contend,
The pyre to build, the stubborn oak to rend;
To turn the tasteful viand o'er the flame;
Or foam the goblet with a purple stream.
Such are the tasks of men of mean estate,
Whom fortune dooms to serve the rich and great.'
'Alas!' (Eumæus with a sigh rejoin'd)
'How sprung a thought so monstrous in thy mind?
If on that godless race thou would'st attend,
Fate owes thee sure a miserable end!
Their wrongs and blasphemies ascend the sky,
And pull descending vengeance from on high.
Not such, my friend, the servants of their feast;
A blooming train in rich embroid'ry dress'd!
With earth's whole tribute the bright table bends,
And smiling round celestial youth attends.
Stay, then; no eye askance beholds thee here;
Sweet is thy converse to each social ear:
Well pleas'd, and pleasing, in our cottage rest,
Till good Telemachus accepts his guest
With genial gifts, and change of fair attires,
And safe conveys thee where thy soul desires.'
To him the man of woes: 'O gracious Jove
Reward this stranger's hospitable love!
Who knows the son of sorrow to relieve,
Cheers the sad heart, nor lets affliction grieve.
Of all the ills unhappy mortals know,
A life of wand'rings is the greatest woe:
On all their weary ways wait Care and Pain,
And Pine and Penury, a meagre train.
To such a man since harbour you afford,
Relate the farther fortunes of your lord;
What cares his mother's tender breast engage,
And sire forsaken on the verge of age;
Beneath the sun prolong they yet their breath,
Or range the house of darkness and of death?'
To whom the swain: 'Attend what you inquire;
Laërtes lives, the miserable sire;
Lives, but implores of ev'ry Power to lay
The burden down, and wishes for the day.
Torn from his offspring in the eve of life,
Torn from th' embraces of his tender wife,
Sole, and all comfortless, he wastes away
Old age, untimely posting ere his day.
She too, sad mother! for Ulysses lost
Pined out her bloom, and vanish'd to a ghost
(So dire a fate, ye righteous Gods! avert
From ev'ry friendly, ev'ry feeling heart);
While yet she was, tho' clouded o'er with grief,
Her pleasing converse minister'd relief:
With Ctimene, her youngest daughter, bred,
One roof contain'd us, and one table fed.
But when the softly-stealing pace of time
Crept on from childhood into youthful prime,
To Samos isle she sent the wedded fair;
Me to the fields, to tend the rural care;
Array'd in garments her own hands had wove,
Nor less the darling object of her love.
Her hapless death my brighter days o'ercast,
Yet Providence deserts me not at last:
My present labours food and drink procure,
And more, the pleasure to relieve the poor.
Small is the comfort from the Queen to hear
Unwelcome news, or vex the royal ear;
Blank and discountenanc'd the servants stand,
Nor dare to question where the proud command:
No profit springs beneath usurping powers:
Want feeds not there, where Luxury devours,
Nor harbours charity where riot reigns:
Proud are the Lords, and wretched are the Swains.'
The suff'ring Chief at this began to melt;
And, 'O Eumæus! thou' (he cries) 'hast felt
The spite of Fortune too! her cruel hand
Snatch'd thee an infant from thy native land!
Snatch'd from thy parents' arms, thy parents' eyes,
To early wants! a man of miseries!

The whole sad story, from its first, declare:
Sunk the fair city by the rage of war,
Where once thy parents dwelt? or did they keep,
In humbler life, the lowing herds and sheep?
So left perhaps to tend the fleecy train,
Rude pirates seiz'd, and shipp'd thee o'er the main?
Doom'd a fair prize to grace some Prince's board,
The worthy purchase of a foreign Lord.'
'If then my fortunes can delight my friend,
A story fruitful of events attend:
Another's sorrow may thy ear enjoy,
And wine the lengthen'd intervals employ.
Long nights the now declining year bestows;
A part we consecrate to soft repose,
A part in pleasing talk we entertain;
For too much rest itself becomes a pain.
Let those, whom sleep invites, the call obey,
Their cares resuming with the dawning day:
Here let us feast, and to the feast be join'd
Discourse, the sweeter banquet of the mind;
Review the series of our lives, and taste
The melancholy joy of evils pass'd:
For he who much has suffer'd, much will know,
And pleas'd remembrance builds delight on woe.
'Above Ortygia lies an isle of fame,
Far hence remote, and Syria is the name
(There curious eyes inscribed with wonder trace
The sun's diurnal, and his annual race);
Not large, but fruitful; stored with grass, to keep
The bell'wing oxen and the bleating sheep;
Her sloping hills the mantling vines adorn,
And her rich valleys wave with golden corn.
No want, no famine, the glad natives know,
Nor sink by sickness to the shades below;
But when a length of years unnerves the strong,
Apollo comes, and Cynthia comes along.
They bend the silver bow with tender skill,
And, void of pain, the silent arrows kill.
Two equal tribes this fertile land divide,
Where two fair cities rise with equal pride,
But both in constant peace one Prince obey,
And Ctesius there, my father, holds the sway.
Freighted, it seems, with toys of ev'ry sort,
A ship of Sidon anchor'd in our port;
What time it chanc'd the palace entertain'd,
Skill'd in rich works, a woman of their land:
This nymph, where anchor'd the Phœnician train,
To wash her robes descending to the main,
A smooth-tongued sailor won her to his mind
(For love deceives the best of womankind).
A sudden trust from sudden liking grew;
She told her name, her race, and all she knew.
"I too" (she cried) "from glorious Sidon came.
My father Arybas, of wealthy fame;
But, snatch'd by pirates from my native place,
The Taphians sold me to this man's embrace."
'"Haste then" (the false designing youth replied),
"Haste to thy country; love shall be thy guide;
Haste to thy father's house, thy father's breast,
For still he lives, and lives with riches blest."
'"Swear first" (she cried), "ye Sailors! to restore
A wretch in safety to her native shore."
Swift as she ask'd, the ready sailors swore.
She then proceeds: "Now let our compact made
Be nor by signal nor by word betray'd,
Nor near me any of your crew descried,
By road frequented, or by fountain side:
Be silence still our guard. The Monarch's spies
(For watchful age is ready to surmise)
Are still at hand; and this reveal'd, must be
Death to yourselves, eternal chains to me.
Your vessel loaded, and your traffic pass'd,
Despatch a wary messenger with haste;
Then gold and costly treasures will I bring,
And more, the infant-offspring of the King.
Him, childlike wand'ring forth, I'll lead away
(A noble prize!) and to your ship convey."

'Thus spoke the dame, and homeward took the road.
A year they traffic, and their vessel load.
Their stores complete, and ready now to weigh,
A spy was sent their summons to convey:
An artist to my father's palace came,
With gold and amber chains, elab'rate frame:
Each female eye the glitt'ring links employ;
They turn, review, and cheapen ev'ry toy.
He took th' occasion, as they stood intent,
Gave her the sign, and to his vessel went.
She straight pursued, and seiz'd my willing arm;
I follow'd smiling, innocent of harm.
Three golden goblets in the porch she found
(The guests not enter'd, but the table crown'd);
Hid in her fraudful bosom these she bore:
Now set the sun, and darken'd all the shore.
Arriving then, where, tilting on the tides,
Prepared to launch the freighted vessel rides,
Aboard they heave us, mount their decks, and sweep
With level oar along the glassy deep.
Six calmy days and six smooth nights we sail,
And constant Jove supplied the gentle gale.
The sev'nth, the fraudful wretch (no cause descried),
Touch'd by Diana's vengeful arrow, died.
Down dropp'd the caitiff-corse, a worthless load,
Down to the deep; there roll'd, the future food
Of fierce sea-wolves, and monsters of the flood.
A helpless infant I remain'd behind;
Thence borne to Ithaca by wave and wind;
Sold to Laërtes by divine command,
And now adopted to a foreign land.'
To him the King: 'Reciting thus thy cares,
My secret soul in all thy sorrow shares;
But one choice blessing (such is Jove's high will)
Has sweeten'd all thy bitter draught of ill:
Torn from thy country to no hapless end,
The Gods have, in a master, giv'n a friend.
Whatever frugal nature needs is thine
(For she needs little), daily bread and wine.
While I, so many wand'rings past and woes,
Live but on what thy poverty bestows.'
So pass'd in pleasing dialogue away
The night; then down to short repose they lay;
Till radiant rose the messenger of day.
While in the port of Ithaca, the band
Of young Telemachus approach'd the land;
Their sails they loos'd, they lash'd the mast aside,
And cast their anchors, and the cables tied:
Then on the breezy shore, descending, join
In grateful banquet o'er the rosy wine.
When thus the Prince: 'Now each his course pursue:
I to the fields, and to the city you.
Long absent hence, I dedicate this day
My swains to visit, and the works survey.
Expect me with the morn, to pay the skies
Our debt of safe return in feast and sacrifice.'
Then Theoclymenus: 'But who shall lend,
Meantime, protection to thy stranger friend?
Straight to the Queen and Palace shall I fly,
Or, yet more distant, to some Lord apply?'
The Prince return'd: 'Renown'd in days of yore
Has stood our father's hospitable door;
No other roof a stranger should receive,
No other hands than ours the welcome give.
But in my absence riot fills the place,
Nor bears the modest Queen a stranger's face;
From noiseful revel far remote she flies,
But rarely seen, or seen with weeping eyes.
No — let Eurymachus receive my guest,
Of nature courteous, and by far the best;
He woos the Queen with more respectful flame,
And emulates her former husband's fame:
With what success, 't is Jove's alone to know,
And the hoped nuptials turn to joy or woe.'
Thus speaking, on the right up-soar'd in air
The hawk, Apollo's swift-wing'd messenger:

His deathful pounces tore a trembling dove;
The clotted feathers, scatter'd from above,
Between the hero and the vessel pour
Thick plumage, mingled with a sanguine shower.
Th' observing augur took the Prince aside,
Seiz'd by the hand, and thus prophetic cried:
'Yon bird, that dexter cuts th' aërial road,
Rose ominous, nor flies without a God:
No race but thine shall Ithaca obey;
To thine, for ages, Heav'n decrees the sway.'
'Succeed the omens, Gods!' (the youth rejoin'd)
'Soon shall my bounties speak a grateful mind,
And soon each envied happiness attend
The man who calls Telemachus his friend.'
Then to Peiræus: 'Thou whom time has prov'd
A faithful servant, by thy Prince belov'd!
Till we returning shall our guest demand,
Accept this charge with honour, at our hand.'
To this Peiræus: 'Joyful I obey,
Well pleas'd the hospitable rites to pay.
The presence of thy guest shall best reward
(If long thy stay) the absence of my lord.'
With that, their anchors he commands to weigh,
Mount the tall bark, and launch into the sea.
All with obedient haste forsake the shores,
And, placed in order, spread their equal oars.
Then from the deck the Prince his sandals takes;
Pois'd in his hand the pointed jav'lin shakes.
They part; while, less'ning from the hero's view,
Swift to the town the well-row'd galley flew:
The hero trod the margin of the main,
And reach'd the mansion of his faithful swain.

BOOK XVII

ARGUMENT

Telemachus, returning to the city, relates to Penelope the sum of his travels. Ulysses is conducted by Eumæus to the palace, where his old dog Argus acknowledges his master, after an absence of twenty years, and dies with joy. Eumæus returns into the country, and Ulysses remains among the Suitors, whose behaviour is described.

Soon as Aurora, Daughter of the Dawn,
Sprinkled with roseate light the dewy lawn,
In haste the Prince arose, prepared to part;
His hand impatient grasps the pointed dart;
Fair on his feet the polish'd sandals shine,
And thus he greets the master of the swine:
'My friend, adieu! let this short stay suffice;
I haste to meet my mother's longing eyes,
And end her tears, her sorrows, and her sighs,
But thou, attentive, what we order heed:
This hapless stranger to the city lead:
By public bounty let him there be fed,
And bless the hand that stretches forth the bread;
To wipe the tears from all afflicted eyes,
My will may covet, but my power denies.
If this raise anger in the stranger's thought,
The pain of anger punishes the fault:
The very truth I undisguised declare;
For what so easy as to be sincere?'
To this Ulysses: 'What the Prince requires
Of swift removal, seconds my desires.
To want like mine the peopled town can yield
More hopes of comfort than the lonely field:
Nor fits my age to till the labour'd lands,
Or stoop to tasks a rural lord demands.
Adieu! but since this ragged garb can bear
So ill th' inclemencies of morning air,
A few hours' space permit me here to stay:
My steps Eumæus shall to town convey,
With riper beams when Phœbus warms the day.'
Thus he; nor aught Telemachus replied,
But left the mansion with a lofty stride:
Schemes of revenge his pond'ring breast elate,
Revolving deep the suitors' sudden fate.

Arriving now before th' imperial hall,
He props his spear against the pillar'd wall;
Then like a lion o'er the threshold bounds;
The marble pavement with his step resounds;
His eye first glanc'd where Euryclea spreads
With furry spoils of beasts the splendid beds:
She saw, she wept, she ran with eager pace,
And reach'd her master with a long embrace.
All crowded round the family appears
With wild entrancement, and ecstatic tears.
Swift from above descends the royal Fair
(Her beauteous cheeks the blush of Venus wear,
Chasten'd with coy Diana's pensive air);
Hangs o'er her son, in his embraces dies;
Rains kisses on his neck, his face, his eyes:
Few words she spoke, tho' much she had to say:
And scarce those few, for tears, could force their way.
'Light of my eyes! he comes! unhoped-for joy!
Has Heav'n from Pylos brought my lovely boy?
So snatch'd from all our cares! — Tell, hast thou known
Thy father's fate, and tell me all thy own.'
'Oh dearest! most revered of womankind!
Cease with those tears to melt a manly mind'
(Replied the Prince); 'nor be our fates deplor'd,
From death and treason to thy arms restor'd.
Go, bathe, and robed in white ascend the towers;
With all thy handmaids thank th' immortal Powers:
To ev'ry God vow hecatombs to bleed,
And call Jove's vengeance on the guilty deed.
While to th' assembled council I repair;
A stranger sent by Heav'n attends me there;
My new accepted guest I haste to find,
Now to Peiræus' honour'd charge consign'd.'
The matron heard, nor was his word in vain.
She bathed; and, robed in white, with all her train,
To ev'ry God vow'd hecatombs to bleed,
And call'd Jove's vengeance on the guilty deed.
Arm'd with his lance, the Prince then pass'd the gate;
Two dogs behind, a faithful guard, await;
Pallas his form with grace divine improves:
The gazing crowd admires him as he moves:
Him, gath'ring round, the haughty suitors greet
With semblance fair, but inward deep deceit.
Their false addresses gen'rous he denied,
Pass'd on, and sate by faithful Mentor's side;
With Antiphus, and Halitherses sage,
His father's counsellors, revered for age.
Of his own fortunes, and Ulysses' fame,
Much ask'd the seniors; till Peiræus came.
The stranger-guest pursued him close behind;
Whom when Telemachus beheld, he join'd.
He (when Peiræus ask'd for slaves to bring
The gifts and treasures of the Spartan King)
Thus thoughtful answer'd: 'Those we shall not move,
Dark and unconscious of the will of Jove:
We know not yet the full event of all;
Stabb'd in his palace if your Prince must fall.
Us, and our house, if treason must o'erthrow,
Better a friend possess them than a foe;
If death to these, and vengeance, Heav'n decree,
Riches are welcome then, not else, to me.
Till then retain the gifts.' — The hero said,
And in his hand the willing stranger led.
Then, disarray'd, the shining bath they sought
(With unguents smooth) of polish'd marble wrought;
Obedient handmaids with assistant toil
Supply the limpid wave, and fragrant oil;
Then o'er their limbs refulgent robes they threw,
And fresh from bathing to their seats withdrew.

The golden ewer a nymph attendant brings,
Replenish'd from the pure translucent springs:
With copious streams that golden ewer supplies
A silver laver of capacious size.
They wash: the table, in fair order spread,
Is piled with viands and the strength of bread.
Full opposite, before the folding gate,
The pensive mother sits in humble state;
Lowly she sate, and with dejected view
The fleecy threads her iv'ry fingers drew.
The Prince and stranger shared the genial feast,
Till now the rage of thirst and hunger ceas'd.
When thus the Queen: 'My son! my only friend!
Say, to my mournful couch shall I ascend
(The couch deserted now a length of years;
The couch for ever water'd with my tears)?
Say, wilt thou not (ere yet the suitor crew
Return, and riot shakes our walls anew),
Say, wilt thou not the least account afford?
The least glad tidings of my absent lord?'
To her the youth: 'We reach'd the Pylian plains,
Where Nestor, shepherd of his people, reigns.
All arts of tenderness to him are known,
Kind to Ulysses' race as to his own:
No father with a fonder grasp of joy
Strains to his bosom his long-absent boy.
But all unknown, if yet Ulysses breathe,
Or glide a spectre in the realms beneath:
For farther search, his rapid steeds transport
My lengthen'd journey to the Spartan court.
There Argive Helen I beheld, whose charms
(So Heav'n decreed) engaged the great in arms.
My cause of coming told, he thus rejoin'd;
And still his words live perfect in my mind:
'"Heav'ns! would a soft, inglorious, dastard train
An absent hero's nuptial joys profane!
So with her young, amid the woodland shades,
A tim'rous hind the lion's court invades,
Leaves in that fatal lair her tender fawns,
And climbs the cliffs, or feeds along the lawns;
Meantime returning, with remorseless sway
The monarch savage rends the panting prey:
With equal fury, and with equal fame,
Shall great Ulysses reassert his claim.
O Jove! Supreme! whom men and Gods revere;
And thou, whose lustre gilds the rolling sphere!
With power congenial join'd, propitious aid
The Chief adopted by the Martial Maid!
Such to our wish the warrior soon restore,
As when, contending on the Lesbian shore,
His prowess Philomelides confess'd,
And loud acclaiming Greeks the victor bless'd:
Then soon th' invaders of his bed and throne,
Their love presumptuous shall by death atone.
Now what you question of my ancient friend,
With truth I answer; thou the truth attend.
Learn what I heard the sea-born seer relate,
Whose eye can pierce the dark recess of fate.
Sole in an isle, imprison'd by the main,
The sad survivor of his numerous train,
Ulysses lies; detain'd by magic charms,
And press'd unwilling in Calypso's arms.
No sailors there, no vessels to convey,
No oars to cut th' immeasurable way."
This told Atrides, and he told no more.
Then safe I voyaged to my native shore.'
He ceas'd; nor made the pensive Queen reply,
But droop'd her head, and drew a secret sigh.
When Theoclymenus the seer began:
'O suff'ring consort of the suff'ring man!
What human knowledge could, those Kings might tell,
But I the secrets of high Heav'n reveal.
Before the first of Gods be this declared,
Before the board whose blessings we have shared;
Witness the genial rites, and witness all
This house holds sacred in her ample wall!

Ev'n now, this instant, great Ulysses, laid
At rest, or wand'ring in his country's shade,
Their guilty deeds, in hearing, and in view,
Secret revolves; and plans the vengeance due.
Of this sure auguries the Gods bestow'd,
When first our vessel anchor'd in your road.'
'Succeed those omens, Heav'n!' (the Queen rejoin'd)
'So shall our bounties speak a grateful mind:
And every envied happiness attend
The man who calls Penelope his friend.'
Thus communed they: while in the marble court
(Scene of their insolence) the lords resort;
Athwart the spacious square each tries his art,
To whirl the disk, or aim the missile dart.
Now did the hour of sweet repast arrive,
And from the field the victim flocks they drive:
Medon the Herald (one who pleas'd them best,
And honour'd with a portion of their feast),
To bid the banquet, interrupts their play:
Swift to the hall they haste; aside they lay
Their garments, and succinct the victims slay.
Then sheep, and goats, and bristly porkers bled,
And the proud steer was o'er the marble spread.
While thus the copious banquet they provide,
Along the road, conversing side by side,
Proceed Ulysses and the faithful swain:
When thus Eumæus, gen'rous and humane:
'To town, observant of our lord's behest,
Now let us speed: my friend, no more my guest!
Yet like myself I wish thee here preferr'd,
Guard of the flock, or keeper of the herd.
But much to raise my master's wrath I fear;
The wrath of Princes ever is severe.
Then heed his will, and be our journey made
While the broad beams of Phœbus are display'd,
Or ere brown ev'ning spreads her chilly shade.'
'Just thy advice' (the prudent Chief rejoin'd),
'And such as suits the dictate of my mind.
Lead on: but help me to some staff to stay
My feeble step, since rugged is the way.'
Across his shoulders then the scrip he flung,
Wide-patch'd, and fasten'd by a twisted thong.
A staff Eumæus gave. Along the way
Cheerly they fare: behind, the keepers stay;
These with their watchful dogs (a constant guard)
Supply his absence, and attend the herd.
And now his city strikes the Monarch's eyes,
Alas! how changed! a man of miseries;
Propp'd on a staff, a beggar old and bare,
In rags dishonest flutt'ring with the air!
Now, pass'd the rugged road, they journey down
The cavern'd way descending to the town,
Where, from the rock, with liquid drops distils
A limpid fount, that, spread in parting rills,
Its current thence to serve the city brings;
A useful work, adorn'd by ancient kings.
Neritus, Ithacus, Polyctor, there,
In sculptured stone immortalized their care;
In marble urns receiv'd it from above,
And shaded with a green surrounding grove;
Where silver alders, in high arches twin'd,
Drink the cool stream, and tremble to the wind.
Beneath, sequester'd to the nymphs, is seen
A mossy altar, deep embower'd in green;
Where constant vows by travellers are paid,
And holy horrors solemnize the shade.
Here, with his goats (not vow'd to sacred flame,
But pamper'd luxury), Melanthius came:
Two grooms attend him. With an envious look
He eyed the stranger, and imperious spoke:
'The good old proverb how this pair fulfil!
One rogue is usher to another still.
Heav'n with a secret principle endued
Mankind, to seek their own similitude.
Where goes the swineherd with that ill-look'd guest?
That giant glutton, dreadful at a feast!

Full many a post have those broad shoulders worn,
From ev'ry great man's gate repuls'd with scorn:
To no brave prize aspired the worthless swain,
'T was but for scraps he ask'd, and ask'd in vain.
To beg, than work, he better understands;
Or we perhaps might take him off thy hands.
For any office could the slave be good,
To cleanse the fold, or help the kids to food,
If any labour those big joints could learn,
Some whey, to wash his bowels, he might earn.
To cringe, to whine, his idle hands to spread,
Is all by which that graceless maw is fed.
Yet hear me! if thy impudence but dare
Approach yon walls, I prophesy thy fare:
Dearly, full dearly, shalt thou buy thy bread
With many a footstool thund'ring at thy head.'
He thus: nor insolent of word alone,
Spurn'd with his rustic heel his King unknown;
Spurn'd, but not mov'd: he like a pillar stood,
Nor stirr'd an inch, contemptuous, from the road:
Doubtful, or with his staff to strike him dead,
Or greet the pavement with his worthless head.
Short was that doubt; to quell his rage inured,
The hero stood self-conquer'd, and endured.
But hateful of the wretch, Eumæus heav'd
His hands obtesting, and this prayer conceiv'd:
'Daughters of Jove! who from th' ethereal bowers
Descend to swell the springs, and feed the flowers!
Nymphs of this fountain! to whose sacred names
Our rural victims mount in blazing flames!
To whom Ulysses' piety preferr'd
The yearly firstlings of his flock, and herd;
Succeed my wish, your votary restore:
Oh, be some God his convoy to our shore!
Due pains shall punish then this slave's offence,
And humble all his airs of insolence,
Who, proudly stalking, leaves the herds at large,
Commences courtier, and neglects his charge.'
'What mutters he?' (Melanthius sharp rejoins)
'This crafty miscreant big with dark designs?
The day shall come; nay, 't is already near,
When, slave! to sell thee at a price too dear
Must be my care; and hence transport thee o'er,
A load and scandal to this happy shore.
Oh that as surely great Apollo's dart,
Or some brave suitor's sword, might pierce the heart
Of the proud son, as that we stand this hour
In lasting safety from the father's power!'
So spoke the wretch, but, shunning farther fray,
Turn'd his proud step, and left them on their way.
Straight to the feastful palace he repair'd,
Familiar enter'd, and the banquet shared;
Beneath Eurymachus, his patron lord,
He took his place, and plenty heap'd the board.
Meantime they heard, soft-circling in the sky,
Sweet airs ascend, and heav'nly minstrelsy
(For Phemius to the lyre attuned the strain):
Ulysses hearken'd, then address'd the swain:
'Well may this palace admiration claim,
Great, and respondent to the master's fame!
Stage above stage th' imperial structure stands,
Holds the chief honours, and the town commands:
High walls and battlements the courts inclose,
And the strong gates defy a host of foes.
Far other cares its dwellers now employ;
The throng'd assembly and the feast of joy:
I see the smokes of sacrifice aspire,
And hear (what graces ev'ry feast) the lyre.'

Then thus Eumæus: 'Judge we which were best:
Amidst yon revellers a sudden guest
Choose you to mingle, while behind I stay?
Or I first ent'ring introduce the way?
Wait for a space without, but wait not long;
This is the house of violence and wrong:
Some rude insult thy rev'rend age may bear;
For like their lawless lords the servants are.'
'Just is, O Friend! thy caution, and address'd'
(Replied the Chief) 'to no unheedful breast:
The wrongs and injuries of base mankind
Fresh to my sense, and always in my mind.
The bravely-patient to no fortune yields:
On rolling oceans, and in fighting fields,
Storms have I pass'd, and many a stern debate;
And now in humbler scene submit to Fate.
What can not Want? The best she will expose,
And I am learn'd in all her train of woes;
She fills with navies, hosts, and loud alarms
The sea, the land, and shakes the world with arms!'
Thus near the gates conferring as they drew,
Argus, the dog, his ancient master knew;
He, not unconscious of the voice and tread,
Lifts to the sound his ear, and rears his head;
Bred by Ulysses, nourish'd at his board,
But ah! not fated long to please his lord!
To him, his swiftness and his strength were vain;
The voice of glory call'd him o'er the main.
Till then in ev'ry sylvan chase renown'd,
With Argus, Argus, rung the woods around:
With him the youth pursued the goat or fawn,
Or traced the mazy lev'ret o'er the lawn.
Now left to man's ingratitude he lay,
Unhous'd, neglected in the public way;
And where on heaps the rich manure was spread,
Obscene with reptiles, took his sordid bed.
He knew his lord; he knew, and strove to meet;
In vain he strove to crawl and kiss his feet;
Yet (all he could) his tail, his ears, his eyes
Salute his master, and confess his joys.
Soft pity touch'd the mighty master's soul;
Adown his cheek a tear unbidden stole,
Stole unperceiv'd; he turn'd his head and dried
The drop humane; then thus impassion'd cried:
'What noble beast in this abandon'd state
Lies here all helpless at Ulysses' gate?
His bulk and beauty speak no vulgar praise:
If, as he seems, he was in better days,
Some care his age deserves; or was he prized
For worthless beauty? therefore now despised:
Such dogs and men there are, mere things of state:
And always cherish'd by their friends, the great.'
'Not Argus so' (Eumæus thus rejoin'd),
'But serv'd a master of a nobler kind,
Who never, never shall behold him more!
Long, long since perish'd on a distant shore!
Oh had you seen him, vig'rous, bold, and young,
Swift as a stag, and as a lion strong:
Him no fell savage on the plain withstood,
None 'scaped him bosom'd in the gloomy wood:
His eye how piercing, and his scent how true,
To wind the vapour in the tainted dew!
Such, when Ulysses left his natal coast;
Now years unnerve him, and his lord is lost!
The women keep the gen'rous creature bare,
A sleek and idle race is all their care:
The master gone, the servants what restrains?
Or dwells humanity where riot reigns?
Jove fix'd it certain, that whatever day
Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away.'
This said, the honest herdsman strode before:
The musing Monarch pauses at the door:
The dog, whom Fate had granted to behold
His lord, when twenty tedious years had roll'd,

Takes a last look, and, having seen him, dies:
So closed for ever faithful Argus' eyes!
And now Telemachus, the first of all,
Observ'd Eumæus ent'ring in the hall;
Distant he saw, across the shady dome;
Then gave a sign, and beckon'd him to come.
There stood an empty seat, where late was placed,
In order due, the steward of the feast
(Who now was busied carving round the board);
Eumæus took, and placed it near his lord.
Before him instant was the banquet spread,
And the bright basket piled with loaves of bread;
Next came Ulysses lowly at the door,
A figure despicable, old, and poor,
In squalid vests, with many a gaping rent,
Propp'd on a staff, and trembling as he went.
Then resting on the threshold of the gate,
Against a cypress pillar lean'd his weight
(Smooth'd by the workman to a polish'd plane);
The thoughtful son beheld, and call'd his swain:
'These viands, and this bread, Eumæus! bear,
And let yon mendicant our plenty share:
Then let him circle round the suitors' board,
And try the bounty of each gracious lord.
Bold let him ask, encouraged thus by me;
How ill, alas! do want and shame agree!'
His lord's command the faithful servant bears:
The seeming beggar answers with his prayers:
'Bless'd be Telemachus! in ev'ry deed
Inspire him, Jove! in ev'ry wish succeed!'
This said, the portion from his son convey'd
With smiles receiving on his scrip he laid.
Long as the minstrel swept the sounding wire,
He fed, and ceas'd when silence held the lyre.
Soon as the suitors from the banquet rose,
Minerva prompts the man of mighty woes
To tempt their bounties with a suppliant's art,
And learn the gen'rous from th' ignoble heart
(Not but his soul, resentful as humane,
Dooms to full vengeance all th' offending train);
With speaking eyes, and voice of plaintive sound,
Humble he moves, imploring all around.
The proud feel pity, and relief bestow,
With such an image touch'd of human woe;
Inquiring all, their wonder they confess,
And eye the man, majestic in distress.
While thus they gaze and question with their eyes,
The bold Melanthius to their thought replies:
'My lords! this stranger of gigantic port
The good Eumæus usher'd to your court.
Full well I mark'd the features of his face,
Tho' all unknown his clime, or noble race.'
'And is this present, swineherd! of thy hand?
Bring'st thou these vagrants to infest the land?'
(Returns Antinoüs with retorted eye)
'Objects uncouth, to check the genial joy?
Enough of these our court already grace,
Of giant stomach, and of famish'd face.
Such guests Eumæus to his country brings,
To share our feast, and lead the life of Kings.'
To whom the hospitable swain rejoin'd:
'Thy passion, Prince, belies thy knowing mind.
Who calls, from distant nations to his own,
The poor, distinguish'd by their wants alone?
Round the wide world are sought those men divine
Who public structures raise, or who design;
Those to whose eyes the Gods their ways reveal,
Or bless with salutary arts to heal;
But chief to poets such respect belongs,
By rival nations courted for their songs:
These states invite, and mighty Kings admire,
Wide as the sun displays his vital fire.
It is not so with want! how few that feed
A wretch unhappy, merely for his need!
Unjust to me, and all that serve the state,
To love Ulysses is to raise thy hate.
For me, suffice the approbation won
Of my great mistress, and her godlike son.'
To him Telemachus: 'No more incense
The man by nature prone to insolence;
Injurious minds just answers but provoke:'
Then, turning to Antinoüs, thus he spoke:

'Thanks to thy care! whose absolute command
Thus drives the stranger from our court and land.
Heav'n bless its owner with a better mind!
From envy free, to charity inclin'd.
This both Penelope and I afford:
Then, Prince! be bounteous of Ulysses' board.
To give another's is thy hand so slow?
So much more sweet to spoil than to bestow?'
'Whence, great Telemachus! this lofty strain?'
(Antinoüs cries with insolent disdain)
'Portions like mine if ev'ry suitor gave,
Our walls this twelvemonth should not see the slave.'
He spoke, and lifting high above the board
His pond'rous footstool, shook it at his lord.
The rest with equal hand conferr'd the bread;
He fill'd his scrip, and to the threshold sped;
But first before Antinoüs stopp'd, and said:
'Bestow, my Friend! thou dost not seem the worst
Of all the Greeks, but prince-like and the first;
Then, as in dignity, be first in worth,
And I shall praise thee thro' the boundless earth.
Once I enjoy'd in luxury of state
Whate'er gives man the envied name of great;
Wealth, servants, friends, were mine in better days;
And hospitality was then my praise;
In ev'ry sorrowing soul I pour'd delight,
And Poverty stood smiling in my sight.
But Jove, all-governing, whose only will
Determines Fate, and mingles good with ill,
Sent me (to punish my pursuit of gain)
With roving pirates o'er th' Ægyptian main:
By Ægypt's silver flood our ships we moor;
Our spies commission'd straight the coast explore;
But, impotent of mind, with lawless will
The country ravage and the natives kill.
The spreading clamour to their city flies,
And horse and foot in mingled tumult rise:
The redd'ning dawn reveals the hostile fields
Horrid with bristly spears, and gleaming shields:
Jove thunder'd on their side: our guilty head
We turn'd to flight; the gath'ring vengeance spread
On all parts round, and heaps on heaps lay dead.
Some few the foe in servitude detain;
Death ill-exchanged for bondage and for pain!
Unhappy me a Cyprian took aboard,
And gave to Dmetor, Cyprus' haughty lord:
Hither, to 'scape his chains, my course I steer,
Still curs'd by fortune, and insulted here!'
To whom Antinoüs thus his rage express'd:
'What God has plagued us with this gormand guest?
Unless at distance, Wretch! thou keep behind,
Another isle, than Cyprus more unkind,
Another Ægypt, shalt thou quickly find.
From all thou begg'st, a bold audacious slave;
Nor all can give so much as thou canst crave.
Nor wonder I at such profusion shown;
Shameless they give, who give what 's not their own.'
The Chief, retiring, 'Souls, like that in thee,
Ill suit such forms of grace and dignity.
Nor will that hand to utmost need afford
The smallest portion of a wasteful board,
Whose luxury whole patrimonies sweeps,
Yet starving want, amidst the riot, weeps.'
The haughty suitor with resentment burns,
And, sourly smiling, this reply returns:
'Take that, ere yet thou quit this princely throng;
And dumb for ever be thy sland'rous tongue!'
He said, and high the whirling tripod flung.
His shoulder-blade receiv'd th' ungentle shock:
He stood, and moved not, like a marble rock;
But shook his thoughtful head, nor more complain'd,
Sedate of soul, his character sustain'd,

And inly form'd revenge: then back with-
drew:
Before his feet the well-fill'd scrip he
threw,
And thus with semblance mild address'd
the crew:
'May what I speak your princely minds
approve,
Ye Peers and Rivals in this noble love!
Not for the hurt I grieve, but for the cause.
If, when the sword our country's quarrel
draws,
Or if, defending what is justly dear,
From Mars impartial some broad wound
we bear,
The gen'rous motive dignifies the scar.
But for mere want, how hard to suffer
wrong!
Want brings enough of other ills along!
Yet, if unjustice never be secure,
If fiends revenge, and Gods assert the
poor,
Death shall lay low the proud aggressor's
head,
And make the dust Antinoüs' bridal bed.'
'Peace, wretch! and eat thy bread with-
out offence'
(The suitor cried), 'or force shall drag thee
hence,
Scourge thro' the public street, and cast
thee there,
A mangled carcass for the hounds to tear.'
His furious deed the gen'ral anger
mov'd;
All, ev'n the worst, condemn'd: and some
reprov'd.
'Was ever Chief for wars like these re-
nown'd?
Ill fits the stranger and the poor to wound.
Unbless'd thy hand, if, in this low dis-
guise,
Wander, perhaps, some inmate of the
skies:
They (curious oft of mortal actions) deign
In forms like these to round the earth and
main,
Just and unjust recording in their mind,
And with sure eyes inspecting all man-
kind.'
Telemachus, absorb'd in thought severe,
Nourish'd deep anguish, tho' he shed no
tear;
But the dark brow of silent sorrow shook:
While thus his mother to her virgins
spoke:
'On him and his may the bright God of
Day
That base inhospitable blow repay!'
The nurse replies: 'If Jove receives my
prayer,
Not one survives to breathe to-morrow's
air.'
'All, all are foes, and mischief is their
end;
Antinoüs most to gloomy death a friend'
(Replies the Queen): 'the stranger begg'd
their grace,
And melting pity soften'd ev'ry face;
From ev'ry other hand redress he found,
But fell Antinoüs answer'd with a wound.'
Amidst her maids thus spoke the prudent
Queen,
Then bade Eumæus call the pilgrim in.
'Much of th' experienc'd man I long to
hear,
If or his certain eye, or list'ning ear,
Have learn'd the fortunes of my wand'ring
lord?'
Thus she, and good Eumæus took the
word:
'A private audience if thy grace im-
part,
The stranger's words may ease the royal
heart.
His sacred eloquence in balm distils,
And the soothed heart with secret pleasure
fills.
Three days have spent their beams, three
nights have run
Their silent journey since his tale begun,
Unfinish'd yet; and yet I thirst to hear!
As when some Heav'n-taught poet charms
the ear
(Suspending sorrow with celestial strain
Breathed from the Gods to soften human
pain),
Time steals away with unregarded wing,
And the soul hears him, tho' he cease to
sing.
'Ulysses late he saw, on Cretan ground
(His father's guest), for Minos' birth re-
nown'd.
He now but waits the wind, to waft him
o'er,
With boundless treasure, from Thesprotia's
shore.'
To this the Queen: 'The wand'rer let
me hear,
While yon luxurious race indulge their
cheer,

Devour the grazing ox, and browsing goat,
And turn my gen'rous vintage down their throat.
For where 's an arm, like thine, Ulysses ! strong,
To curb wild riot, and to punish wrong ? '
She spoke. Telemachus then sneez'd aloud;
Constrain'd, his nostril echoed thro' the crowd.
The smiling Queen the happy omen bless'd:
'So may these impious fall, by Fate oppress'd !'
Then to Eumæus: 'Bring the stranger, fly !
And if my questions meet a true reply,
Graced with a decent robe he shall retire,
A gift in season which his wants require.'
Thus spoke Penelope. Eumæus flies
In duteous haste, and to Ulysses cries:
'The Queen invites thee, venerable Guest!
A secret instinct moves her troubled breast,
Of her long absent lord from thee to gain
Some light, and soothe her soul's eternal pain.
If true, if faithful thou, her grateful mind
Of decent robes a present has design'd:
So finding favour in the royal eye,
Thy other wants her subjects shall supply.'
'Fair truth alone' (the patient man replied)
'My words shall dictate, and my lips shall guide.
To him, to me, one common lot was giv'n,
In equal woes, alas ! involv'd by Heav'n.
Much of his fates I know: but check'd by fear
I stand; the hand of violence is here:
Here boundless wrongs the starry skies invade,
And injured suppliants seek in vain for aid.
Let for a space the pensive Queen attend,
Nor claim my story till the sun descend;
Then in such robes as suppliants may require,
Composed and cheerful by the genial fire,
When loud uproar and lawless riot cease,
Shall her pleas'd ear receive my words in peace.'
Swift to the Queen returns the gentle swain:
'And say' (she cries), 'does fear, or shame, detain
The cautious stranger ? With the begging kind
Shame suits but ill.' Eumæus thus rejoin'd:
'He only asks a more propitious hour,
And shuns (who would not ?) wicked men in power;
At ev'ning mild (meet season to confer),
By turns to question, and by turns to hear.'
'Whoe'er this guest' (the prudent Queen replies),
'His ev'ry step and ev'ry thought is wise.
For men like these on earth he shall not find
In all the miscreant race of human kind.'
Thus she. Eumæus all her words attends,
And, parting, to the suitor powers descends;
There seeks Telemachus, and thus apart
In whispers breathes the fondness of his heart:
'The time, my lord, invites me to repair
Hence to the lodge; my charge demands my care.
These sons of murder thirst thy life to take;
O guard it, guard it, for thy servants' sake !'
'Thanks to my friend' (he cries); 'but now the hour
Of night draws on; go seek the rural bower:
But first refresh; and at the dawn of day
Hither a victim to the Gods convey.
Our life to Heav'n's immortal Powers we trust,
Safe in their care, for Heav'n protects the just.'
Observant of his voice, Eumæus sate,
And fed recumbent on a chair of state.
Then instant rose, and, as he mov'd along,
'T was riot all amid the suitor throng:
They feast, they dance, and raise the mirthful song.
Till now, declining toward the close of day,
The sun obliquely shot his dewy ray.

BOOK XXI

THE BENDING OF ULYSSES' BOW

ARGUMENT

Penelope, to put an end to the solicitations of the suitors, proposes to marry the person who shall first bend the bow of Ulysses, and shoot through the ringlets. After their attempts have proved ineffectual, Ulysses, taking Eumæus and Philætius apart, discovers himself to them; then returning, desires leave to try his strength at the bow, which, though refused with indignation by the suitors, Penelope and Telemachus cause to be delivered to his hands. He bends it immediately, and shoots through all the rings. Jupiter at the same instant thunders from heaven; Ulysses accepts the omen, and gives a sign to Telemachus, who stands ready armed at his side.

And Pallas now, to raise the rivals' fires,
With her own art Penelope inspires:
Who now can bend Ulysses' bow, and wing
The well-aim'd arrow thro' the distant ring,
Shall end the strife, and win th' imperial dame;
But discord and black death await the game!
The prudent Queen the lofty stair ascends;
At distance due a virgin-train attends:
A brazen key she held, the handle turn'd,
With steel and polish'd elephant adorn'd:
Swift to the inmost room she bent her way,
Where, safe reposed, the royal treasures lay;
There shone high heap'd the labour'd brass and ore,
And there the bow which great Ulysses bore;
And there the quiver, where now guiltless slept
Those winged deaths that many a matron wept.
This gift, long since when Sparta's shores he trod,
On young Ulysses Iphitus bestow'd:
Beneath Orsilochus's roof they met;
One loss was private, one a public debt;
Messena's state from Ithaca detains
Three hundred sheep, and all the shepherd swains;
And to the youthful Prince to urge the laws,
The King and elders trust their common cause.
But Iphitus, employ'd on other cares,
Search'd the wide country for his wand'ring mares,
And mules, the strongest of the lab'ring kind;
Hapless to search! more hapless still to find!
For journeying on to Hercules, at length
That lawless wretch, that man of brutal strength,
Deaf to Heav'n's voice, the social rite transgress'd;
And for the beauteous mares destroy'd his guest.
He gave the bow; and on Ulysses' part
Receiv'd a pointed sword, and missile dart:
Of luckless friendship on a foreign shore
Their first, last pledges! for they met no more.
The bow, bequeath'd by this unhappy hand,
Ulysses bore not from his native land;
Nor in the front of battle taught to bend,
But kept in dear memorial of his friend.
Now, gently winding up the far ascent,
By many an easy step, the matron went;
Then o'er the pavement glides with grace divine
(With polish'd oak the level pavements shine);
The folding gates a dazzling light display'd,
With pomp of various architrave o'erlaid.
The bolt, obedient to the silken string,
Forsakes the staple as she pulls the ring;
The wards respondent to the key turn round;
The bars fall back; the flying valves resound;
Loud as a bull makes hill and valley ring,
So roar'd the lock when it releas'd the spring.
She moves majestic thro' the wealthy room,
Where treasured garments cast a rich perfume;
There from the column, where aloft it hung,
Reach'd, in its splendid case, the bow unstrung;
Across her knees she laid the well-known bow,
And pensive sate, and tears began to flow.
To full satiety of grief she mourns,
Then silent to the joyous hall returns;
To the proud suitors bears in pensive state
Th' unbended bow, and arrows wing'd with fate.

Behind, her train the polish'd coffer brings,
Which held th' alternate brass and silver rings.
Full in the portal the chaste Queen appears,
And with her veil conceals the coming tears:
On either side awaits a virgin fair;
While thus the matron, with majestic air:
'Say you, whom these forbidden walls inclose,
For whom my victims bleed, my vintage flows,
If these neglected, faded charms can move?
Or is it but a vain pretence you love?
If I the prize, if me you seek to wife,
Hear the conditions, and commence the strife.
Who first Ulysses' wondrous bow shall bend,
And thro' twelve ringlets the fleet arrow send,
Him will I follow, and forsake my home,
For him forsake this lov'd, this wealthy dome,
Long, long the scene of all my past delight,
And still to last the vision of my night!'
Graceful she said, and bade Eumæus show
The rival Peers the ringlets and the bow.
From his full eyes the tears unbidden spring,
Touch'd at the dear memorials of his King.
Philætius too relents, but secret shed
The tender drops. Antinoüs saw, and said:
'Hence to your fields, ye Rustics! hence away,
Nor stain with grief the pleasures of the day:
Nor to the royal heart recall in vain
The sad remembrance of a perish'd man.
Enough her precious tears already flow:
Or share the feast with due respect, or go
To weep abroad, and leave to us the bow:
No vulgar task! Ill suits this courtly crew
That stubborn horn which brave Ulysses drew.
I well remember (for I gazed him o'er
While yet a child), what majesty he bore!
And still (all infant as I was) retain
The port, the strength, the grandeur of the man.'

He said, but in his soul fond joys arise,
And his proud hopes already win the prize.
To speed the flying shaft thro' ev'ry ring,
Wretch! is not thine: the arrows of the King
Shall end those hopes, and fate is on the wing!
Then thus Telemachus: 'Some God I find
With pleasing frenzy has possess'd my mind;
When a lov'd mother threatens to depart,
Why with this ill-timed gladness leaps my heart?
Come then, ye suitors! and dispute a prize
Richer than all th' Achaian state supplies,
Than all proud Argos or Mycæne knows,
Than all our isles or continents inclose:
A woman matchless, and almost divine,
Fit for the praise of ev'ry tongue but mine.
No more excuses then, no more delay;
Haste to the trial — Lo! I lead the way.
'I too may try, and if this arm can wing
The feather'd arrow thro' the destin'd ring,
Then, if no happier knight the conquest boast,
I shall not sorrow for a mother lost;
But, bless'd in her, possess these arms alone,
Heir of my father's strength, as well as throne.'
He spoke; then, rising, his broad sword unbound,
And cast his purple garment on the ground.
A trench he open'd; in a line he placed
The level axes, and the points made fast.
(His perfect skill the wond'ring gazers eyed,
The game as yet unseen, as yet untried.)
Then, with a manly pace, he took his stand,
And grasp'd the bow, and twang'd it in his hand.
Three times, with beating heart, he made essay;
Three times, unequal to the task, gave way;
A modest boldness on his cheek appear'd;
And thrice he hoped, and thrice again he fear'd.
The fourth had drawn it. The great Sire with joy
Beheld, but with a sign forbade the boy.

His ardour straight th' obedient Prince suppress'd,
And, artful, thus the suitor-train address'd:
'O lay the cause on youth yet immature
(For Heav'n forbid such weakness should endure)!
How shall this arm, unequal to the bow,
Retort an insult, or repel a foe?
But you! whom Heav'n with better nerves has bless'd,
Accept the trial, and the prize contest.'
He cast the bow before him, and apart
Against the polish'd quiver propp'd the dart.
Resuming then his seat, Eupithes' son,
The bold Antinoüs, to the rest begun:
'From where the goblet first begins to flow,
From right to left in order take the bow;
And prove your sev'ral strengths.' — The Princes heard,
And first Leiodes, blameless priest, appear'd:
The eldest born of Œnops' noble race,
Who next the goblet held his holy place;
He, only he, of all the suitor throng,
Their deeds detested, and abjured the wrong.
With tender hands the stubborn horn he strains,
The stubborn horn resisted all his pains!
Already in despair he gives it o'er:
'Take it who will' (he cries), 'I strive no more.
What numerous deaths attend this fatal bow!
What souls and spirits shall it send below!
Better, indeed, to die, and fairly give
Nature her debt, than disappointed live,
With each new sun to some new hope a prey,
Yet still to-morrow falser than to-day.
How long in vain Penelope we sought!
This bow shall ease us of that idle thought,
And send us with some humbler wife to live,
Whom gold shall gain, or destiny shall give.'
Thus speaking, on the floor the bow he placed
(With rich inlay the various floor was graced);
At distance far the feather'd shaft he throws,
And to the seat returns from whence he rose.

To him Antinoüs thus with fury said:
'What words ill-omen'd from thy lips have fled?
Thy coward-function ever is in fear;
Those arms are dreadful which thou canst not bear.
Why should this bow be fatal to the brave,
Because the priest is born a peaceful slave?
Mark then what others can.' He ended there,
And bade Melanthius a vast pile prepare;
He gives it instant flame, then fast beside
Spreads o'er an ample board a bullock's hide.
With melted lard they soak the weapon o'er,
Chafe ev'ry knot, and supple ev'ry pore.
Vain all their art, and all their strength as vain:
The bow inflexible resists their pain.
The force of great Eurymachus alone,
And bold Antinoüs, yet untried, unknown,
Those only now remain'd; but those confess'd
Of all the train the mightiest and the best.
Then from the hall, and from the noisy crew,
The masters of the herd and flock withdrew.
The King observes them; he the hall forsakes,
And past the limits of the court o'ertakes.
Then thus with accent mild Ulysses spoke:
'Ye faithful guardians of the herd and flock!
Shall I the secret of my breast conceal,
Or (as my soul now dictates) shall I tell?
Say, should some fav'ring God restore again
The lost Ulysses to his native reign,
How beat your hearts? what aid would you afford
To the proud suitors, or your ancient lord?'
Philætius thus: 'O were thy word not vain!
Would mighty Jove restore that man again!
These aged sinews, with new vigour strung,
In his blest cause should emulate the young.'
With equal vows Eumæus too implor'd
Each power above, with wishes for his lord.

He saw their secret souls, and thus began:
'Those vows the Gods accord; behold the man!
Your own Ulysses! twice ten years detain'd
By woes and wand'rings from this hapless land:
At length he comes; but comes despised, unknown,
And finding faithful you, and you alone.
All else have cast him from their very thought,
Ev'n in their wishes and their prayers forgot!
Hear then, my friends: If Jove this arm succeed,
And give yon impious revellers to bleed,
My care shall be to bless your future lives
With large possessions and with faithful wives:
Fast by my palace shall your domes ascend,
And each on young Telemachus attend,
And each be call'd his brother and my friend.
To give you firmer faith, now trust your eye;
Lo! the broad scar indented on my thigh,
When with Autolycus's sons, of yore,
On Parnass' top I chased the tusky boar.'
His ragged vest then drawn aside, disclosed
The sign conspicuous, and the scar exposed;
Eager they view'd; with joy they stood amazed;
With tearful eyes o'er all their master gazed:
Around his neck their longing arms they cast,
His head, his shoulders, and his knees embraced;
Tears follow'd tears; no word was in their power;
In solemn silence fell the kindly shower.
The King too weeps, the King too grasps their hands,
And moveless, as a marble fountain, stands.
Thus had their joy wept down the setting sun,
But first the wise man ceas'd, and thus begun:
'Enough — on other cares your thought employ,
For danger waits on all untimely joy.
Full many foes, and fierce, observe us near;
Some may betray, and yonder walls may hear.
Re-enter then, not all at once, but stay
Some moments you, and let me lead the way.
To me, neglected as I am, I know
The haughty suitors will deny the bow;
But thou, Eumæus, as 't is borne away,
Thy master's weapon to his hand convey.
At ev'ry portal let some matron wait,
And each lock fast the well-compacted gate:
Close let them keep, whate'er invades their ear;
Tho' arms, or shouts, or dying groans they hear.
To thy strict charge, Philætius, we consign
The court's main gate; to guard that pass be thine.'
This said, he first return'd; the faithful swains
At distance follow, as their King ordains.
Before the flame Eurymachus now stands,
And turns the bow, and chafes it with his hands;
Still the tough bow unmov'd. The lofty man
Sigh'd from his mighty soul, and thus began:
'I mourn the common cause: for, oh my friends!
On me, on all, what grief, what shame attends!
Not the lost nuptials can affect me more
(For Greece has beauteous dames on ev'ry shore),
But baffled thus! confess'd so far below
Ulysses' strength, as not to bend his bow!
How shall all ages our attempt deride!
Our weakness scorn!' Antinoüs thus replied:
'Not so, Eurymachus: that no man draws
The wondrous bow, attend another cause.
Sacred to Phœbus is the solemn day,
Which thoughtless we in games would waste away;
Till the next dawn this ill-timed strife forego,
And here leave fix'd the ringlets in a row.
Now bid the sewer approach, then let us join
In due libations, and in rites divine;
So end our night; before the day shall spring,
The choicest off'rings let Melanthius bring;

Let then to Phœbus' name the fatted thighs
Feed the rich smokes, high curling to the skies.
So shall the patron of these arts bestow
(For his the gift) the skill to bend the bow.'
They heard well pleas'd; the ready heralds bring
The cleansing waters from the limpid spring;
The goblet high with rosy wine they crown'd,
In order circling to the peers around.
That rite complete, uprose the thoughtful man,
And thus his meditated scheme began;
'If what I ask your noble minds approve,
Ye Peers and Rivals in the royal love!
Chief, if it hurt not great Antinoüs' ear
(Whose sage decision I with wonder hear),
And if Eurymachus the motion please,
Give Heav'n this day, and rest the bow in peace.
To-morrow let your arms dispute the prize,
And take it he, the favour'd of the skies!
But, since till then this trial you delay,
Trust it one moment to my hands to-day:
Fain would I prove, before your judging eyes,
What once I was, whom wretched you despise;
If yet this arm its ancient force retain;
Or if my woes (a long-continued train)
And wants and insults, make me less than man.'
Rage flash'd in lightning from the suitors' eyes,
Yet mix'd with terror at the bold emprise.
Antinoüs then: 'O miserable guest!
Is common sense quite banish'd from thy breast?
Sufficed it not, within the palace placed,
To sit distinguish'd, with our presence graced,
Admitted here with Princes to confer,
A man unknown, a needy wanderer?
To copious wine this insolence we owe,
And much thy betters wine can overthrow:
The great Eurytion when this frenzy stung,
Pirithoüs' roofs with frantic riot rung;
Boundless the Centaur raged; till one and all
The heroes rose, and dragg'd him from the hall:
His nose they shorten'd, and his ears they slit,
And sent him sober'd home, with better wit.
Hence with long war the double race was curs'd
Fatal to all, but to th' aggressor first.
Such fate I prophesy our guest attends,
If here this interdicted bow he bends:
Nor shall these walls such insolence contain;
The first fair wind transports him o'er the main;
Where Echetus to death the guilty brings
(The worst of mortals, ev'n the worst of Kings).
Better than that, if thou approve our cheer,
Cease the mad strife, and share our bounty here.'
To this the Queen her just dislike express'd:
''T is impious, Prince, to harm the stranger-guest;
Base to insult who bears a suppliant's name,
And some respect Telemachus may claim.
What if th' Immortals on the man bestow
Sufficient strength to draw the mighty bow?
Shall I, a Queen, by rival chiefs ador'd,
Accept a wand'ring stranger for my lord?
A hope so idle never touch'd his brain:
Then ease your bosom of a fear so vain.
Far be he banish'd from this stately scene
Who wrongs his Princess with a thought so mean.'
'O Fair! and wisest of so fair a kind!'
(Respectful thus Eurymachus rejoin'd)
'Mov'd by no weak surmise, but sense of shame,
We dread the all-arraigning voice of Fame:
We dread the censure of the meanest slave,
The weakest woman: all can wrong the brave.
"Behold what wretches to the bed pretend
Of that brave Chief, whose bow they could not bend!
In came a beggar of the strolling crew,
And did what all those Princes could not do."

Thus will the common voice our deed defame,
And thus posterity upbraid our name.'
To whom the Queen: 'If Fame engage your views,
Forbear those acts which Infamy pursues;
Wrong and oppression no renown can raise;
Know, Friend! that virtue is the path to praise.
The stature of our guest, his port, his face,
Speak him descended from no vulgar race.
To him the bow, as he desires, convey;
And to his hand if Phœbus give the day,
Hence, to reward his merit, he shall bear
A two-edg'd faulchion and a shining spear,
Embroider'd sandals, a rich cloak and vest,
And safe conveyance to his port of rest.'
'O royal Mother! ever-honour'd name!
Permit me' (cries Telemachus) 'to claim
A son's just right. No Grecian Prince but I
Has power this bow to grant, or to deny!
Of all that Ithaca's rough hills contain,
And all wide Elis' courser-breeding plain,
To me alone my father's arms descend;
And mine alone they are, to give or lend.
Retire, O Queen! thy household task resume,
Tend, with thy maids, the labours of thy loom;
The bow, the darts, and arms of chivalry,
These cares to man belong, and most to me.'
Mature beyond his years, the Queen admired
His sage reply, and with her train retired;
There in her chamber as she sate apart,
Revolv'd his words, and placed them in her heart.
On her Ulysses then she fix'd her soul;
Down her fair cheek the tears abundant roll,
Till gentle Pallas, piteous of her cries,
In slumber closed her silver-streaming eyes.
Now thro' the press the bow Eumæus bore,
And all was riot, noise, and wild uproar.
'Hold! lawless rustic! whither wilt thou go?
To whom, insensate, dost thou bear the bow?
Exil'd for this to some sequester'd den,
Far from the sweet society of men,
To thy own dogs a prey thou shalt be made;
If Heav'n and Phœbus lend the suitors aid.'
Thus they. Aghast he laid the weapon down,
But bold Telemachus thus urged him on:
'Proceed, false slave, and slight their empty words;
What! hopes the fool to please so many lords?
Young as I am, thy Prince's vengeful hand
Stretch'd forth in wrath shall drive thee from the land.
Oh! could the vigour of this arm as well
Th' oppressive suitors from my walls expel!
Then what a shoal of lawless men should go
To fill with tumult the dark courts below!'
The suitors with a scornful smile survey
The youth, indulging in the genial day.
Eumæus, thus encouraged, hastes to bring
The strifeful bow, and gives it to the King.
Old Euryclea calling then aside,
'Hear what Telemachus enjoins' (he cried):
'At ev'ry portal let some matron wait,
And each lock fast the well-compacted gate;
And if unusual sounds invade their ear,
If arms, or shouts, or dying groans they hear,
Let none to call or issue forth presume,
But close attend the labours of the loom.'
Her prompt obedience on his order waits;
Closed in an instant were the palace gates.
In the same moment forth Philætius flies,
Secures the court, and with a cable ties
The utmost gate (the cable strongly wrought
Of Byblos' reed, a ship from Egypt brought);
Then unperceiv'd and silent at the board
His seat he takes, his eyes upon his lord.
And now his well-known bow the Master bore,
Turn'd on all sides, and view'd it o'er and o'er;

Lest time or worms had done the weapon wrong,
Its owner absent, and untried so long.
While some deriding: 'How he turns the bow!
Some other like it sure the man must know,
Or else would copy; or in bows he deals;
Perhaps he makes them, or perhaps he steals.' —
'Heav'n to this wretch' (another cried) 'be kind!
And bless, in all to which he stands inclin'd,
With such good fortune as he now shall find.'
Heedless he heard them: but disdain'd reply,
The bow perusing with exactest eye.
Then, as some heav'nly minstrel, taught to sing
High notes responsive to the trembling string,
To some new strain when he adapts the lyre,
Or the dumb lute refits with vocal wire,
Relaxes, strains, and draws them to and fro;
So the great master drew the mighty bow:
And drew with ease. One hand aloft display'd
The bending horns, and one the string essay'd.
From his essaying hand the string let fly
Twang'd short and sharp like the shrill swallow's cry.
A gen'ral horror ran thro' all the race,
Sunk was each heart, and pale was ev'ry face.
Signs from above ensued: th' unfolding sky
In lightning burst; Jove thunder'd from on high.
Fired at the call of Heav'n's almighty Lord,
He snatch'd the shaft that glitter'd on the board
(Fast by, the rest lay sleeping in the sheath,
But soon to fly, the messengers of Death).
Now, sitting as he was, the cord he drew,
Thro' every ringlet levelling his view;
Then notch'd the shaft, releas'd, and gave it wing;
The whizzing arrow vanish'd from the string,
Sung on direct, and threaded ev'ry ring.
The solid gate its fury scarcely bounds;
Pierc'd thro' and thro', the solid gate resounds.
Then to the Prince: 'Nor have I wrought thee shame;
Nor err'd this hand unfaithful to its aim;
Nor prov'd the toil too hard; nor have I lost
That ancient vigour once my pride and boast.
Ill I deserv'd these haughty Peers' disdain;
Now let them comfort their dejected train,
In sweet repast their present hour employ
Nor wait till ev'ning for the genial joy:
Then to the lute's soft voice prolong the night;
Music, the banquet's most refin'd delight.'
He said, then gave a nod; and at the word
Telemachus girds on his shining sword.
Fast by his father's side he takes his stand:
The beamy jav'lin lightens in his hand.

BOOK XXII

THE DEATH OF THE SUITORS

ARGUMENT

Ulysses begins the slaughter of the suitors by the death of Antinoüs. He declares himself, and lets fly his arrows at the rest. Telemachus assists, and brings arms for his father, himself, Eumæus, and Philætius. Melanthius does the same for the wooers. Minerva encourages Ulysses in the shape of Mentor. The suitors are all slain, only Medon and Phemius are spared. Melanthius and the unfaithful servants are executed. The rest acknowledge their master with all demonstrations of joy.

THEN fierce the Hero o'er the threshold strode;
Stripp'd of his rags, he blazed out like a God.
Full in their face the lifted bow he bore,
And quiver'd deaths, a formidable store;
Before his feet the rattling shower he threw,
And thus, terrific, to the suitor-crew:
'One venturous game this hand hath won to-day,
Another, Princes! yet remains to play.

Another mark our arrow must attain.
Phœbus, assist! nor be the labour vain.'
Swift as the word the parting arrow sings,
And bears thy fate, Antinoüs, on its wings:
Wretch that he was, of unprophetic soul!
High in his hands he rear'd the golden bowl!
Ev'n then to drain it lengthen'd out his breath;
Changed to the deep, the bitter draught of death:
For Fate who fear'd amidst a feastful band?
And Fate to numbers, by a single hand?
Full thro' his throat Ulysses' weapon pass'd,
And pierc'd his neck. He falls, and breathes his last.
The tumbling goblet the wide floor o'erflows,
A stream of gore burst spouting from his nose;
Grim in convulsive agonies he sprawls:
Before him spurn'd the loaded table falls,
And spreads the pavement with a mingled flood
Of floating meats, and wine, and human blood.
Amazed, confounded, as they saw him fall,
Up rose the throngs tumultuous round the hall:
O'er all the dome they cast a haggard eye,
Each look'd for arms: in vain; no arms were nigh:
'Aim'st thou at Princes?' (all amazed they said)
'Thy last of games unhappy hast thou play'd;
Thy erring shaft has made our bravest bleed,
And Death, unlucky guest, attends thy deed.
Vultures shall tear thee.' Thus incens'd they spoke,
While each to chance ascribed the wondrous stroke,
Blind as they were; for Death even now invades
His destin'd prey, and wraps them all in shades.
Then, grimly frowning, with a dreadful look,
That wither'd all their hearts, Ulysses spoke:

'Dogs, ye have had your day! ye fear'd no more
Ulysses vengeful from the Trojan shore;
While, to your lust and spoil a guardless prey,
Our house, our wealth, our helpless handmaids lay:
Not so content, with bolder frenzy fired,
Ev'n to our bed presumptuous you aspired:
Laws or divine or human fail'd to move,
Or shame of men, or dread of Gods above;
Heedless alike of infamy or praise,
Or Fame's eternal voice in future days,
The hour of vengeance, wretches, now is come;
Impending fate is yours, and instant doom.'
Thus dreadful he. Confused the suitors stood;
From their pale cheeks recedes the flying blood:
Trembling they sought their guilty heads to hide;
Alone the bold Eurymachus replied:
'If, as thy words import' (he thus began),
'Ulysses lives, and thou the mighty man,
Great are thy wrongs, and much hast thou sustain'd
In thy spoil'd palace, and exhausted land;
The cause and author of those guilty deeds,
Lo! at thy feet unjust Antinoüs bleeds.
Not love, but wild ambition was his guide;
To slay thy son, thy kingdoms to divide,
These were his aims; but juster Jove denied.
Since cold in death th' offender lies, oh spare
Thy suppliant people, and receive their prayer!
Brass, gold, and treasures, shall the spoil defray,
Two hundred oxen ev'ry Prince shall pay
The waste of years refunded in a day.
Till then thy wrath is just.' Ulysses burn'd
With high disdain, and sternly thus returned:
'All, all the treasures that enrich'd our throne
Before your rapines, join'd with all your own,
If offer'd, vainly should for mercy call;
'T is you that offer, and I scorn them all:

Your blood is my demand, your lives the prize,
Till pale as yonder wretch each suitor lies.
Hence with those coward terms; or fight or fly;
This choice is left you to resist or die;
And die I trust ye shall.' He sternly spoke:
With guilty fears the pale assembly shook.
Alone Eurymachus exhorts the train:
'Yon archer, comrades, will not shoot in vain;
But from the threshold shall his darts be sped
(Whoe'er he be), till ev'ry Prince lie dead?
Be mindful of yourselves, draw forth your swords,
And to his shafts obtend these ample boards
(So need compels). Then, all united, strive
The bold invader from his post to drive;
The city rous'd shall to our rescue haste,
And this mad archer soon have shot his last.'
Swift as he spoke, he drew his traitor sword,
And like a lion rush'd against his lord:
The wary Chief the rushing foe repress'd,
Who met the point and forc'd it in his breast:
His falling hand deserts the lifted sword,
And prone he falls extended o'er the board!
Before him wide, in mix'd effusion, roll
Th' untasted viands, and the jovial bowl.
Full thro' his liver pass'd the mortal wound,
With dying rage his forehead beats the ground;
He spurn'd the seat with fury as he fell,
And the fierce soul to darkness dived, and Hell.
Next bold Amphinomus his arms extends
To force the pass; the godlike man defends.
Thy spear, Telemachus, prevents th' attack;
The brazen weapon, driving thro' his back,
Thence thro' his breast its bloody passage tore;
Flat falls he thund'ring on the marble floor,
And his crush'd forehead marks the stone with gore.
He left his jav'lin in the dead, for fear
The long encumbrance of the weighty spear
To the fierce foe advantage might afford,
To rush between, and use the shorten'd sword.
With speedy ardour to his sire he flies,
And, 'Arm, great Father! arm' (in haste he cries):
'Lo! hence I run for other arms to wield,
For missive jav'lins, and for helm and shield;
Fast by our side, let either faithful swain
In arms attend us, and their part sustain.'
'Haste, and return' (Ulysses made reply),
'While yet th' auxiliar shafts this hand supply;
Lest thou alone, encounter'd by an host,
Driv'n from the gate, th' important pass be lost.'
With speed Telemachus obeys, and flies
Where piled in heaps the royal armour lies;
Four brazen helmets, eight refulgent spears,
And four broad bucklers to his sire he bears:
At once in brazen panoply they shone,
At once each servant braced his armour on;
Around their King a faithful guard they stand,
While yet each shaft flew deathful from his hand:
Chief after chief expired at ev'ry wound,
And swell'd the bleeding mountain on the ground.
Soon as his store of flying fates was spent,
Against the wall he set the bow unbent;
And now his shoulders bear the massy shield,
And now his hands two beamy jav'lins wield:
He frowns beneath his nodding plume, that play'd
O'er the high crest, and cast a dreadful shade.
There stood a window near, whence, looking down
From o'er the porch, appear'd the subject town.
A double strength of valves secured the place,
A high and narrow, but the only pass:
The cautious King, with all preventing care,
To guard that outlet, placed Eumæus there:

When Agelaüs thus: 'Has none the sense
To mount yon window, and alarm from thence
The neighbour-town? the town shall force the door,
And this bold archer soon shall shoot no more.'
Melanthius then: 'That outlet to the gate
So near adjoins that one may guard the strait.
But other methods of defence remain;
Myself with arms can furnish all the train;
Stores from the royal magazine I bring,
And their own darts shall pierce the Prince and King.'
He said: and mounting up the lofty stairs,
Twelve shields, twelve lances, and twelve helmets bears:
All arm, and sudden round the hall appears
A blaze of bucklers, and a wood of spears.
The Hero stands oppress'd with mighty woe,
On ev'ry side he sees the labour grow:
'Oh curs'd event! and oh unlook'd-for aid!
Melanthius or the women have betray'd —
Oh my dear son!' — The father with a sigh
Then ceas'd; the filial virtue made reply:
'Falsehood is folly, and 't is just to own
The fault committed: this was mine alone;
My haste neglected yonder door to bar,
And hence the villain has supplied their war.
Run, good Eumæus, then, and (what before
I thoughtless err'd in) well secure that door:
Learn, if by female fraud this deed were done,
Or (as my thought misgives) by Dolius' son.'
While yet they spoke, in quest of arms again
To the high chamber stole the faithless swain,
Not unobserv'd. Eumæus watchful eyed,
And thus address'd Ulysses near his side:
'The miscreant we suspected takes that way,
Him, if this arm be powerful, shall I slay?
Or drive him hither, to receive the meed
From thy own hand, of this detested deed?'
'Not so' (replied Ulysses); 'leave him there,
For us sufficient is another care:
Within the structure of this palace wall
To keep enclosed his masters till they fall.
Go you, and seize the felon; backward bind
His arms and legs, and fix a plank behind;
On this his body by strong cords extend,
And on a column near the roof suspend:
So studied tortures his vile days shall end.'
The ready swains obey'd with joyful haste;
Behind the felon unperceiv'd they pass'd,
As round the room in quest of arms he goes
(The half-shut door conceals his lurking foes)
One hand sustain'd a helm, and one the shield
Which old Laërtes wont in youth to wield,
Cover'd with dust, with dryness chapp'd and worn,
The brass corroded, and the leather torn.
Thus laden, o'er the threshold as he stepp'd,
Fierce on the villain from each side they leap'd,
Back by the hair the trembling dastard drew
And down reluctant on the pavement threw.
Active and pleas'd the zealous swains fulfil
At every point their master's rigid will:
First, fast behind, his hands and feet they bound,
Then straiten'd cords involv'd his body round;
So drawn aloft, athwart the column tied,
The howling felon swung from side to side.
Eumæus scoffing then with keen disdain:
'There pass thy pleasing night, O gentle swain!
On that soft pillow, from that envied height,
First may'st thou see the springing dawn of light;
So timely rise when morning streaks the east,
To drive thy victims to the suitors' feast.'

This said, they left him, tortured as he lay,
Secured the door, and hasty strode away:
Each, breathing death, resumed his dangerous post
Near great Ulysses; four against an host.
When lo! descending to her hero's aid,
Jove's daughter Pallas, War's triumphant Maid;
In Mentor's friendly form she join'd his side:
Ulysses saw, and thus with transport cried:
'Come, ever welcome, and thy succour lend;
O ev'ry sacred name in one! my Friend!
Early we lov'd, and long our loves have grown;
Whate'er thro' life's whole series I have done,
Or good, or grateful, now to mind recall,
And, aiding this one hour, repay it all.'
Thus he; but pleasing hopes his bosom warm
Of Pallas latent in the friendly form.
The adverse host the phantom-warrior ey'd,
And first, loud-threat'ning, Agelaüs cried:
'Mentor, beware, nor let that tongue persuade
Thy frantic arm to lend Ulysses aid;
Our force successful shall our threat make good,
And with the sire and son's commix thy blood.
What hopest thou here? Thee first the sword shall slay,
Then lop thy whole posterity away;
Far hence thy banish'd consort shall we send;
With his thy forfeit lands and treasures blend;
Thus, and thus only, shalt thou join thy friend.'
His barb'rous insult ev'n the Goddess fires,
Who thus the warrior to revenge inspires:
'Art thou Ulysses? where then shall we find
The patient body and the constant mind?
That courage, once the Trojans' daily dread,
Known nine long years, and felt by heroes dead?
And where that conduct, which revenged the lust
Of Priam's race, and laid proud Troy in dust?
If this, when Helen was the cause, were done;
What for thy country now, thy Queen, thy son?
Rise then in combat, at my side attend;
Observe what vigour gratitude can lend,
And foes how weak, opposed against a friend!'
She spoke; but willing longer to survey
The sire and son's great acts, withheld the day;
By farther toils decreed the brave to try,
And level pois'd the wings of victory;
Then with a change of form eludes their sight,
Perch'd like a swallow on a rafter's height,
And unperceiv'd enjoys the rising fight.
Damastor's son, bold Agelaüs, leads
The guilty war, Eurynomus succeeds;
With these Pisander, great Polyctor's son,
Sage Polybus, and stern Amphimedon,
With Demoptolemus: these six survive;
The best of all the shafts had left alive.
Amidst the carnage, desp'rate as they stand,
Thus Agelaüs rous'd the lagging band:
'The hour is come, when yon fierce man no more
With bleeding Princes shall bestrew the floor;
Lo! Mentor leaves him with an empty boast;
The four remain, but four against an host.
Let each at once discharge the deadly dart,
One sure of six shall reach Ulysses' heart;
Thus shall one stroke the glory lost regain:
The rest must perish, their great leader slain.'
Then all at once their mingled lances threw,
And thirsty all of one man's blood they flew;
In vain! Minerva turn'd them with her breath,
And scatter'd short, or wide, the points of death!
With deaden'd sound one on the threshold falls,
One strikes the gate, one rings against the walls:
The storm pass'd innocent. The godlike man
Now loftier trod, and dreadful thus began:

'T is now (brave friends) our turn, at once to throw
(So speed them Heav'n) our jav'lins at the foe.
That impious race to all their past misdeeds
Would add our blood. Injustice still proceeds.'
He spoke: at once their fiery lances flew:
Great Demoptolemus Ulysses slew;
Euryades receiv'd the Prince's dart;
The goatherd's quiver'd in Pisander's heart;
Fierce Elatus, by thine, Eumæus, falls;
Their fall in thunder echoes round the walls.
The rest retreat: the victors now advance,
Each from the dead resumes his bloody lance.
Again the foe discharge the steely shower;
Again made frustrate by the Virgin-Power.
Some, turn'd by Pallas, on the threshold fall,
Some wound the gate, some ring against the wall;
Some weak, or pond'rous with the brazen head,
Drop harmless, on the pavement sounding dead.
Then bold Amphimedon his jav'lin cast;
Thy hand, Telemachus, it lightly razed:
And from Ctesippus' arm the spear elanc'd
On good Eumæus' shield and shoulder glanc'd:
Not lessen'd of their force (so slight the wound)
Each sung along, and dropp'd upon the ground.
Fate doom'd thee next, Eurydamas, to bear
Thy death, ennobled by Ulysses' spear.
By the bold son Amphimedon was slain,
And Polybus renown'd, the faithful swain.
Pierc'd thro' the breast the rude Ctesippus bled,
And thus Philætius gloried o'er the dead:
'There end thy pompous vaunts, and high disdain;
O sharp in scandal, voluble, and vain!
How weak is mortal pride! To Heav'n alone
Th' event of actions and our fates are known:
Scoffer, behold what gratitude we bear:
The victim's heel is answer'd with this spear.'
Ulysses brandish'd high his vengeful steel,
And Damastorides that instant fell;
Fast by, Leocritus expiring lay;
The Prince's jav'lin tore its bloody way
Thro' all his bowels: down he tumbles prone,
His batter'd front and brains besmear the stone.
Now Pallas shines confess'd; aloft she spreads
The arm of vengeance o'er their guilty heads;
The dreadful ægis blazes in their eye:
Amazed they see, they tremble, and they fly:
Confused, distracted, thro' the rooms they fling:
Like oxen madden'd by the breeze's sting,
When sultry days, and long, succeed the gentle spring.
Not half so keen fierce vultures of the chase
Stoop from the mountains on the feather'd race,
When the wide field extended snares beset;
With conscious dread they shun the quiv'ring net:
No help, no flight; but, wounded ev'ry way,
Headlong they drop; the fowlers seize the prey.
On all sides thus they double wound on wound,
In prostrate heaps the wretches beat the ground,
Unmanly shrieks precede each dying groan,
And a red deluge floats the reeking stone.
Leiodes first before the victor falls:
The wretched augur thus for mercy calls:
'Oh Gracious! hear, nor let thy suppliant bleed:
Still undishonour'd, or by word or deed,
Thy house, for me, remains; by me repress'd
Full oft was check'd th' injustice of the rest:
Averse they heard me when I counsell'd well,
Their hearts were harden'd, and they justly fell.
Oh, spare an augur's consecrated head,
Nor add the blameless to the guilty dead.'
'Priest as thou art! for that detested band
Thy lying prophecies deceiv'd the land:

Against Ulysses have thy vows been made;
For them thy daily orisons were paid:
Yet more, even to our bed thy pride aspires:
One common crime one common fate requires.'
Thus speaking, from the ground the sword he took
Which Agelaüs' dying hand forsook:
Full thro' his neck the weighty falchion sped:
Along the pavement roll'd the mutt'ring head.
Phemius alone the hand of vengeance spared,
Phemius the sweet, the Heav'n-instructed bard.
Beside the gate the rev'rend minstrel stands;
The lyre, now silent, trembling in his hands;
Dubious to supplicate the Chief, or fly
To Jove's inviolable altar nigh,
Where oft Laërtes holy vows had paid,
And oft Ulysses smoking victims laid.
His honour'd harp with care he first set down,
Between the laver and the silver throne;
Then, prostrate stretch'd before the dreadful man,
Persuasive thus, with accent soft began:
'O King! to mercy be thy soul inclin'd,
And spare the poet's ever-gentle kind.
A deed like this thy future fame would wrong,
For dear to Gods and man is sacred song.
Self-taught I sing; by Heav'n, and Heav'n alone,
The genuine seeds of poesy are sown:
And (what the Gods bestow) the lofty lay
To Gods alone and godlike worth we pay.
Save then the poet, and thyself reward;
'T is thine to merit, mine is to record.
That here I sung, was force, and not desire:
This hand reluctant touch'd the warbling wire;
And, let thy son attest, nor sordid pay,
Nor servile flattery, stain'd the moral lay.'
The moving words Telemachus attends,
His sire approaches, and the bard defends.
'O mix not, Father, with those impious dead
The man divine; forbear that sacred head;
Medon, the herald, too, our arms may spare,
Medon, who made my infancy his care;
If yet he breathes, permit thy son to give
Thus much to gratitude, and bid him live.'
Beneath a table, trembling with dismay,
Couch'd close to earth, unhappy Medon lay,
Wrapp'd in a new-slain ox's ample hide;
Swift at the word he cast his screen aside,
Sprung to the Prince, embraced his knee with tears,
And thus with grateful voice address'd his ears:
'O Prince! O Friend! lo! here thy Medon stands:
Ah! stop the hero's unresisted hands,
Incens'd too justly by that impious brood,
Whose guilty glories now are set in blood.'
To whom Ulysses with a pleasing eye:
'Be bold, on friendship and my son rely;
Live, an example for the world to read,
How much more safe the good than evil deed:
Thou, with the Heav'n-taught bard, in peace resort
From blood and carnage to yon open court:
Me other work requires.' — With tim'rous awe
From the dire scene th' exempted two withdraw,
Scarce sure of life, look round, and trembling move
To the bright altars of Protector Jove.
Meanwhile Ulysses search'd the dome, to find
If yet there live of all th' offending kind.
Not one! complete the bloody tale he found,
All steep'd in blood, all gasping on the ground.
So, when by hollow shores the fisher-train
Sweep with their arching nets the hoary main,
And scarce the meshy toils the copious draught contain,
All naked of their element, and bare,
The fishes pant, and gasp in thinner air;
Wide o'er the sands are spread the stiff'ning prey,
Till the warm sun exhales their soul away.

And now the King commands his son to call
Old Euryclea to the deathful hall:
The son observant not a moment stays;
The aged governess with speed obeys;
The sounding portals instant they display;
The matron moves, the Prince directs the way.
On heaps of death the stern Ulysses stood,
All black with dust, and cover'd thick with blood.
So the grim lion from the slaughter comes,
Dreadful he glares, and terribly he foams,
His breast with marks of carnage painted o'er,
His jaws all dropping with the bull's black gore.
Soon as her eyes the welcome object met,
The guilty fall'n, the mighty deed complete,
A scream of joy her feeble voice essay'd:
The hero check'd her, and composedly said:
'Woman, experienc'd as thou art, control
Indecent joy, and feast thy secret soul.
T' insult the dead is cruel and unjust;
Fate and their crime have sunk them to the dust.
Nor heeded these the censure of mankind,
The good and bad were equal in their mind.
Justly the price of worthlessness they paid,
And each now wails an unlamented shade.
But thou sincere, O Euryclea, say,
What maids dishonour us, and what obey?'
Then she: 'In these thy kingly walls remain
(My son) full fifty of the handmaid train,
Taught, by my care, to cull the fleece or weave,
And servitude with pleasing tasks deceive;
Of these, twice six pursue their wicked way,
Nor me, nor chaste Penelope obey;
Nor fits it that Telemachus command
(Young as he is) his mother's female band.
Hence to the upper chambers let me fly,
Where slumbers soft now close the royal eye;
There wake her with the news'—the matron cried.
'Not so' (Ulysses, more sedate, replied),
'Bring first the crew who wrought these guilty deeds.'
In haste the matron parts; the King proceeds:
'Now to dispose the dead, the care remains
To you, my son, and you, my faithful swains;
Th' offending females to that task we doom,
To wash, to scent, and purify the room:
These (ev'ry table cleans'd, and ev'ry throne,
And all the melancholy labour done),
Drive to yon court, without the palace-wall.
There the revenging sword shall smite them all;
So with the suitors let them mix in dust,
Stretch'd in a long oblivion of their lust.'
He said: the lamentable train appear,
Each vents a groan, and drops a tender tear:
Each heav'd her mournful burden, and beneath
The porch deposed the ghastly heap of death.
The Chief severe, compelling each to move,
Urged the dire task imperious from above:
With thirsty sponge they rub the tables o'er
(The swains unite their toil); the walls, the floor
Wash'd with th' effusive wave, are purged of gore.
Once more the palace set in fair array,
To the base court the females take their way:
There compass'd close between the dome and wall
(Their life's last scene), they trembling wait their fall.
Then thus the Prince: 'To these shall we afford
A fate so pure, as by the martial sword?
To these, the nightly prostitutes to shame,
And base revilers of our house and name?'
Thus speaking, on the circling wall he strung
A ship's tough cable, from a column hung
Near the high top he strain'd it strongly round,
Whence no contending foot could reach the ground.

Their heads above connected in a row,
They beat the air with quiv'ring feet below:
Thus on some tree hung struggling in the snare,
The doves or thrushes flap their wings in air.
Soon fled the soul impure, and left behind
The empty corse to waver with the wind.
Then forth they led Melanthius, and began
Their bloody work; they lopp'd away the man,
Morsel for dogs! then trimm'd with brazen shears
The wretch, and shorten'd of his nose and ears;
His hands and feet last felt the cruel steel:
He roar'd, and torments gave his soul to Hell.
They wash, and to Ulysses take their way,
So ends the bloody business of the day.
To Euryclea then address'd the King:
'Bring hither fire, and hither sulphur bring,
To purge the palace: then the Queen attend,
And let her with her matron-train descend;
The matron-train, with all the virgin-band,
Assemble here, to learn their lord's command.'
Then Euryclea: 'Joyful I obey,
But cast those mean dishonest rags away;
Permit me first the royal robes to bring:
Ill suits this garb the shoulders of a King.'
'Bring sulphur straight, and fire' (the Monarch cries).
She hears, and at the word obedient flies.
With fire and sulphur, cure of noxious fumes,
He purged the walls, and blood-polluted rooms.
Again the matron springs with eager pace,
And spreads her lord's return from place to place.
They hear, rush forth, and instant round him stand,
A gazing throng, a torch in every hand.
They saw, they knew him, and with fond embrace
Each humbly kiss'd his knee, or hand, or face:
He knows them all; in all such truth appears,
Ev'n he indulges the sweet joy of tears.

BOOK XXIV

ARGUMENT

The souls of the suitors are conducted by Mercury to the infernal shades. Ulysses in the country goes to the retirement of his father Laërtes; he finds him busied in his garden all alone: the manner of his discovery to him is beautifully described. They return together to his lodge, and the king is acknowledged by Dolius and the servants. The Ithacensians, led by Eupithes, the father of Antinoüs, rise against Ulysses, who gives them battle, in which Eupithes is killed by Laërtes: and the goddess Pallas makes a lasting peace between Ulysses and his subjects, which concludes the Odyssey.

CYLLENIUS now to Pluto's dreary reign
Conveys the dead, a lamentable train!
The golden wand, that causes sleep to fly,
Or in soft slumber seals the wakeful eye,
That drives the ghosts to realms of night or day,
Points out the long uncomfortable way.
Trembling the spectres glide, and plaintive vent
Thin hollow screams, along the deep descent.
As in the cavern of some rifted den,
Where flock nocturnal bats, and birds obscene;
Cluster'd they hang, till, at some sudden shock,
They move, and murmurs run thro' all the rock!
So cow'ring fled the sable heaps of ghosts,
And such a scream fill'd all the dismal coasts.
And now they reach'd the earth's remotest ends,
And now the gates where ev'ning Sol descends,
And Leucas' rock, and Ocean's utmost streams,
And now pervade the dusky land of dreams,
And rest at last, where souls unbodied dwell
In ever-flow'ring meads of asphodel.
The empty forms of men inhabit there.
Impassive semblance, images of air!

Not else are all that shined on earth before:
Ajax and great Achilles are no more!
Yet still a master-ghost, the rest he aw'd,
The rest ador'd him, tow'ring as he trod;
Still at his side is Nestor's son survey'd,
And loved Patroclus still attends his shade.
New as they were to that infernal shore,
The suitors stopp'd, and gazed the hero o'er.
When, moving slow, the regal form they view'd
Of great Atrides: him in pomp pursued
And solemn sadness thro' the gloom of Hell,
The train of those who by Ægisthus fell:
'O mighty Chief!' (Pelides thus began)
'Honour'd by Jove above the lot of man!
King of a hundred Kings! to whom resign'd
The strongest, bravest, greatest of mankind,
Com'st thou the first, to view this dreary state?
And was the noblest the first mark of Fate,
Condemn'd to pay the great arrear so soon
The lot, which all lament, and none can shun!
Oh! better had'st thou sunk in Trojan ground,
With all thy full-blown honours cover'd round;
Then grateful Greece with streaming eyes might raise
Historic marbles to record thy praise:
Thy praise eternal on the faithful stone
Had with transmissive glories graced thy son.
But heavier fates were destin'd to attend:
What man is happy, till he knows the end?'
'O son of Peleus! greater than mankind!'
(Thus Agamemnon's kingly shade rejoin'd)
'Thrice happy thou, to press the martial plain
'Midst heaps of heroes in thy quarrel slain:
In clouds of smoke rais'd by the noble fray,
Great and terrific ev'n in death you lay,
And deluges of blood flow'd round you ev'ry way.
Nor ceas'd the strife till Jove himself opposed,
And all in tempests the dire ev'ning closed.
Then to the fleet we bore thy honour'd load,
And decent on the funeral bed bestow'd:
Then unguents sweet, and tepid streams we shed;
Tears flow'd from ev'ry eye, and o'er the dead
Each clipp'd the curling honour of his head.
Struck at the news, thy azure mother came;
The sea-green sisters waited on the dame:
A voice of loud lament thro' all the main
Was heard; and terror seiz'd the Grecian train:
Back to their ships the frighted host had fled;
But Nestor spoke, they listen'd and obey'd
(From old experience Nestor's counsel springs,
And long vicissitudes of human things).
'"Forbear your flight: fair Thetis from the main
To mourn Achilles leads her azure train."
Around thee stand the daughters of the deep,
Robe thee in heav'nly vests, and round thee weep:
Round thee, the Muses, with alternate strain,
In ever-consecrating verse, complain.
Each warlike Greek the moving music hears,
And iron-hearted heroes melt in tears.
Till sev'nteen nights and sev'nteen days return'd,
All that was mortal or immortal mourn'd,
To flames we gave thee, the succeeding day,
And fatted sheep and sable oxen slay;
With oils and honey blaze th' augmented fires,
And, like a God adorn'd, thy earthly part expires.
Unnumber'd warriors round the burning pile
Urge the fleet courser's or the racer's toil;
Thick clouds of dust o'er all the circle rise,
And the mix'd clamour thunders in the skies.
Soon as absorb'd in all-embracing flame
Sunk what was mortal of thy mighty name,
We then collect thy snowy bones, and place
With wines and unguents in a golden vase

(The vase to Thetis Bacchus gave of old,
And Vulcan's art enrich'd the sculptured gold);
There we thy relics, great Achilles! blend
With dear Patroclus, thy departed friend:
In the same urn a sep'rate space contains
Thy next belov'd, Antilochus' remains.
Now all the sons of warlike Greece surround
Thy destin'd tomb, and cast a mighty mound:
High on the shore the growing hill we raise,
That wide th' extended Hellespont surveys:
Where all, from age to age, who pass the coast
May point Achilles' tomb, and hail the mighty ghost.
Thetis herself to all our Peers proclaims
Heroic prizes and exequial games;
The Gods assented; and around thee lay
Rich spoils and gifts that blazed against the day.
Oft have I seen with solemn funeral games
Heroes and Kings committed to the flames;
But strength of youth, or valour of the brave,
With nobler contest ne'er renown'd a grave.
Such were the games by azure Thetis giv'n,
And such the honours, O Belov'd of Heav'n!
Dear to mankind thy fame survives, nor fades
Its bloom eternal in the Stygian shades.
But what to me avail my honours gone,
Successful toils, and battles bravely won?
Doom'd by stern Jove at home to end my life,
By curs'd Ægisthus, and a faithless wife!'
Thus they: while Hermes o'er the dreary plain
Led the sad numbers by Ulysses slain.
On each majestic form they cast a view,
And tim'rous pass'd, and awfully withdrew.
But Agamemnon, thro' the gloomy shade,
His ancient host Amphimedon survey'd:
'Son of Melanthius!' (he began) 'O say!
What cause compell'd so many, and so gay,
To tread the downward melancholy way?
Say, could one city yield a troop so fair?
Were all these partners of one native air?
Or did the rage of stormy Neptune sweep
Your lives at once, and whelm beneath the deep?
Did nightly thieves, or pirates' cruel bands,
Drench with your blood your pillaged country's sands?
Or, well-defending some beleaguer'd wall,
Say, for the public did ye greatly fall?
Inform thy guest: for such I was of yore
When our triumphant navies touch'd your shore;
Forc'd a long month the wintry seas to bear,
To move the great Ulysses to the war.'
'O King of Men! I faithful shall relate'
(Replied Amphimedon) 'our hapless fate.
Ulysses absent, our ambitious aim
With rival loves pursued his royal dame;
Her coy reserve, and prudence mix'd with pride,
Our common suit nor granted, nor denied:
But close with inward hate our deaths design'd;
Vers'd in all arts of wily womankind,
Her hand, laborious, in delusion spread
A spacious loom, and mix'd the various thread.
'"Ye Peers" (she cried), "who press to gain my heart,
Where dead Ulysses claims no more a part,
Yet a short space your rival suit suspend,
Till this funereal web my labours end:
Cease, till to good Laërtes I bequeath
A task of grief, his ornaments of death:
Lest, when the Fates his royal ashes claim,
The Grecian matrons taint my spotless fame;
Should he, long honour'd with supreme command,
Want the last duties of a daughter's hand."
'The fiction pleas'd: our gen'rous train complies,
Nor fraud distrusts in virtue's fair disguise.
The work she plied, but, studious of delay,
Each foll'wing night revers'd the toils of day.
Unheard, unseen, three years her arts prevail;
The fourth, her maid reveal'd th' amazing tale,
And show'd, as unperceiv'd we took our stand,
The backward labours of her faithless hand.

Forc'd, she completes it; and before us lay
The mingled web, whose gold and silver ray
Display'd the radiance of the night and day.
'Just as she finish'd her illustrious toil
Ill fortune led Ulysses to our isle.
Far in a lonely nook, beside the sea,
At an old swineherd's rural lodge he lay:
Thither his son from sandy Pyle repairs,
And speedy lands, and secretly confers.
They plan our future ruin, and resort
Confed'rate to the city and the court.
First came the son: the father next succeeds,
Clad like a beggar, whom Eumæus leads;
Propp'd on a staff, deform'd with age and care,
And hung with rags that flutter'd in the air.
Who could Ulysses in that form behold?
Scorn'd by the young, forgotten by the old,
Ill-used by all! to ev'ry wrong resign'd,
Patient he suffer'd with a constant mind.
But when, arising in his wrath t' obey
The will of Jove, he gave the vengeance way:
The scatter'd arms that hung around the dome
Careful he treasured in a private room;
Then to her suitors bade his Queen propose
The archer's strife, the source of future woes,
And omen of our death! In vain we drew
The twanging string, and tried the stubborn yew:
To none it yields but great Ulysses' hands;
In vain we threat; Telemachus commands:
The bow he snatch'd, and in an instant bent;
Thro' ev'ry ring the victor arrow went.
Fierce on the threshold then in arms he stood;
Pour'd forth the darts that thirsted for our blood,
And frown'd before us, dreadful as a God;
First bleeds Antinoüs: thick the shafts resound;
And heaps on heaps the wretches strew the ground:
This way and that we turn, we fly, we fall;
Some God assisted, and unmann'd us all:
Ignoble cries precede the dying groans;
And batter'd brains and blood besmear the stones.
'Thus, great Atrides! thus Ulysses drove
The shades thou seest from yon fair realms above;
Our mangled bodies now, deform'd with gore,
Cold and neglected, spread the marble floor.
No friend to bathe our wounds, or tears to shed
O'er the pale corse the honours of the dead.'
'Oh bless'd Ulysses!' (thus the King express'd
His sudden rapture) 'in thy consort bless'd!
Not more thy wisdom than her virtue shined;
Not more thy patience than her constant mind.
Icarius' daughter, glory of the past,
And model to the future age, shall last:
The Gods, to honour her fair fame, shall raise
(Their great reward) a Poet in her praise.
Not such, O Tyndarus! thy daughter's deed,
By whose dire hand her King and Husband bled;
Her shall the Muse to infamy prolong,
Example dread, and theme of tragic song!
The gen'ral sex shall suffer in her shame,
And ev'n the best that bears a woman's name.'
Thus in the regions of eternal shade
Conferr'd the mournful phantoms of the dead;
While from the town Ulysses and his band
Pass'd to Laërtes' cultivated land.
The ground himself had purchas'd with his pain,
And labour made the rugged soil a plain.
There stood his mansion of the rural sort,
With useful buildings round the lowly court;
Where the few servants that divide his care,
Took their laborious rest, and homely fare:
And one Sicilian matron, old and sage,
With constant duty tends his drooping age.
Here now arriving, to his rustic band,
And martial son, Ulysses gave command.
'Enter the house, and of the bristly swine
Select the largest to the Powers divine.

Alone, and unattended, let me try
If yet I share the old man's memory:
If those dim eyes can yet Ulysses know
(Their light and dearest object long ago),
Now changed with time, with absence, and with woe.'
Then to his train he gives his spear and shield;
The house they enter: and he seeks the field
Thro' rows of shade, with various fruitage crown'd,
And labour'd scenes of richest verdure round.
Nor aged Dolius, nor his sons were there,
Nor servants, absent on another care;
To search the woods for sets of flow'ry thorn,
Their orchard bounds to strengthen and adorn.
But all alone the hoary King he found;
His habit coarse, but warmly wrapp'd around;
His head, that bow'd with many a pensive care,
Fenc'd with a double cap of goatskin hair:
His buskins old, in former service torn,
But well repair'd; and gloves against the thorn.
In this array the kingly gard'ner stood,
And clear'd a plant, encumber'd with its wood.
Beneath a neighb'ring tree, the Chief divine
Gazed o'er his sire, retracing ev'ry line,
The ruins of himself! now worn away
With age, yet still majestic in decay!
Sudden his eyes releas'd their wat'ry store;
The much-enduring man could bear no more.
Doubtful he stood, if instant to embrace
His aged limbs, to kiss his rev'rend face,
With eager transport to disclose the whole,
And pour at once the torrent of his soul. —
Not so: his judgment takes the winding way
Of question distant, and of soft essay;
More gentle methods on weak age employs;
And moves the sorrows, to enhance the joys.
Then, to his sire with beating heart he moves
And with a tender pleasantry reproves:
Who, digging round the plant, still hangs his head,
Nor aught remits the work, while thus he said:
'Great is thy skill, O Father! great thy toil,
Thy careful hand is stamp'd on all the soil;
Thy squadron'd vineyards well thy art declare,
The olive green, blue fig, and pendent pear;
And not one empty spot escapes thy care.
On ev'ry plant and tree thy cares are shown,
Nothing neglected, but thyself alone.
Forgive me, Father, if this fault I blame;
Age so advanc'd may some indulgence claim.
Not for thy sloth, I deem thy lord unkind:
Nor speaks thy form a mean or servile mind;
I read a Monarch in that princely air,
The same thy aspect, if the same thy care;
Soft sleep, fair garments, and the joys of wine,
These are the rights of age, and should be thine.
Who then thy master, say? and whose the land
So dress'd and managed by thy skilful hand?
But chief, oh tell me! (what I question most)
Is this the far-famed Ithacensian coast?
For so reported the first man I view'd
(Some surly islander, of manners rude),
Nor farther conference vouchsafed to stay,
Heedless he whistled, and pursued his way.
But thou, whom years have taught to understand,
Humanely hear, and answer my demand:
A friend I seek, a wise one and a brave:
Say, lives he yet, or moulders in the grave?
Time was (my fortunes then were at the best),
When at my house I lodg'd this foreign guest;
He said, from Ithaca's fair isle he came,
And old Laërtes was his father's name.
To him, whatever to a guest is owed
I paid, and hospitable gifts bestow'd:
To him sev'n talents of pure ore I told,
Twelve cloaks, twelve vests, twelve tunics stiff with gold;

A bowl, that rich with polish'd silver flames,
And, skill'd in female works, four lovely dames.'
At this the father, with a father's fears
(His venerable eyes bedimm'd with tears):
'This is the land; but ah! thy gifts are lost,
For godless men, and rude, possess the coast:
Sunk is the glory of this once-famed shore!
Thy ancient friend, O Stranger, is no more!
Full recompense thy bounty else had borne;
For ev'ry good man yields a just return:
So civil rights demand; and who begins
The track of friendship, not pursuing, sins.
But tell me, stranger, be the truth confess'd,
What years have circled since thou saw'st that guest?
That hapless guest, alas! for ever gone!
Wretch that he was! and that I am! my son!
If ever man to misery was born,
'T was his to suffer and 't is mine to mourn!
Far from his friends, and from his native reign,
He lies a prey to monsters of the main;
Or savage beasts his mangled relics tear,
Or screaming vultures scatter thro' the air:
Nor could his mother funeral unguents shed;
Nor wail'd his father o'er th' untimely dead:
Nor his sad consort, on the mournful bier,
Seal'd his cold eyes, or dropp'd a tender tear!
'But, tell me who thou art? and what thy race?
Thy town, thy parents, and thy native place?
Or, if a merchant in pursuit of gain,
What port receiv'd thy vessel from the main?
Or com'st thou single, or attend thy train?'
Then thus the son: 'From Alybas I came,
My palace there; Eperitus my name.
Not vulgar born; from Aphidas, the King
Of Polypemon's royal line, I spring.
Some adverse demon from Sicania bore
Our wand'ring course, and drove us on your shore;
Far from the town, an unfrequented bay
Reliev'd our wearied vessel from the sea.
Five years have circled since these eyes pursued
Ulysses parting thro' the sable flood;
Prosp'rous he sail'd, with dexter auguries,
And all the wing'd good omens of the skies.
Well hoped we then to meet on this fair shore,
Whom Heav'n, alas! decreed to meet no more.'
Quick thro' the father's heart these accents ran;
Grief seiz'd at once, and wrapp'd up all the man:
Deep from his soul he sigh'd, and sorr'wing spread
A cloud of ashes on his hoary head.
Trembling with agonies of strong delight
Stood the great son, heart-wounded with the sight:
He ran, he seiz'd him with a strict embrace,
With thousand kisses wander'd o'er his face:
'I, I am he; O Father, rise! behold
Thy son, with twenty winters now grown old;
Thy son, so long desired, so long detain'd,
Restor'd, and breathing in his native land:
These floods of sorrow, O my Sire, restrain!
The vengeance is complete; the suitor train,
Stretch'd in our palace, by these hands lie slain.'
Amazed, Laërtes: 'Give some certain sign'
(If such thou art) 'to manifest thee mine.'
'Lo here the wound' (he cries) 'receiv'd of yore,
The scar indented by the tusky boar,
When, by thyself, and by Anticlea sent,
To old Autolycus's realms I went.
Yet by another sign thy offspring know;
The sev'ral trees you gave me long ago,
While, yet a child, these fields I lov'd to trace,
And trod thy footsteps with unequal pace;
To ev'ry plant in order as we came,
Well-pleas'd, you told its nature and its name,
Whate'er my childish fancy ask'd, bestow'd:
Twelve pear-trees, bowing with their pendent load,

And ten, that red with blushing apples glow'd;
Full fifty purple figs; and many a row
Of various vines that then began to blow,
A future vintage! when the Hours produce
Their latent buds, and Sol exalts the juice.'
Smit with the signs which all his doubts explain,
His heart within him melts; his knees sustain
Their feeble weight no more: his arms alone
Support him, round the lov'd Ulysses thrown;
He faints, he sinks, with mighty joys oppress'd:
Ulysses clasps him to his eager breast.
Soon as returning life regains its seat,
And his breath lengthens, and his pulses beat;
'Yes, I believe' (he cries) 'almighty Jove!
Heav'n rules us yet, and Gods there are above.
'T is so — the suitors for their wrongs have paid —
But what shall guard us, if the town invade?
If, while the news thro' ev'ry city flies,
All Ithaca and Cephalenia rise?'
To this Ulysses: 'As the Gods shall please
Be all the rest; and set thy soul at ease.
Haste to the cottage by this orchard's side,
And take the banquet which our cares provide:
There wait thy faithful band of rural friends,
And there the young Telemachus attends.'
Thus having said, they traced the garden o'er,
And stooping enter'd at the lowly door.
The swains and young Telemachus they found,
The victim portion'd, and the goblet crown'd.
The hoary King his old Sicilian maid
Perfumed and wash'd, and gorgeously array'd.
Pallas attending gives his frame to shine
With awful port, and majesty divine;
His gazing son admires the godlike grace,
And air celestial dawning o'er his face.
'What God' (he cried) 'my father's form improves?
How high he treads, and how enlarged he moves!'
'Oh! would to all the deathless Powers on high,
Pallas and Jove, and him who gilds the sky!
(Replied the King, elated with his praise)
My strength were still as once in better days:
When the bold Cephaleus the leaguer form'd,
And proud Nericus trembled as I storm'd.
Such were I now, not absent from your deed
When the last sun beheld the suitors bleed,
This arm had aided yours, this hand bestrown
Our shores with death, and push'd the slaughter on;
Nor had the sire been sep'rate from the son.'
They communed thus; while homeward bent their way
The swains, fatigued with labours of the day:
Dolius the first, the venerable man;
And next his sons, a long succeeding train.
For due refection to the bower they came,
Call'd by the careful old Sicilian dame,
Who nurs'd the children, and now tends the sire;
They see their lord, they gaze, and they admire.
On chairs and beds in order seated round,
They share the gladsome board; the roofs resound.
While thus Ulysses to his ancient friend:
'Forbear your wonder, and the feast attend:
The rites have waited long.' The Chief commands
Their loves in vain; old Dolius spreads his hands,
Springs to his master with a warm embrace,
And fastens kisses on his hands and face;
Then thus broke out: 'O long, O daily mourn'd!
Beyond our hopes, and to our wish return'd!
Conducted sure by Heav'n! for Heav'n alone
Could work this wonder: welcome to thy own!
And joys and happiness attend thy throne!

Who knows thy bless'd, thy wish'd return? oh say,
To the chaste Queen shall we the news convey?
Or hears she, and with blessings loads the day?'
'Dismiss that care, for to the royal bride
Already is it known,' the King replied,
And straight resumed his seat; while round him bows
Each faithful youth, and breathes out ardent vows:
Then all beneath their father take their place,
Rank'd by their ages, and the banquet grace.
Now flying Fame the swift report had spread
Thro' all the city, of the suitors dead.
In throngs they rise, and to the palace crowd;
Their sighs were many, and the tumult loud.
Weeping they bear the mangled heaps of slain,
Inhume the natives in their native plain;
The rest in ships are wafted o'er the main.
Then sad in council all the seniors sate,
Frequent and full, assembled to debate:
Amid the circle first Eupithes rose,
Big was his eye with tears, his heart with woes:
The bold Antinoüs was his age's pride,
The first who by Ulysses' arrow died:
Down his wan cheek the trickling torrent ran,
As, mixing words with sighs, he thus began:
'Great deeds, O Friends! this wondrous man has wrought,
And mighty blessings to his country brought!
With ships he parted, and a numerous train;
Those, and their ships, he buried in the main.
Now he returns, and first essays his hand
In the best blood of all his native land.
Haste then, and ere to neighb'ring Pyle he flies,
Or sacred Elis, to procure supplies;
Arise (or ye for ever fall), arise!
Shame to this age, and all that shall succeed!
If unrevenged your sons and brothers bleed.
Prove that we live, by vengeance on his head,
Or sink at once forgotten with the dead.'
Here ceas'd he, but indignant tears let fall
Spoke when he ceas'd: dumb sorrow touch'd them all.
When from the palace to the wond'ring throng
Sage Medon came, and Phemius came along
(Restless and early sleep's soft bands they broke);
And Medon first th' assembled Chiefs bespoke:
'Hear me, ye Peers and Elders of the land,
Who deem this act the work of mortal hand;
As o'er the heaps of death Ulysses strode,
These eyes, these eyes beheld a present God,
Who now before him, now beside him stood,
Fought as he fought, and mark'd his way with blood:
In vain old Mentor's form the God belied;
'T was Heav'n that struck, and Heav'n was on his side.'
A sudden horror all th' assembly shook,
When, slowly rising, Halitherses spoke
(Rev'rend and wise, whose comprehensive view
At once the present and the future knew);
'Me too, ye Fathers, hear! from you proceed
The ills ye mourn; your own the guilty deed.
Ye gave your sons, your lawless sons, the rein
(Oft warn'd by Mentor and myself in vain);
An absent hero's bed they sought to soil,
An absent hero's wealth they made their spoil;
Immod'rate riot, and intemp'rate lust!
Th' offence was great, the punishment was just.
Weigh then my counsels in an equal scale,
Nor rush to ruin. Justice will prevail.'
His mod'rate words some better minds persuade:
They part, and join him; but the number stay'd.
They storm, they shout, with hasty frenzy fired,
And second all Eupithes' rage inspired.

They case their limbs in brass; to arms they run;
The broad effulgence blazes in the sun.
Before the city, and in ample plain,
They meet: Eupithes heads the frantic train.
Fierce for his son, he breathes his threats in air;
Fate hears them not, and Death attends him there.
This pass'd on earth, while in the realms above
Minerva thus to cloud-compelling Jove:
'May I presume to search thy secret soul?
O Power Supreme, O Ruler of the Whole!
Say, hast thou doom'd to this divided state
Or peaceful amity, or stern debate?
Declare thy purpose, for thy will is Fate.'
'Is not thy thought my own?' (the God replies
Who rolls the thunder o'er the vaulted skies)
'Hath not long since thy knowing soul decreed
The Chief's return should make the guilty bleed?
'T is done, and at thy will the Fates succeed.
Yet hear the issue; since Ulysses' hand
Has slain the suitors, Heav'n shall bless the land.
None now the kindred of th' unjust shall own;
Forgot the slaughter'd brother and the son:
Each future day increase of wealth shall bring,
And o'er the past Oblivion stretch her wing.
Long shall Ulysses in his empire rest,
His people blessing, by his people bless'd.
Let all be peace.' — He said, and gave the nod
That binds the Fates; the sanction of the God:
And, prompt to execute th' eternal will,
Descended Pallas from th' Olympian hill.
Now sat Ulysses at the rural feast,
The rage of hunger and of thirst repress'd:
To watch the foe a trusty spy he sent:
A son of Dolius on the message went,
Stood in the way, and at a glance beheld
The foe approach, embattled on the field.
With backward step he hastens to the bower,
And tells the news. They arm with all their power.
Four friends alone Ulysses' cause embrace,
And six were all the sons of Dolius' race:
Old Dolius too his rusted arms put on;
And, still more old, in arms Laërtes shone.
Trembling with warmth, the hoary heroes stand,
And brazen panoply invests the band.
The opening gates at once their war display:
Fierce they rush forth: Ulysses leads the way.
That moment joins them with celestial aid,
In Mentor's form, the Jove-descended Maid:
The suff'ring Hero felt his patient breast
Swell with new joy, and thus his son address'd:
'Behold, Telemachus! (nor fear the sight)
The brave embattled, the grim front of fight!
The valiant with the valiant must contend:
Shame not the line whence glorious you descend;
Wide o'er the world their martial fame was spread:
Regard thyself, the living, and the dead.'
'Thy eyes, great Father! on this battle cast,
Shall learn from me Penelope was chaste.'
So spoke Telemachus: the gallant boy
Good old Laërtes heard with panting joy;
And 'Bless'd! thrice bless'd this happy day!' (he cries)
'The day that shows me, ere I close my eyes,
A son and grandson of th' Arcesian name
Strive for fair virtue, and contest for fame!'
Then thus Minerva in Laërtes' ear:
'Son of Arcesius, rev'rend warrior, hear!
Jove and Jove's Daughter first implore in prayer,
Then, whirling high, discharge thy lance in air.'
She said, infusing courage with the word.
Jove and Jove's Daughter then the Chief implor'd,
And, whirling high, dismiss'd the lance in air.
Full at Eupithes drove the deathful spear:
The brass-cheek'd helmet opens to the wound;
He falls, earth thunders, and his arms resound.

Before the father and the conquering son
Heaps rush on heaps; they fight, they drop, they run.
Now by the sword, and now the jav'lin fall
The rebel race, and death had swallow'd all;
But from on high the blue-eyed Virgin cried
(Her awful voice detain'd the headlong tide):
'Forbear, ye Nations, your mad hands forbear
From mutual slaughter; Peace descends to spare.'
Fear shook the Nations: at the voice divine
They drop their jav'lins, and their rage resign.
All scatter'd round their glitt'ring weapons lie;
Some fall to earth, and some confusedly fly.
With dreadful shouts Ulysses pour'd along,
Swift as an eagle, as an eagle strong.
But Jove's red arm the burning thunder aims;
Before Minerva shot the livid flames;
Blazing they fell, and at her feet expired;
Then stopped the Goddess, trembled, and retired.
'Descended from the Gods! Ulysses, cease;
Offend not Jove: obey, and give the peace.'
So Pallas spoke: the mandate from above
The King obey'd. The Virgin-seed of Jove,
In Mentor's form, confirm'd the full accord,
And willing Nations knew their lawful lord.

POSTSCRIPT BY POPE

I CANNOT dismiss this work without a few observations on the true character and style of it. Whoever reads the Odyssey with an eye to the Iliad, expecting to find it of the same character, or of the same sort of spirit, will be grievously deceived, and err against the first principle of criticism, which is to consider the nature of the piece, and the intent of its author. The Odyssey is a moral and political work, instructive to all degrees of men and filled with images, examples, and precepts, of civil and domestic life. Homer is here a person

Qui didicit, patriæ quid debeat, et quid amicis,
Quo sit amore parens, quo frater amandus, et hospes:
Qui quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
Plenius et melius Chrysippo et Crantore dicit.

The Odyssey is the reverse of the Iliad, in *moral, subject, manner,* and *style;* to which it has no sort of relation, but as the story happens to follow in order of time, and as some of the same persons are actors in it. Yet from this incidental connexion many have been misled to regard it as a continuation or second part, and thence to expect a parity of character inconsistent with its nature.

It is no wonder that the common reader should fall into this mistake, when so great a critic as Longinus seems not wholly free from it; although what he has said has been generally understood to import a severer censure of the Odyssey than it really does, if we consider the occasion on which it is introduced, and the circumstances to which it is confined.

'The Odyssey,' says he, 'is an instance, how natural it is to a great genius, when it begins to grow old and decline, to delight itself in Narrations and Fables. For, that Homer composed the Odyssey after the Iliad, many proofs may be given, etc. From hence in my judgment it proceeds, that as the Iliad was written while his spirit was in its greatest vigour, the whole structure of that work is dramatic and full of action; whereas the greater part of the Odyssey is employed in narration, which is the taste of old age: so that in this latter piece we may compare him to the setting sun, which has still the same greatness, but not the same ardour or force. He speaks not in the same strain: we see no more that Sublime of the Iliad which marches on with a constant pace, without ever being stopped, or retarded: there appears no more that hurry and that strong tide of motions and passions, pouring one after another: there is no more the same fury, or the same volubility of diction, so suitable to action, and all along drawing in such innumerable images of Nature. But Homer, like the ocean, is always great, even when he ebbs and retires; even when he is lowest, and loses himself most in narrations and incredible fictions: as instances of this, we cannot forget the

descriptions of tempests, the adventures of Ulysses with the Cyclops, and many others. But though all this be age, it is the age of Homer. — And it may be said for the credit of these fictions that they are beautiful dreams, or, if you will, the dreams of Jupiter himself. I spoke of the Odyssey only to show, that the greatest poets, when their genius wants strength and warmth for the pathetic, for the most part employ themselves in painting the manners. This Homer has done, in characterizing the suitors, and describing their way of life; which is properly a branch of comedy, whose peculiar business it is to represent the manners of men.'

We must first observe, it is the Sublime of which Longinus is writing: that, and not the nature of Homer's poem, is his subject. After having highly extolled the sublimity and fire of the Iliad, he justly observes the Odyssey to have less of those qualities, and to turn more on the side of moral, and reflections on human life. Nor is it his business here to determine, whether the *elevated spirit* of the one, or the *just moral* of the other, be the greater excellence in itself.

Secondly, that fire and fury of which he is speaking, cannot well be meant of the general spirit and inspiration which is to run through a whole epic poem, but of that particular warmth and impetuosity necessary in some parts, to image or represent actions or passions, of haste, tumult, and violence. It is on occasion of citing some such particular passages in Homer, that Longinus breaks into this reflection; which seems to determine his meaning chiefly to that sense.

Upon the whole, he affirms the Odyssey to have less sublimity and fire than the Iliad, but he does not say it wants the Sublime or wants fire. He affirms it to be narrative, but not that the narration is defective. He affirms it to abound in fictions, not that those fictions are ill invented, or ill executed. He affirms it to be nice and particular in painting the manners, but not that those manners are ill painted. If Homer has fully in these points accomplished his own design, and done all that the nature of his poem demanded or allowed, it still remains perfect in its kind, and as much a master-piece as the Iliad.

The amount of the passage is this; that in his own particular taste, and with respect to the Sublime, Longinus preferred the Iliad: and because the Odyssey was less active and lofty, he judged it the work of the old age of Homer.

If this opinion be true, it will only prove, that Homer's age might determine him in the choice of his subject, not that it affected him in the execution of it: and that which would be a very wrong instance to prove the decay of his imagination, is a very good one to evince the strength of his judgment. For had he, as Madam Dacier observes, composed the Odyssey in his youth, and the Iliad in his age, both must in reason have been exactly the same as they now stand. To blame Homer for his choice of such a subject, as did not admit the same incidents and the same pomp of style as his former, is to take offence at too much variety, and to imagine, that when a man has written one good thing, he must ever after only copy himself.

The Battle of Constantine, and the School of Athens, are both pieces of Raphael: shall we censure the School of Athens as faulty, because it has not the fury and fire of the other? or shall we say, that Raphael was grown grave and old, because he chose to represent the manners of old men and philosophers? There is all the silence, tranquillity, and composure in the one, and all the warmth, hurry, and tumult in the other, which the subject of either required: both of them had been imperfect, if they had not been as they are. And let the painter or poet be young or old, who designs and performs in this manner, it proves him to have made the piece at a time of life when he was master not only of his art, but of his discretion.

Aristotle makes no such distinction between the two poems: he constantly cites them with equal praise, and draws the rules and examples of epic writing equally from both. But it is rather to the Odyssey that Horace gives the preference, in the Epistle to Lollius, and in the Art of Poetry. It is remarkable how opposite his opinion is to that of Longinus; and that the particulars he chooses to extol, are those very *fictions* and *pictures of the manners*, which the other seems least to approve. Those fables and manners are of the very essence

of the work: but even without that regard, the fables themselves have both more invention and more instruction, and the manners more moral and example, than those of the Iliad.

In some points (and those the most essential to the epic poem) the Odyssey is confessed to excel the Iliad; and principally in the great end of it, the *Moral*. The conduct, turn, and disposition of the *Fable* is also what the critics allow to be the better model for epic writers to follow: accordingly we find much more of the cast of this poem than of the other in the Æneid, and (what next to that is perhaps the greatest example) in the Telemachus. In the *Manners*, it is no way inferior: Longinus is so far from finding any defect in these, that he rather taxes Homer with painting them too minutely. As to the *Narrations*, although they are more numerous as the occasions are more frequent, yet they carry no more the marks of old age, and are neither more prolix nor more circumstantial, than the conversations and dialogues of the Iliad. Not to mention the length of those of Phœnix in the ninth book, and of Nestor in the eleventh (which may be thought in compliance to their characters), those of Glaucus in the sixth, of Æneas in the twentieth, and some others, must be allowed to exceed any in the whole Odyssey. And that the propriety of style, and the numbers, in the narrations of each are equal, will appear to any who compare them.

To form a right judgment, whether the genius of Homer had suffered any decay, we must consider, in both his poems, such parts as are of a similar nature, and will bear comparison. And it is certain we shall find in each the same vivacity and fecundity of invention, the same life and strength of imaging and colouring, the particular descriptions as highly painted, the figures as bold, the metaphors as animated, and the numbers as harmonious and as various.

The Odyssey is a perpetual source of poetry: the stream is not the less full for being gentle; though it is true (when we speak only with regard to the Sublime) that a river, foaming and thundering in cataracts from rocks and precipices, is what more strikes, amazes, and fills the mind, than the same body of water, flowing afterwards through peaceful vales and agreeable scenes of pasturage.

The Odyssey (as I have before said) ought to be considered according to its own nature and design, not with an eye to the Iliad. To censure Homer because it is unlike what it was never meant to resemble, is, as if a gardener who had purposely cultivated two beautiful trees of contrary natures, as a specimen of his skill in the several kinds, should be blamed for not bringing them into pairs; when in root, stem, leaf, and flower, each was so entirely different, that one must have been spoiled in the endeavour to match the other.

Longinus, who saw this poem was "partly of the nature of comedy," ought not, for that very reason, to have considered it with a view to the Iliad. How little any such resemblance was the intention of Homer, may appear from hence, that although the character of Ulysses there was already drawn, yet here he purposely turns to another side of it, and shows him not in that full light of glory, but in the shade of common life, with a mixture of such qualities as are requisite to all the lowest accidents of it, struggling with misfortunes, and on a level with the meanest of mankind. As for the other persons, none of them are above what we call the higher comedy: Calypso, though a Goddess, is a character of intrigue; the suitors yet more approaching to it; the Phæacians are of the same cast; the Cyclops, Melanthius, and Irus, descend even to droll characters; and the scenes that appear throughout, are generally of the comic kind; banquets, revels, sports, loves, and the pursuit of a woman.

From the nature of the poem, we shall form an idea of the *Style*. The diction is to follow the images, and to take its colour from the complexion of the thoughts. Accordingly the Odyssey is not always clothed in the majesty of verse proper to tragedy, but sometimes descends into the plainer narrative, and sometimes even to that familiar dialogue essential to comedy. However, where it cannot support a sublimity, it always preserves a dignity, or at least a propriety. There is a real beauty in an easy, pure, perspicuous description even of a low action. There are numerous instances of this both in Homer and Virgil; and perhaps those natural passages are not the

least pleasing of their works. It is often the same in history, where the representations of common, or even domestic things, in clear, plain, and natural words, are frequently found to make the liveliest impression on the reader.

The question is, how far a poet, in pursuing the description or image of an action, can attach himself to little circumstances, without vulgarity or trifling? what particulars are proper, and enliven the image; or what are impertinent, and clog it? In this matter painting is to be consulted, and the whole regard had to those circumstances which contribute to form a full, and yet not a confused, idea of a thing. *Epithets* are of vast service to this effect, and the right use of these is often the only expedient to render the narration poetical. The great point of judgment is to distinguish when to speak simply, and when figuratively: but whenever the poet is obliged by the nature of his subject to descend to the lower manner of writing, an elevated style would be affected, and therefore ridiculous; and the more he was forced upon figures and metaphors to avoid that lowness, the more the image would be broken, and consequently obscure. One may add, that the use of the grand style on little subjects, is not only ludicrous, but a sort of transgression against the rules of proportion and mechanics: it is using a vast force to lift a feather.

I believe, now I am upon this head, it will be found a just observation, that the low actions of life cannot be put into a figurative style without being ridiculous, but things natural can. Metaphors raise the latter into dignity, as we see in the Georgics; but throw the former into ridicule, as in the Lutrin. I think this may very well be accounted for: laughter implies censure; inanimate and irrational beings are not objects of censure: therefore these may be elevated as much as you please, and no ridicule follows: but when rational beings are represented above their real character, it becomes ridiculous in art, because it is vicious in morality. The bees in Virgil, were they rational beings, would be ridiculous by having their actions and manners represented on a level with creatures so superior as men; since it would imply folly or pride, which are the proper objects of ridicule.

The use of pompous expression for low actions or thoughts is the true Sublime of Don Quixote. How far unfit it is for epic poetry, appears in its being the perfection of the mock epic. It is so far from being the sublime of tragedy, that it is the cause of all bombast; when poets, instead of being, as they imagine, constantly lofty, only preserve throughout a painful equality of fustian; that continued swell of language, which runs indiscriminately even through their lowest characters, and rattles like some mightiness of meaning in the most indifferent subjects, is of a piece with that perpetual elevation of tone which the players have learned from it; and which is not speaking, but vociferating.

There is still more reason for a variation of Style in epic poetry than in tragic, to distinguish between that language of the Gods proper to the Muse who sings, and is inspired; and that of men who are introduced speaking only according to nature. Farther, there ought to be a difference of style observed in the speeches of human persons, and those of deities; and again, in those which may be called set harangues, or orations, and those which are only conversation or dialogue. Homer has more of the latter than any other poet: what Virgil does by two or three words of narration, Homer still performs by speeches: not only replies, but even rejoinders are frequent in him, a practice almost unknown to Virgil. This renders his poems more animated, but less grave and majestic; and consequently necessitates the frequent use of a lower style. The writers of tragedy lie under the same necessity, if they would copy nature: whereas that painted and poetical diction which they perpetually use, would be improper even in orations designed to move with all the arts of rhetoric; this is plain from the practice of Demosthenes and Cicero; and Virgil in those of Drances and Turnus gives an eminent example, how far removed the style of them ought to be from such an excess of figures and ornaments: which indeed fits only that language of the Gods we have been speaking of, or that of a muse under inspiration.

To read through a whole work in this strain, is like travelling all along on the ridge of a hill; which is not half so agreeable as sometimes gradually to rise, and

sometimes gently to descend, as the way leads, and as the end of the journey directs. Indeed the true reason that so few poets have imitated Homer in these lower parts, has been the extreme difficulty of preserving that mixture of ease and dignity essential to them. For it is as hard for an epic poem to stoop to the narrative with success, as for a Prince to descend to be familiar, without diminution to his greatness.

The *sublime* style is more easily counterfeited than the *natural;* something that passes for it, or sounds like it, is common to all false writers: but nature, purity, perspicuity, and simplicity, never walk in the clouds; they are obvious to all capacities; and where they are not evident, they do not exist. The most plain narration not only admits of these, and of harmony (which are all the qualities of style) but it requires every one of them to render it pleasing. On the contrary, whatever pretends to a share of the sublime, may pass, notwithstanding any defects in the rest; nay sometimes without any of them, and gain the admiration of all ordinary readers.

Homer, in his lowest narrations or speeches, is ever easy, flowing, copious, clear, and harmonious. He shows not less *Invention,* in assembling the humbler, than the greater, thoughts and images; nor less *Judgment,* in proportioning the style and the versification to these, than to the other. Let it be remembered, that the same genius that soared the highest, and from whom the greatest models of the *Sublime* are derived, was also he who stooped the lowest, and gave to the simple Narrative its utmost perfection. Which of these was the harder task to Homer himself, I cannot pretend to determine; but to his translator I can affirm (however unequal all his imitations must be) that of the latter has been much more difficult.

Whoever expects here the same pomp of verse, and the same ornaments of diction, as in the Iliad, he will, and he ought to be, disappointed. Were the original otherwise, it had been an offence against Nature; and were the translation so, it were an offence against Homer, which is the same thing.

It must be allowed that there is a majesty and harmony in the Greek language which greatly contribute to elevate and support the narration. But I must also observe that this is an advantage grown upon the language since Homer's time; for things are removed from vulgarity by being out of use: and if the words we could find in any present language were equally sonorous or musical in themselves, they would still appear less poetical and uncommon than those of a dead one, from this only circumstance, of being in every man's mouth. I may add to this another disadvantage to a translator, from a different cause: Homer seems to have taken upon him the character of an historian, antiquary, divine, and professor of arts and sciences, as well as a poet. In one or other of these characters he descends into many particulars, which as a poet only perhaps he would have avoided. All these ought to be preserved by a faithful translator, who in some measure takes the place of Homer; and all that can be expected from him is to make them as poetical as the subject will bear. Many arts, therefore, are requisite to supply these disadvantages, in order to dignify and solemnize these plainer parts, which hardly admit of any poetical ornaments.

Some use has been made to this end of the style of Milton. A just and moderate mixture of old words may have an effect like the working old abbey stones into a building, which I have sometimes seen to give a kind of venerable air, and yet not destroy the neatness, elegance, and equality requisite to a new work: I mean without rendering it too unfamiliar, or remote from the present purity of writing, or from that ease and smoothness which ought always to accompany narration or dialogue. In reading a style judiciously antiquated, one finds a pleasure not unlike that of travelling on an old Roman way: but then the road must be as good, as the way is ancient; the style must be such in which we may evenly proceed, without being put to short stops by sudden abruptness, or puzzled by frequent turnings and transpositions. No man delights in furrows and stumbling-blocks: and let our love to antiquity be ever so great, a fine ruin is one thing, and a heap of rubbish another. The imitators of Milton, like most other imitators, are not copies but caricatures of their original; they are a hundred times more obsolete and cramp than he, and equally so in all places: whereas it should have been observed of

Milton, that he is not lavish of his exotic words and phrases every where alike, but employs them much more where the subject is marvellous, vast, and strange, as in the scenes of Heaven, Hell, Chaos, &c., than where it is turned to the natural or agreeable, as in the pictures of paradise, the loves of our first parents, the entertainments of angels, and the like. In general, this unusual style better serves to awaken our ideas in the descriptions and in the imaging and picturesque parts, than it agrees with the lower sort of narrations, the character of which is simplicity and purity. Milton has several of the latter, where we find not an antiquated, affected, or uncouth word, for some hundred lines together; as in his fifth book, the latter part of the eighth, the former of the tenth and eleventh books, and in the narration of Michael in the twelfth. I wonder indeed that he, who ventured (contrary to the practice of all other Epic Poets) to imitate Homer's lownesses in the narrative, should not also have copied his plainness and perspicuity in the dramatic parts: since in his speeches (where clearness above all is necessary) there is frequently such transposition and forced construction, that the very sense is not to be discovered without a second or third reading: and in this certainly he ought to be no example.

To preserve the true character of Homer's style in the present translation, great pains have been taken to be easy and natural. The chief merit I can pretend to, is, not to have been carried into a more plausible and figurative manner of writing, which would better have pleased all readers, but the judicious ones. My errors had been fewer, had each of those gentlemen who joined with me shown as much of the severity of a friend to me, as I did to them, in a strict animadversion and correction. What assistance I received from them, was made known in general to the public in the original proposals for this work, and the particulars are specified at the conclusion of it; to which I must add (to be punctually just) some part of the tenth and fifteenth books. The reader will now be too good a judge, how much the greater part of it, and consequently of its faults, is chargeable upon me alone. But this I can with integrity affirm, that I have bestowed as much time and pains upon the whole, as were consistent with the indispensable duties and cares of life, and with that wretched state of health which God has been pleased to make my portion. At the least, it is a pleasure to me to reflect, that I have introduced into our language this other work of the greatest and most ancient of poets, with some dignity; and I hope, with as little disadvantage as the Iliad. And if, after the unmerited success of that translation, any one will wonder why I would enterprise the Odyssey; I think it sufficient to say, that Homer himself did the same, or the world would never have seen it.

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

A. A GLOSSARY OF NAMES OF POPE'S CONTEMPORARIES MENTIONED IN THE POEMS.

This Glossary includes only such names as from their importance, from Pope's frequent mention of them, or for some other obvious reason, could not profitably be treated in the Notes.

Allen, Ralph. Friend and correspondent of Pope, and afterward patron of Fielding.

Anstis. Garter King at Arms.

Arbuthnot, John (1675–1735). Physician, mathematician, and classical scholar. A Tory in politics. Member of Scriblerus Club. Friend of Pope, Swift, and Gay, whom he rivalled in satire. Swift said, 'He has more wit than we all have, and more humanity than wit.'

Argyle, John, 2d Duke of (1678–1743). Statesman, soldier, and lover of letters; of a varied career both in war and in politics, but an honest man.

Arnall, William. Party-writer and journalist, of whom Pope complains that he admitted having 'received, in the space of four years, no less than £1997 6s. 8d. out of the Treasury.'

Atterbury, Francis, Bishop of Rochester. Friend of Pope and Swift. Banished as a plotting Jacobite in 1722, and thereafter influential at the court of the Pretender till his death in 1731.

Barnard, Sir John. Convert from Quakerism to the Church of England, member of Parliament for London City, and an authority upon questions of finance; Lord Mayor in 1738.

Bathurst, Allen Apsley, Lord, a Tory peer, was one of the most intimate of Pope's friends and associates. 'He united,' says Carruthers, 'a sort of French vivacity' ['Bathurst impetuous, whom you and I strive who shall love the most,' is the mention of him in Gay's catalogue of Pope's friends] 'to English principles, and mingled freely in society till past ninety, living to walk under the shade of lofty trees which Pope and he had planted, and to see his son Lord Chancellor of England.' He died in the year 1774, at the age of ninety-one. (Ward.)

Bentley, Richard. Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and one of the great classical scholars of the time.

Berkeley, Dr., Bishop of Cloyne. Author of *Alciphron*, and a man of great learning and probity.

Bethel, Hugh. A Yorkshire gentleman with whom Pope was intimate, and frequently corresponded. He was a close friend of Pope's dearest friends, the Blounts of Mapledurham. He died in 1748. (Ward.)

Betterton, Thomas. Pope copied a portrait by Kneller of this famous actor, which is still extant. Betterton achieved success in all the major Shakespearean parts.

Blackmore, Sir Richard (1652–1729). Author of a philosophical poem called *The Creation;* and immortalized as the Quack Maurus of Dryden's prologue to *The Secular Masque*. 'His indefatigable muse,' says Pope, 'produced no less than six epic poems: *Prince and King Arthur*, twenty books; *Eliza*, ten; *Alfred*, twelve; *The Redeemer*, six; besides Job, in folio, the whole book of Psalms; *The Creation*, seven books; and many more. 'T is in this sense he is styled afterwards the *Everlasting Blackmore*.'

Bladen. Colonel Martin Bladen was a man of some literature and translated Cæsar's *Commentaries*. I never could learn that he had offended Pope. He was uncle to Wm. Collins, the poet, whom he left an estate. (Warton.)

Bland. Dr. Bland was Provost of Eton, and, according to Warton, 'a very bad writer.'

Blount, Martha. The woman for whom Pope seems to have cherished the feeling nearest akin to love. Indeed, it is supposed that if it had not been for the older sister Teresa, the attachment between Pope and Martha Blount might have come to marriage.

Blount, Teresa. See previous note, and Biographical Sketch.

Bolingbroke, Henry St. John, Lord (1678–1751). Tory and High Churchman, one of the great orators of the day, and member of several ministries. Friend of Prior and Swift, and later of Pope, much of whose later work was influenced by the shallow philosophy of Bolingbroke.

Booth, Barton. Actor, especially noted for his articulation; the original Cato in Addison's drama.

Boyle, Henry, Lord Carleton. Nephew of the famous Robert Boyle. Secretary of State under William III., and President of the Council under Queen Anne. (Pope.)

Boyle, Richard, Earl of Burlington (1695–1753). He took no prominent part in politics, although his high rank obtained for him a great post at court and the order of the Garter. But he obtained wide fame by his taste in architecture, inspired by a natural love of art and educated by studies in Italy. Horace Walpole says of him that he 'had every quality of genius and artist, except envy.' (Ward.)

Brydges, James, Duke of Chandos. Friend

of Pope and master of the Estate of Canons, which Pope was supposed to have satirized (*Moral Essays*, Epistle IV. 98–126). Paymaster of the Forces, under Godolphin.

Buckingham, Edmund, Duke of. Only son of John Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire, by Katherine Darnley, natural daughter of James II. (Roscoe.)

Buckingham, more properly Buckinghamshire, John Sheffield, Duke of. See Sheffield.

Budgell, Eustace (1685–1737). Kinsman and friend of Addison. Accompanied Addison to Ireland as clerk, and became Under-Secretary of State. Wrote thirty-seven numbers of *The Spectator*. Was accused of forging a will in his own favor, fell into disgrace and debt, and committed suicide.

Burlington, Richard Boyle, Earl of. See Richard Boyle.

Campbell, John, 2d Duke of Argyle. See Argyle.

Carey, Henry. Author of *Sally in Our Alley*; and dramatist.

Carleton, Henry Boyle, Lord. See Henry Boyle.

Carteret, John, Earl Granville. Statesman, diplomat, and classical scholar. Political opponent of Walpole.

Caryll, John. Member of one of the Roman Catholic families living in the neighborhood of Windsor Forest. *The Rape of the Lock* was due to his suggestion, and he remained a life-long friend of the poet.

Chandos, James Brydges, First Duke of. See Brydges.

Charteris, Francis. See Pope's note on *Moral Essays*, Epistle III., line 20.

Chesterfield, Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of. The most accomplished man of his time, wit, diplomatist, statesman, arbiter of manners; now mainly famous as the writer of the *Letters to his Son*.

Cibber, Colley (1671–1757). Actor, manager, and playwright; author of *The Careless Husband*. He incurred the enmity of Pope by burlesquing the farce, *Three Hours after Marriage*, and eventually displaced Theobald as hero of *The Dunciad*.

Cobham, Richard Temple, Lord. Sir Richard Temple, created Viscount Cobham by George I. in 1718, and made a Field Marshal in 1742, was on intimate terms with Pope during the latter part of the poet's life. Pope speaks, in his last letter to Swift, of 'generally rambling in the summer for a month to Lord Cobham's, the Bath, or elsewhere.' (Ward.)

Congreve, William (1669–1728), of good family, well educated. Studied law, gained fame by his plays. One tragedy, *The Mourning Bride*, and several licentious comedies are now associated with his name. He was one of those who encouraged Pope's earliest efforts. To him Pope dedicated the translation of *The Iliad*.

Cornbury, Lord. Afterwards Lord Hyde, 'a young Tory nobleman of literary tastes,' says Ward, to whom Bolingboke addressed his *Letters on History*.

Cowper, William, First Earl. Lord Keeper, in 1705, and one of the Lords Justices on the death of Queen Anne.

Craggs, James. A man of low birth, who gained place and power. A friend of Pope's after 1711. Secretary of War in 1717, Secretary of State in 1720. His death in 1721 probably prevented his conviction of fraud in connection with the South Sea affair.

Curll, Edmund. A bookseller with whom Pope had for years a friendly connection, but who incurred Pope's resentment by publishing some of his private correspondence in 1727. The possible fact of his own complicity in the publication did not prevent Pope from placing Curll in the pillory of *The Dunciad*.

Dartineuf, Charles. A noted glutton.

Demoivre. A French mathematician especially famed for his skill in trigonometry.

Dennis, John (1657–1734). A forcible though unrefined critic, by no means the dunce Pope makes him out. His attack on Addison's *Cato*, and Addison's reception of Pope's unsolicited championship of the play, led to the estrangement between Pope and Addison. Dennis was not slow to retort upon Pope, who never forgave an injury to his self-esteem.

Dig'by, Robert. A frequent correspondent of Pope's during the years 1717 and 1724; died in 1726, and was lamented by Pope in a letter to his brother, Edward Digby, and in an epitaph.

Dodington, Bubb, afterwards Lord Melcombe, the author of a well-known diary, and the confidential adviser of Frederick, Prince of Wales. He is a character in many respects representative of his age; utterly unconscientious and cheerfully blind to his unconscientiousness; and a liberal rather than discriminating patron of literary men. He died in 1762. (Ward.)

Dorset, Charles Sackville, Earl of (1637–1706). Author of the ballad, 'To all you Ladies Now at Land,' some other songs, and a few satires. Belonged to the household of Charles II. and of William and Mary. He introduced *Hudibras* to notice, and was the friend and patron of Waller and Dryden.

Duck, Stephen. A modest and worthy man, who had the honour (which many, who thought themselves his betters in poetry, had not) of being esteemed by Mr. Pope. Queen Caroline chose this man for her favourite poet. (Warburton.)

Dunton, John. A broken bookseller and abusive scribbler; he writ *Neck or Nothing*, a violent satire on some ministers of state; a libel on the Duke of Devonshire and the Bishop of Peterborough. (Pope.)

Durfey or *D'Urfey*, Thomas. A scribbler and poetaster who would now be unknown if Pope had not named him so frequently.

Farquhar, George (1678–1707). An Irish actor and writer of comedies, whose work has a good

deal of spirit. His two best-known plays are *The Recruiting Officer* and *The Beaux' Stratagem*.

Fenton, Elijah. A poet of no mean talent, and translator of four books of Pope's *Odyssey*.

Fleury, Cardinal. Prime minister of France from 1726 to his death, in 1743.

Fortescue, Hon. W. An intimate friend and a frequent associate and correspondent of the poet's, and a schoolfellow of Gay's. He afterwards became one of the Barons of the Exchequer, and ultimately Master of the Rolls. (Ward.)

Frowde, Philip. A dramatic writer and fine scholar, a friend of Addison's. (Carruthers.)

Garth, Sir Samuel. A physician, and author of the mock-heroic poem *The Dispensary*. He was one of the first to encourage the early efforts of Pope.

Gay, John (1638–1732). A close friend of Pope and Swift, a clever poet, and author of the famous *Beggars' Opera*.

Gildon, Charles (1665–1724) wrote a number of works, critical and dramatic. His plays were unsuccessful, but his *Complete Art of Poetry* (1718) is a work of considerable research and care. (Chambers.)

Godolphin, Lord. Lord Treasurer under Queen Anne. He was Addison's patron, but Macaulay says of him, 'Most of the time which he could save from public business was spent in racing, card-playing, and cock-fighting.'

Gonson, Sir John. A hanging judge said to have been particularly severe in his punishment of unfortunate women. His portrait is supposed to have been inserted by Hogarth in Plate III. of *The Harlot's Progress*.

Grafton, Charles, second Duke of.

Granville, George, afterward Lord Lansdowne (1667–1735). A poetical imitator of Waller; Secretary of War under Queen Anne, and raised to the peerage in 1717.

Grosvenor, Sir Thomas. A country baronet, member of Parliament. Remarkable for his obstinate independence.

Hale, Dr. Stephen. Not more estimable for his useful studies as a natural philosopher than for his exemplary life and pastoral charity as a parish priest. (Pope.)

Halifax, Charles Montagu, Earl of. A peer no less distinguished by his love of letters than his abilities in Parliament. He was disgraced in 1710, on the change of Queen Anne's ministry. (Pope.)

Hare, Francis, Bishop of Chichester. Tutor at Cambridge of (Sir) Robert Walpole.

Harley, Robert, Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer. Speaker of the House of Commons in 1701, Secretary of State in the Godolphin ministry. Subsequently created Earl of Oxford and appointed Lord Treasurer. A rival of Bolingbroke. Impeached for Jacobitism in 1716 and imprisoned in the Tower. Died in 1724. Subject of an epistle by Pope, p. 116, this edition.

Hearne, Thomas. Antiquary. He revenged himself, says Ward, for the sarcastic reference to him in *The Dunciad* by ill-natured reflections on Pope's education and parentage in his *Diary*.

Henley, John. A native of Leicestershire, had graduated at Cambridge; but set up a scheme of Universology on his own account, establishing his 'Oratory' in a wooden booth in Newport market in 1726. Three years later he removed his pulpit to the corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields, and though subjected to a prosecution for profaning the clerical character, continued his exhibitions till the middle of the century. (Ward).

Hervey, John Lord. Author of *Memoirs of the Reign of George II.*; a courtier, Vice Chamberlain to George II., and later Lord Privy Seal. He married one of Pope's court friends, Miss Lepell (see *The Challenge*). The cause of Pope's enmity is unknown, but after the year 1727 Pope lost no opportunity to asperse the character of the peer, alluding to him as 'Lord Fanny,' 'Fannius,' and finally 'Sporus.' (*Epistle to Arbuthnot*, 305–333.)

Hopkins, 'Vulture.' See Pope's note on *Moral Essays*, III. 85.

Jacob Tonson. See Tonson.

Japhet Crook. A Londoner who amasses a large fortune by sharp practice. See Pope's note on *Moral Essays*, III. 86.

Jervas, Charles. See head-note to the *Epistle to Jervas*, p. 82.

Johnson, Charles. A second-rate dramatist. (Bowles.)

Kneller, Sir Godfrey (1648–1726). A German by birth, state painter to English royalty from Charles II. to George I.

Lansdowne, Lord. See George Granville.

Lintot, Bernard. A publisher pilloried with Curll in *The Dunciad*; but he himself had published some of Pope's earlier work, to the advantage of the poet.

Marchmont, Earl of. A friend of Pope's, afterward one of his executors.

Mead, Dr. Physician to George II., and one of the eminent scientists of his day.

Mist, Nathaniel. Editor of a famous Tory journal. (Pope.)

Monroe, Dr. Physician to Bedlam Hospital. (Pope.)

Montagu, Lady Mary Wortley. One of the most interesting women of her day. A fair scholar and a clever versifier. Pope became acquainted with her in 1715, when she was already married to a dull man; and was for a time much attached to her. They quarrelled, and Pope thereafter lost no chance to insult her in prose and verse, commonly under the name of 'Sappho.'

Moore, James, afterward Moore-Smythe. A member of Pope's own circle, and a friend of Teresa Blount's, but the object of Pope's last-

ing rancour. The inoffensive author of many verses and a comedy, *The Rival Modes*, in which occurred certain lines which Pope accused him of having stolen from his lines to Martha Blount. Moore-Smythe retorted the charge.

Morris, Bezaleel. Author of some satires on the translators of Homer, with many other things printed in newspapers. (Pope.)

Murray, William, afterwards Lord Mansfield. A man of wit and cultivation, the incumbent of many high offices. He earned Pope's friendship by defending the *Essay on Man* from the attacks of various critics.

Oglethorpe, James Edward. Served under Prince Eugene, settled the colony of Georgia. 'Mr. Croker suggests,' says Ward, 'that to his supposed Jacobite leanings may be attributed much of the animosity displayed by the Whigs toward him, as well as of the friendliness existing between him and Pope and Johnson.'

Oldfield, Mrs. The most famous comédienne of the age.

Oldfield, Mr. This eminent glutton ran through a fortune of fifteen hundred pounds a year in the simple luxury of good eating. (Warburton.)

Onslow, Arthur. Sprung from a family members of which had already in two instances filled the chair, was elected Speaker in 1728, and occupied the post for thirty-three years, to the satisfaction of both parties in the House. (Ward.)

Osborne, Thomas. The bookseller who had the honour of a thrashing at the hands of Dr. Johnson; a tricky and unreliable man against whom Pope had more than one grievance.

Oxford, Robert Harley, Earl of. See Harley.

Ozell, John. A translator of French plays, whom Pope several times ridicules.

Page, Sir Francis. A justice popularly known as 'the hanging judge.'

Parnell, Thomas (1679–1717). Poet, and member of the Scriblerus Club. He wrote the life of Homer for Pope's *Iliad*, and after his death Pope brought out an edition of his poems.

Pelham, Henry. Became First Lord of the Treasury in 1743, through Walpole's influence; and died in 1754, the King exclaiming on his death: 'Now I shall have no more peace!' (Ward.)

Peter (Walter). See Walter.

Philips, Ambrose. Poet, Whig, and member of Addison's coterie. Author of the *Pastorals* with which Pope's were published, and frequent subject thereafter of Pope's satire.

Polwarth. The Hon. Hugh Hume, son of Alexander, Earl of Marchmont, grandson of Patrick, Earl of Marchmont, and distinguished, like them, in the cause of liberty. (Pope.) He was made one of Pope's executors.

Pulteney, William, afterward Earl of Bath. Orator and pamphleteer, and principal opponent to Sir Robert Walpole.

Queensbury, Duchess of. A leader of fashion and patron of letters; friend of Gay and Swift.

Ralph, James. A hack writer of American birth. Incurred Pope's anger by coming forward to defend Pope's victims in the first edition of *The Dunciad*.

Rich, John. Manager of the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden.

Rochester, Francis Atterbury, Bishop of. See Atterbury.

Rolli, Paolo Antonio. An Italian poet, and writer of many operas in that language, which, partly by the help of his genius, prevailed in England near twenty years. He taught Italian to some fine gentlemen, who affected to direct the operas. (Pope.)

Rowe, Nicholas (1673–1718). Friend of Addison, editor of Shakespeare, and writer of plays in blank verse, among the best known of which are *Jane Shore* and *The Fair Penitent*.

Rundel, Dr., Bishop of Derry. A friend of Pope and Swift, and frequently mentioned in their letters.

Sackville, Charles, Earl of Dorset. See Dorset.

Sandys, Samuel, First Baron. Opponent of Sir Robert Walpole. A man of steady industry rather than of talent.

Schutz, Augustus. Held, according to Carruthers, court offices near the person of George II., both before and after his accession to the throne.

Secker, Thomas (1693–1768). Bishop of Bristol, later of Oxford, and finally Archbishop of Canterbury. Noted for his piety and liberality.

Sheffield, John, Duke of Buckinghamshire (1649–1722). Author of an *Essay on Poetry*, which both Dryden and Pope praised, but which the modern critic finds of little value.

Shippen, William. A free-speaking Jacobite, who was sent to the Tower in 1718.

Shrewsbury, Charles Talbot, Duke of. Had been Secretary of State, Embassador in France, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Treasurer. He several times quitted his employments, and was often recalled. He died in 1718 (Pope).

Smythe, James Moore-. See Moore.

Somers, John Lord. He had been Lord Keeper in the reign of William III., who took from him the seals in 1700. The author had the honour of knowing him in 1706. A faithful, able, and incorrupt minister; who, to the qualities of a consummate statesman, added those of a man of learning and politeness. (Pope.)

Southern, Thomas (1660–1746). Author of *Oroonoko*, a play founded on Mrs. Behn's novel of the name, and very popular in its day.

Stanhope, James Earl. A nobleman of equal courage, spirit, and learning. General in Spain, and Secretary of State. (Pope.)

Talbot, Charles, Duke of Shrewsbury. See Shrewsbury.

Temple, Richard, Lord Cobham. See Cobham.

Theobald, Lewis. Usually called Tibbald by Pope. Author and translator. Editor of a

respectable Shakespeare, and critic of Pope's edition of the dramatist: therefore made hero of *The Dunciad*.

Tibbald. See Theobald.

Tickell, Thomas. A member of Addison's coterie, and author of numerous papers in the *Spectator* and *Guardian;* notably the papers on English Pastoral which provoked Pope's enmity.

Tonson, Jacob. A leading bookseller in Pope's day, and publisher of much of his work.

Trumbull, or Trumbal, Sir William. See Biographical Sketch in this edition, p. xiii.

Vanbrugh, John, Sir (1666–1726). Architect and writer of comedies. Designer of Castle Howard and Blenheim, and author of *The Provoked Wife* and *The Relapse*.

Villiers, George, Duke of Buckingham. See Buckingham.

Walpole, Sir Robert. For twenty years Whig Prime Minister of England, and originator of the present Cabinet system of government.

Walter, Peter. A London capitalist whom Pope frequently mentions (under the name of Peter) as an example of extreme rapacity.

Warwick, Lord. Son of the Countess of Warwick, whom Addison married.

Wasse, Joseph. Fellow of Queen's College, Cambridge, and coeditor with Jebb of the *Bibliotheca Literaria*.

Welsted, Leonard. Journalist and Whig pamphleteer; author of some satirical verses on Pope.

Wharton, Philip, Duke of. Son of Addison's patron. A man of ability who died an exile, after a life of wild dissipation.

Withers, General Henry. A distinguished soldier. In his old age the friend of Pope and Gay.

Wortley, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. See Montagu.

Wycherley, William (1640–1715). Dramatist and one of Pope's earliest friends.

Yonge, Sir William. A fop and small poet several times alluded to by Pope as 'Sir Will' and 'Sir Billy.'

B. NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Page 2. To the Author of a Poem entitled Successio.

Lines 19, 20. Bavius, Mævius, Chærilus, Codrus. Minor Latin poets. See *The Dunciad*, Book III. 24; and note.

Page 2. The First Book of Statius's Thebais.

Line 24. The *mighty Cæsar* here referred to is Domitian, to whom Juvenal as well as Statius awarded divine honors.

Line 62. *The prophet*. Amphiaraus.

Line 65. *The youth*. Parthenopæus.

Line 399. *Such sons*. Eteocles and Polynices.

Line 470. *Scyron*. Pope evidently confounds the island of Scyros in the Ægean with the rocks between Megaris and Attica infested by the robber Sciron whom Theseus slew. See Ovid, *Metam*. vii. 444. (Ward.)

Page 15. Spenser: The Alley.

Stanza vi., line 5. *Jo—n*. Old Mr. Johnston, the retired Scotch Secretary of State, who lived at Twickenham. (Carruthers.)

Page 21. Spring: or, Damon.

Line 86. *A wondrous tree*, etc. An allusion to the Royal Oak, in which Charles II. had been hid from the pursuit after the battle of Worcester. (Pope.)

Line 90. *The thistle springs, to which the lily yields*. Alludes to the device of the Scots monarchs, the thistle worn by Queen Anne; and to the arms of France, the *fleur de lys*. (Pope.)

Page 24. Autumn; or, Hylas and Ægon.

Line 7. *Thou, whom the Nine*, etc. Mr. Wycherley, a famous author of comedies; of which the most celebrated were *The Plain-Dealer* and *The Country Wife*. He was a writer of infinite spirit, satire, and wit. The only objection made to him was that he had too much. However, he was followed, in the same way, by Mr. Congreve, though with a little more correctness. (Pope.)

Page 26. Winter; or, Daphne.

Mrs. Tempest. This lady was of an ancient family in Yorkshire, and particularly admired by the author's friend, Mr. Walsh, who, having celebrated her in a pastoral elegy, desired his friend to do the same, as appears from one of his letters, dated Sept. 9, 1706: 'Your last eclogue being on the same subject with mine on Mrs. Tempest's death, I should take it very kindly in you to give it a little turn as if it were to the memory of the same lady.' Her death having happened on the night of the great storm in 1703, gave a propriety to this eclogue, which in its general turn alludes to it. The scene of the pastoral lies in a grove, the time at midnight. (Pope.)

Lines 49, 50. *The balmy zephyrs*, etc. 'I wish,' said Johnson, 'that his fondness had not overlooked a line in which the zephyrs are made to lament in silence.'

Lines 89–92. These four last lines allude to the several subjects of the four pastorals, and to the several scenes of them, particularized before in each. (Pope.)

Page 28. Windsor Forest.

Line 65. *The fields are ravish'd*, etc. Alluding to the destruction made in the New Forest, and the tyrannies exercised there by William I. (Pope.)

Line 80. *Himself denied a grave*. The place of his interment at Caen in Normandy was claimed by a gentleman as his inheritance, the moment his servants were going to put him in his tomb; so that they were obliged to com-

pound with the owner before they could perform the king's obsequies. (Warburton.)

Line 81. *His second hope.* Richard, Duke of Bernay, said to have been killed by a stag in the New Forest. (Ward.)

Line 207. The river Loddon.

Lines 211–216. These six lines were added after the first writing of this poem. (Pope.)

Line 355–368. The allusions are of course to the expected peace, for which the conferences were opened in 1711 at Utrecht; to the previous campaigns in Spain and Germany; to the war between Peter the Great and Charles XII.; and to the early difficulties of our East Indian settlements. (Ward.)

Line 398. *Unbounded Thames shall flow*, etc. A wish that London may be made a free port. (Pope.)

Page 52. THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

Line 1. *In that soft season*, etc. This poem is introduced in the manner of the Provençal poets, whose works were for the most part visions, or pieces of imagination, and constantly descriptive. From these, Petrarch and Chaucer frequently borrowed the idea of their poems. See the *Trionfi* of the former, and *Dream, Flower and the Leaf*, etc., of the latter. The author of this, therefore, chose the same sort of exordium. (Pope.)

Line 66. *Four faces had the dome*, etc. The Temple is described to be square, the four fronts with open gates facing the different quarters of the world, as an intimation that all nations of the earth may alike be received into it. The western front is of Grecian architecture; the Doric order was peculiarly sacred to Heroes and Worthies. Those whose statues are after mentioned were the first names of old Greece in arms and arts. (Pope.)

Line 81. *There great Alcides*, etc. This figure of Hercules is drawn with an eye to the position of the famous statue of Farnese. (Pope.)

Line 96. *And the great founder of the Persian name.* Cyrus was the beginning of the Persian, as Minas was of the Assyrian monarchy. The Magi and Chaldæans (the chief of whom was Zoroaster) employed their studies upon magic and astrology, which was in a manner almost the learning of the ancient Asian people. We have scarce any account of a moral philosopher except Confucius, the great law-giver of the Chinese, who lived about two thousand years ago. (Pope.)

Line 111. The learning of the old Egyptian priests consisted for the most part in geometry and astronomy; they also preserved the history of their nation. Their greatest hero upon record is Sesostris, whose actions and conquests may be seen at large in Diodorus, etc. (Pope.)

Line 152. *The youth that all things*, etc. Alexander the Great. The tiara was the crown peculiar to the Asian princes. His desire to be thought the son of Jupiter Ammon caused him to wear the horns of that God, and to represent the same upon his coins, which was continued by several of his successors. (Pope.)

Line 162. *Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood.* Timoleon had saved the life of his brother Timophanes in the battle between the Argives and the Corinthians; but afterwards killed him when he affected the tyranny, preferring his duty to his country to all obligations of blood. (Pope.)

Line 172. *He whom ungrateful Athens*, etc. Aristides, who for his great integrity was distinguished by the appellation of *The Just.* When his countrymen would have banished him by the ostracism, where it was the custom for every man to sign the name of the person he voted to exile in an oyster-shell, a peasant, who could not write, came to Aristides to do it for him, who readily signed his own name. (Pope.)

Line 206. *Eliza.* Elissa (Dido).

Line 507. *While thus I stood*, etc. The hint is taken from a passage in another part of the third book, but here more naturally made the conclusion, with the addition of a moral to the whole. (Pope.)

Page 63. THE FABLE OF DRYOPE. Upon occasion of the death of Hercules, his mother Alcmena recounts her misfortunes to Iole, who answers with a relation of those of her own family, in particular the transformation of her sister Dryope, which is the subject of the ensuing Fable. (Pope.)

Page 67. AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM. *Part I.*

Line 15. *Let such teach others*, etc. 'Qui scribit artificiose, ab aliis commode scripta facile intelligere poterit.' *Cic. ad Herenn.* lib. iv. 'De pictore, sculptore, fictore, nisi artifex, judicare non potest.' *Pliny.* (Pope.)

Line 20. *Most have the seeds of judgment*, etc. 'Omnes tacito quodam sensu, sine ulla arte, aut ratione, quae sint in artibus ac rationibus recta et prava dijudicant.' *Cic. de Orat.* lib. iii. (Pope.)

Line 25. *So by false learning*, etc. 'Plus sine doctrina prudentia, quam sine prudentia valet doctrina.' *Quintilian.* (Pope.)

Line 98. *Just precepts*, etc. 'Nec enim artibus editis factum est ut argumenta invenire-mus, sed dicta sunt omnia antequam praeciperentur; mox ea scriptoris observata et collecta ediderunt.' *Quintilian.* (Pope.)

Line 180. *Nor is it Homer nods*, etc. 'Modesto ac circumspecto judicio de tantis viris pronunciandum est, ne quod (quod plerisque accidit) damnent quod non intelligunt.' *Quintilian.* (Pope.)

Part II. Line 124. *Some by old words*, etc. 'Abolita et abrogata retinere, insolentiae cujusdam est, et frivolae in parvis jactantiae.' *Quintilian.* (Pope.)

Line 128. *Fungoso in the play.* In Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour.*

Lines 147, 148. *While expletives*, etc. 'He creeps along with ten little words in every line, and helps out his numbers with *for*, *to*, and *unto*, and all the pretty expletives he can find, while the sense is left half tired behind it.' Dryden, *Essay on Dramatic Poetry.*

Line 245. *Duck-lane.* A place where old and

second-hand books were sold formerly, near Smithfield. (Pope.)

Part III. Line 27. *And stares tremendous*, etc. This picture was taken to himself by John Dennis, a furious old critic by profession, who, upon no other provocation, wrote against this essay and its author, in a manner perfectly lunatic; for, as to the mention made of him in v. 270 (Part I.), he took it as a compliment, and said it was treacherously meant to cause him to overlook this abuse of his person. (Pope.) Dennis's unsuccessful play, *Appius and Virginia*, appeared in 1709. *Tremendous* was a favorite word of his.

Line 60. *Garth did not write*, etc. A common slander at that time in prejudice of that deserving author. Our poet did him this justice when that slander most prevailed, and it is now (perhaps the sooner for this very verse) dead and forgotten. (Pope.)

Line 64. *Paul's churchyard.* St. Paul's Churchyard was long the headquarters of the booksellers.

Line 157. *Roscommon.* Wentworth Dillon, Earl of Roscommon (1632–1684). A comparatively chaste poet of the Restoration, and projector of an English Academy of letters.

Page 82. EPISTLE TO MR. JERVAS.

Line 40. *This small well polish'd Gem, the work of years.* Fresnoy employed above twenty years in finishing his poem. (Pope.)

Line 60. *Worsley's eyes.* Frances, Lady Worsley. 'The name,' says Carruthers, 'originally stood Wortley, but the compliment was transferred from her [Lady Mary Wortley Montagu] after her quarrel with Pope, by the alteration of a single letter.'

Page 88. THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. *Canto I.*

Lines 1–4. Before Pope's successes in verse admitted him to the best society in England, he had moved in a small circle of Roman Catholic families in the immediate neighborhood of Windsor. To one of these families belonged Miss Arabella Fermor, the Belinda of *The Rape of the Lock;* to another, Lord Petre, called in the poem simply the Baron, the hero — or villain — of the story; and to a third belonged John Caryll. Lord Petre really stole a lock of Miss Fermor's hair, and some unpleasantness arose between the families in consequence. Caryll suggested to Pope that a humorous treatment of the incident in verse might help matters.

Line 23. *Birthnight Beau.* A fine gentleman such as might be seen at the state ball given on the anniversary of the royal birthday. (Hales.)

Line 44. *Box*, at the opera. *Ring*, a circus, or circular promenade, like that in Hyde Park, London.

Lines 54–56. *Succeeding vanities*, etc.

> 'Quae gratia currum
> Armorumque fuit vivis, quae cura nitentes
> Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos.'
> *Æneid*, vi. (Pope.)

Line 108. *In the clear mirror*, etc. The language of the Platonists. (Pope.)

Canto II. Line 28. *And beauty draws us with a single hair.* In allusion to those lines of Hudibras, applied to the same purpose, —

> 'And tho' it be a two-foot trout,
> 'T is with a single hair pull'd out.'
> (Warburton.)

Line 38. *Twelve vast French romances.* Clélie, one of the popular French romances of the period, appeared in ten volumes of 800 pages each. (Hales.)

Line 45. *The Powers gave ear*, etc. See *Æneid*, xi. 794, 795. (Pope.)

Line 74. *Fays, Fairies, Genii*, etc. This line obviously echoes Satan's address to his followers: —

> 'Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers!'
> *Paradise Lost*, v. 601.

Line 106. *Or some frail China jar*, etc. Pope repeats this anti-climax in Canto iii. 159, below.

Canto III. Line 27. *Ombre* and *Piquet* were the fashionable card games of Queen Anne's day. Ombre was a game of Spanish origin. The three principal trumps were called Matadores; these are, in the order of their rank, Spadillio, the ace of spades; Manillio, the deuce of clubs when trumps are black, the seven when they are red; and Basto, the ace of clubs.

Line 61. *Mighty Pam.* Pam, the knave of clubs, is the highest card in the game of Loo.

Line 92. *Just in the jaws of ruin, and Codille.* Each has won four tricks. If the Baron, who is 'defending the pool,' takes more tricks than Belinda, who is 'defending the game,' he will 'win the Codille.'

Line 107. *Altars of Japan.* Small japanned tables.

Line 123. *Changed to a bird*, etc. See Ovid, *Metam.* viii. (Pope.)

Line 152. *But airy substance soon unites again.* Pope, in a note, refers us to the following passage: —

> 'But the ethereal substance closed,
> Not long divisible: and from the gash
> A stream of nectarous humor issuing flowed
> Sanguine, such as celestial spirits may bleed.'
> *Paradise Lost*, vi. 330–334.

Lines 163–170.

> 'Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit,
> Semper honos nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.'
> Virgil, *Eclogues*, v. 76–77.

Line 165. Atalantis. *The new Atalantis*, by Mrs. Manley; a book just then popular.

Lines 176, 177. *What wonder, then*, etc.

> 'Quid faciant crines, cum ferro talia cedant.'
> Catullus, *de Com. Berenice.* (Ward.)

Canto IV. Line 1. *But anxious cares*, etc.

> 'At regina gravi jamdudum saucia cura
> Vulnus alit venis, et caeco carpitur igni.'
> *Æneid*, iv. 1. (Pope.)

Line 24. *Megrim.* The 'megrims' and 'the vapours' were fashionable terms in Queen Anne's day for what we call 'the blues.'

Line 51. *Like Homer's tripod.* See *Iliad*, xviii. 372–381.

Line 52. *A Goose-pie talks.* Alludes to a real fact; a lady of distinction imagined herself in this condition. (Pope.)

Line 69. *Citron-waters.* Spirits distilled from citron-rind.

Line 116. *The sound of Bow.* Within the sound of Bow-bells lay the least fashionable quarter, containing Grub Street, and other Bohemian haunts, as well as the dwellings of tradesmen.

Line 119. *Sir Plume.* Sir George Brown. He was the only one of the party who took the thing seriously. He was angry that the poet should make him talk nothing but nonsense. (Warburton.) *Thalestris* (line 87) was Mrs. Morley, Sir George's sister.

Canto V. Line 45. *So when bold Homer*, etc. See Homer, *Iliad*, xx. (Pope.)

Line 53. *Umbriel, on a sconce's height.* Minerva, in like manner, during the battle of Ulysses with the suitors, perches on a beam of the roof to behold it. (Pope.)

Line 65. *Thus on Mœander's flow'ry margin*, etc.

> 'Sic ubi fata vocant, udis abjectus in herbis,
> Ad vada Maeandri concinit albus color.'
> Ovid, *Epistle* vii. 2. (Pope.)

Line 71. *Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air.* See Homer, *Iliad*, viii., and Virgil, *Æneid*, xii. (Pope.)

Lines 89–96. *The same, his ancient personage to deck*, etc. In imitation of the progress of Agamemnon's sceptre in Homer, *Iliad*, ii. (Pope.)

Lines 137–138. *A hidden star*, etc.

> 'Flammiferumque trahens spatioso limite crinem
> Stella micat.'
> Ovid, *Metam.* xv. 849, 850. (Pope.)

Line 37. *Partridge.* John Partridge was a ridiculous star-gazer, who in his almanacks every year never failed to predict the downfall of the Pope and the King of France, then at war with the English. (Pope.) Partridge was the butt of Swift's famous hoax in 1707.

Page 102. MACER.

Line 8. *Crowne*, John, a dramatist and adapter of plays, died 1698.

Page 103. A FAREWELL TO LONDON.

Stanza ii. C—s is evidently Craggs; and H—k, as Carruthers interprets the hiatus, Lord Hinchinbrook, a young nobleman of spirit and fashion. (Ward.)

Stanza viii., lines 3 and 4. Most likely Miss Younger and Mrs. Bicknell, sisters, both actresses. (Carruthers.)

Page 104. THE BASSET-TABLE.

Line 99. The Groom-Porter was an officer in the King's household, who, under a provision exempting royalty from the laws against gambling, was enabled to provide a resort for London gamesters.

Line 100. *Some dukes at Mary-bone.* The reference is supposed to have been to the Duke of Buckinghamshire, who frequented a bowling-alley in Marylebone parish.

Page 106. EPIGRAM ON THE TOASTS OF THE KIT-CAT CLUB.

The Kit-cat Club, named for Christopher Katt, a pastry-cook, numbered among its members most of the town wits, including Steele and Addison.

Page 110. ELOISA TO ABELARD.

Line 24. *Forgot myself to stone.* 'Forget thyself to marble.' Milton, *Il Penseroso.* The expression 'caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn,' and the epithets 'pale-eyed,' 'twilight,' 'low-thoughted care,' and others, are first used in the smaller poems of Milton, which Pope seems to have been just reading. (Warton.)

Line 74. *Curse on all laws*, etc.

> 'And own no laws but those which love ordains.'
> Dryden, *Cinyras and Myrrha.* (Pope.)

Line 212. *Obedient slumbers*, etc. This line Pope confesses to having borrowed from Crashaw.

Line 342. *May one kind grave*, etc. Abelard and Eloisa were interred in the same grave, or in monuments adjoining, in the Monastery of the Paraclete; he died in the year 1142, she in 1163. (Pope.)

Page 120. SANDYS' GHOST.

Stanza x. *Carey.* Probably John Carey.

Stanza xi. *Jacob.* Jacob Tonson. *Pembroke.* The Earl of Pembroke.

Stanza xii. *Tom Burnet.* Son of Bishop Burnet.

Stanza xiii. *Justice Philips.* Ambrose Philips.

Page 128. 1740: A POEM.

These verses are supposed to be a fragment found by Lord Bolingbroke among Pope's papers. There is much doubt about many of the persons referred to; the readings here suggested being merely a choice among many suggested by Bowles and Carruthers.

Page 137. AN ESSAY ON MAN. *Epistle I.*

Line 1. *St. John.* Henry St. John, afterwards Lord Bolingbroke, was the most intimate friend of Pope's later years. The themes treated in the *Essay on Man* had been much discussed between them; it is, indeed, the shallow philosophy of Bolingbroke which supplies the substance of Pope's argument.

Line 6. *A mighty maze*, etc. The last verse, as it stood in the original editions, was —

> 'A mighty maze of walks without a plan;'

and perhaps this came nearer Pope's real opinion than the verse he substituted for it. (Lowell.)

Line 102. *The solar walk.* The sun's orbit. Pope cites in this connection 'the ancient opinion that the souls of the just went thither.'

Line 160. *Young Ammon.* Alexander the Great, who was saluted by the priests of the Libyan Jupiter Ammon as the son of their god.

Line 170. *And passions are the elements of life.* See this subject extended in Epistle II. from verse 100 to 122. (Pope.)

Line 213. *The headlong lioness.* 'The manner of the lion's hunting,' reads Pope's note, 'is this : at their first going out in the night-time, they set up a loud roar, and then listen to the noise made by the beasts in their flight, pursuing them by the ear, and not by the nostril.'

Line 278. *The rapt Seraph.* Alluding to the name seraphim, signifying *burners.* (Warburton.)

Epistle II. Line 22. *Correct old Time,* etc. This alludes to Sir Isaac Newton's Grecian Chronology. (Warburton.)

Lines 71–74. *Self-love still stronger,* etc. Bowles quotes the following passage from Bacon : 'The affections carry ever an appetite to good, as reason doth. The difference is, that the affection holdeth merely the present ; reason beholdeth the future and sum of time.'

Epistle III. Line 68. *Favour'd man.* Several of the ancients, and many of the orientals since, esteemed those who were struck by lightning as favoured persons, and the particular favourites of Heaven. (Pope.)

Line 104. *Demoivre.* A noted French mathematician, and a friend of Sir Isaac Newton's.

Epistle IV. Line 74. *Mountains piled on mountains.* Alluding to the Titans' attempt to scale Olympus. (Ward.)

Line 99. Lucius Cary, Lord *Falkland* (1610–1643), a brilliant young statesman and versifier, was killed in the battle of Newburg, at the age of thirty-three.

Lines 100–101. Henry, Vicomte de *Turenne,* and Sir Philip *Sidney* both fell in battle before their extraordinary powers had reached full maturity.

Line 104. The Hon. Robert *Digby,* third son of Lord Digby, was a personal friend and correspondent of Pope's. He died in 1726.

Line 107. M. de Belsance was made bishop of Marseilles in 1709. In the plague of that city, in the year 1720, he distinguished himself by his zeal and activity, being the pastor, the physician, and the magistrate of his flock whilst that horrid calamity prevailed. (Warburton.)

Line 110. Pope's mother died in 1733, shortly before this epistle was written, at the age of ninety-one.

Line 123. *Shall burning Ætna,* etc. Alluding to the fate of those two great naturalists, Empedocles and Pliny, who both perished by too near an approach to Ætna and Vesuvius, while they were exploring the cause of their eruptions. (Warburton.)

Line 126. *Blameless Bethel.* Hugh Bethel, to whom the *Imitations of Horace* are addressed.

Line 220. *Macedonia's madman,* etc. An epigrammatic expression will also tempt him into saying something without basis in truth ; as where he ranks together 'Macedonia's madman and the Swede,' and says that neither of them 'looked forward farther than his nose,' a slang phrase which may apply well enough to Charles XII., but certainly not to the pupil of Aristotle, who showed himself capable of a large political forethought. So, too [line 236], the rhyme, if correct, is sufficient apology for want of propriety in phrase, as where he makes Socrates 'bleed.' (Lowell.)

Line 278. *Lord Umbra.* Bubb Dodington, called Bubo in the Epistle to Arbuthnot (line 280), where Sir William Yonge's name is again coupled with his.

Lines 298–308. This passage evidently refers to the Duke of Marlborough.

Page 157. MORAL ESSAYS. *Epistle I.*

Line 57. *Manly.* The hero of Wycherley's *Plain-Dealer.* The name was commonly applied to Wycherley.

Line 58. *Umbra.* Bubb Dodington. See note on *Essay on Man,* IV. 278.

Line 61. *A Queen.* Queen Caroline, whom Swift, alluded to in the succeeding line, had satirized.

Line 77. *Catius.* Charles Dartineuf, according to Carruthers. See *Imitations of Horace,* Bk. II. Ep. ii. 87, note.

Line 81. *Patricio.* Conjectured by Warburton to be Lord Godolphin. See Glossary.

Line 89. *A perjur'd prince.* Louis XI. of France wore in his hat a leaden image of the Virgin Mary, which when he swore by he feared to break his oath. (Pope.)

Line 90. *A godless Regent tremble at a star.* Philip, Duke of Orleans, Regent of France in the minority of Louis XV., superstitious in judicial astrology, though an unbeliever in all religion. (Warburton.)

Line 91. *The throne,* etc. Philip V. of Spain, who, after renouncing the throne for religion, resumed it to gratify his queen ; and Victor Amadeus II., king of Sardinia, who resigned the crown, and trying to resume it, was imprisoned till his death. (Pope.)

Line 136. *A saint in crape.* That is, in the garb of the clergy.

Line 179. *Wharton.* Philip, Duke of Wharton. See Glossary.

Line 187. *Wilmot.* John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, famous for his wit and extravagances in the time of Charles the Second. (Pope.)

Line 231. *Lanesb'row.* An ancient nobleman, who continued this practice long after his legs were disabled by the gout. (Pope.)

Line 247. *Were the last words,* etc. This story, like the others, is founded on fact, though the author had the goodness not to mention the names. Several attribute this in particular to a very celebrated actress who, in detestation of the thought of being buried in woollen, gave these her last orders with her dying breath. (Pope.) Warton says that the actress was Mrs. Oldfield.

Epistle II. Of this Epistle, which was published in 1735, parts had been long before written and even printed. As originally published, it wanted the portraits of Philomede, Chloë, and Atossa. According to Warburton's statement, Pope communicated the character of Atossa to the Duchess of Marlborough as intended for the Duchess of Buckingham ; according to Walpole he repeated the experiment *vice versa.* Immediately on the death of Pope,

the Duchess of Marlborough applied to one of his executors, Lord Marchmont, with the view of ascertaining whether the poet had left behind him any satire on the Duke or herself. Marchmont consulted Bolingbroke; and it was found that in the edition of the *Moral Essays* prepared for the press by Pope just before his death, and printed off ready for publication, the character of Atossa was inserted. If Lord Marchmont made the statement attributed to him by the editor of his papers (Rose), Pope had received from the Duchess £1000, the acceptance of which implied forbearance towards the house of Marlborough. If this be so, it is probable that the motive which prompted Pope to the acceptance of this 'favor' was the desire to settle Martha Blount in independent circumstances for life. (Ward.)

Lines 7–14. *Arcadia's Countess — Pastora by a fountain — Leda with a swan — Magdalen — Cecilia.* Attitudes in which several ladies affected to be drawn, and sometimes one lady in them all. The poet's politeness and complaisance to the sex is observable in this instance, amongst others, that whereas in the *Characters of Men*, he has sometimes made use of real names, in the *Characters of Women* always fictitious. (Pope.)

Line 24. *Sappho.* A name for Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, first used by Pope in compliment, but later retained for purposes of abuse.

Line 53. *Narcissa.* Warton says that Narcissa stands for the Duchess of Hamilton. The lines were adopted from the earlier verses, which Pope had called *Sylvia, a Fragment.*

Line 83. *Philomede.* Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough in her own right (daughter of Sarah), an admirer of Congreve. She married the second Earl of Godolphin.

Line 107. *Her Grace.* This refers, according to Warton, to the Duchess of Montagu, with whom Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was intimate.

Line 115. *Atossa.* Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. In 1678 she was married to Colonel Churchill, and it was largely by her influence that he was made Duke of Marlborough.

Lines 139, 140. *The bust and temple rise.* This alludes to a temple she erected with a bust of Queen Anne in it, which mouldered away in a few years. (Wilkes.)

Line 157. *Chloë.* Lady Suffolk, mistress of George II., and friend of Pope, Swift, Gay, and Arbuthnot. See *On a Certain Lady*, etc., page 118.

Line 198. *Mah'met.* Servant to the late king (George I.), said to be the son of a Turkish Bassa, whom he took at the siege of Buda, and constantly kept about his person. (Pope.)

Hale. Dr. Stephen Hale, not more estimable for his useful discoveries as a natural philosopher than for his exemplary life and pastoral charity as a parish priest. (Pope.)

Line 251. *The Ring.* See note on *The Rape of the Lock*, Canto I. line 44.

Lines 253–256. Originally the last four lines of the short poem called *Erinna.*

Epistle III. This Epistle was written after a violent outcry against our author, on a supposition that he had ridiculed a worthy nobleman merely for his wrong taste. He justified himself upon that article in a letter to the Earl of Burlington; at the end of which are these words: 'I have learnt that there are some who would rather be wicked than ridiculous: and therefore it may be safer to attack vices than follies. I will therefore leave my betters in the quiet possession of their idols, their groves, and their high places; and change my subject from their pride to their meanness, from their vanities to their miseries; and as the only certain way to avoid misconstructions, to lessen offence, and not to multiply ill-natured applications, I may probably, in my next, make use of real names instead of fictitious ones.' (Pope.)

Line 20. John *Ward*, of Hackney, Esq.; Member of Parliament, being prosecuted by the Duchess of Buckingham, and convicted of forgery, was first expelled the House, and then stood in the pillory on the 17th of March, 1727. He was suspected of joining in a conveyance with Sir John Blunt, to secrete fifty thousand pounds of that Director's estate, forfeited to the South-Sea Company by Act of Parliament. The company recovered the fifty thousand pounds against Ward; but he set up prior conveyances of his real estate to his brother and son, and conceal'd all his personal, which was computed to be one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. These conveyances being also set aside by a bill in Chancery, Ward was imprisoned, and hazarded the forfeiture of his life, by not giving in his effects till the last day, which was that of his examination. During his confinement, his amusement was to give poison to dogs and cats, and to see them expire by slower or quicker torments. To sum up the *worth* of this gentleman, at the several æras of his life, At his standing in the Pillory he was *worth above two hundred thousand pounds;* at his commitment to Prison, he was *worth one hundred and fifty thousand;* but has been since so far diminished in his reputation, as to be thought a *worse man* by *fifty or sixty thousand.* (Pope.) From Pope's intimate acquaintance with Mr. Ward's career, it might almost be suspected that he is the same who is enumerated among Pope's friends in Gay's poem (Ward.)

Mr. *Waters*, the third of these worthies, was a man no way resembling the former in his military, but extremely so in his civil capacity; his great fortune having been rais'd by the like diligent attendance on the necessities of others. But this gentleman's history must be deferred till his death, when his *worth* may be known more certainly. (Pope.)

Fr. *Chartres*, a man infamous for all manner of vices. When he was an ensign in the army, he was drumm'd out of the regiment for a cheat; he was next banish'd Brussels, and drumm'd out of Ghent on the same account. After a hundred tricks at the gaming tables, he took to lending of money at exorbitant interest

and on great penalties, accumulating premium, interest, and capital into a new capital, and seizing to a minute when the payments became due; in a word, by a constant attention to the vices, wants, and follies of mankind, he acquired an immense fortune. His house was a perpetual bawdy-house. He was twice condemn'd for rapes, and pardoned: but the last time not without imprisonment in Newgate, and large confiscations. He died in Scotland in 1731, aged 62. The populace at his funeral rais'd a great riot, almost tore the body out of the coffin, and cast dead dogs, &c., into the grave along with it. The following Epitaph contains his character very justly drawn by Dr. Arbuthnot:

HERE continueth to rot
The Body of FRANCIS CHARTRES,
Who with an INFLEXIBLE CONSTANCY,
and INIMITABLE UNIFORMITY of Life,
PERSISTED,
In spite of AGE and INFIRMITIES,
In the Practice of EVERY HUMAN VICE;
Excepting PRODIGALITY and HYPOCRISY:
His insatiable AVARICE exempted him from the first,
His matchless IMPUDENCE from the second.
Nor was he more singular
in the undeviating *Pravity* of his *Manners*
Than successful
in *Accumulating* WEALTH.
For, without TRADE or PROFESSION,
Without TRUST of PUBLIC MONEY,
And without BRIBE-WORTHY Service,
He acquired, or more properly created,
A MINISTERIAL ESTATE.
He was the only Person of his Time,
Who could CHEAT without the Mask of HONESTY,
Retain his Primeval MEANNESS
When possess'd of TEN THOUSAND a YEAR,
And having daily deserved the GIBBET for what he *did*,
Was at last condemn'd to it for what he *could* not *do*.
Oh Indignant Reader!
Think not his Life useless to Mankind!
PROVIDENCE conniv'd at his execrable Designs,
To give to After-ages
A conspicuous PROOF and EXAMPLE,
Of how small Estimation is EXORBITANT WEALTH in the Sight of GOD,
By his bestowing it on the most UNWORTHY of ALL MORTALS.

This Gentleman was *worth seven thousand pounds a year* estate in Land, and about *one hundred thousand* in Money. (Pope.)

And the Devil. Alluding to the vulgar opinion, that all mines of metal and subterraneous treasures are in the guard of the Devil: which seems to have taken its rise from the pagan fable of Plutus the God of Riches. (Warburton.)

Line 35. *Beneath the patriot's cloak.* This is a true story, which happened in the reign of William III., to an unsupected old patriot, who coming out at the back-door from having been closeted by the King, where he had received a large bag of guineas, the bursting of the bag discovered his business there. (Pope.)

Line 42. *Fetch or carry kings.* In our author's time, many Princes had been sent about the world, and great changes of kings projected in Europe. The partition-treaty had disposed of Spain; France had set up a king for England, who was sent to Scotland and back again; the Duke of Anjou was sent to Spain and Don Carlos to Italy. (Pope.)

Line 44. *Or ship off senates.* Alluding to several ministers, counsellors, and patriots banished in our times to Siberia, and to that more glorious fate of the Parliament of Paris, banished to Pontoise in the year 1720 (Pope.)

Line 62. *Worldly crying coals.* Some misers of great wealth, proprietors of the coal-mines, had entered at this time into an association to keep up coals to an extravagant price, whereby the poor were reduced almost to starve, till one of them, taking the advantage of underselling the rest, defeated the design. One of these misers was worth *ten thousand*, another *seven thousand* a year. (Pope.)

Line 65. *Colepepper.* Sir William Colepepper, Bart., a person of an ancient family and ample fortune, without one other quality of a gentleman, who, after ruining himself at the gaming-table, past the rest of his days in sitting there to see the ruin of others; preferring to subsist upon borrowing and begging, rather than to enter into any reputable method of life, and refusing a post in the army which was offered him. (Pope.)

Line 67. *White's.* The most fashionable of London gambling resorts.

Line 82. *Turner.* A very wealthy miser.

Line 84. *Wharton.* Philip, Duke of Wharton.

Line 85. *Hopkins.* A citizen whose rapacity obtained him the name of Vulture Hopkins. He lived worthless, but died worth three hundred thousand pounds, which he would give to no person living, but left it so as not to be inherited till after the second generation. His counsel representing to him how many years it must be, before this could take effect, and that his money could only lie at interest all that time, he expressed great joy thereat, and said, 'They would then be as long in spending, as he had been in getting it.' But the Chancery afterwards set aside the will, and give it to the heir at law. (Pope.)

Line 86. *Japhet, nose and ears?* Japhet Crook, alias Sir Peter Stranger, was punished with the loss of those parts, for having forged a conveyance of an Estate to himself, upon which he took up several thousand pounds. He was at the same time sued in Chancery for having fraudulently obtained a Will, by which he possessed another considerable Estate, in wrong of the brother of the deceased. By these means he was *worth* a great sum, which (in reward for the small loss of his ears) he enjoyed in prison till his death, and quietly left to his executor. (Pope.)

Line 96. *Die, and endow a College, or a Cat.* A famous Duchess of Richmond in her last will left considerable legacies and annuities to her Cats. (Pope.) [Warton more than vindicates the memory of this famous beauty of Charles II.'s court from Pope's taunt by stating that she left annuities to certain poor ladies of her acquaintance, with the burden of maintaining some of her cats; this proviso being intended to disguise the charitable character of the bequests. (Ward.)

Line 99. *Bond damns the poor, &c.* This epistle was written in the year 1730, when a corporation was established to lend money to the poor upon pledges, by the name of the *Charitable Corporation;* but the whole was turned only to an iniquitous method of enriching particular people, to the ruin of such numbers, that it became a parliamentary concern to endeavour the relief of those unhappy sufferers, and three of the managers, who were members of the house, were expell'd. By the report of the committee, appointed to enquire into that iniquitous affair, it appears, that when it was objected to the intended removal of the office, that the Poor, for whose use it was erected, would be hurt by it, Bond, one of the Directors, replied, *Damn the poor.* That 'God hates the poor,' and, 'That every man in want is knave or fool," &c. were the genuine apothegms of some of the persons here mentioned. (Pope.) Dennis Bond, a member of Parliament, died in 1747. (Carruthers.)

Line 100. Sir Gilbert Heathcote, director of the Bank of England, and one of the richest men of his day. (Ward.)

Line 117. *South-Sea Year.* 1720. Pope was involved in the speculation, but is supposed to have escaped without loss.

Line 118. *To live on venison.* In the extravagance and luxury of the South-Sea year, the price of a haunch of venison was from three to five pounds.

Line 121. *Sappho.* This is a particularly gratuitous insult, as Lady Mary Wortley Montagu invested in South-Sea stock by Pope's advice and lost her money.

Line 123. *Wise Peter.* Peter Walter, a person not only eminent in the wisdom of his profession, as a dextrous attorney, but allowed to be a good, if not a safe conveyancer; extremely respected by the Nobility of this land, tho' free from all manner of luxury and ostentation: his Wealth was never seen, and his bounty never heard of, except to his own son, for whom he procured an employment of considerable profit, of which he gave him as much as was *necessary.* Therefore the taxing this gentleman with any Ambition, is certainly a great wrong to him. (Pope.)

Line 126. *Rome's great Didius.* A Roman Lawyer, so rich as to purchase the Empire when it was set to sale upon the death of Pertinax. (Pope.) Didius Julianus A. D. 193. The vendors were the Prætorian Guards. (Ward.)

Line 127. *The Crown of Poland, &c.* The two persons here mentioned were of Quality, each of whom in the Mississippi despis'd to realize above *three hundred thousand pounds;* the Gentleman with a view to the purchase of the Crown of Poland, the Lady on a vision of the like royal nature. They since retired into Spain, where they are still in search of gold in the mines of the Asturies. (Pope.)

Line 128. A Mr. Gage, of the ancient Suffolk Catholic family of that name; and Lady Mary Herbert, daughter of the Marquess of Powis and of a natural daughter of James II.: whence the phrase '*hereditary* realm.' (Bowles.)

Line 133. *Much injur'd Blunt.* Sir John Blunt, originally a scrivener, was one of the first projectors of the South-Sea Company, and afterwards one of the directors and chief managers of the famous scheme in 1720. He was also one of those who suffer'd most severely by the bill of pains and penalties on the said directors. (Pope.)

Line 177. *Old Cotta.* Supposed to be the Duke of Newcastle, who died in 1711; and his son, the well-known peer of that name, who afterwards became prime minister. (Carruthers.)

Line 243. *Oxford's better part.* Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford. The son of Robert, created Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer by Queen Anne. This Nobleman died regretted by all men of letters, great numbers of whom had experienced his benefits. He left behind him one of the most noble Libraries in Europe. (Pope.)

Line 250. *The Man of Ross.* The person here celebrated, who with a small Estate actually performed all these good works, and whose true name was almost lost (partly by the title of the *Man of Ross* given him by way of eminence, and partly by being buried without so much as an inscription) was called Mr. John Kyrle. He died in the year 1724, aged 90, and lies interred in the chancel of the church of Ross in Herefordshire. (Pope.)

We must understand what is here said, of *actually performing,* to mean by the contributions which the *Man of Ross,* by his assiduity and interest, collected in his neighbourhood. (Warburton.)

Line 296. *Eternal buckle,* etc. The poet ridicules the wretched taste of carving large periwigs on busts, of which there are several vile examples at Westminster and elsewhere. (Pope.)

Line 305. *Great Villiers lies.* This Lord, yet more famous for his vices than his misfortunes, after having been possess'd of about £50,000 a year, and passed thro' many of the highest posts in the kingdom, died in the Year 1687, in a remote inn in Yorkshire, reduced to the utmost misery. (Pope.)

George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, the son of the first Duke (the favourite and minister of James I. and Charles I.), was born in 1637. He lost his estates as a royalist, but recovered them by his marriage with the daughter of Lord Fairfax. He is the Zimri of the Absalom and Achitophel of Dryden, whom he had ridiculed

as Bayes in the burlesque play of *The Rehearsal*. Thus we have portraits of this typical hero of the Restoration period by Dryden and Pope, as well as by Burnet and Butler, Count Grammont and Horace Walpole. The tenant's house at which he died (in 1687) was at Kirby Moor Side, near Helmsly in Yorkshire. (Ward.)

Line 307. *Cliveden.* A delightful palace, on the banks of the Thames, built by the D. of Buckingham. (Pope.)

Line 308. *Shrewsbury.* The Countess of Shrewsbury, a woman abandoned to gallantries. The Earl her husband was kill'd by the Duke of Buckingham in a duel; and it has been said, that during the combat she held the Duke's horses in the habit of a page. (Pope.)

Line 315. Sir John Cutler, a wealthy citizen of the Restoration period, accused of rapacity on account of a large claim made by his executors against the College of Physicians, which he had aided by a loan. (Carruthers.)

Line 339. *Where London's column*, etc. The monument on Fish Street Hill, built in memory of the fire of London of 1666, with an inscription importing that city to have been burnt by the Papists. (Pope.)

Epistle IV. Line 7. *Topham.* A gentleman famous for a judicious collection of drawings. (Pope.)

Line 8. *Pembroke.* Henry, Earl of Pembroke, a patron of the arts, and owner of many valuable paintings.

Line 10. *Mead — Sloane.* Two eminent physicians; the one had an excellent library, the other the finest collection in Europe of natural curiosities; both men of great learning and humanity. (Pope.) Dr. Mead was physician to George II. 'He was, however,' says Ward, 'the reverse of a bookworm; for Johnson says of him that "he lived more in the broad sunshine of life than almost any man."' Sir John or Hans Sloane was a skilled botanist and physician. His natural history collection is now preserved in the British Museum.

Line 18. *Ripley.* This man was a carpenter, employed by a first Minister, who raised him to an Architect, without any genius in the art; and after some wretched proofs of his insufficiency in public buildings, made him Comptroller of the Board of Works. (Pope.)

Line 20. *Bubo.* Bubb Dodington. See *Epistle to Arbuthnot*, line 280.

Line 23. *You show us Rome*, etc. The Earl of Burlington was then publishing the designs of Inigo Jones, and the *Antiquities of Rome* by Palladio. (Pope.)

Line 46. *Le Nôtre.* André Le Nôtre (1613–1700), landscape-gardener of Louis XIV.

Line 70. *Stowe.* The seat and gardens of the Lord Viscount Cobham in Buckinghamshire. (Pope.)

Line 78. *In a hermitage set Dr. Clarke.* Dr. L. Clarke's busto placed by the Queen in the Hermitage, while the doctor duly frequented the court. (Pope.) Dr. Clarke was one of Queen Caroline's chaplains.

Line 150. *Never mentions Hell*, etc. This is a fact; a reverend Dean preaching at court threatened the sinner with punishment in 'a place which he thought it not decent to name in so polite an assembly.' (Pope.)

Line 169. *Yet hence the poor*, etc. The Moral of the whole, where Providence is justified in giving wealth to those who squander it in this manner. A bad taste employs more hands, and diffuses expense more than a good one. (Pope.)

Line 173. *Another age*, etc. Had the poet lived but three years longer, he had seen this prophecy fulfilled. (Warburton.)

Lines 195–202. *Till Kings . . . Bid Harbours open*, etc. The poet after having touched upon the proper objects of Magnificence and Expense, in the private works of great men, comes to those great and public works which become a prince. This Poem was published in the year 1732, when some of the new-built Churches, by the act of Queen Anne, were ready to fall, being founded in boggy land (which is satirically alluded to in our author's imitation of Horace, Lib. ii. Sat. 2:—

> 'Shall half the new-built Churches round thee fall;'

others were vilely executed, thro' fraudulent cabals between undertakers, officers, &c. Dagenham-breach had done very great mischiefs; many of the Highways throughout England were hardly passable; and most of those which were repaired by Turnpikes were made jobs for private lucre, and infamously executed, even to the entrances of London itself: The proposal of building a Bridge at Westminster had been petition'd against and rejected; but in two years after the publication of this poem, an Act for building a Bridge pass'd thro' both houses. After many debates in the committee, the execution was left to the carpenter above-mentioned, who would have made it a wooden one: to which our author alludes in these lines,

> 'Who builds a Bridge that never drove a pile?
> Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile.'

See the notes on that place. (Pope.)

Page 176. EPISTLE to DR. ARBUTHNOT. For John Arbuthnot see Glossary.

Advertisement. Lines 6, 7. Of these papers the former was said to be a joint production of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Lord Hervey; the latter was written by Hervey alone. See Carruthers' *Life of Pope*, ch. viii.

Line 1. John Searl, Pope's body-servant for many years.

Line 8. An artificial grotto, constructed under a road, was one of Pope's fanciful improvements of his little estate at Twickenham. Twitenham or Twit'nam (line 21) are forms of the name affected by Pope.

Line 13. *The Mint*, a place to which insolvent debtors retired, to enjoy an illegal protection, which they were there suffered to afford one another, from the persecution of their creditors. (Warburton.)

Line 23. *Arthur.* Arthur Moore, a prominent politician, father of the James Moore-Smythe whom Pope so often ridiculed.

Line 40. '*Keep your piece nine years.*'

'Novemque prematur in annum.'
Horace, *De Arte Poetica*, 388.

Line 43. *Term.* The London 'season.'

Line 51. *Pitholeon*, the name taken from a foolish poet of Rhodes, who pretended much to Greek. (Pope.)

Line 53. Edmund Curll was a piratical bookseller who did Pope several ill turns, as in publishing some of his private letters (see 113 below), and printing in his name various sorts of rubbish (see 351 below, and Pope's note).

Line 54. The *London Journal* favored the Whigs. Pope was very little of a politician, but his leaning was toward the Tories.

Line 60. In the early editions the line read —

'Cibber and I are luckily no friends.'

Pope's one attempt at dramatic writing, *Three Hours after Marriage*, written in connection with Gay and Arbuthnot, was a flat failure. The legitimate fun made of it by Colley Cibber was the source of a feud between them, which ended only in Cibber's being made the main figure in *The Dunciad*.

Line 62. Bernard Lintot, after 1712, published much of Pope's work.

Line 72. *Some say his Queen.* The story is told by some of his Barber, but by Chaucer of his Queen. See *Wife of Bath's Tale.* (Pope.)

Line 88. Alluding to Horace, *Ode* iii. 3: —

'Si fractus illabatur orbis
Impavidum ferient ruinae.' (Pope.)

In translating this ode Addison had used the phrase 'the mighty crack' (86 above), and Pope had ridiculed him for it.

Line 100. *Philips.* Ambrose Philips, of whom Bishop Bolter became patron.

Line 101. *Sappho.* Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

Line 118. *You have an eye.* It is remarkable that, amongst these complaints on his infirmities and deformities, he mentions his eye, which was fine and piercing. (Warburton.)

Line 128. *I lisped in numbers.*

'Sponte sua carmen numeros veniebat ad aptos,
Et, quod tentabam dicere, versus erat.'
Ovid, *Tristia*, 4, x. 25, 26.

Line 135. *Granville.* George Granville, afterwards Lord Lansdown, known for his poems, most of which he composed very young. (Pope.)

Granville, Mr. Walsh, and Dr. Garth are mentioned in Pope's first note to the *Pastorals* as among those who encouraged him in his earliest efforts.

Line 139. *Talbot, Somers, Sheffield.* These are the persons to whose account the author charges the publication of his first pieces, persons with whom he was conversant (and he adds beloved) at sixteen or seventeen years of age, an early period for such acquaintance. The catalogue might have been made yet more illustrious had he not confined it to that time when he writ the *Pastorals* and *Windsor Forest*, on which he passes a sort of censure in the lines following [147–150]. (Pope.)

Line 146. *Burnets*, etc. Authors of secret and scandalous history. (Pope.)

Line 149. *Fanny.* Lord Hervey, the Sporus of lines 305–333 below.

Line 151. *Gildon.* Charles Gildon, a critic who had abused Pope.

Line 153. *Dennis.* John Dennis, a free-lance in letters, and one of the favorite butts of Pope's satire. It was he who indirectly caused the difference between Pope and Addison. See Glossary.

Line 164. *Slashing Bentleys*, etc. Bentley's edition of *Paradise Lost*, which appeared in 1732, was at once the last and the least worthy effort of his critical prowess; as to Theobald's Shakspere, it was an honest and not wholly unsuccessful piece of work, and a better edition than Pope's own. Bentley's Milton is better characterized in *Imitations of Horace*, i. Ep. of ii. Bk. vv. 103–4. (Ward.)

Line 179. *The bard whom pilfer'd pastorals renown.* Ambrose Philips. Charles Gildon ranked him with Theocritus and Virgil.

Line 190. *Tate.* Nahum Tate was then poet laureate, 'the author of the worst alterations of Shakespeare,' says Professor Craik, 'the worst version of the Psalms of David, and the worst continuation of a great poem [Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel*] extant.'

Lines 193–214. The famous passage on Addison had been published twelve years before the *Epistle to Arbuthnot* was written. Addison's name appeared in the earlier version.

Line 218. *On wings of winds*, etc. Pope credits this line to Hopkins's paraphrase of Psalm civ.

Line 232. *Bufo* probably stands for Lord Halifax.

Line 236. *And a true Pindar stood without a head.* Ridicules the affectation of Antiquaries, who frequently exhibit the headless trunks and terms of statues, for Plato, Homer, Pindar, etc. (Pope.)

Line 248. *He help'd to bury*, etc. Mr. Dryden, after having lived in exigencies, had a magnificent funeral bestowed upon him by the contribution of several persons of quality. (Pope.)

Line 256. *Gay.* John Gay (1688–1732), author of the famous *Beggar's Opera*, and one of Pope's best friends. In his last years he was taken excellent care of by the Duke of Queensbury (260, below), and died by no means a pauper.

Line 280. *Sir Will or Bubo.* See *Essay on Man*, IV. 278 and note.

Line 299. *The Dean and Silver Bell.* Pope had been accused of ridiculing, in the *Essay on Taste*, the furniture and appointments of Canons, the seat of the Duke of Chandos, where Pope had been received. Pope's denial of the charge was accepted by the Duke.

Line 305. *Sporus* is John Lord Hervey, a well-known court favorite. He seems to have been at least harmless. Pope, for some unknown reason, conceived one of his violent

antipathies for him; and the following lines, hardly less celebrated than those on Addison, are the result.

Line 350. *The tale revived*, etc. As that he received subscriptions to *Shakespear*, that he set his name to Mr. Broome's verses, etc., which, though publicly disproved, were nevertheless repeated in the libels. (Pope.)

Line 351. *Th' imputed trash.* This imputed trash, such as profane psalms, court poems, and other scandalous things, printed in his name by Curll and others. (Pope.)

Line 365. *Knight of the post corrupt.* The so-called Knights of the Post stood about the sheriff's pillars near the courts, in readiness to swear anything for pay. (Ward.)

Line 371. *Friend to his distress.* In 1733 Pope wrote a prologue to a play given for the benefit of Dennis, who was then old, blind, and not far from death.

Line 374. *Ten years.* It was so long after many libels before the author of the *Dunciad* published that poem, till when he never writ a word in answer to the many scurrilities and falsehoods concerning him. (Pope.)

Line 375. *Welsted's lie.* This man had the impudence to tell in print that Mr. P. had occasioned a lady's death, and to name a person he never heard of. (Pope.)

Line 379. *Budgell* was charged with forging a will, with profit to himself.

Lines 382–387. Pope has a long note on this passage, in which he goes much into detail to prove the respectability of his parents.

Line 391. *Bestia.* L. Calpurnius Bestia, who here seems to signify the Duke of Marlborough, was a Roman proconsul, bribed by Jugurtha into a dishonorable peace. (Ward.)

Line 393. *Discord in a noble wife.* Dryden had married Lady Howard, and Addison the Countess of Warwick.

Line 397. He was a non-juror, and would not take the oath of allegiance or supremacy, or the oath against the Pope. (Bowles.)

Line 417. Dr. Arbuthnot had been the favorite physician of Queen Anne.

Page 182. SATIRES, EPISTLES AND ODES OF HORACE IMITATED. *First Satire, Second Book.*

Line 6. *Lord Fanny.* Lord Hervey.

Line 23. *Sir Richard.* Sir Richard Blackmore.

Lines 30, 31. *Carolina.* Queen Caroline. *Amelia.* Princess Amelia, second daughter of George II.

Line 34. *Their Laureate.* Colley Cibber.

Line 40. *Peter.* Peter Walter.

Line 46. *Scarsdale his bottle, Darty his hampie.* Lord Scarsdale and Charles Dartineuf, famous epicures.

Line 49. *Fox.* Probably Henry Fox, First Lord Holland. *Hockley-hole.* There was a noted bear-garden at Hockley-in-the-Hole. See the *Spectaor*, No 436.

Line 52. *Shippen.* William Shippen, an outspoken politician and a Jacobite, who was sent to the Tower in 1718. According to Coxe, he used to say of himself and Sir Robert Walpole, 'Robin and I are two honest men; though he is for King George and I for King James.' (Ward.)

Line 81. *Slander or poison dread.* Alluding to a notorious rumor that a Miss Mackenzie had been poisoned by the Countess of Deloraine.

Line 82. *Page.* Judge Page. See *Epilogue to Satires*, II. 56.

Line 100. *Lee.* Nathaniel Lee (1657–1692), a tragic poet, author of *The Rival Queens.*

Line 129. *He whose lightning*, etc. Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough, who in the year 1705 took Barcelona, and in the winter following, with only 280 horse and 900 foot, enterprised and accomplished the conquest of Valencia. (Pope.)

Line 153. *Sir Robert.* Walpole.

Page 184. *Second Satire, Second Book.*

Mr. Bethel. Hugh Bethel.

Line 25. *Oldfield.* This eminent glutton ran through a fortune of fifteen hundred pounds a year in the simple luxury of good eating. (Warburton.)

Line 42. *Bedford-head.* A famous eating-house in Covent Garden.

Line 49. *Avidien.* Edward Wortley Montagu, the husband of Lady Mary. (Carruthers.)

Line 175. *Shades* that *to Bacon*, etc. Gorhambury, near St. Albans, the seat of Lord Bacon, was at the time of his disgrace conveyed by him to his quondam secretary, Sir J. Meantys, whose heir sold it to Sir Harbottle Grimston, whose grandson left it to his nephew (Wm. Lucklyn, who took the name of Grimston), whose second son was in 1719 created Viscount Grimston. This is the 'booby lord' to whom Pope refers. (Ward.)

Line 177. *Proud Buckingham's*, etc. Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. (Pope.) The estate of Helmsley was purchased by Sir Charles Duncombe, Lord Mayor in 1709, who changed its name to Duncombe Park. (Carruthers.)

Page 187. *First Epistle, First Book.*

Line 6. *Modest Cibber*, etc. Colley Cibber retired from the stage after a histrionic career of more than forty years in 1733; but returned in 1734 and did not make his 'positively last appearance' till 1745. (Ward.)

Line 16. *You limp, like Blackmore on a Lord Mayor's horse.* The fame of this heavy Poet, however problematical elsewhere, was universally received in the City of London. His versification is here exactly described: stiff and not strong; stately and yet dull, like the sober and slow-paced Animal generally employed to mount the Lord Mayor: and therefore here humorously opposed to Pegasus. (Pope.)

Line 51. *Cheselden.* In answer to Swift's inquiry who 'this Cheselden' was, Pope informed him that C. was 'the most noted and most deserving man in the whole profession of chirurgery, and had saved the lives of thousands' by his skill. There is an amusing letter from Pope to Cheselden in Roscoe's Life *ad ann.* 1737; speaking of the cataract to which v. 52 appears to allude. (Ward.)

Line 85. Sir John *Barnard.*

Line 89. *Bug and D*l*, etc. The meaning of this line has not been determined.

Line 112. Augustus *Schutz*. See Glossary.

Line 173. *Hale*. Dr. Hale of Lincoln's Inn Fields, a physician employed in cases of insanity. (Carruthers.)

Line 177. *Guide, Philosopher, and Friend*. Lord Bolingbroke. See *Essay on Man*, IV. 390.

Page 189. *Sixth Epistle, First Book*.

The poem is dedicated to William Murray, afterwards Lord Mansfield. See Glossary.

Line 1. *Not to admire*, etc.

> 'Nil admirari prope res una, Numici,
> Solaque, quae possit facere et servare beatum.'
> *Horace.*

The translation is, as Pope admits, that of Richard Creech, translator of Homer and Lucretius.

Line 45. *Craggs's*. James Craggs's father had been in a low situation; but by industry and ability, got to be Postmaster-General and agent to the Duke of Marlborough. For James Craggs's own career, see Glossary.

Line 53. *Hyde*. Lord Clarendon, great-grandfather of the Lord *Cornbury* mentioned in line 61 below.

Line 64. *Tindal*. See Pope's note on *The Dunciad*, II. 399.

Line 82. *Anstis*, whom Pope often mentions, was Garter King of Arms. (Bowles.)

Line 87. *Or if three ladies like a luckless play*. The common reader, I am sensible, will be always more solicitous about the names of these *three Ladies*, the unlucky *Play*, and every other trifling circumstance that attended this piece of gallantry, than for the explanation of our Author's sense, or the illustration of his poetry; even where he is most moral and sublime. But had it been in Mr. Pope's purpose to indulge so impertinent a curiosity, he had sought elsewhere for a commentator on his writings. (Warburton.) Notwithstanding this remark of Dr. Warburton, I have taken some pains, though indeed in vain, to ascertain who these ladies were, and what the play they patronized. It was once said to be Young's *Busiris*. (Warton.)

Line 121. *Kinnoul's lewd cargo*, etc. Lords Kinnoul and Tyrawley, two ambassadors noted for wild immorality. (Carruthers.)

Line 126. *Wilmot*. John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester. See Glossary.

Page 191. *First Epistle, Second Book*.

Line 38. *Beastly Skelton*. Skelton, Poet Laureate to Henry VIII., a volume of whose verses has been lately reprinted, consisting almost wholly of ribaldry, obscenity, and scurrilous language. (Pope.) This judgment of Skelton is of course unfair.

Line 40. *Christ's Kirk o' the Green*. A ballad by James I. of Scotland.

Line 42. *The Devil*. The Devil Tavern, where Ben Jonson held his Poetical Club. (Pope.)

Line 66. *Look in Stowe*. Stowe's *Annals of England* appear to have been first published in 1580. (Ward.)

Line 91. *Gammer Gurton*. Gammer Gurton's Needle, according to Pope 'a piece of very low humour, one of the first printed plays in English, and therefore much valued by some antiquaries.' The earliest extant edition bears the date 1575, but it was probably first printed at least thirteen years before this.

Line 92. *The Careless Husband*. By Colley Cibber.

Line 109. *Sprat, Carew, Sedley*. Thomas Sprat, Bishop of Rochester, Thomas Carew, and Sir Charles Sedley; all poets of the Restoration.

Line 142. A verse of the Lord Lansdown. (Pope.)

Lines 143–146. *In horsemanship — writ romance*. The Duke of Newcastle's book of Horsemanship; the romance of Parthenissa, by the Earl of Orrery; and most of the French romances translated by *persons of quality*. (Pope.)

Line 153. *On each enervate string*, etc. *The Siege of Rhodes* by Sir William Davenant, the first opera sung in England. (Pope.)

Line 182. *Ward*. A famous Empiric, whose Pill and Drop had several surprising effects, and were one of the principal subjects of writing and conversation at this time. (Pope.)

Line 197. *Peter*. Peter Walter.

Line 224. *The rights a Court attacked, a poet saved*. A reference to Swift's services as a pamphleteer, particularly as author of the *Drapier's Letters*.

Line 289. *Van*. John Vanbrugh. See Glossary.

Line 290. *Astræa*. Mrs. Aphra Behn.

Line 293. *Poor Pinky*. William Pinkethman, a low comedian.

Line 313. *From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes*. From plays to operas, and from operas to pantomimes. (Warburton.)

Line 319. *Old Edward's armour*, etc. A spectacle presenting the Coronation of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn was produced in 1727 to celebrate the coronation of George II. and had a run of forty nights. 'The playhouses,' says Pope, 'vied with each other to represent all the pomp of a coronation. In this noble contention, the armour of one of the Kings of England was borrowed from the Tower, to dress the Champion.'

Line 331. *Quin — Oldfield*. James Quin and Mrs. Oldfield, the most popular comedians of their age.

Line 355. *Merlin's Cave*. A building in the Royal Gardens of Richmond, where is a small but choice collection of books. (Pope.)

Line 372. *Dubb'd historians*. 'The office of Historiographer Royal,' says Ward, 'was frequently united to that of Poet Laureate.'

Line 382. *Great Nassau*. William II.

Line 387. *Quarles*. Francis Quarles, author of the *Emblems*.

Line 413. This line, according to Carruthers, is quoted from an anonymous poem printed in Tonson's *Miscellany* in 1709.

Line 417. *Eusden, Philips, Settle*. Laurence Eusden, Ambrose Philips, and Elkanah Settle.

Page 197. *Second Epistle, Second Book.*

Line 1. *Colonel.* Colonel Cotterell of Rousham, near Oxford. (Warton.)

Line 4. *This lad, sir, is of Blois.* A town in Beauce, where the French tongue is spoken in great purity. (Warburton.) It will be recalled that it was to Blois that Addison went to learn French.

Line 24. *Sir Godfrey.* Sir Godfrey Kneller. (Warburton.)

Line 57. *Maudlin's learned grove.* Magdalen College, Oxford University.

Line 70. *Ten Monroes.* Dr. Monroe, physician to Bedlam Hospital. (Pope.)

Line 87. *Oldfield — Dartineuf.* Two noted gluttons. See Book II. Satire i. 46.

Line 113. *Tooting—Earl's-court.* Two villages within a few miles of London. (Pope.)

Lines 132-135. *Murray — Cowper — Talbot.* William Murray, afterward Lord Mansfield; William, first Earl Cowper; Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury.

Line 139. *Merlin's Cave.* See note on Book II. Epistle 1, 355.

Line 140. *Stephen.* Stephen Duck.

Line 218. *Golden angels.* A golden coin given as a fee by those who came to be touched by the royal hand for the Evil. (Warton.)

Line 220. *When servile Chaplains cry,* etc. The whole of this passage alludes to a dedication of Mr., afterwards Bishop, Kennet to the Duke of Devonshire, to whom he was chaplain. (Burnet.)

Line 240. *Heathcote.* Sir Gilbert Heathcote.

Line 273. *Townshend — Grosvenor.* Lord Townshend, Sir Thomas Grosvenor. Lord Townshend is said to have introduced the turnip into England from Germany.

Line 274. *Bubb.* Bubb Dodington.

Line 277. *Oglethorpe.* James Edward Oglethorpe.

Page 202. SATIRES OF DONNE VERSIFIED. *Satire II.* Line 6. *Sappho.* Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

Line 36. *Sutton.* Sir Robert Sutton, expelled from the House of Commons on account of his share in the frauds of the company called the Charitable Corporation. (Carruthers.)

Line 80. Paul Benfield, a parliamentary financier, is suggested by Carruthers as the person here meant.

Page 204. *Satire IV.*

Line 30. *Sloane — Woodward.* Sir Hans Sloane, a natural historian; and John Woodward, founder of a chair of Geology in Cambridge University.

Line 73. *Hoadley.* Bishop Hoadley, here sarcastically referred to on account of his loyalty to the House of Hanover. (Ward.)

Line 95. *Aretine.* The Florentine poet who composed certain ill-favored sonnets to illustrate some designs of Giulio Romano.

Line 135. *Holinsheds, or Halls, or Stowes.* Tudor chroniclers.

Line 177. *Umbra.* Bubb Dodington.

Line 178. *Fannius.* Lord Hervey, whom Pope elsewhere calls 'Lord Fanny.'

Line 206. *Court in Wax.* A famous show of the Court of France, in wax-work. (Pope.)

Line 213. *At Fig's, at White's.* White's was a noted gaming-house; Fig's, a prize-fighter's Academy, where the young nobility received instruction in those days. It was also customary for the nobility and gentry to visit the condemned criminals in Newgate. (Pope).

Line 274. *Hung with deadly sins.* The room hung with old tapestry, representing the seven deadly sins. (Pope.)

Page 208. EPILOGUE TO THE SATIRES. *Dialogue I.*

Lines 1-2. These two lines are from Horace; and the only two lines that are so in the whole poem; being meant to be a handle to that which follows in the character of an impertinent Censurer, *'T is all from Horace,* etc. (Pope.)

Line 13. *Sir Billy.* Sir William Yonge.

Line 14. *Huggins.* Formerly jailer of the Fleet prison; enriched himself by many exactions, for which he was tried and expelled. (Pope.)

Line 24. *Patriots.* This appellation was generally given to those in opposition to the court. Though some of them (which our author hints at) had views too mean and interested to deserve that name. (Pope.)

Line 26. *The great man.* A phrase by common use appropriated to the First Minister. (Pope.)

Line 39. *A Joke on Jekyl.* Sir Joseph Jekyl, Master of the Rolls, a true Whig in his principles, and a man of the utmost probity. He sometimes voted against the Court, which drew upon him the laugh here described of ONE who bestowed it equally upon Religion and Honesty. He died a few months after the publication of this poem. (Pope.)

Line 51. *Sejanus, Wolsey.* The one the wicked minister of Tiberius; the other, of Henry VIII. The writers against the Court usually bestowed these and other odious names on the Minister, without distinction, and in the most injurious manner. See *Dial. II.* v. 137. (Pope.)

Fleury. Cardinal: and Minister to Louis XV. It was a Patriot-fashion, at that time, to cry up his wisdom and honesty. (Pope.)

Line 66. *Henley — Osborne.* See them in their places in *The Dunciad.* (Pope.)

Line 68. Sir William Yonge, not, as Bowles conjectures to be possible, Dr. Edward Young, author of *The Night Thoughts,* although to the latter Dodington (Bubo) was a constant friend. (Ward.)

Line 69. *The gracious Dew.* Alludes to some court sermons, and florid panegyrical speeches; particularly one very full of puerilities and flatteries; which afterwards got into an address in the same pretty style; and was lastly served up in an Epitaph, between Latin and English, published by its author. (Pope.) An 'Epitaph' on Queen Caroline was written by Lord *Hervey,* and an address moved in the *House of*

Commons (the Senate) on the occasion by *H. Fox*. (Carruthers.)

Line 75. *Middleton and Bland*. Dr. Conyers Middleton, author of a *Life of Cicero*. Dr. Bland, of Eton, according to Burnet a very bad writer.

Line 78. *The 'Nation's Sense.'* Warburton says this was a cant phrase of the time.

Line 80. *Carolina*. Queen Caroline, died in 1737.

Line 92. *Selkirk — Delaware*. Pope's note would seem to apply to the names here suggested: 'A title [was] given *that* lord by King James II. He was of the Bedchamber to King William; he was so to George I.; he was so to George II. *This* lord was very skilful in all the forms of the House, in which he discharged himself with great gravity.'

Line 120. *Japhet*. Japhet Crook.

Line 121. *Peter*. Peter Walter.

Line 123. *If Blount*. Author of an impious and foolish book called *The Oracles of Reason*, who being in love with a near kinswoman of his, and rejected, gave himself a stab in the arm, as pretending to kill himself, of the consequence of which he really died. (Pope.)

Line 124. *Passeran!* Author of another book of the same stamp, called *A Philosophical Discourse on Death*, being a defence of suicide. He was a nobleman of Piedmont, banished from his country for his impieties, and lived in the utmost misery, yet feared to practise his own precepts; and at last died a penitent. (Warburton.)

Line 125. *But shall a Printer*, etc. A fact that happened in London a few years past. The unhappy man left behind him a paper justifying his action by the reasonings of some of these authors. (Pope.)

Line 129. *This calls the Church to deprecate our Sin*. Alluding to the *forms of prayer*, composed in the times of public calamity; where the fault is generally laid upon the *People*. (Warburton.)

Page 210. *Dialogue II*.

Line 11. *Ev'n Guthry*. The Ordinary of Newgate, who publishes the memoirs of the Malefactors, and is often prevailed upon to be so tender of their reputation, as to set down no more than the initials of their name. (Pope.)

Line 39. *Wretched Wild*. Jonathan Wild, a famous thief, and thief-impeacher, who was at last caught in his own train, and hanged. (Pope.)

Line 57. *Ev'n Peter trembles only for his ears*. Peter [Walter] had, the year before this, narrowly escaped the Pillory for forgery: and got off with a severe rebuke only from the bench. (Pope.)

Line 66. *Scarb'row*. Earl of, and Knight of the Garter, whose personal attachment to the king appeared from his steady adherence to the royal interest, after his resignation of his great employment of Master of the Horse; and whose known honour and virtue made him esteemed by all parties. (Pope.) He committed suicide in a fit of melancholy in 1740; and was mourned by Lord Chesterfield as 'the best man he ever knew, and the dearest friend he ever had.' (Ward.)

Line 67. *Esher's peaceful Grove*. The house and gardens of Esher in Surrey, belonging to the Honourable Mr. Pelham, Brother of the Duke of Newcastle. The author could not have given a more amiable idea of his Character than in comparing him to Mr. Craggs. (Pope.)

Line 88. *Wyndham*. Sir William Wyndham.

Line 99. *The Man of Ross*. See *Moral Essays*, *Epistle III*. lines 240–290. *My Lord Mayor*. Sir John Barnard.

Line 132. *St. John*. Lord Bolingbroke.

Line 133. *Sir Roberts*. Sir Robert Walpole.

Line 158. *Sherlock*, Dr. William, Dean of St. Paul's, and the bête noire of the non-jurors in the reign of William III. (Ward.)

Line 160. *The bard*. Bubb Dodington, who wrote a poem to Sir Robert Walpole from which the following line is quoted.

Line 164. *The Priest*, etc. Pope disclaims any allusion to a particular priest, but the passage is understood to refer to Dr. Alured Clarke, who wrote a fulsome panegyric to Queen Caroline.

Line 166. *The florid youth*. Lord Hervey. Alluding to his painting himself. (Bowles.)

Lines 185–186. *Japhet — Chartres*. See the epistle to Lord Bathurst. (Pope.)

Line 222. *Cobwebs*. Weak and light sophistry against virtue and honour. Thin colours over vice, as unable to hide the light of truth, as cobwebs to shade the sun. (Pope.)

Line 228. *When black Ambition*, etc. The course of Cromwell in the civil war of England; (line 229), of Louis XIV. in his conquest of the Low Countries. (Pope.)

Line 231. *Nor Boileau turn the feather to a star*. See his *Ode on Namur*; where (to use his own words) 'il a fait un Astre de la Plume blanche que le Roy porte ordinairement à son chapeau, et qui est en effet une espèce de Comète, fatale à nos ennemis.' (Pope.)

Line 236. *Anstis*. The chief Herald at Arms. It is the custom, at the funeral of great peers, to cast into the grave the broken staves and ensigns of honour. (Pope.)

Line 238. *Stair*. John Dalrymple, Earl of Stair, Knight of the Thistle; served in all the wars under the Duke of Marlborough; and afterwards as Ambassador in France. (Pope.) Bennet, who supplies the blanks in v. 239 by the names of Kent and Grafton, has 'some notion that Lord Mordington kept a gaming-house.' (Ward.)

Lines 240, 241. *Hough — Digby*. Dr. John Hough, Bishop of Worcester, and the Lord Digby. The one an assertor of the Church of England in opposition to the false measures of King James II. The other as firmly attached to the cause of that King. Both acting out of principle, and equally men of honour and virtue. (Pope.)

Line 255. Ver. 255 in the MS.

'Quit, quit these themes, and write Essays on Man.'

This was the last poem of the kind printed by

our author, with a resolution to publish no more; but to enter thus, in the most plain and solemn manner he could, a sort of PROTEST against that insuperable corruption and depravity of manners, which he had been so unhappy as to live to see. Could he have hoped to have amended any, he had continued those attacks; but bad men were grown so shameless and so powerful, that Ridicule was become as unsafe as it was ineffectual. The Poem raised him, as he knew it would, some enemies; but he had reason to be satisfied with the approbation of good men, and the testimony of his own conscience. (Pope.)

Page 214. BOOK SECOND, SIXTH SATIRE. IMITATED AFTER SWIFT.

Line 84. *October next it will be four.* Swift is recalling the length of his service of the Tory Party.

Line 85. *Harley.* Earl of Oxford.

Line 125. At this point Pope's part in the imitation begins.

Page 216. THE SEVENTH EPISTLE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

Line 67. *Child.* Sir Francis Child, the banker. (Bowles.)

Page 217. THE FIRST ODE OF THE FOURTH BOOK OF HORACE.

Line 8. *Number five.* The number of Murray's lodgings in King's Bench Walk.

Page 225. THE DUNCIAD. *Book I.*

Line 1. *The Mighty Mother*, etc., in the first Edd. it was thus: —

> 'Books and the Man I sing, the first who brings
> The Smithfield Muses to the ear of Kings,' etc.
> (Pope.)

Line 2. *The Smithfield Muses. Smithfield* is the place where Bartholomew Fair was kept, whose shows, machines, and dramatical entertainments, formerly agreeable only to the taste of the Rabble, were, by the Hero of this poem and others of equal genius, brought to the Theatres of Covent-garden, Lincolns-inn-fields, and the Haymarket, to be the reigning pleasures of the Court and Town. This happened in the reigns of King George I. and II. See Book III. (Pope.)

Line 30. *Monroe.* Physician to Bedlam Hospital.

Line 31. *His famed father.* Caius Cassius Cibber, father of Colley Cibber; a sculptor in a small way. 'The two statues of the lunatics over the gate of Bedlam Hospital were done by him,' says Pope, 'and (as the son justly says of them) are no ill monuments of his fame as an artist.'

Line 40. *Lintot's rubric post.* Lintot, according to Pope, 'usually adorned his shop with titles in red letters.'

Line 41. *Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines.* It is an ancient English custom for the Malefactors to sing a Psalm at their execution at Tyburn; and no less customary to print Elegies on their deaths, at the same time, or before. (Pope.)

Line 42. *Magazines.* The common name of those upstart collections in prose and verse, in which, at some times, —

> 'New born nonsense first is taught to cry;'

at others, dead-born Scandal has its monthly funeral, where Dulness assumes all the various shapes of Folly to draw in and cajole the Rabble. The eruption of every miserable Scribbler; the scum of every dirty News-paper; or Fragments of Fragments, picked up from every Dunghill, under the title of *Papers*, *Essays*, *Reflections*, *Confutations*, *Queries*, *Verses*, *Songs*, *Epigrams*, *Riddles*, etc., equally the disgrace of human Wit, Morality, Decency, and Common Sense. (Pope and Warburton.)

Line 44. *New-year Odes.* Made by the Poet Laureate for the time being, to be sung at Court on every New-year's day, the words of which are happily drowned in the voices and instruments. (Pope.)

Line 57. *Jacob.* Jacob Tonson.

Line 63. *Clenches.* Puns. Pope has a long note citing a punning passage from Dennis aimed at himself.

Line 86. In the former Editions, —

> ''T was on the day when Thorold, rich and grave.'

Sir George Thorold, Lord Mayor of London in the year 1720. The Procession of a Lord Mayor is made partly by land, and partly by water. — Cimon, the famous Athenian General, obtained a victory by sea, and another by land, on the same day, over the Persians and Barbarians. (Pope.)

Line 98. *Heywood.* John Heywood, whose interludes were printed in the time of Henry VIII. (Pope.)

Line 103. *Prynne*, William, sentenced in 1633 to a fine, the pillory, and imprisonment for his *Histriomastix*. Defoe was similarly punished for his *Shortest Way with the Dissenters*.

Line 103. *Daniel.* Daniel Defoe.

Line 104. *Eusden.* Laurence Eusden, Poet Laureate before Cibber.

Line 108. *Bayes's.* The name of Theobald (Tibbald) stood here originally. This of course stands for Cibber.

Line 126. *Sooterkins.* False births. (Ward.)

Line 134. *Hapless Shakespear*, etc. It is not to be doubted but Bays was a subscriber to Tibbald's Shakespear. He was frequently liberal this way; and, as he tells us, 'subscribed to Mr. Pope's Homer, out of pure Generosity and Civility; but when Mr. Pope did so to his Nonjuror, he concluded it could be nothing but a joke.' Letter to Mr. P., p. 24.

This Tibbald, or Theobald, published an edition of Shakespear, of which he was so proud himself as to say, in one of Mist's Journals, June 8, 'That to expose any Errors in it was impracticable.' And in another, April 27, 'That whatever care might for the future be taken by any other Editor, he would still give above five hundred emendations, that *shall* escape them all.' (Pope.)

Line 141. *Ogilby.* Originally dancing master,

then poet and printer. Author of a great many books which Pope ridicules in a note.

Line 142. *Newcastle.* The Duchess of Newcastle, one of the most copious of seventeenth-century writers.

Line 146. *Worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.* The Poet has mentioned these three authors in particular, as they are parallel to our Hero in three capacities: 1. Settle was his brother Laureate; only indeed upon half-pay, for the City instead of the Court; but equally famous for unintelligible flights in his poems on public occasions, such as Shows, Birth-days, etc. 2. Banks was his Rival in *Tragedy* (tho' more successful) in one of his Tragedies, the *Earl of Essex*, which is yet alive: *Anna Boleyn*, the *Queen of Scots*, and *Cyrus the Great* are dead and gone. These he drest in a sort of *Beggar's Velvet*, or a happy Mixture of the thick Fustian and thin Prosaic; exactly imitated in *Perolla and Isidora*, *Cæsar in Egypt*, and the *Heroic Daughter*. 3. Broome was a serving-man of Ben Jonson, who once picked up a *Comedy* from his Betters, or from some cast scenes of his Master, not entirely contemptible. (Pope.)

Line 153. *De Lyra.* Or Harpsfield, a very voluminous commentator, whose works, in five vast folios, were printed in 1472. (Pope.)

Line 154. *Philemon.* Philemon Holland, Doctor in Physic. 'He translated so many books that a man would think he had done nothing else.' *Winstanley.* (Pope.)

Lines 180, 181. *As, forced from wind-guns*, etc. Adapted from lines 17, 18 of the early verses, *To the Author of Successio.*

Line 207. *Ridpath — Mist.* George Ridpath, author of a Whig paper, called the Flying-post; Nathaniel Mist, of a famous Tory Journal. (Pope.)

Line 214. *Gazetteers.* A band of ministerial writers, hired at the price mentioned in the note on Book II. ver. 316, who, on the very day their patron quitted his post, laid down their paper, and declared they would never more meddle in Politics. (Pope.)

Line 215. *Ralph.* James Ralph. See III. 163 below.

Line 221. *Hockley-hole.* See *Imitations of Horace*, Book III. Sat. i. 49, and note.

Line 232. *Ward.* Edward Ward.

Lines 249–255. The works referred to here are Colley Cibber's.

Line 257. *Thulé.* A fragmentary poem by Ambrose Philips,

Line 289. *A heideggre.* A strange bird from Switzerland, and not (as some have supposed) the name of an eminent person. (Pope.) The allusion is of course to the 'eminent person,' the German Heidegger, who managed English opera.

Line 296. *Withers.* 'George Withers was a great pretender to poetical zeal against the vices of the times, and abused the greatest personages in power, which brought upon him *frequent correction.* The Marshalsea and Newgate were no strangers to him.' *Winstanley.* (Pope.)

Gildon. Charles Gildon, a writer of criticisms and libels of the last age, bred at St. Omer's with the Jesuits; but renouncing popery, he published Blount's books against the divinity of Christ, the Oracles of Reason, etc. He signalized himself as a critic, having written some very bad Plays; abused Mr. P. very scandalously in an anonymous pamphlet of the Life of Mr. Wycherley, printed by Curll; in another called the New Rehearsal, printed in 1714; in a third, entitled the Complete Art of English Poetry, in two volumes; and others. (Pope.) See note to *Epistle to Arbuthnot*, line 151.

Line 297. *Howard.* Hon. Edward Howard, author of the British Princes, and a great number of wonderful pieces, celebrated by the late Earls of Dorset and Rochester, Duke of Buckingham, Mr. Waller, etc. (Pope.)

Line 300. *Under Archer's Wing.* Under cover of a special license given to a member of the king's household, a gambling establishment was conducted in the royal palace.

Line 323. *Needham.* Mother Needham, a notorious procuress.

Line 325. *The Devil.* The Devil Tavern in Fleet Street, where these Odes are usually rehearsed before they are performed at court.

Page 230. *Book II.*

Line 2. *Henley's gilt tub.* The pulpit of a Dissenter is usually called a Tub; but that of Mr. Orator Henley was covered with velvet, and adorned with gold. He had also a fair altar, and over it this extraordinary inscription, *The Primitive Eucharist.* See the history of this person, Book III. ver. 199. (Pope.)

Or Fleckno's Irish throne. Richard Fleckno was an Irish priest, but had laid aside (as himself expressed it) the mechanic part of priesthood. He printed some plays, poems, letters, and travels. I doubt not our Author took occasion to mention him in respect to the poem of Mr. Dryden, to which this bears some resemblance, though of a character more different from it than that of the Æneid from the Iliad, or the *Lutrin* of Boileau from the *Défait de Bouts Rimées* of Sarazin. (Pope.)

Line 3. *Or that whereon her Curlls*, etc. An allusion to an experience of Edmund Curll's in the pillory.

Line 15. *Querno.* Camillo Querno, a would-be poet of Apulia, introduced as a buffoon to Leo X. and given in return for his verses a mock coronation.

Line 68. *Jacob.* Jacob Lintot.

Line 70. *Corinna.* Supposed to refer to Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas, whom Pope accuses of having sold some private correspondence of his to Curll.

Line 82. The Bible, Curll's sign; the crosskeys, Lintot's. (Pope.)

Line 93. *Cloacina.* The Roman Goddess of the sewers. (Pope.)

Line 125. *Mears, Warner, Wilkins.* Booksellers, and printers of much anonymous stuff. (Pope.)

Line 126. *Breval, Bond, Bezaleel* [Bezaleel Morris]. Three small authors of the day.

Line 138. *Cook shall be Prior.* The man here specified writ a thing called The Battle of Poets, in which Philips and Welsted were the Heroes, and Swift and Pope utterly routed. He also published some malevolent things in the British, London, and Daily Journals; and at the same time wrote letters to Mr. Pope, protesting his innocence. His chief work was a translation of Hesiod, to which Theobald writ notes and half notes, which he carefully owned. (Pope.)

Concanen. See note to line 299 below.

Lines 149, 150. *Tutchin — Ridpath, Roper.* London editors of *The Observator*, *The Flying Post*, and *The Post-boy*, whom Pope, in long notes, accuses of scandalous practices.

Line 157. *Eliza.* Eliza Hagwood, authoress of those most scandalous books called *The Court of Carimania*, and *The New Utopia.* (Pope.)

Line 160. *Kirkall.* The name of an Engraver. Some of this lady's works were printed . . . with her picture thus dressed up before them. (Pope.)

Line 205. *Bentley his mouth*, etc. Not spoken of the famous Dr. Richard Bentley, but of one Tho. Bentley, a small critic, who aped his uncle in a *little Horace.* (Pope.)

Line 226. *Thunder rumbling from the mustard bowl.* The old way of making Thunder and Mustard were the same; but since, it is more advantageously performed by troughs of wood with stops in them. (Pope.)

Line 270. (*As morning prayer and flagellation end.*) It is between eleven and twelve in the morning, after church service, that the criminals are whipt in Bridewell. — This is to mark punctually the *time* of the day: Homer does it by the circumstance of the Judges rising from court, or of the Labourer's dinner; our author by one very proper both to the *Persons* and the *Scene* of his poem, which we may remember commenced in the evening of the Lord-mayor's day: The first book passed in that *night;* the next *morning* the games begin in the Strand, thence along Fleet-street (places inhabited by Booksellers); then they proceed by Bridewell toward Fleet-ditch, and lastly thro' Ludgate to the City and the Temple of the Goddess. (Pope.)

Line 291. *Smedley.* Jonathan, editor of the *Whitehall Journal*, and author of an attack on Pope and Swift called *Gulliveriana* and *Alexandriana.*

Line 299. *Concanen.* Matthew Concanen, an Irishman, bred to the law. He was author of several dull and dead scurrilities in the British and London Journals, and in a paper called the Speculatist. In a pamphlet, called a Supplement to the Profund, he dealt very unfairly with our Poet, not only frequently imputing to him Mr. Broome's verses (for which he might indeed seem in some degree accountable, having corrected what that gentleman did) but those of the duke of Buckingham and others. To this rare piece somebody humorously caused him to take for his motto, *De profundis clamavi.* He was since a hired scribbler in the Daily Courant, where he poured forth much Billingsgate against the lord Bolingbroke, and others; after which this man was surprisingly promoted to administer Justice and Law in Jamaica. (Pope.)

Line 400. '*Christ's no kingdom here.*' This alludes to a series of sermons preached by Bishop Hoadley before George I.

Line 411. *Centlivre.* Mrs. Susanna Centlivre, wife to Mr. Centlivre, Yeoman of the Mouth to his Majesty. She writ many Plays, and a Song (says Mr. Jacob) before she was seven years old. She also writ a Ballad against Mr. Pope's Homer before he began it. (Pope.)

Line 412. *Motteux.* Peter Anthony Motteux, the excellent translator of Don Quixote, and author of a number of forgotten dramatic pieces. Dryden addressed a complimentary Epistle to him. He died in 1718. (Carruthers.)

Line 413. *Boyer the State, and Law the Stage gave o'er.* A. Boyer, a voluminous compiler of Annals, Political Collections, &c. — William Law, A. M. wrote with great zeal against the Stage; Mr. Dennis answered with as great. Their books were printed in 1726. (Pope.)

Line 414. *Morgan.* A man of some learning, and uncommon acuteness, with a strong disposition to Satire, which very often degenerated into scurrility. His most celebrated work is the *Moral Philosopher*, first published in the year 1737. (Bowles.)

Mandeville. Bernard de Mandeville was born in Holland, in 1670, and after residing in England during the latter half of his life, died in 1733. (Ward.)

Line 415. *Norton, from Daniel*, etc. Norton De Foe.

Page 236. *Book III.*

Line 19. *Taylor.* John Taylor, a Thames waterman and poet under Charles I. and James I.

Line 21. *Benlowes.* A country gentleman, famous for his own bad poetry, and for patronizing bad poets, as may be seen from many Dedications of Quarles and others to him. Some of these anagram'd his name, *Benlowes* into *Benevolus:* to verify which he spent his whole estate upon them. (Pope.)

Line 22. *Shadwell nods, the poppy*, etc. Shadwell [hero of MacFlecknoe] took opium for many years, and died of too large a dose, in the year 1692. (Pope.)

Line 24. Mr. Dennis warmly contends, that Bavius was no inconsiderable author; nay, that 'He and Mævius had (even in Augustus's days) a very formidable party at Rome, who thought them much superior to Virgil and Horace: for (saith he) I cannot believe they would have fixed that eternal brand upon them, if they had not been coxcombs in more than ordinary credit.' Rem. on Pr. Arthur, part II. c. 1. An argument which, if this poem should last, will conduce to the honour of the gentlemen of *The Dunciad.* (Pope.)

Line 28. *Browne and Mears.* Booksellers, and printers for anybody. (Pope.)

Line 34. *Ward in pillory.* John Ward of

Hackney, Esq., member of Parliament, being convicted of forgery, was first expelled the House, and then sentenced to the pillory on the 17th of February, 1727. (Pope.)

Line 96. *The soil that arts and infant letters bore.* Phœnicia, Syria, etc., where letters are said to have been invented. In these countries Mahomet began his conquests. (Pope.)

Line 104. *Bacon.* Roger Bacon.

Line 150. *Jacob, the scourge of grammar.* Giles Jacob, author of a *Lives of the Poets*, in which sufficiently obscure book he had abused Gay.

Lines 152, 153. *Popple, Horneck, and Roome.* London journalists and pamphleteers who had offended Pope.

Line 154. *Goode.* An ill-natured critic, who writ a satire on our author, called *The Mock Æsop*, and many anonymous libels in newspapers for hire. (Pope.)

Line 165. *Ralph.* James Ralph.

Line 168. *Morris.* Bezaleel Morris. See Book II. 126.

199. *Henley stands*, etc. J. Henley the Orator; he preached on the Sundays upon Theological matters, and on the Wednesdays upon all other sciences. Each auditor paid one shilling. He declaimed some years against the greatest persons, and occasionally did our Author that honour. After having stood some Prosecutions, he turned his rhetoric to buffoonery upon all publick and private occurrences. This man had an hundred pounds a year given him for the secret service of a weekly paper of unintelligible nonsense, called the Hyp-Doctor. (Pope.)

Line 204. *Sherlock, Hare, and Gibson.* Bishops of Salisbury, Chichester, and London; whose sermons and pastoral letters did honour to their country as well as stations. (Pope.)

Line 212. *Woolston.* Thomas. An impious madman, who wrote in a most insolent style against the miracles of the Gospel. (Pope.)

Line 232. *When Goodman prophesied.* One Goodman had prophesied that Cibber would be a good actor, and Cibber had boasted of it.

Line 233. *A sable sorcerer.* Dr. Faustus.

Line 248. *One vast egg.* Pope says that in one of the absurd farces of the period, Harlequin is hatched upon the stage out of a large egg.

Line 282. *Annual trophies*, on the Lord Mayor's day; *monthly wars*, in the artillery ground. (Pope.)

Line 305. *Polypheme.* A translation of the Italian opera *Polifemo.*

Lines 308, 309. *Faustus — Pluto.* Names of miserable farces which it was the custom to act at the end of the best tragedies, to spoil the digestion of the audience. (Pope.)

Line 310. *The Mourning Bride.* By Congreve.

Line 312. *Insure it but from fire.* In Tibbald's farce of Proserpine, a corn-field was set on fire: whereupon the other play-house had a barn burnt down for the recreation of the spectators. They also rivalled each other in sharing the burnings of hell-fire, in Dr. Faustus. (Pope.)

Line 313. *Another Æschylus appears.* It is reported of Æschylus that when his Tragedy of the *Furies* was acted, the audience were so terrified that the children fell into fits. (Pope.)

Line 315. *Like Semele's.* See Ovid, *Met.* iii. (Pope.)

Line 325. *On poets' tombs see Benson's titles writ!* W—m Benson (Surveyor of the Buildings to his Majesty King George I.) gave in a report to the Lords, that their House and the Painted-chamber adjoining were in immediate danger of falling. Whereupon the Lords met in a committee to appoint some other place to sit in, while the House should be taken down. But it being proposed to cause some other builders first to inspect it, they found it in very good condition. In favour of this man, the famous Sir Christopher Wren, who had been Architect to the Crown for above fifty years, who built most of the churches in London, laid the first stone of St. Paul's, and lived to finish it, had been displaced from his employment at the age of near ninety years. (Pope.)

Line 328. *While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall.* At the time when this poem was written, the banqueting-house at Whitehall, the church and piazza of Covent-garden, and the palace and chapel of Somerset-house, the works of the famous Inigo Jones, had been for many years so neglected, as to be in danger of ruin. The portico of Covent-garden church had been just then restored and beautified at the expense of the earl of Burlington and [Richard Boyle]; who, at the same time, by his publication of the designs of that great Master and Palladio, as well as by many noble buildings of his own, revived the true taste of Architecture in this kingdom. (Pope.)

Page 242. *Book IV.* This Book may properly be distinguished from the former, by the name of the GREATER DUNCIAD, not so indeed in size, but in subject; and so far contrary to the distinction anciently made of the *Greater* and *Lesser Iliad*. But much are they mistaken who imagine this work in any wise inferior to the former, or of any other hand than of our Poet; of which I am much more certain than that the *Iliad* itself was the work of *Solomon*, or the *Batrachomuomachia* of *Homer*, as *Barnes* hath affirmed. 'BENTLEY.' (Pope.)

Line 15. *A new world.* In allusion to the Epicurean opinion, that from the Dissolution of the natural World into Night and Chaos a new one should arise; this the Poet alluding to, in the Production of a new moral World, makes it partake of its original Principles. (Pope and Warburton.)

Line 21. *Beneath her footstool*, etc. We are next presented with the pictures of those whom the Goddess leads in captivity. *Science* is only depressed and confined so as to be rendered useless; but *Wit* or *Genius*, as a more dangerous and active enemy, punished, or driven away: *Dulness* being often reconciled in some degree with learning, but never upon any terms with wit. And accordingly it will be seen that she admits something *like* each Science, as Casuistry, Sophistry, etc., but nothing like Wit, *Opera*

alone supplying its place. (Pope and Warburton.)

Line 30. *Gives her Page the word.* There was a Judge of this name, always ready to hang any Man that came before him, of which he was suffered to give a hundred miserable examples during a long life, even to his dotage. (Pope and Warburton.)

Line 31. *Mad Mathesis.* Alluding to the strange Conclusions some Mathematicians have deduced from their principles, concerning the *real Quantity of Matter*, the *Reality of Space*, etc. (Pope and Warburton.)

Line 36. *Watch'd both by envy's and by flatt'ry's eye.* One of the misfortunes falling on Authors from the act for subjecting plays to the power of a *Licenser*, being the false representations to which they were exposed, from such as either gratify'd their envy to merit, or made their court to greatness, by perverting general reflections against Vice into libels on particular Persons. (Pope and Warburton.)

Line 45. *A harlot form.* Italian Opera.

Line 110. *Benson.* See Book III. 325 *ante*, and note. Benson published several editions of Arthur Johnston's version of the *Psalms*.

Line 113. *The decent knight.* Sir Thomas Hanmer, who in 1744 published an edition of Shakespeare.

Line 131. *An alderman shall sit.* Alluding to the monument erected for Butler by Alderman Barber.

Line 144. *Winton.* Winchester.

Line 151. *The Samian letter.* The letter Y, used by Pythagoras as an emblem of the different words of Virtue and Vice: 'Et tibi quae Samios diduxit litera ramos.' *Persius.* (Pope and Warburton.)

Line 166. *Yonder house or hall.* Westminster Hall and the House of Commons. (Pope.)

Line 174. *That masterpiece of man.* Viz., an *epigram.* The famous Dr. South declared a perfect epigram to be as difficult a performance as an Epic poem. And the critics say, 'An Epic poem is the greatest work human nature is capable of.' (Pope and Warburton.)

Line 194. *Tho' Christ Church*, etc. Warburton gives a note for which Pope is doubtless responsible, accounting for the bracketing of this line on the score of its probable spuriousness, and signing the name 'Bentley.'

Line 196. *Still expelling Locke.* In the year 1703 there was a meeting of the heads of the University of Oxford to censure Mr. Locke's *Essay on Human Understanding*, and to forbid the reading it. See his Letters in the last Edit. (Pope.) But he was never expelled, only deprived of his studentship at Christ-Church; and this on the ground of political suspicions, *before* he had written his great *Essay.* (Ward.)

Line 198. *Crousaz — Burgersdyck.* According to Dugald Stewart, Pope was in error in placing Crousaz, whose philosophy was founded upon the method of Locke, with Burgersdyck, an Aristotelian.

Line 199. *The streams.* The river Cam, running by the walls of these Colleges, which are particularly famous for their skill in Disputation. (Pope and Warburton.)

Line 202. *Sleeps in port.* Viz. 'now retired into harbour, after the tempests that had long agitated his society.' So SCRIBLERUS. But the learned *Scipio Maffei* understands it of a certain wine called *Port*, from *Oporto*, a city of Portugal, of which this Professor invited him to drink abundantly. SCIP. MAFF. *De Compotationibus Academicis.* (Pope and Warburton.)

Line 206. *Walker.* John Walker, Vice-Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, while Bentley was Master. (Carruthers.)

Line 212. This refers to Bentley's editions of *Horace* and *Paradise Lost.*

Line 218. *Stands our Digamma.* Alludes to the boasted restoration of the Æolic Digamma, in his [Bentley's] long projected edition of Homer.

Line 220. *Me or te.* Whether at the end of the first Ode of Horace, the reading would be, *Me doctarum hederae*, or *Te doctarum hederae.*

Line 223. *Friend — Alsop.* Dr. Robert Friend, master of Westminster School; Dr. Anthony Alsop, a happy imitator of the Horatian style. (Pope and Warburton.)

Line 237. *Kuster, Burman, Wasse.* Three contemporary German scholars and editors of merit.

Lines 245–246. *Barrow — Atterbury.* Isaac Barrow, Master of Trinity; Francis Atterbury, Dean of Christ Church, both great geniuses and eloquent preachers. (Pope and Warburton.)

Line 326. *Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber.* Three very eminent persons, all Managers of *Plays;* who, tho' not Governors by profession, had, each in his way, concerned themselves in the education of youth: and regulated their wits, their morals, or their finances, at that period of their age which is the most important, their entrance into the polite world. Of the last of these, and his Talents for this end, see Book I. ver. 199, &c. (Pope and Warburton.) Fleetwood was patentee of Drury-Lane Theatre from 1734 to 1745; it was the attempted secession of his actors in 1743 which gave rise to the famous quarrel of Macklin with Garrick. (Ward.)

Line 371. *Mummius.* This name is not merely an allusion to the Mummies he was so fond of, but probably referred to the Roman General of that name, who burned Corinth, and committed the curious Statues to the captain of a ship, assuring him, 'that if any were lost or broken, he should procure others to be made in their stead:' by which it should seem (whatever may be pretended) that Mummius was no Virtuoso. (Pope and Warburton.)

Line 394. *Douglas.* A Physician of great Learning and no less Taste; above all curious in what related to *Horace*, of whom he collected every edition, translation, and comment, to the number of several hundred volumes. (Pope and Warburton.)

Line 492. *Silenus.* By Silenus, says Warton, Pope means 'Thomas Gordon, the translator of Tacitus, who published the *Independent Whig*, and obtained a place under government.'

Line 511. *K[ent] and B***. K* probably stands for the Duke of Kent; but the next name is doubtful from the wide choice possible.

Line 512. *Wharton*. Philip, Duke of Wharton.

Line 545. Considerable doubt attaches to the names here hinted at; though four of them may be Carteret, Hervey, Pulteney, and King.

Line 556. *Sève* and *verdeur*. French terms relating to wines, which signify their flavour and poignancy. (Pope.)

Line 560. *Bladen — Hays*. Names of Gamesters. Bladen is a black man. Robert Knight, Cashier of the South-Sea Company, who fled from England in 1720 (afterwards pardoned in 1742). These lived with the utmost magnificence at Paris, and kept open Tables frequented by persons of the first Quality of England, and even by Princes of the Blood of France. (Pope and Warburton.)

Line 576. *A Gregorian, one a Gormogon*. A sort of Lay-brothers, *Slips* from the Root of the Free-Masons. (Pope and Warburton.) 'Gregorians' are mentioned as 'a convivial sect,' and 'a kind of Masons, but without their sign,' in Crabbe's *Borough*, Letter x. (Ward.)

Line 578. Pope refused this degree when offered to him on a visit undertaken to Oxford with Warburton, because the University would not confer the degree of D. D. upon Warburton, to whom some of its members had proposed it. (Roscoe.)

Line 608. *Gilbert*. Archbishop of York.

Line 629. *She comes! she comes!* etc. Here the Muse, like Jove's Eagle, after a sudden stoop at ignoble game, soareth again to the skies. As Prophecy hath ever been one of the chief provinces of Poesy, our Poet here foretells from what we feel, what we are to fear; and, in the style of other prophets, hath used the future tense for the preterite: since what he says shall be, is already to be seen, in the writings of some even of our most adored authors, in Divinity, Philosophy, Physics, Metaphysics, &c. who are too good indeed to be named in such company. (Pope.)

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

Mention is made in this list merely of the collected editions of Pope's poems which were published during his life, and of the best editions which have been published since.

1. *The Works of Mr. Alexander Pope*. London: Printed by W. Bowyer for Bernard Lintot, between the Temple Gates, 1717. Quarto and folio. (Containing all the acknowledged poems which Pope had hitherto published, and some new ones.)

2. Same title. *Vol. II*. London: Printed by J. Wright for Lawton Gilliver, at Homer's Head in Fleet Street, 1735. Quarto and folio. (Containing poems published by Pope after 1717.)

3. *The Works of Mr. Alexander Pope in Prose*. Letters of Mr. Alexander Pope and Several of his Friends. London: Knapton, Gilliver, Brindley and Dodsley, 1737. (The first avowed edition of his letters.)

4. Same title. *Vol. II*. London: Dodsley, 1741. (Containing correspondence with Swift, *Memoirs of Scriblerus*, papers from *The Guardian*, etc.)

5. *The Works of Alexander Pope*, Esq. In Nine Volumes complete. With his last corrections, additions, and improvements, as they were delivered to the editor a little before his death; together with the Commentaries and Notes of Mr. Warburton. London: Knapton, Lintot, Tonson, and Draper, 1751. Octavo.

6. *The Works of Alexander Pope*, Esq., in Nine Volumes Complete, with a Memoir of the Author, and with Notes and Illustrations by Joseph Warton, D.D., and others. London: 1797.

7. *The Works of Alexander Pope, Esq. in Prose and Verse*, containing the principal Notes of Drs. Warburton and Warton, Illustrations and Critical and Explanatory Remarks by Johnson, Wakefield, A. Chalmers, and others. To which are added, now first published, some original Letters, additional Observations, and Memoirs of the Life of the Author, by the Rev. William Lisle Bowles. London: 1806. Octavo, 10 vols.

(This edition led to some controversy between Bowles and Lord Byron.)

8. *The Works of Alexander Pope*, Esq. With Notes and Illustrations by himself and others: to which are added a New Life of the Author, an Estimate of his poetical Character and Writings, and occasional Remarks. By William Roscoe. London: 1824. Octavo, 10 vols.

9. *Poetical Works*. With extracts from his Correspondence, and Memoir by Robert Carruthers. London: 1858. Octavo, 2 vols.

10. *The Works of Alexander Pope*. New Edition. Including unpublished letters, and other new materials. Collected in part by J. W. Croker. With Introduction and Notes by Whitwell Elwin, and by W. J. Courthope. London: Murray, 1871–1889. Octavo, 10 vols. (This is now the standard edition of Pope.)

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